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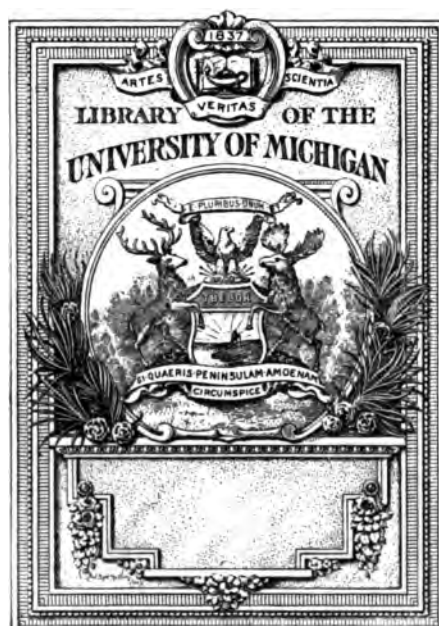
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THE BOOKMAN

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MARCH, 1909—AUGUST, 1909

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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

MARCH, 1909

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

As we go to press the death is announced of James MacArthur, formerly one of the editors of this magazine. Further reference to him will be made in the next number.



A rather famous passage in Thucydides contains a remark to the effect that the woman who is least talked about is the woman who is in the highest repute. But Thucydides lived a very long while ago. A classical friend of ours has expressed the difference between ancient and modern times in the following rather neat verses:

The wise and god-like Pericles,
As quoted by Thucydides,
Gave utterance to thoughts like these:

"That woman is of best renown
Of whom there's least talk in the town—
Whether we praise or run her down."

"I never shall agree to *that*!"
Says Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt.



Not long ago Mr. Montgomery Schuyler, Jr., sent us a little note on the subject of Anthony Trollope's earnings, *à propos* of an article which we published with regard to the profits made by authors. This statement of Mr. Schuyler's

**Anthony
Trollope's
Earnings**

gave the earnings of Anthony Trollope from 1847 to 1879 as £68,939, or in round numbers, \$340,000. These figures, however, do not represent Trollope's entire income from literature. They are taken from his autobiography which he finished in 1879. As a matter of fact, one should reckon in his receipts from that year until the end of 1882, when he died. In that period of three years, he composed fourteen different books, among them such well-known stories as *An Eye for an Eye*, *Cousin Henry*, *Marion Fay*, *The Duke's Children*, *Mr. Scarborough's Family*, and *An Old Man's Love*, besides his memoirs on Thackeray and Lord Palmerston, and his elaborate and interesting life of Cicero. We do not know precisely what he received for these fourteen works, but judging from a statement made in his autobiography, they would probably average at the very least £500 each, or \$35,000. This would bring up the total amount of his literary earnings to £70,000, or nearly \$350,000. He himself remarked, speaking of his income: "I look upon the result as comfortable, but not splendid." Authors of popular novels at the present time may be inclined to sniff when they learn that Trollope generally received only £1,000 or \$5,000 for a long novel, whereas writers of ephemeral books to-day earn many times that sum. But on the other hand, their vogue is short. After they have written two or three books they are usually "written out," and cannot market their wares save with the greatest difficulty. On the other hand, Trollope's literary



THE AUTHOR'S FULL DINNER PAIL. ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S HOUSE AT WALTHAM CROSS, OCCUPIED BY HIM AT THE TIME OF HIS GREATEST PROSPERITY

career lasted from 1847 until his death—thirty-five years in all—and the day before he was stricken down he still had a strong hold upon his public and his publishers alike. This is the interesting difference between a conscientious writer with great gifts and one who is merely bent upon making a splash in the literary pool and then passing speedily into oblivion.

✱

We often wonder what a great many people think to be the functions and the general position of a magazine editor. Apparently, a large part of the population fancy that an editor not only edits the publication, but also personally keeps track of every subscriber, addresses the wrappers in which the magazine is sent out, and has a memory good enough to remember, for instance, when Miss Keziah Briggs, of North Ponkapog, Massachusetts, changes her address to East Chicopee. At any rate, many a Miss Keziah Briggs has written us a personal letter when something goes wrong with the mailing department, and not infrequently she remarks that she doesn't

think much of us for having posted her magazine to the wrong place. Such things as this, however, are among the lesser humours of editorial life. A great deal more serious is a prevalent belief that book reviews are written in return for sums of money paid by authors to the editors. To illustrate what we mean, we publish the following letter from a woman living in a Western State. She writes it with absolute naïveté, apparently not realising the character of her request.

I am having a new book of poems published, a mixture of the humorous and the serious. Please let me know what you would charge to mention the book in *THE BOOKMAN*—I mean, a little write-up—that is, if the book to you seems to possess merit enough to entitle it to a complimentary notice. Of course I would not want to pay for an uncomplimentary notice. That would hurt sales, neither would I ask you to mention it unless you could do so with a good conscience. However, there is usually some good in everything. The leading State papers here are giving me notices. Please write me and I shall be glad to send you one of the books.

✱

Here is, in essence, the offer of a bribe. To be sure, the writer does not wish us



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

J. J. BELL

to praise her book unless we can do so "with a good conscience." But none the less, her letter shows that she expects us to give her what she calls a "write-up" in return for the payment of a sum of money. Very possibly she classes book-reviews with advertisements, and we are certain that she does not see how thoroughly immoral is her request. If such offers as these were confined to inexperienced persons living at a distance from publishing houses, we should perhaps think little about it. But such offers are not confined to the unsophisticated. We could tell some rather strange stories if we cared to.

✱

Mr. William Hamilton Osborne, whose novel, *The Red Mouse*, was reviewed in the February BOOKMAN, is a lawyer by profession, and began writing fiction about six years ago. He was moved to turn his hand to literary work by reading in a weekly publication a series of articles on short-story writing by an unnamed author. His first story was accepted, and this suc-

**The Story
of a
Story**

cess induced him to devote his spare time to writing short stories. At this avocation he has been extremely successful, having had several hundred of his stories published in magazines. Mr. Osborne is a fluent and rapid writer, usually completing a story of five thousand words in one afternoon. He rarely alters a story once it is started, and depends upon the power and originality of his plot, rather than a highly polished style, to achieve his results. *The Red Mouse* is his first long novel, and it has won the unusual distinction, for a first novel, of having entered the rank of the six best sellers almost immediately upon publication.

✱

Mr. Algernon Blackwood's *Jimbo*, which has just been published, can scarcely be described as a "mysterious" story; yet it undeniably displays an imagination that will puzzle some people. Although the author's name is not well known in this country, this is not the first unusual book he has written. His *John Silence*, published some months ago

**Algernon
Blackwood**

in England, was described as having for the hero the most mysterious character in fiction, and the poster which we reproduce herewith caused considerable talk as a successful rendering of this *motif*.



It is about three years since the secret of the identity of *Barbara, the Commuter's Wife*, was revealed, and Mrs. Mabel Osgood Wright received the credit that was due her for a series of successful books, including *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife* and *People of the Whirlpool*. Mrs. Wright prefers, however, to keep up the fiction of anonymity, and her new book will appear this spring as "By the author of *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife*." *Poppea of the Post Office* promises to be more of an urban work than any of its prede-



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

MABEL OSGOOD WRIGHT



cessors, excepting possibly *People of the Whirlpool*. It will tell the story of a girl who grew up in New York in the years following the Civil War—a period that already has something of an old-fashioned flavour. The scene will alternate between the town and the country, and the principal characters will include some figures which will be readily recognised as types belonging to the last generation. Followers of Mrs. Wright's work will not need assurance that, even though the book has much to do with the city, it will not neglect the country life which she knows so well.



We have grown rather callous to those dreadful arraignments of American institutions that are found in the book of impressions written by European visitors. There was a time when they exasperated; then came the period of mild amusement; and now they find us rather bored. The latest is from a German and not an English source. It is in *With*

Another
Dreadful
Arraignment

Rifle in Five Continents, by Paul Niedieck. In the chapter "Bear Hunting in North America" Herr Niedieck relates the following outrageous experience:

An incident in connection with an Indian in my crew was very instructive. I had landed on a sandbank, on which I discovered numerous traces of bears, and had gone scarcely three hundred paces when the mountains resounded with four shots, fired in quick succession. I went back and found that one of the Indians in the boat had fired these shots at a bear—and this in spite of my express and repeated injunctions not to shoot at any animal whatsoever. When taken to task the fellow told me with the utmost effrontery and in good English, that he had as much right to shoot bears as I had. Here is one of the glorious results of the famous American doctrine of equality! I dismissed the fellow on the spot, but was compelled to take him into my service again.

✱

Resentment at his inability to obtain compensation for half a ham stolen by a dog inspires Herr Niedieck to a sweeping indictment of the American judiciary.

When I was on the Shesly River, one of the many dogs kept by the Indians came several times to my camp and stole all the food it could. One day it was making off with half a ham in its mouth, and, as it paid no attention to the stones thrown at it, Little shot at it with a miniature rifle, calibre 22, which we use for shooting birds. The dog was bleeding when it got back to the village; and presently a deputation appeared, saying that the dog was dead and demanding £1 as damages. The dog was a wretched little cur, but, according to the owner, it had possessed remarkable qualities: it used to lead a blind man through the dark woods, and had also an excellent nose for scenting porcupines—and more of the same sort. Of course I did not believe the legend of its death, and asked to see the body. This request was refused, so I turned the fellows out of the camp.

Two months later a man employed on the telegraph-line assured me that the wounded dog was alive and well; but the Indians lodged a complaint in the proper court, and, before we left, Little had to hand over £2 to the police officer of the district, instead of the £1 originally demanded, while for the ham



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

EDWARD W. TOWNSEND

The latest story by the author of *Chimmie Fadden* is *The Climbing Courtavels*. The tale was suggested to him in France. He with a few other Americans went from Paris by way of the Seine to a "charmingly absurd little resort on the banks of the river Marne, where they had lunch on the lawn." Then came to them an itinerant sleight-of-hand performer. One member of the party, who was much more skilled in legerdemain than the professional, turned the tables on the man with tricks that he could not approach. This brought forth tales of many who had followed the calling and of some who had afterward become members of sedate society. The possibilities of the situation created by a prestidigitateur entering good society seemed so great that he resolved to write a novel on the theme.

and the other stolen articles I got no compensation.

No doubt in a higher court a thing like this would not be sanctioned, but who will expose himself to the endless worries of an appeal? This is but an example of many cases known



HARRIS MERTON LYON, AUTHOR OF "SARDONICS"

to me, in which the traveller in this country has been unable to get justice.

Of Dr. Robertson Nicoll's *Ian Maclaren* it is necessary only to say that it is an interesting book to imply at once an unusual personality in the subject and a real achievement on the part of the biographer. For this *Life* will inevitably be measured as the life of a successful man of letters rather than as the life of a minister of the gospel; and broad as were Dr. Watson's tastes, and generous and always youthful as were his enthusiasms, to the majority of laymen the outlines of his career must appear, when contrasted with the careers of many men of equal literary eminence, as comparatively commonplace. In most cases the life of the English, also the Scotch and the Irish, writer of to-day implies something of London, of the club world, of notable dinners, of rubbing elbows with the green room and the painter's *atelier*, as well as

having an intimate acquaintance with Fleet Street and Paternoster Row. Usually the biography or autobiography of the writing man is less interesting on account of what it has to say of the subject himself than because of the picture which it gives of his environment, and of the odds and ends of anecdote and impression of distinguished contemporaries. This is true even when the subject of the biography belongs to the very first rank. Imagine an abridge of Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens* which should exclude everything that did not directly pertain to Dickens himself—which gave no account of the men and women with whom the novelist dined and hobnobbed.

■

To the world at large the story of Ian Maclaren's life is the story of *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush* and the books that followed it. His present biographer was to a large extent responsible for bringing his stories to public notice. About 1890, Dr. Nicoll, as editor of the *Expositor*, wrote to Dr. Watson asking for an occasional contribution. The result of this letter was a series of articles entitled *The Mind of the Master*. In the course of the friendship which grew out of this association the editor was so much impressed with the stories and character sketches which Dr. Watson was in the habit of telling that he urged him to write them out. The first and second sketches proved more or less unsatisfactory and were returned to the author with objections. Then Dr. Watson sent the first four chapters of what is now known as *The Bonnie Brier Bush*. The first was published in the *British Weekly* of November 2, 1893, under the title "How We Carried the News to Whinnie Knowe." It attracted attention at once, and the impression deepened as the stories continued.

■

To the construction of these first short tales Dr. Watson gave infinite labour and care. He said himself:

Each was turned over in my mind for months before I put pen to paper. It took a prodigious amount of labour before I even had a story formed in my head. Then I blocked it out at one sitting. Then the thing was put

aside while I went over and over in my mind each detail, each line of dialogue, each touch of description, determining on the proper place, attitude, share, colour, and quality of each bit, so that the whole might in the end be a unit, and not a bundle of parts. By and

by came the actual writing with the revision and the correction which accompanies and follows. The actual composition of the *Brier Bush* occupied fifteen months. They were more difficult because in every case the character is revealed in dialogue exclusively. It is



W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Mr. Maugham, whose plays have been so conspicuously successful during the last year, is the grandson of Robert Maugham, the author of legal books. His recent novel, *The Explorers*, has been spoken of in high terms. Four plays from his pen have been presented during the past twelve months: *Lady Frederick*, *Jack Straw*, *Mrs. Dot*, and *Penelope*.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

WALLACE IRWIN

different when the writer has a plot, because then there is something definite to hold the attention, and one can dash ahead, but I was compelled to make slow progress.

■

Dr. Nicoll acknowledges that in his later work Ian Maclaren did not take such pains. His life was so busy that he had no time for careful preparation and revision. But in *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush* and *The Days of Auld Lang Syne* he was at his very best, drawing upon the fresh fountain of his recollections. The enormous popularity of the *Briar Bush* is best indicated by figures. In Great Britain two hundred and fifty-six thousand copies have been sold in various editions. In this country the sale has amounted to four hundred and eighty-four thousand copies, and this exclusive of an incomplete pirated edition which was circulated in vast numbers. Contemporary criticism of the book was friendly, and even enthusiastic. Dr. Nicoll says that he cannot trace a single unfavourable review. The London *Spectator* did not consider its first review cordial enough, and so published a second. That the late Queen Victoria was an admiring

reader is pleasant information, but no convincing argument.

■

But while the world at large knew Dr. Watson through his books, among his friends he was esteemed most as a brilliant talker, with a remarkable sense of humour, and a dangerous power of sarcasm. This last gift he controlled to the utmost in the pulpit and in the ecclesiastical courts. He was the master of a deadly irony, but he was wont to say that the power of irony was one which could never be employed to any good purpose by a Christian minister. Occasionally he had great provocation, and he knew well that he had the use of a weapon which would punish his assailant, but he deliberately kept silence. Few if any knew "the weight of his terrible hand." Only on rare occasions, and in the security of confidence, would he sometimes show what his power was in this way.

■

It was the humour of the Scot in which he was most at home. English fun he delighted in, and would say that it had lent a certain flavour of geniality to pri-

vate life in this country, and had saved public life from rancorous bitterness. He would declare that in his professional experience he had never known trouble in a house where the father chaffed his sons, and the sons teased their father. He frequently expressed his admiration for *Punch*, and its long tradition of purity and dignity. "I dare to say that we ought to be thankful for the services our master caricaturist has rendered to the amenities both of public and private life." He had a delight in the captivating, irresistible, unexpected, unreasonable way of Irish drollery. Mrs. Watson's uncle, Sir Samuel Ferguson, the eminent Irish poet and scholar, was a man in whose society he particularly delighted, and from him he learned much. Irish drollery, he would say, was more captivating, more unexpected, and more unreasonable than anything else on the face of the earth: "If the just and honourable, but perhaps also over-sensible and somewhat phlegmatic persons who have in recent times had charge of Irish affairs, and have been trying to unravel the tangled skein, had appreciated the tricky sprite which inhabits the Irish mind, and had made a little more allowance for people who are not moved by argument and the multiplication table, but are touched by sentiment and romance as well as vastly tickled by the absurdity of things, they might have achieved greater success, and done more good to a chivalrous, unworldly, quick-witted, and warm-hearted people."

wass warm, oh! yess, very warm, and when we came back to the Lodge, the gentleman will say to me, 'It is warm,' and I will not be contradicting him. Then he will be saying, 'Maybe you are thirsty,' and I will not be contradicting him. Afterwards he will take out his flask and be speaking about a dram. I will not be contradicting him, but will just say, 'Toots, toots.' Then he will be pouring it out, and when the glass wass maybe half-full I will say, just for politeness, 'Stop.' And he stopped. Oh! yess, a very narrow man."

Dr. Watson kept himself well up in current literature, and was highly appreciative of his contemporaries. Most of all he appreciated Rudyard Kipling; whose poems he used to read and repeat with infinite zest. Mr. Kipling was dangerously ill in New York during Watson's second visit to America, and Watson wrote: "The lamentable news that Rudyard Kipling is in danger of death comes with a shock of grief to a fellow-countryman and a reading man. Almost since the beginning of his career I have read every word he wrote, and have found in his words an inspiration beyond that of any living novelist. He deals at first-hand with the half-dozen passions which mould human nature, and always with insight and nobility. His death, which may God forbid, would in my humble judgment deprive English letters of our greatest name, and England of her real poet-laureate." To this view he always adhered.

Here is a typical Ian Maclaren story:

"Who had this place last year?" asked a Southern shooting tenant of his keeper.

"Well," said Donald, "I'm not denyin' that he wass an Englishman, but he wass a good man whatever. Oh, yess, he went to kirk and he shot very well, but he wass narrow, very narrow."

"Narrow," said the other in amazement, for he supposed he meant bigoted, and the charge was generally the other way about. "What was he narrow in?"

"Well," said Donald, "I will be tellin' you, and it wass this way. The twelfth [the beginning of the grouse shooting] wass a very good day, and we had fifty-two brace. But it

In striking contrast to the Ian Maclaren life is the autobiography of J. Comyns Carr, which has just been published under the title of *Some Eminent Victorians*. The name of the author is far from being one to command immediate attention. It is no impertinence to introduce him to American readers to mention casually that he is an English critic and dramatist, that he was born in 1849, that he was at one time the art critic on the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that he was one of the founders of the New Gallery, that he is responsible for half a dozen publications on art subjects, and that among

the well-known books that he has helped to prepare for stage presentation are *Oliver Twist*, *Called Back* and *Dark Days*.

Yet if Comyns Carr is not exactly a famous man, he knew plenty of famous men intimately, and it is on account of that that his book is worth while. Dante, Gabriel Rossetti, Sir John Millais, Burne-Jones, Leighton, Tennyson,

to represent the homes of England. To Comyns Carr he sent a drawing of the first of the projected series, wherein he had evidently intended to present a typical representative of the great commercial nation—"A hideous being stretched in stertorous sleep upon a Victorian sofa of abominable design, every deformed curve and moulding of which he had rendered with searching veracity." On another occasion he laughingly proposed to in-



ANATOMY. LESSON I. THE ANATOMY OF A GOOD MAN

dedicated to Philip Carr. by his friend E.S.J.

Browning—these are some of the men whom you meet in his pages. Comyns Carr's friendship with Burne-Jones was particularly close, extending over a period of more than twenty-five years. In his letters to his intimate friends Burne-Jones was exceedingly lavish in little humorous pictorial sketches illustrating some mood, whim or scheme. At one time he threatened to abandon all future effort after ideal design and to conform to the tastes of the British subjects by embarking on a series of pictures

struct Comyns Carr's eldest boy in the principles of anatomy, and then and there made for him on the spur of the moment two drawings representing the anatomy of the good man and the good woman, to which he added, by special request, a third drawing illustrating the anatomy of the bad man. On being met with the reproach that the drawing showed nothing of the details of internal structure, he replied that there were none, as "the bad man was quite hollow"; and on being further challenged to illustrate the anat-

omy of the bad woman, he gravely replied, "My dear Phil, she doesn't exist."

In the course of an interview printed while he was in this country Lord Northcliffe recalled the amazing interest manifested in Wilkie Collins's *The Woman in White* when that story of mystery was appearing serially in *All the Year*

needed for a leisurely reading of that day's instalment of M. Sue's story. In his forthcoming *My Story* Mr. Hall Caine devotes a chapter to Wilkie Collins, in the course of which he has considerable to say about *The Woman in White*. After the story had been written, and the time had come to begin its serial publication, a title had not yet been found. Neither the author nor his friends could hit on one that seemed suit-



ANATOMY LESSON 2

THE ANATOMY OF A GOOD WOMAN

dedicated to Philip Carr. by his special friend E.B.

Round during the year of 1860. On the day of publication the street in front of the office of the periodical was usually thronged by a vast crowd of readers eager to be among the first to get hold of the new instalment. To find a similar case of literary popularity one must go back to the forties, when Eugene Sue's *The Mysteries of Paris* was appearing in a daily newspaper. Then interest in the tale was so great that copies of the journal were not sold; they were rented out at ten sous for half an hour, the time

able. Dickens had been appealed to and had failed. So had Forster, who was usually prolific in good titles. Collins was in despair. The time was approaching for the printing of the first instalment. So one day the novelist started for Broadstairs with a determination not to return until a title had been found. For hours he walked hopelessly along the cliff, smoking and thinking to no purpose, and finally, as the sun went down, he threw himself upon the grass. He was facing the North Foreland Light-

THE BOOKMAN

house, and half in bitter jest, half unconsciously, he began to apostrophise thus: "You are ugly and stiff and awkward; you know you are as stiff and as weird as my white woman — white woman — woman in white — the title, by Jove!"

✱

The publication of *The Woman in White* brought to Wilkie Collins a vast

and when next you want a character of that description I trust that you will not disdain to come to me. I know a villain, and have one in my eye at this moment that would far eclipse anything that I have ever read of in books. Don't think that I am drawing upon my imagination. The man is alive and constantly under my gaze. *In fact, he is my own husband.*" The lady was the wife of Bulwer-Lytton.



ANATOMY LESSON 3

THE ANATOMY OF THE
BAD MAN
*note the bad man is quite
empty*

number of letters. One of these was of particular interest. It will be remembered that the arch-villain of the story was a certain Count Fosco. After the mystery had been cleared up the author received a letter from a lady who since figured very prominently in the public view. She began by congratulating him somewhat coldly upon his success, and then said: "But, Mr. Collins, the great failure of your book is your villain. Excuse me if I say, you really do not know a villain. Your Count Fosco is a very poor one,

We have been reading Mr. Caine's *My Story* in the English edition. The American edition, which will be practically identical, comes from the press of Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, and is announced for publication the 25th of this month. Of recent years there has been a disposition to flee at Hall Caine as a literary workman and to heap ridicule upon him as a personal egotist and self-exploiter. This attitude is distinctly un-

Hall
Caine's
Autobiography

just. Whether Mr. Caine does or does not go to extremes in advertising himself and his books is a question which we are not going to discuss. It has no bearing whatever on the books themselves. As an author he is certainly not in the first rank, and his later stories have not always been in the best of taste. But to those who, from feeding upon certain wild legends, have grown to look upon him in the light of a literary charlatan, we offer the advice that they go back and read *The Bondman*, *The Decemster* and

The Manxman. We shall have more to say about *My Story* in a later issue.

Mr. Robert Hichens is another writer whose opinion on the best environment for literary labour is quoted. He says that after fifteen years of London life he found the noise and restlessness and worry of social exactions were too much for him, and it is significant

**Robert
Hichens at
Taormina**



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. INTERVIEWING HALL CAINE ON AN INCOMING STEAMER



THE AUTHOR'S FULL DINNER PAIL

ROBERT HICHENS'S GARDEN AT TAORMINA

that his best books have been written since he turned his back on the hubbub of London streets and set up his writing table in the far off seclusion of his Sicilian garden. In the Hotel Timeo at Taormina, a town near Messina, which escaped destruction during the recent earthquake, Mr. Hichens has his own set of rooms. There he does his work in a comfortable but not especially systematic manner. He usually has a book in mind, carrying the idea of it about for months, sometimes for years, before he attempts to put it into written words. Once he starts, however, he keeps to it persistently until the end. Then he is usually up and working by seven in the morning. He writes until noon, and not infrequently resumes work at five and goes on steadily until seven or eight at night.

■

The popularity which Mr. Hichens has won by such books as *The Garden of Allah* and *The Call of the Blood* rests on so solid a foundation that a good many of us have forgotten that he owed his first success to that curious little volume

The Green Carnation. That book was published in 1894. It satirised Oscar Wilde and the æsthetic movement and became immediately the sensation of the day. The books that followed it, *An Imaginative Man* and *The Folly of Eustace*, enjoyed only a moderate success. Indeed, none of the eleven books that he wrote between 1894 and 1904 had any extraordinary vogue, although among them were *Flames*, *The Woman With the Fan*, and *Felix*, which was in a large part autobiographical. It was not until the appearance of *The Garden of Allah* that Mr. Hichens was seriously regarded as a popular novelist.

■

In his literary admirations Mr. Hichens unhesitatingly places Balzac first. "Balzac certainly," he says, "and Guy de Maupassant, and I suppose Tolstoy and Turgenev—I can't say I have been conscious of their influence, but they are the novelists who have most strongly appealed to me. But if we get upon this topic I shan't know where to leave off. Dickens is a perpetual joy to

me, and I don't understand the superior critics who try to belittle him. Thackeray, too, and the Brontës, and George Eliot—don't some critics, by the way, deny George Eliot a place among great writers? I cannot agree with them. To me her greatness is beyond question." *A propos* of Mr. Hichens's enthusiasm for Balzac, readers of *Felix* will recall the whimsical old figure, the village tailor who had made trousers for the author of the *Comedie Humaine*. As the great novelist's tailor he felt it his duty to be acquainted with all his works, and he joy-

ously lends the volumes to Felix, who is profoundly impressed by the study of them and founds upon them a philosophy of life that breaks down in actual life.

■

In England recently they have been reviving the old discussion about the best environment for literary work. It was Charles Lamb who, in one of his "Popular Fallacies" expressed a bitter grievance against London. "I am never

The
Author at
Work



EMERSON HOUGH, THE AUTHOR OF "54-40 OR FIGHT"

alone," he complained. "I cannot walk home from office but some officious friend offers his unwelcome courtesies to accompany me. I am never C. L. but always C. L. & Co." Much the same spirit of resentment against London as a place to work in seems to be the feeling of some of the modern English writers, if we are to judge from a recent symposium. Jerome K. Jerome is particularly outspoken against the city. "Personally," he says, "I can't work in London and never could, and never try to now. I don't mind the noise—I don't notice it; but there are too many news-

papers and too many people. That's what worries me. When I am in town I become dissipated in the matter of newspapers. In the country it is different. You are not fidgeted by the fear of casual, unexpected callers; you are free from interruptions and can sit down and become quietly absorbed in your work and develop it in your own style, thinking of nothing else and caring for the opinion of nobody."

■

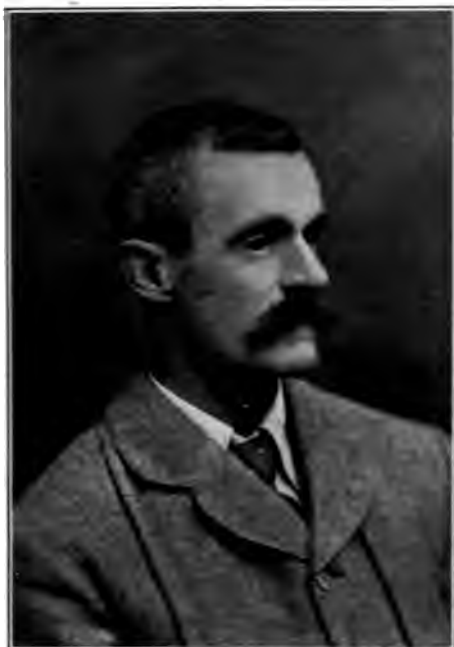
Characteristically, George Bernard Shaw takes just the opposite view of the



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

L. JOSEPH VANCE

From a sketch by Mrs. L. Joseph Vance



HAROLD BINDLOSS

Author of *Lorimer of the Northwest*

matter. He holds that if you come to traffic, hurry, rush, and restlessness, an express train can hold its own with London on all four points; and he has done a good deal of literary work in such trains. "If I recollect aright William Morris made his translations of the *Odyssey*, which has all the celestial airs of the Ionian Sea over it, when rattling about in trains to lecture on Socialism in the provinces. Trollope wrote much in trains, did he not? Of course, any sane writer will take the fullest possible advantage of the blessed fact that he can take his work into the country and do it in the open air, in spite of a restlessness and distraction of the trees and clouds and birds and insects and the like; but for my part, if need be, I could do my work in a steel foundry, or a weaving shed with a hundred looms all banging away at full steam, if I had to, and not do it any worse for the noise. I therefore do not set up any special grievance as an author; on the contrary, the 'restlessness' of London is the making of a man who can take it all in; for instance, Dickens would never have been Dickens

if he had spent his life in Mitcham. But of course I share the general grievance (which specially afflicts idle people, by the way) against the monotony and unmusical character of London noises, the stuffiness of London's smell, the grime of London's atmosphere, the dreadful darkness of London's winter, and the ugliness of London's population."

■

Among other writers who contribute their views are W. W. Jacobs, who believes that the country is too dull, and the town too lively, and that the ideal place is still to be discovered; H. G. Wells, who expresses himself as being hardly qualified to judge because he has not done sustained work in London; W. E. Norris, who bars the city not so much on account of the noise, but because of the practical impossibility of limiting one's acquaintance and engagements there; Miss Beatrice Harraden, who holds a strong brief for London ("I have written more happily and more easily in London than in the quietest village in England or on the loneliest farm



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

H. E. KREIBIEL



THE LATE MARTHA FINLEY

in far distant lands"); and Rider Haggard, and Richard Whiteing, who profess to see good points in both sides of the argument.

■

It was in 1868 that the manuscript of *Elsie Dinsmore* was sent to the house that was to publish Miss Finley's books for so many years. The book was approved for publication, but was so long

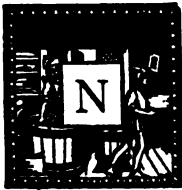
**Martha
Finley**

that it did not seem feasible to issue it in a reasonable sized volume. The difficulty was solved by publishing half of it as *Elsie Dinsmore*, and the remainder of it in the following year as a sequel. This was the beginning of the long series of Elsie books, which extended to twenty-eight volumes. When there had been five volumes published it was thought that

the public might easily tire of its continuance, and a new series, called the "Mildred" series, was started, bringing in many of the characters of the Elsie books, with others added. While this was a success, it did not take the place of the Elsie books, and the public simply demanded the continuance of that series. Besides the twenty-eight Elsie books and the seven Mildred books, Miss Finley wrote and we have published eight other books of a little different character. It is probable that no series of books for children, unless possibly the Alcott books, has had such a large or continuous sale as the Elsie. The annual sale of *Elsie Dinsmore*, published more than forty years ago, is now greater than the first sale of nine-tenths of the newly published books for children. Miss Finley has outlived and seen her books read by more than a generation since the first one was issued.



THE REAL ABBÉ FARIA



NOT every one thinks of Marseilles as a land of Romance, nor indeed is it usually accounted a tourist point. Most persons debarking from a far Eastern or Australian liner know Marseilles only as a stopping-off place for the night, with perhaps a cup of coffee and a *petit verre* on a café terrace of the famous *Cannetière* as their evening distraction.

Just before entering the Vieux Port, midway between Cap Sicié and Cap Couronne, they have remarked the Château d'If, and perhaps recalled the fact that it was the prison of Dumas's hero of *The Count of Monte Cristo*. What they have not thought of, perhaps, is that Dumas's great romance forms, in its earlier chapters, a most fascinating guide book to the old Phocian metropolis.

There is a wealth of fact as well as romance in Dumas's novels, but like the poets he took liberal license with facts whenever he pleased, and like Homer he nodded as often. Dumas is good reading, and that is more than history is at all times, and if one will make allowance and verifications as he goes along he will

acquire more knowledge of things French by the reading of Dumas's romances than he will absorb by the tiresome perusal of Guizot and Michelet.

One of the most sympathetic characters of the whole Dumas's portrait gallery was the gentle Abbé Faria, Edmond Dante's fellow-prisoner, interred behind the thick walls of Château d'If. It is a question if the real Abbé Faria ever was a prisoner in the Château d'If, but there is no doubt whatever but that he had a very real existence, and served the purposes of Dumas, who, with the wonderful intuition of the romancer, made of him just the character that was needed as a foil to the high-strung, buoyant Dante.

The real Abbé Faria was born in 1756, at Goa in Portugal, and baptised José-Custodio de Faria. His birth, even, was seemingly unfortunate, for his parents separated shortly afterward, and from an orphanage he entered a seminary, and afterward holy orders, in time becoming an Abbé and continuing his studies at Rome. He came to Paris clad in ecclesiastical garb in 1788; yellow of skin, dry of visage, tall and finely formed. His views were liberal in the extreme,

and during the revolutionary period he sought not to hide that he was one of the great class of refractory priests who caused no end of concern to Church and State alike.

One fine day the Abbé Faria became interested in the practices of Mesmer, becoming in time himself a *magnétiseur* of renown; he was in fact, as he said, a rebellious subject of the Church, ripe for Swedenborgianism. Faria was not wholly a success as a mesmerist; one

At this period Faria, like most temporary sojourners in Marseilles, probably visited the "Château-Fort" of the Isle d'If, a matter of three miles or more off shore, at that time a prison of state. There is nothing whatever to show that for any reason, or at any time, he was ever a prisoner therein.

The visit to the Château d'If is made to-day, as then, in cranky little tubs which range themselves along the quays of Marseilles's Old Port, the owners of



THE CHÂTEAU D'IF AND THE BAY OF MARSEILLES

night at a dinner at Madame de Custine's he attempted his powers, and against more than one of his co-invites was not successful. Chateaubriand, who was present, ridiculed him and his new pretensions and declared that magnetism was only a species of magic and sorcery. Faria, nevertheless, continued his experiments of hypnotism at Paris up to 1811.

At this epoch he obtained a professorship of philosophy at the Lycée at Marseilles and remained there a year, during which time he was elected a member of the local medical association; one ignores, however, under what profession.

which seek to attract clients by vociferous loud-mouthed shouting, and even importunate pluckings at your person as you pass. The cost of the excursion is not great; for twenty-five sous, twenty, or even half a franc, one may make the round trip and be as uncomfortable as any one can possibly be on land or water for a *mauvais quart d'heure*.

Faria left Marseilles within the year, going to Nîmes, where he still practised his hypnotic powers, returning later to Paris, where he gave a series of public lectures on his profession of the "*Sommeil lucide*." He succumbed to a crisis

of apoplexy in September, 1819, at the age of sixty-four. He is supposedly buried in the Montmartre Cemetery, but the records do not say exactly where and no known tomb marks his grave.

Dumas merely modelled after his well-known symbolical fashion the episode of the Chateau d'If entirely out of his imagination. In the romance the Abbé Faria says to Dante at their parting: "Above all, forget not Monte Cristo, forget not the treasure!" The only treasure of the real Abbé Faria was his apparently sincere belief in hypnotism and its powers to accomplish as wonderful results as the mythical millions of Edmond Dante.

Moreover, Dumas had never even known personally Faria; born in 1803, he did not come to Paris until 1823, more than three years after the death of the Portuguese ecclesiastic. That Dumas may not have made a study of animal magnetism through the single published work left by Faria is not so sure, for it is

known that the romancer attended somnambulist seances during his early years in Paris, and in 1848 resumed their study, and incorporated certain manifestations in the *Memoirs d'un Medecin*, wherein the romance of Joseph Balsamo is revealed. When Dumas commenced the writing of *Monte Cristo*, in 1841, many persons then living may have attended the Abbé's conferences, notably general Noiset, a friend of Dumas, who died only in 1884.

Such is the strength of the imagination among writers and readers alike that the legendary type of the great characters of romance substitute themselves easily enough for real flesh and blood, and generations distant from the time of their inception one comes to believe in their authenticity. The Abbé Faria of Dumas's romance lives more vividly, certainly, to-day than when he lived at Marseilles in 1811.

Francis Miltoun.

AN ILLUSION

An open periodical I saw as I passed by,
And down the list of contents I idly cast my eye;
I saw the queerest title,—whatever could it mean?
"The Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine!"

I looked again, and gazed at it in utter blank surprise.
Though I had read the words aright, I scarce believed my eyes!
For surely readers will agree no one has ever seen
The Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine.

Of terms a contradiction! Of thoughts a paradox!
Experience it stultifies, at common sense it mocks.
As well say two and two make five, or that the sky is green,
As the Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine!

I love the periodicals, I read them every time;
I love a lightweight story, or a bit of senseless rhyme.
But I never have discovered,—although my eyes are keen,—
The Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine.

Perhaps there is a fountain that will give Immortal Youth;
Perpetual motion *may* be found; in wells there *may* be truth.
But credulity has limits; they must tell to some marine
Of "The Literary Spirit in the Modern Magazine!"

Carolyn Wells.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

At the last opening of the Letter Box we promised that we should soon take an entire number to discuss the remarks and criticisms which have been made upon THE BOOKMAN'S Inferno. So many letters on so many other subjects have, however, come to us since then that we are obliged to break this promise, in a way, and to subordinate the Inferno to topics which have no connection with it.

I

We are not at all bound to consider the sins of other publications. Nevertheless, the following letter from Pompton Lakes, New Jersey, has a general interest from the standpoint of good English. We publish it and pass it along deferentially to the esteemed *North American Review*.

In the November *North American Review* there is an article on "Gentle Speech." It is a soothing title and yet almost at the beginning of the article there appears this verbal monstrosity:

"The increasing number of men and women of a certain intellectual training is adding rapidly to that consensus of the competent who are merely fatigued by rhetorical epilepsy, or by simian homiletics, and who judge a speaker, and fairly, to some extent at least, by his verbal righteousness."

Do you think that so dignified and sane a journal as the *North American Review* has a right to expect its readers to hurdle such a linguistic obstacle as this? And if translated into that "gentle speech" for which the writer makes a plea, what would it mean?

II

Letters from Socialists seldom come our way; therefore we are very glad to be honoured by a Socialist residing in this city. The epistle which he sends us is much too long to print in full, but we readily give a synopsis of its contents and answer the question which it contains. It appears that, some time ago, Mr. Lincoln Steffens

wrote a magazine article on the subject of Eugene Debs, and that in it he pronounced the following opinion:

It may be deemed expedient to hang Debs some day, and that wouldn't be so bad; but don't try to hurt him.

Our correspondent, who signs himself "Justitia," says that this utterance of Mr. Steffens greatly puzzled both himself and his fellow Socialists. They held meetings to discuss it, but were unable to agree upon its meaning. They couldn't see why hanging Debs would fail to hurt him, and yet Mr. Steffens evidently thinks that the two things have no connection. Therefore, our correspondent asks in despair whether this sentence is really full of inspired wisdom, somewhat Delphic in its language, or whether it is just stupidity. We answer very gladly that it is neither wisdom nor stupidity. Taken by itself it is, of course, preposterous, and yet it affords convincing proof of the cleverness of Mr. Steffens. It is the sort of thing in which the New Journalism indulges—sayings which sound like epigrams and seem pregnant with an immensity of truth, yet which have no meaning whatsoever. Mr. Steffens knew perfectly well when he wrote the sentence that it was fatuous, but he also knew that it would make the Socialists sit up and mull over it and discuss it, and thereby enhance the circulation of the magazine in which the article appeared. Obviously, he was quite right in his assumption. He did the thing which he meant to do. He wrote an utterly preposterous sentence, and our friend, Justitia, and his fellow Socialists spent whole evenings in trying to find out what awesome truth was concealed within its depths. This is an admirable example of the art of saying nothing in such a way as to seem as though one were saying a great deal. Mr. Steffens is a very, very clever man; and we cannot refrain from adding that our socialistic correspondent and the kindred spirits who

are associated with him are guileless souls who swallow readily the baited hook which Mr. Steffens from time to time throws out to them.

III

It has been said by some philosopher that every man believes himself able to sail a boat and to edit a newspaper. We have come to think that every man also imagines that he can edit a magazine. Thus, a bright reader of ours who lives in a Texan town with the soothing name of Comfort, is kind enough to send us some suggestions as to what we ought to do in the way of getting special articles. Here are the suggestions:

(1) Give us photographs and sketches of the important foreign correspondents of the Associated Press. The men who write the world's news.

(2) Tell us about Ferenc Molnar. About journalism in Austria-Hungary. Some of the daily papers there have a circulation of several hundred thousand daily, I understand.

(3) Series of photographs showing the editorial rooms (not the buildings) of the London *Times*, and the other great newspapers in this and foreign countries.

(4) The critic and the masterpiece. How were *Vanity Fair*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Don Quixote*, *Plain Tales from the Hills*, the first Sherlock Holmes stories, etc., etc., received by the critics?

If these suggestions are very clever, then we must be cleverer than our correspondent, for we had anticipated all of them long before his letter reached us. We advise him to get a file of *THE BOOKMAN* and read it up. Thus, his first bit of advice was not needed, as we had articles on European press correspondents appearing in this magazine under the dates of May, 1904, and November, 1904. As to his second suggestion, a good deal was published on the subject of Molnar in *THE BOOKMAN* for October, 1908; while we had a special article on journalism in Austria-Hungary as far back as June, 1900. His third admonition is evidently written in ignorance of the fact that we have published a whole series of articles entitled "The Great Newspapers of Continental Europe." Finally, his last

suggestion ignores another series which appeared in *THE BOOKMAN* during 1903 on "Famous Novels and their Contemporary Critics." The obvious moral of all this is that *THE BOOKMAN* should be read continuously and not sporadically. Then we should not receive such letters as this, giving us sage advice to do things which we have already done.

IV

A lady sends us the following question:

In R. L. Stevenson's *Aes Triplex* there is this sentence: "Death may be knocking at the door, like the Commander's statue: we have something else in hand, thank God, and let him knock." Can you tell me what is meant by the "Commander's statue"? I have looked everywhere before appealing for help.

The "Commander" is the famous Commendatore in Mozart's opera of *Don Giovanni*. We advise the lady to get a libretto of the opera, and also to read Balzac's story of Don Juan.

V

Here is a little note which is charming because of its naïveté. It comes from Ithaca, New York, and is addressed to the editors of *THE BOOKMAN*, at Indianapolis, Indiana! We wish to file a brief statement here to the effect that we have not yet joined the Hoosier School of American letters. This is what the writer says:

DEAR SIR: I have an article on literature that I should like to have published. Do you think you could use it?

No doubt we could use it in some way. If it should not prove available for the magazine, the Junior Editor might utilise it for shaving paper. But how does the lady expect us to know whether we could use it editorially? "Literature" is rather vague, but we fancy that any one who could write so innocently charming a note as this without thinking it necessary to send us the article in question, has scarcely attained to a very high degree of literary proficiency. Therefore, to be quite frank, we are obliged to answer

that we do not think that we could "use it."

Not unlike the Ithacan lady is a Hindu gentleman whose name we cannot easily make out, but who lives in the Indian town of Kumba-Konam on North Reddy Raostank Street—number not given. We have not looked up this place in a gazetteer, but we have no doubt that it is all right. The gentleman declares to us:

I can write on social, economical, and religious topics. I can also translate some of the Indian legends and stories. I assure you they are interesting. I shall be glad if you can find place in your journal about these above-mentioned topics.

We have no doubt that these articles are interesting, especially in their use of prepositions. But why not send us a few so that we may see them?

VI

A question of pronunciation is raised in the following letter which comes to us from some one connected with the St. Louis Mercantile Library Association. It reads thus:

Your October "Inferno" includes "automobile." The *Century Dictionary* gives this as the correct pronunciation, i. e., has in brackets (au-tomóbil). The *Standard Dictionary* under Auto, in combination gives "au" tomó-bile," the " mark standing for the secondary accent. Why do you put the word as thus accentuated into your Inferno, and what do you call the correct pronunciation? "Automobile" seems irrational to me in view of the genesis of the word.

Our correspondent misunderstands us. The proper pronunciation of the word "automobile" has a strong accent on the first syllable, and no accent on any other syllable. This pronunciation is practically universal among cultivated people. The individual who figured the pronunciation in the *Century Dictionary* is probably the sort of person who always smells of fried things. The tendency of the English language is toward a recessive accent irrespective of the original quantity of the Greek or Latin word which is incorporated in our language. As to the genesis of "automobile," we

should like to ask our correspondent how she pronounces the word "anemone." If she regards its genesis, she ought to accent the penult, and not the antepenult.

VII

A gentleman in Malden, Massachusetts, who has a sense of humour, sends us a letter which we print without comment:

I see in the January number you criticise the *Evening Post* for saying that some people at Oneida Lake escaped from a burning building "by means of fire-ladders in their night clothes." You assume that the night clothes were fitted out with fire-ladders. Have you not misunderstood the *Post* and done it an injustice in this? Does not the pronoun "their" evidently and naturally refer to its nearest antecedent noun, which is "fire-ladders"? Does not the writer mean to say that the fire-ladders were fitted out with night-clothes? This is a much more reasonable supposition. One can easily see the advantage of having the ladders thus equipped. How much more comfortable it would be for the people obliged to traverse them in their bare feet by night. If the ladders are clothed, there would be all the less need for the people to stop to put on garments. In an emergency the clothing, with such foresight provided, could be taken from the ladders and be utilised by the people. It is an excellent idea, worthy of more general adoption. By all means let our fire-ladders, as well as our fire-laddies, be properly arrayed. The *Post* deserved thanks for calling attention to it.

VIII

The distinguished American historian, Dr. James Schouler, honours us by a letter which contains a perfectly natural and apparently justifiable criticism.

Since your magazine aims to be authoritative in literary matters, I am surprised to see in the December number (p. 438), from the pen of Professor Harry Thurston Peck, a palpable misstatement. In his article upon Mommsen and Ferrero he says that "Hildreth wrote the history of the United States as a Democrat would write it."

Now, if there is anything certain with regard to Mr. Hildreth's work, it is that the

bias of his history is strongly Federalist, and that his dislike of Jefferson and the democracy appeared as positive as his admiration for Hamilton.

I shall not presume that, by a slip of the pen, Professor Peck meant me; but quite likely he had Bancroft in his mind.

We take pleasure in informing Dr. Schouler that the rather long sentence which Professor Peck originally wrote, referred both to Hildreth as a Federalist and to Bancroft as a Democrat. Somehow or other, either the types or the typographer knocked out a line, leaving Hildreth as the example of a Democratic historian. Now that we are in communication with Dr. Schouler, we should like to ask him for a little information in return. One sentence in his *History of the Civil War* (New York, 1899) has puzzled us for years; and sagacious persons to whom we have referred it have never been able to elucidate it.

The sentence in question occurs on page 351, and relates to Lee's Gettysburg campaign. It reads:

"In Lee's report of the following July, are tersely stated the motives which induced his infatuous campaign."

Now, what does "infatuous" mean? No such word is known to the English language outside of this one passage. It ought to mean "not fatuous," that is, "wise"; but the context shows that Dr. Schouler did not so regard the campaign. No one understands it. We have ourselves ventured to conjecture that by "infatuous campaign," Dr. Schouler intended to convey the idea that the campaign was one with which Lee had become infatuated. Are we correct? If so, the word is a somewhat odd, if interesting, coinage. Will Dr. Schouler, with his well-known courtesy, enlighten us, as we have so gladly enlightened him?

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT



NOT long ago, a widely circulated periodical published a photograph of President Roosevelt taken in 1901, soon after his accession to the chief magistracy of the United States. Facing this, on the opposite page, was a photograph of the President taken very recently. Underneath, attention was called to the alleged fact that, after seven years of strain and stress, Mr. Roosevelt had not changed to the outward eye, and that he was apparently the same man in 1908 that he had been in 1901.

It is astonishing that any human being could be so blind, so utterly obtuse to the most obvious differences, as was the person who put these photographs together to prove that the President had not changed. As a matter of plain fact, the contrast between the two faces is a startling one. It gives you something of a

shock as you turn from one likeness to the other. The seven years have wrought a most remarkable transformation. Perhaps one ought rather to say that they have forced an evolution which under other circumstances would have taken place more slowly, or which, had Mr. Roosevelt continued only in a minor office, would not have taken place at all. The face of the man of 1908 is in every respect different from that of the man of 1901; and this physical alteration represents a psychological alteration that is no less marked. The President who is now going out of office is not the President who took the inaugural oath in a private house at Buffalo, before the assembled Cabinet, after his midnight journey on the thirteenth of September, 1901. The difference comes from an exaggeration of certain traits and impulses and modes of thought that had been always his, yet which had not become predominant until a certain irresponsibility took possession.

of him by reason of the enormous political power which rushed upon him in a moment. And as Mr. Roosevelt has become a different man, so the country of which he has been President has become a different country in its ideals, its aspirations, and its political instincts.

In considering the changes which have been brought about under President Roosevelt's régime, one would like to omit altogether any direct and personal reference to the President himself. This, however, is impossible. His two administrations have afforded an extraordinary example of personal government, and we can not dissociate his official acts from the characteristics of the man who is answerable for them. Throughout these seven years the government of the United States has, to all intents and purposes, been centred in an individual; and therefore, we must reckon with this individual's attributes precisely as though he had been a conscientiously despotic ruler who personally tried to understand every detail and phase of public life, and who felt himself in duty bound to direct those vaguer, subtler, and far-reaching movements which are not political but social.

What has most puzzled students of recent American history has been the President's unusual and sustained popularity. Our people are naturally hero-worshippers, but they are not often consistent in their hero-worship. They are almost as fickle as the French. The demi-god, the popular idol of a day, is shattered before long, or slowly sinks into a haze of gathering oblivion. Such was the fate of Frémont, who for eight years was one of the most popular of Americans, the first presidential candidate of the Republican Party, widely known as "the Pathfinder," the hero of a very interesting romance, high-spirited, soldierly, and brave. Yet his career ended ignominiously and he died almost unnoticed. Such again was Admiral Dewey, who enjoyed a more than Roman triumph on his return from the Philippines, yet who in less than a year was stripped of all his popularity to become the butt of cheap cartoonists and of hired jesters in the press. Even Lincoln's fame suffered a serious eclipse in 1864; so that

he owed his re-election to the military successes of Grant and Sherman. The leaders of his own party viewed him as a failure, and had he not been fortunate enough to die by the hands of an assassin, he would probably have suffered much of the same obloquy which the days of Reconstruction brought upon his successor, Johnson. How many other men have sought and won distinction only to become the victims of a popular inconstancy that caught eagerly at some tactless phrase or some trifling act to justify a sudden change of favour!

Yet President Roosevelt through seven years, though he has been every moment in the public eye, has managed until very lately not only to keep, but to augment astonishingly, the popular approval first won by him through his exploit at Kettle Hill. He has made some serious blunders. He has more than once ignored the elemental principles of good taste. He has at times disregarded utterly the traditional dignity of his office. Many a statesman has been ruined in the public estimation by incidents far less important than some of those which happened during Mr. Roosevelt's presidency. Any other man would have been laughed into oblivion because of the "Dear Maria" letters. The correspondence with Mr. Harriman would have ended the career of any other man; and so would the shielding of Mr. Paul Morton from prosecution. Nevertheless, the stubborn, concrete fact remains that Mr. Roosevelt has been popular as no other President ever was, and that even his foibles and faults have been exalted into virtues. Americans are supposed to have a keen sense of humour; but in Mr. Roosevelt's case this seems to have undergone paralysis.

What is the secret of this phenomenon? Many explanations have been given, but I think that the most tenable of all still waits an analyst. Mr. Roosevelt was the youngest of all the Presidents, when he first took office, being then in his forty-third year. A man at forty-three is usually supposed to be mature. Mr. Roosevelt, however, was immature. If not exactly a boy, he was, at any rate, often boyish. He was full of hasty impulses. His character was as yet unformed. As a child,

he had been spoiled at home. In politics he had pursued an independent course because he was rich enough to disregard considerations of a material character. Throughout his life he had always done the thing he wished to do. Whenever he succeeded, his *amour propre* was flattered. Whenever he failed, as in his candidacy for the mayoralty of New York City, it did not greatly trouble him. He soon found some other means of calling general attention to his existence. He loved to be noticed. He had a sure instinct for the spectacular. Whatever he did, he did in such a way as to furnish "copy" to the newspapers. Thus, when police commissioner in New York, he used to prowl around the streets at night, like a sort of municipal Haroun al Raschid, calling to account policemen who were off their beats or who were guilty of other petty derelictions. On one single Sunday, he closed all the saloons throughout the city, a *tour de force* which he never repeated, but which caused an immense amount of local comment. People who took an easy view of the excise regulations, regarded this not so much as being the automatic, inflexible operation of the law, as the personal amusement of Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, whom the policemen themselves spoke of as "a tough dude." To him it was fun instead of a matter of impersonal duty. Even then, to use his later phrase, he was bound to have "a corking good time." As Assistant Secretary of the Navy, he continued to have a corking good time. He loved to issue orders for target practice and for moving fleets and squadrons. He gathered about him fresh young graduates from Annapolis, and with them he concocted naval schemes and made brilliant discoveries which were older than he was himself. In the Spanish War he headed his regiment of Rough Riders very much as a youth in college would head a football team. He wrote and talked so voluminously about his command as to make millions of his countrymen imagine that the five hundred Rough Riders had actually won a battle—no account being taken of the fifteen thousand regular troops who were also present around Santiago. Later, he signed the well-known "round robin," a

petition which verged upon military insubordination. Then he came back to New York to be elected Governor by a small majority, after a campaign in which he figured as the hero of San Juan Hill—a place on which "my regiment" had never been engaged at all.

These and many more things which the public still remembers remind one of an enthusiastic youth. When Mr. Roosevelt first became President, he presented the spectacle of an enthusiastic youth placed in an exalted office. Oddly enough, this caught the people's fancy. From Washington to McKinley, our Presidents had represented a single type of ruler. They had all been dignified, middle-aged, and rather quiet men, who went about their official business in a dignified and quiet way. Even Jackson, though he was the incarnation of extreme democracy, and though in private he at times broke out into fits of passion, knew how to bear himself with distinction and urbanity. Among the Federalists of Boston who detested him and who had been told that he was a sort of border ruffian, he won universal admiration by his demeanour. Mrs. Trollope, who satirised nearly everything American, declared that President Jackson had the bearing of a gentleman and a soldier. Lincoln was unconventional in the presence of a few intimates, but in public his ungainly figure and deeply furrowed face assumed almost a stateliness of presence, touched with a certain melancholy which made a profound impression on those who saw him. All the Presidents, in fact, had been simple and self-repressed. They had followed the example set them by the first and greatest President.

Into the White House came Mr. Roosevelt with a bang. It was huge fun to be really President. He was Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and of the Navy, too, and he could order ships and regiments about at will. He could gratify his curiosity by summoning to luncheon or to dinner all sorts of interesting men—foreign statesmen, distinguished authors, scientists, journalists, cowboys, and "bad men" who had been in prison for robbing trains. When he went anywhere, he could do so, hedged around by cavalry and infantry. If his

friends wished to view some men-of-war, Mr. Roosevelt could direct the whole North Atlantic Fleet to rendezvous off Oyster Bay and fire salvos of heavy cannon while the President and his family in a launch sailed around the battle-ships and cruisers. On a still larger scale, he could engage in foreign politics. Great Britain, Germany, and Italy asked him to arbitrate their claims against Venezuela. He assembled the representatives of Russia and Japan at Portsmouth to go through the form of signing a treaty of which the provisions had already been arranged. He gave out freely his opinions on college football and "race-suicide" and strikes, on labour unions and woman's rights, on simple spelling and on literature. His energy was extraordinary; his interests were multifarious.

Now, after more than a hundred years of the Washingtonian type of President, Mr. Roosevelt came as a somewhat startling but very interesting contrast. His frank relish for the power of office, frankly shown, made people like him. There was something so human, so artless, and so young about all this! Just as all the world is said to love a lover, so most of the world has a kindly, cordial feeling toward the extravagances of youth. It amused Americans much more than it shocked them to read presidential letters addressed to a Cabinet officer and beginning with "Dear Bill." It amused them also to have the President garnish his speech with bits of slang such as a "square deal" and "beaten to a frazzle," and to have him use such picturesque phrases as "the big stick," and to assert that "my spear knows no brother." They rather enjoyed Mr. Roosevelt's enjoyment, whether he was chopping wood or hunting bears or galloping at the head of regiments. Moreover, it gave them an impression that he was an open-minded, generous, frank, candid soul, who knew no guile and who would, in his own phrase, "do things."

There were things enough which needed to be done. Every one had grown restive under corporation rule. The materialism of the Hanna-McKinley era was getting on the nerves of most Americans. Franchises given in perpe-

tuity, failure to enforce the statute and common law against combinations in restraint of trade, governmental favours to the very rich, and an excessively high tariff accompanied by a steady increase in the cost of living, had made men conscious of a general unrest. They began to learn that gorging a few persons with monstrous wealth did not mean prosperity for the many. President Cleveland had tried, in his way, and by the ordinary processes of law, to suppress the Trusts and to do away with what he called "the communism of capital." But Mr. Cleveland had negatively made a failure of it. Very few remembered that his failure was due to the silver agitation which distracted legislative energy from these other things. They merely thought of him as one who had "pottered" over his task, disrupted his party, and accomplished next to nothing. They looked to a vigorous and youthful President to right a thousand wrongs in a swift, efficient way, and they were not exceedingly particular as to whether, in doing so, he strained a little the powers of his office. They felt, very much as he did, that able and unscrupulous lawyers could manage to get around almost any statutes which might be enacted. All they asked was that right should be done, and they trusted Mr. Roosevelt to do it. Certainly he was lavish enough in promises. No President ever talked so much about what he was going to do. In the speeches which he made during 1902, he said many admirable things with regard to corporations. They were, he told his auditors, the creatures of the State; and the State was in duty bound to supervise them. "The anti-trust laws will be enforced. All individuals, rich or poor, must be subject to the law of the land; and the Government will hold them to a rigid obedience."

These strong statements were repeated a thousand times in speeches, and messages, and letters. Mr. Roosevelt has kept on repeating them for seven years. His messages to Congress have been longer than those of any other President. In the most tremendous crisis of the Civil War, Mr. Lincoln would send in a message of a few thousand words, with regard to vital points of public policy.

Mr. Roosevelt has emitted messages of fifty thousand words to denounce "malefactors of great wealth," and "men with soft bodies and hard faces," whose sons are fools, and whose daughters are princesses. His Attorney-General once airily remarked that he was "going gunning for the Trusts." It was the expressed intention of the Administration to put some rich malefactor into jail. This sort of thing greatly won the people's admiration. If they did not read the messages, they at least read summaries of them; and they were convinced that before long their energetic President would give them something more than words. For, as he said himself, "Words are good when backed up by deeds—and only so."

Looking to-day upon the things which Mr. Roosevelt has directly accomplished by his own hand, we find the record a very meagre one. Early in his first administration he did secure the dissolution of the Northern Securities "merger," just as he secured an injunction against the Beef Trust. But the first achievement practically left things where they were, since the two roads which had been merged are still under the same control. As for the Beef Trust, the injunction has had no effect. Even when the enemy was delivered into Mr. Roosevelt's hands at the time of the meat scandals in Chicago, the President failed to use his opportunity to the full, but consented to a compromise which bore marks of weakness. He denounced as "undesirable citizens" certain labour leaders in the West, and made a stand against labour unions in the Government Printing Office at Washington; yet it was not very long before he had put that very office in charge of a person whose sympathy was wholly with the labour unions and against the "open shop." Thundering against the railroads and their managers, he was nevertheless willing to accept their lavish hospitality for weeks in his journeys through the country.

It is unnecessary, however, to mention in detail the inconsistencies which have marked President Roosevelt's political career. It would not be easy to explain them except in a psychological labora-

tory. The President really loves justice, yet in practice he has been frequently unjust. He believes in the "square deal," yet he has not always given it. What is wrong when done by others becomes right when it is done by him or by his friends. Here, in essence, is undoubtedly a case of incipient megalomania. Great power and excessive adulation have had their effect upon a naturally fine and upright character. It is, in kind, the same change which, under the Roman Empire, took place in Nero and Caligula. It affords the strongest of all possible arguments against a third term in the Presidency for any man whatever. Had Mr. Roosevelt been elected again instead of Mr. Taft, we should see, at the end of another four years, something very like a regal court in Washington. Already there have been introduced forms and usages which were unknown before, but which are essentially monarchical. The vessels of the Navy have been employed not merely for the President's convenience, but for the convenience of his family. Many other changes have been effected, of a social character, which have not been publicly commented upon, but which in private conversation have been noted throughout the country. There has been too much of the personal element in appointments and promotions in the Army and Navy. Lately, too, it appeared that the President has used the agents of the Secret Service for his own ends, and more than this—contrary to explicit law—he has engaged the services of irresponsible detectives from private bureaus. The information thus acquired, partly true and partly garbled, has been used at the psychological moment to crush, or at least to discredit, any man who puts himself in opposition to the Executive. This system of espionage has gone much further than most Americans are aware. There is a Russian touch about it, wholly new in the United States. It accounts in large measure for the final outbreak of resentment in both Houses of a Congress heavily Republican.

So far as Mr. Roosevelt's personal prestige is concerned, this would have been far greater had he merely served out the unexpired term of President McKinley. The last year of his second administra-

tion has seen the country suffering from widespread financial depression in a time of peace. In the South and West, for a short period, all coin and other forms of legal tender went out of circulation. A currency famine left "Teddy bears"—a name then given to bank certificates—as the only circulating medium; and "Teddy bears" were mere promises to pay, as valueless in themselves as was most of the "wildcat currency" in the middle of the last century. Congress, accused by him of trying to shelter criminals belonging to its number, has sternly rebuked the President by tabling portions of his annual message. The Chief Magistrate has descended from his high office to bandy epithets with minor politicians, and has been styled a "four-flusher" by the Governor of a Western State. He has thought fit to devote a message solely to the denunciation by name of several newspaper editors, and this message has been received in Congress with jeers and laughter—a thing for which our history affords no parallel except in the stormy days of Andrew Johnson. He has caused a newspaper to be indicted for criminal libel against the United States, a proceeding which is bound to be farcical, while it recalls and revives some of the resentment which was stirred up by the Alien and Sedition Acts under President John Adams. Hence, Mr. Roosevelt goes out of office somewhat under a cloud. His popularity has been sapped and is crumbling away. It is not likely that four years from now, or eight years from now, any large body of his countrymen will think of him again as a candidate for the Presidency.

Such, when viewed at the moment, appear the two administrations of President Roosevelt. We must, however, take a broader view than this and look, not at the things which he has immediately accomplished, but rather at the things which are indirectly to be ascribed to him. A century from now, his inconsistencies, his errors, his personal defects—all of which seem of such importance in their day—will be remembered only by the curious chronicler of small details. Just enough of them will remain to give colour and a certain picturesqueness to the story of the last seven

years. The far-sighted observer of political events can already perceive that the name of Theodore Roosevelt will ultimately be linked with a great series of social and political movements to which he gave, at times unconsciously, the initial impulse. And this was done almost wholly during his first term of office. His extraordinary popularity was the fulcrum upon which the lever of public opinion moved the entire nation. That popularity was at its height toward the close of 1904. It might be described in the same words which an American historian has used of President Jackson: "The people came to believe that he could do no wrong, and that he stood like an angel with a flaming sword, guarding their interests against the designs of the politicians." It gratified them to know that he was hated by the Senate, a body which was held to be the fortress of special privilege and political chicanery. After the ponderous utterances of Cleveland and the bland platitudes of McKinley, the vivid nervous utterances of Roosevelt came like an electric shock. He, the President of the United States, dared to say in plain English the very things which private citizens were saying and had been saying hopelessly for years. It put heart into hundreds of thousands who had begun to feel that the power of money was too great for any one to battle with. At once there began a series of exposures directly inspired by Mr. Roosevelt's public speeches. Municipal corruption was uncovered. The life insurance scandals were dragged to light, and the air and sun were let into many dark and noisome places. President Roosevelt himself called this "muck-raking," and he did so with disapproval. Yet he was actually the first of all the muck-rakers, and the term ought not to be one of reproach. For, as was remarked at the time, had there not been such quantities of muck, there would have been no necessity for raking it.

Again, Mr. Roosevelt's centralising tendencies, his autocratic use of the presidential power, led the individual States in self-defence to clean their skirts and to show that Federal interference was not needed. This feeling indirectly

brought to the front many able and absolutely honest men in both of the two great parties. Governor Folk in Missouri, Governor Johnson in Minnesota, Governor Harmon in Ohio, and conspicuously Governor Hughes in New York, are striking leaders in this rejuvenation of State Rights in a modern and admirable guise. As a result, much has been done through local legislation in various States to assert the rights of the public as against unlawful claims of corporations and of wealthy misdemeanants. In this respect the individual States have been, on the whole, more successful than the Federal Government, as when the State of Texas succeeded in annulling the charter of an important branch of the Standard Oil Company and in ousting it from business in that State; whereas the Federal judgment against the parent company, with the famous twenty-nine million dollar fine, was reversed by the Supreme Court. But this court has done much to strengthen the jurisdiction of the States in matters of taxation, as in Louisiana in the case of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company; and in New York with reference to the tax upon transfers of property. The States have likewise been upheld in their right to regulate public-service corporations, as in the victory won by the gas consumers of New York City in the matter of "eighty-cent gas." These are only a few instances out of very many which show (1) that hereafter the people will exercise direct control over many abuses which have hitherto sought shelter under legal technicalities; and (2) that the nation has awakened to the fact that its future problems will be far more social than political in character. This again is due in large measure to the interest which President Roosevelt has taken in such questions. His enemies have often described him as a socialist, or as one whose influence would inevitably tend toward strengthen-

ing socialism as a political force. So far as we can now see, this prediction is quite unfounded. The presidential election of last November was highly significant. Mr. Debs, the Socialistic candidate for the presidency, received only 400,000 votes, an increase in four years of 80,000 votes. This was a poor showing for a third party making its campaign fairly and squarely upon an issue which had been very widely discussed and which was supposed to be favoured by vast numbers of Americans. Mr. Debs's vote, in fact, was insignificant when we remember that Mr. James B. Weaver, the Populist candidate in 1892, polled over a million ballots. The meagre following of Mr. Debs proved that the people as a whole, with that sanity which in the long run they inevitably exercise, can bring about social reforms without becoming socialists in a political sense. They will take, from the teachings of socialism, that which approves itself to them, but they will work their will through the old-time instruments and by the usual processes of orderly legislation.

No one can honestly deny that from President Roosevelt's true ideals, from his unconventionality, and even from his faults, much lasting good has sprung. The nation has been compacted far more firmly, while the interplay of its inner forces is being steadily adjusted so that the balance between the central government and the government of each separate State shall be just and even. The resources of the country are not merely being developed as before, but also carefully conserved. The American people are learning discipline, order, and that economy, which is the strength of nations. The Republic stands forth more powerful than ever, and possesses as it never did before, a national consciousness which will guide it still more surely to the triumphant fulfilment of its destiny.

Harry Thurston Peck.

AUGURY

Before the dawn, 'tis light,
If Hope the vigil keep ;
Before the noontide, night,
If Woe, despairing, weep :
The Future 'tis that shows
What now the Present knows.

John B. Tabb.

THE NEW BAEDER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELER

VII—TRENTON FALLS, N. Y.



WONDER how many persons, living beyond a radius of fifty miles from the place, have ever heard of Trenton Falls. Its name suggests New Jersey, yet it is situated in the central part of New York State, in a pleasant and restful obscurity. You may search many, many maps without discovering it. You never see it mentioned in the newspapers. To nearly all the world it has no existence whatsoever.

The very fact of its obscurity affords a striking comment on the change which has come over the social life of the United States. Fifty years ago it would have been quite as absurd to ask "Where is Trenton Falls?" as it would be now to ask "Where is Newport?" or "Where is Palm Beach?" In the fifties there were only three or four watering places in the whole country. Newport was one, the White Sulphur Springs of Virginia was another, Saratoga was a third. And with these, Trenton Falls was numbered, just a little less elaborate than Newport but quite as much a seat of fashion as Saratoga, which in those days was sought out for its mineral springs and not for its gambling-rooms or for its race-tracks.

When Anthony Trollope visited this country in 1861, so that he might write his book on *North America*—a book

which is difficult now to procure, but which well deserves re-reading—he went a long distance out of his way to visit Trenton Falls, because, writes he, "I had heard its beauty mentioned in London thirty years before." When N. P. Willis was commissioned by a London publisher to edit a book filled with illustrations of the most picturesque places in America, great importance was given to Trenton Falls. The place then drew to itself many travellers even from Europe. The registers of the old hotel, which are still preserved, contain autographs that would excite the envy of a collector. There, on the yellowing pages, are the names of Jenny Lind and of the Earl of Derby, then Lord George Stanley and afterward Prime Minister, who was thought to be the most eloquent orator of his time in England. There, too, is the big obstreperous-looking sign-manual of Trollope himself, the delicately written signature of Willis and of many contemporaries of Willis. The books are particularly rich in their autographs of statesmen from the South—men who at that time still guided the destinies of the nation and regarded the Abolitionists as a small and insignificant cluster of fanatics.

Trenton Falls, indeed, was a favourite resort of wealthy Southern planters and their families, who came there to spend the entire season, bringing with them



"NOT FAR BEYOND IS A CHAIN OF SHIMMERING CRYSTAL LAKES, WHICH YOU CAN VISIT IF YOU CARE TO"

carriages and carriage-horses and fine thorough-bred hunters, with a retinue of well-fed slaves who grinned and showed their white teeth, quite unconscious that they were the object of ill-directed sympathy; for they would not have accepted freedom on any terms whatever. Even now in the lofts of the hotel you may see, carefully stored away, the rude wooden bedsteads and the mattresses on which these sable retainers slept through the cool nights after their masters and mistresses had finished dancing and had retired to their own apartments. Trenton Falls was then what newspapers would now describe as "a social centre." It was one of the very few social centres in the United States.

In this sense its glory has long since departed; yet the memory of what it has been makes it quite full of reminiscence and suggestion. It is forgotten and unknown save to the very few; but to these few it has a charm more fascinating than is exerted by any of the newer watering-places which have sprung up in

the past twenty years and which entertain successful soap-makers and manufacturers of breakfast foods, and others whose names suggest nothing save mere money. Beside the old-time simplicity of Trenton Falls, the garish, lavish, noisy life of Palm Beach or Monterey seems meretricious; while Atlantic City and Long Branch and Elberon and the Hamptons are positively vulgar. They are like painted women in the presence of some beautiful old lady whose fine lace cap and snowy hair give her a dignity that by contrast reveals the wanton's cheapness.

But some one will naturally be moved to interrupt me and inquire "Where is this Trenton Falls, and why did it lose its old prestige and sink into oblivion?" Trenton Falls nestles among the foothills of the Adirondacks; and it was the opening of the Adirondacks (or the North Woods, as they call them there) which relegated Trenton Falls to insignificance. Down into the late sixties the great Adirondack region was known only to



"THE LOWER FALLS BEHIND THE POST-OFFICE AREAS MUCH AS I CAN STAND"

the natives who occupied infrequent "shacks" amid its wilderness, or to an occasional hunter who penetrated its vast forests in search of the game that was so abundant. In time, Adirondack Murray, that eccentric sporting clergyman, began to write about the region. Little by little it was explored. Lines of railway crept

stopping; and only a few local trains, when flagged, pause at its little station to allow an occasional passenger to descend. Luxurious persons whirl through it to the Fulton chain of lakes or, further still, to Whiteface or Paul Smith's. If they ever look out of the car windows as they rush past Trenton Falls, they see nothing



THE FOURTEENTH EARL OF DERBY, A VISITOR AT TRENTON FALLS

into its recesses. Hotels were built along its lakes. Then fashion, which had remained contentedly at Trenton Falls, moved slowly onward into the wide-spreading woods. Trenton Falls became a sort of derelict. Whereas the railway had formerly ended there, now the long expresses, with their Pullmans and their dining-cars, thunder by it without

but a tiny platform, a single house half hidden by the trees, and a long rough board-walk extending precipitately down the edge of a steep country road.

But what you see from a Pullman is not really Trenton Falls. Take a slow Black River accommodation train at Utica and it will convey you thither, nosing its way slowly and with much

laborious panting, on an up-grade through Marcy, Stittville, Holland Patent and Barneveld, making its way into the low-lying foot-hills. The cars will be full of women and children dressed in rustic garb, and they will buy apples and popcorn from the train boy, and candy of a kind that you yourself would hardly care to purchase. In time, after a moment of excessive effort, the engine stops at Trenton Falls.

sunny-meadow land until you cross a rustic bridge that spans a quiet mouse-coloured little brook, and then you come unexpectedly upon a large and very pleasant-looking inn, shadowed by great trees. A broad veranda runs about it, extended on one side to a width of thirty or forty feet, so as to form a fine pavilion. In front of the house is a massive octagonal stone, where once rested a telescope upon a tripod. Further on is a dense grove,



N. P. WILLIS, WHO OFTEN VISITED TRENTON FALLS

I feel that it is rather unwise on my part to write about this place. I discovered it by accident, and I ought to keep all knowledge of it to myself; but the call of the pen is too strong to be resisted; and besides, there is no pleasure in making a discovery if you cannot tell of it and glory in it. And so I will explain here how you get off at the little red station and go down the steep boardwalk, past sweet smelling clumps of forest and

whose tree-tops are pierced by a graceful minaret which is in reality a water-tower. This inn is the place that was once the summer home of so many distinguished people, though now is quite forgotten by the larger world. In the days before the Civil War, a long parterre of flowers stretched in front of the hotel with walks bisecting it. Now it is overrun by clover, and only a few stray rose bushes still remain. Yet the impression is not an im-



"THEN YOU COME UNEXPECTEDLY UPON A LARGE AND VERY PLEASANT LOOKING INN, SHADOWED BY GREAT TREES."

pression of ruin and decay. Here is a restfulness and a sense of peace which are very grateful to one who comes from the noisy, heated city to find quite unexpectedly a pleasant welcome, with no one to molest him, and an unlimited amount of space at his disposal. If you are of an easy-going disposition you can make yourself at home in an exceedingly short time. Everything will be done for you within reason, and it will be done as though you were not a stranger, but an honoured guest. I never have known anything more friendly than the spontaneous hospitality of this secluded inn. Your wants and even your little whims will be attended to out of pure friendship, and you will find yourself living in the America of sixty years ago—not that part of America which Dickens saw and which Mrs. Trollope guyed unmercifully, but the part which was really best, and in which every one respected both himself and others without regard to class distinctions.

Thus, you will not be surprised, after you have had a most satisfying dinner, if the young lady who waited on you appears presently in the drawing-room and plays, with an excellent touch on the piano, some music that is very good. Why should she not? She is as refined and gentle-mannered as any of the women whom she serves; and in her trim white shirtwaist and with her neatly arranged dark hair she is quite as pretty as

any girl whom you would see in a whole day's journey. Indeed, the small staff of the hotel are such that you will like them from the very moment of your arrival. They are glad to see you when you come, and they are sorry when you go; and they are glad and sorry because they think of you as of a friend—and this again belongs to the America that was.

It is quite inexplicable to me that thousands of families go further up into the woods and live in stuffy, noisy hostleries, in small close rooms, and beset by the black flies of the Adirondacks, when they might for less money have spacious apartments and full exemption from all vexation in this large, rambling, roomy place. There are human beings, however, who really love to be packed like sardines into sweat-boxes in the summer months. You can see them in herds and troops at Coney Island, and in Central Park on Sundays; and you can find them also scattered through the Adirondacks, thoroughly uncomfortable, yet not aware that anything is better. I am always sorry for these people. They do not understand how to enjoy their leisure time. They have not learned the art of resting. Unless, indeed, you have learned this art yourself, perhaps you would not care for Trenton Falls. But here you can stroll through beautifully wooded paths, and then lie basking in a broad expanse of meadow under a sun which burns your face and makes it tingle with a healthy



"HERE YOU CAN STROLL THROUGH BEAUTIFULLY WOODED PATHS. THE CLEAR, COOL BREEZE BLOWS FULL AND STRONG"

glow, but under whose rays you never swelter. The clear cool breeze blows full and strong. The air is dry. The scents of the forest are delicious. There is one particular hill which rises almost perpendicularly, and up which the climb gives glorious exercise. When you reach the summit you find a sort of grassy cup in which you may lie, *stratus membra*, and from which, as you look up, you can see nothing save the intense blue of the summer sky and the fleecy snow-white clouds that drift lazily across it. It gives you a feeling as though you were the only human being in the world; for no sound comes to the ear save the liquid note of a bird or the distant tinkle of a cow-bell far below you. If you lie upon your face and look over the edges of the crater, you will see spread out beneath you a rustic picture that is absolutely perfect. Woods that fling their dark shadows out into the sunlit fields, long stretches of green turf and clustering trees above which now and then curls up a wreath of smoke from a hidden chimney—for my part, I can imagine nothing more absolutely soothing to one who is world-worn and weary of that strife which saps vitality, than to lie in this green cup, and think of nothing, but just enjoy to the very full the great and beautiful and glorious freedom of it

all. And not far beyond is a chain of shimmering crystal lakes which you can visit if you care to, and are not contented with the good old motto, *dolce far niente*.

There is one rather curious phenomenon about Trenton Falls. It is only fourteen miles from Utica, and Utica in summer is one of the most torrid places upon earth. Yet when that city is baking and simmering and stewing with intense humidity, and when the thermometer is standing there perhaps at ninety-eight, in Trenton Falls you will be so cool that you can readily wear winter clothing without discomfort. Five miles further north the heat comes on again; and in the Adirondacks the days are often quite intolerable. But in Trenton Falls you find it difficult to believe that the summer days are anywhere oppressive; and toward evening you go into the smoking-room of the hotel and kindle a great roaring fire of logs which you yourself may gather in the grove a stone's throw from the door.

I suppose it is a sort of primitive, aboriginal instinct, this love of gleaning firewood. One feels the thrill of finding hidden treasure when he comes upon a clump of pine trees under which there lie thousands of dark brown cones, dried and seasoned by the sun and wind of years.

And you can also discover some wood-cutter's camp, where there are huge chips and great pine knots and solid blocks of hickory and oak. With a great basket you can collect a mighty mass of fuel and heap it up for your own use in a recess of the smoking-room, which then be-

of course, because there is fuel lying all about in barbaric opulence, enough to last for fifty years; yet none the less, the stores of it which you collect are dear to you, and the great fire which flames out for you at night is a thing of your own creation.



GEORGE P. MORRIS, AUTHOR OF "WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE!"

comes to you a sort of cave like that of the Forty Thieves. You feed the fire sparingly with a certain avarice which grows upon you. Every cone and every pine knot seems as precious as pure gold because you have gathered it yourself and have prowled and wandered in the woods in search of it. This feeling is absurd,

I suppose that I ought to say something about the Falls which have given the place its name; but the truth is that I have never seen them except at a considerable distance. When the river is full, they are magnificent in their rush and sweep as they thunder down the rocks into the extraordinary gorge below. But

a great cataract inspires me with a sort of nameless horror. It seems to call and beckon one and bid him cast himself into its swirling foam, and there is something actually evil in the sinister green of the water as it gathers itself up for the ter-

are as much as I can stand. But the gorge into which the falls crash down is really wonderful. On each side of it are woods which few have penetrated save where a little path runs timidly along. As you look down over a slender



JENNY LIND, A VISITOR AT TRENTON FALLS

rific leap. And so you may read what Trollope says about the falls or what Willis has written of them. As for me, however, I keep them half a mile away from me, and only go near them when a protracted drought has reduced the waterfall to a mere trickling stream. The lower falls behind the post-office

railing, you gaze into a tremendous rocky chasm which cannot be matched on this side of the cañons of the Colorado. You feel as Kim felt when he sat with the Red Lama and the Hillmen on "the top of the world" letting his legs hang over the edge and chattering, while beneath him there was a sheer drop into an abyss un-

fathomable. Geologists know this gorge and they often visit it, because it tells strange stories of the time when the world was young. Its savage sternness is in striking contrast with the peaceful countryside about it.

I suppose that people who are very rich are sensible in never visiting Trenton Falls, because most persons who are very rich find pleasure only in the spending of their money. In Trenton Falls you can spend no money, since there is nothing

ever been to Brooklyn, and if so, what the place was like. I answered the first part of this question very readily, but I fear that the second part elicited only a hazy and most indefinite response. For what living man can give an adequate idea of Brooklyn? Some day a genius will arise who will write a book on Brooklyn and will formulate on paper the essence of the town; but that will be a long while hence. The next time that I visited the post-office, the philosopher



"THE SMALL STAFF OF THE HOTEL ARE SUCH THAT YOU WILL LIKE THEM FROM THE VERY MOMENT OF YOUR ARRIVAL"

there to buy unless, to be sure, you have a juvenile taste for "bulls' eyes," which are sold at the little post-office, the only "store" within two miles. It is much more gratifying, however, to sit upon a cracker barrel and converse with the post-master's assistant, who is a profound philosopher. He takes life as easily as did Horace or Aristippus. His talk is very interesting, and his questions are sometimes puzzling. When you go in to buy a dozen postage-stamps, you never can be sure what he will ask you. One day he wished to know whether I had

was on a different tack. He asked me to explain the cause of thunder, and I explained it volubly and at considerable length. Afterward I looked the matter up, and found my explanation altogether wrong. I doubt, however, whether it did any harm, for the philosopher, after listening to me and ruminating for a while, observed:

"Yes, I guess that something busts up there"—which was not at all what I had said, but which was obviously the theory which he had concocted in his mind.

The inn at Trenton Falls is a sedate

and quiet place unlike those popular "resorts" where there is much dancing and flirting and where young men and maidens sit on the verandas and make experimental love to one another. Not that there are no young men and maidens there, but they do not seem to understand the game. One night, after I had gone to bed, I heard amid the stillness of the night a hurried, almost agonising protest from the grove a little way beyond.

"Stop, Jimmy, stop!"

It was a girl's voice and it rather made me jump. Again and again it was repeated, until at last I went to the open window and looked out. There in the moonlight was a very pretty girl and likewise an athletic youth. My first thought was, of course, that he was stealing kisses from her. But no, it was nothing so romantic, or if you like, so shocking. He was simply twisting her arm, and when he twisted it too much she squealed and shrieked. Then he would stop, and the two would chat most amicably. Presently he would twist her arm again and her cries would pierce the air. This went on for a considerable time, and then they parted, he going up the "pipe-line" through the woods, and she returning to the society of her family. It seemed rather mysterious; but after giving it much thought, I came to the general conclusion that there are many ways of making love; and that, on the whole, to twist a girl's arm in the intervals of moonlight confidences is as harmless a way of doing so as any other.

When all the sounds of night are stilled except the sounds of nature—the indefinable voices of the forest, and the murmur of the wind—then Trenton Falls seems to revert to the days when it was known and sought by very many, and was not left to be discovered by a casual stranger like myself. Standing at my window with its little panes of glass, I observe inscriptions scratched upon them with a diamond. "George H. Brown and Wife"—"William C. Emmons and Wife, New York"—"A. L. Clark and Wife, 1857"—these are inscriptions as full of meaning as those which you find upon the walls and monuments of Pompeii. They tell of brides and grooms who came

here on their wedding journey, and you know that the bride, with her engagement ring beside the plain gold band, carefully set down her husband's name and her new designation. There is a bit of tender pride in that word "Wife," written with a capital letter, and it touches one to think back through the years and to wonder where are now those who were then girls and who wrote the names upon the window pane full sixty years ago. Dead perhaps, or if not dead, descending to their graves as very aged persons. There came the time when they no longer wrote "George H. Brown and Wife," but became "Mr. and Mrs. George H. Brown." Their romance reached its end. The ardours of their first love cooled. The one entrancing flush of poetry passed into the prose of every-day existence. But the romance and the poetry still linger about this ancient house, where the outward signs of it remain.

And so, when you look out into the moonlit grove and upon the meadows and the distant Deerfield Hills, you may revive in imagination a picture of the past. Before you, once again, the great parterre of flowers is in bloom and heavy with the dews of night. Candle-lights are gleaming from all the windows. There is a sound of music from the broad pavilion. Beautiful women—beautiful despite their crinoline and their unbecoming head-dresses—move about, gracefully leaning on the arms of men in swallow-tails and wearing buff waistcoats with brass buttons. One may perceive the jaunty form of Nat Willis passing from one couple to another and exchanging rather florid compliments. The black retainers in livery flit to and fro. A cavalcade with blooded horses comes clattering up the long straight road from a gallop in the moonlight. The burly form of Anthony Trollope himself perhaps comes striding out, and you can even hear his voice as he boisterously lays down the law on the subject of America and denounces American hotels. It is all a vision of the past, of a past that we are rapidly forgetting, but that comes back amid the mystery of moonlight and to the sound of the cataract's deep voice at Trenton Falls.

TOWARDS THE LIGHT

BY PRINCESS KARADJA

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

"Behold thy treasure! Thou canst claim no other.
Thou art compelled to keep thy cherished God.
Thou madst an idol of a lump of clay—
No more to leave it, is thy awful doom."

"No, no!—I shrieked—I will not thus be fettered!
Ah! Loose me from the body I destroyed!
I love no more this thing. I hate to see it.
Oh, set me free! In mercy break my chains!"

"Hark! Thou hast entered spirit life unbidden;
No room with us was yet prepared for thee.
The threshold of Eternity no man
May cross before his final hour has struck.
The plans of God no mortal ever altered:
He is the Master over Life and Death.
There is a lesson all on earth must learn
And none may slip away, the task undone,
Nor lightly fling the human garb aside,
Until the soul is fit to leave its dwelling.
Woe to the man who scorns the gift of life,
Who, greatly daring Heaven, would extinguish
The spark Divine which burns within his Soul!
The deed is vain, he only makes more sure
The fate he has created by his acts.
The sacred tie, uniting soul and body
Is only severed at the Lord's Command.
The will of thy Creator links thy spirit
Still for a time to this poor clay. . . . Submit!
Learn to abide in patience—captive soul—
The day when liberty shall dawn for thee."

"So hope remains? My punishment will end?
I am not chained for all eternity?"
I cried aloud, all thrilled with gratitude.

The angel answered: "Every pain will end.
One sin alone can never be forgiven,
The sin of pride, that does not wish for grace,
For then the spirit dooms itself to darkness.
God's arms are ever open. Every soul
That struggles bravely upwards finds the Light.
Though far the Goal—yet it is reached at last!"

I murmured low: "Most merciful thou art,
Oh, glorious angel, let me know thy name?"

"Canst thou not guess it? Often I approached
 Thy stony heart and strove to gain admittance,
 But was repelled as soon as I drew near.
 I am the mournful angel men call *Grief!*
 The Lord of Mercy sends me down to earth
 To show the way which leads men up to Him.
 I sow in sinful hearts contrition's seed,
 Then buds humility from burning shame.
 The yearning soul strives hard to leave the mire;
 Though weak and trembling still it bravely seeks
 To climb the thorny path to which I point.
 Then hasten to its aid the Radiant Host,
 Who in the name of Christ work deeds of love.
 Their gentle hands cannot remove all pain,
 But they give strength to bear the heavy cross.
 They fill the weary soul with hope and courage
 And whisper promises of coming bliss.
 The pilgrim soon is taught to fix his gaze
 Above the darkness of this present world
 Up to the distant home, where all is peace.
 For thee there still remains thy crown to earn
 Of Faith and Hope and Charity entwined.
 These thou must tend and nourish in thy heart,
 But first the arduous task of *Patience* learn!"

How desolate and cold the graveyard seemed—
 My only home in dismal winter nights. . . .
 If I had better used the gift of life
 Preparing me a nest in faithful hearts,
 My frozen soul might now have been their guest
 And found relief and warmth at friendly hearths.
 Alas! On earth was none of human kind
 Whose grief attracted with magnetic power
 My wretched soul, by all alive forgotten.
 I was alone in solitary gloom,
 The one companion left—my lifeless frame.
 Despairingly I searched a thousand graves
 In hope to find another living soul
 Chained to the empty forms that mouldered here
 Beneath the snow. . . . Alas! It was in vain!
 Each soul had left the worn-out shell of dust,
 In former days the object of its pride.
 Each one had gladly flown. I—I alone
 Was still a captive in this place of dread,
 Indissolubly fettered to my corpse.
 No thing on earth e'er filled me with such loathing!
 My ghastly treasure. . . . With intense disgust
 Day after day I watched its slow decay.
 Sometimes the broken eyes would seem to weep;
 As though attempting to express my grief
 They fain would bring me the relief of tears.

One night I wandered round the dreary grounds
 And reached the gate. Then in the dismal darkness
 I heard a broken sob, a feeble wailing.

THE BOOKMAN

Who could it be? Who broke the ghastly silence?
A living being? If so—why came he here?

It was a child, a small, deserted child,
Left here to perish in the winter snow.
I felt compassion for the tiny waif,
Who softly sobbed himself to sleep forever,
And anger 'gainst the mother, who could leave
Her child alone to meet a frozen death.
What punishment too great for such a sin?
What could atone for such a cruel deed?
In righteous wrath I cried: "Accurst be she
Who has abandoned this defenceless child!"

Like clap of thunder rang the answer forth:
"Man, who art thou, who darest thus call down
The holy wrath of God upon thy sister?
The sinner thou hast recklessly condemned
Thou shalt behold! Repent thy malediction!
Leave to thy God, the Strong Avenger's hands
The care of vindicating martyr's blood!"

Beside me stood an angel. Sad and stern
I found his look, which seemed to pierce my soul.
He grasped the hand I tremblingly outstretched,
Then swift as thought he swept away with me.
He took me to the city where I lived
In former days. We reached a den of vice,
Where during life I was a constant guest.
At his command I entered it again. . . .
How weird, how strange appeared the house of sin!
Aghast I saw among the shameless crowd
Unnoticed guests from silent spirit-worlds
Stand dark and threatening close behind the living.

I saw how evil souls with deadly hate
Urge fallen men to ever darker deeds;
I saw God's angels struggling hard to save
The sparks of virtue not extinguished yet.
This noisy palace was a battle-field,
Where little recked the mortals that their fate
Hung on the silent fight 'twixt Light and Darkness.
But many gloomy spirits, too, I marked
Who did not fight, but wandered round the place
In dismal watchfulness and dumb despair—
These were the souls who once had thriven there.

Mortals, who spend their lives in wanton revels,
Mourn bitterly, when solemn death appears
And sternly summons them to leave this world.
They strive against their lot. . . . They fain would linger
Still on this earth, whose vilest pleasures
Imprison after death their hapless souls.
They have no strength to rend the loathsome fetters
That vice has forged. Earth's joys they still remember. . . .

Alas, poor slaves! They love and miss them yet.
 Their evil lusts remain and torture them . . .
 Since they no longer can be satisfied.
 Thus they remain until desire is dead,
 Compelled to watch the sins of living men.
 At length they loathe the very sight of vice.
 Then slowly they forget their low delights:
 Unclean remembrances are swept away. . . .
 The soul begins to long for purer air
 And lifts its weary glance from dismal earth.
 Till lo! It sees a ray of distant heaven
 And stretches unaccustomed arms in prayer. . . .
 The heavy chains slip off: the soul is free!
 Magnetic force attracts it up to God.
 When no regrets enchain the soul to earth,
 Then it is lifted up by ardent longing
 To radiant spheres, that it cannot approach
 Until it learns that Death means—*Liberty*.

I noticed then a spirit standing by
 With wistful gaze intently bent on me.
 How well I knew the form. . . . It was my mother!
 I flew to greet her with a cry of joy,
 But she drew back, avoiding my embrace.
 On earth my mother's arms were never closed
 Against the son she tenderly adored.
 Now—mournfully she pointed to the crowd
 Surrounding us. . . . With burning shame I cried:
 "Oh, Mother! Mother! Have I brought you here?"

She bowed her head in silent, tearless sorrow. . . .
 Then brokenly she whispered: "Oh, my son!
 You were my idol—dearer than my God,
 Who granted me the gift of motherhood.
 Enthralled by trammels of an earthly love
 No soul can rise. The tie must first be broken—
 The clay we worship from its altar flung.
 When death approached, I yearned to stay with you.
 I had my wish! I was no longer free.
 My love had grown a chain attaching me
 Close to your side. Invisible I stood
 And read within your heart your guilty thoughts.—
 I followed you with horror to this place. . . .
 My son! My son! You were my pride and joy,
 But now my head is bent in shame for you.
 You added grievous burden to my cross
 By dragging me with you to—degradation."

I stood amazed and overcome with grief:
 "Oh, mother! Dearest mother—pardon me!
 I did not know. . . . Oh! Had I only guessed
 That your pure eyes could see my darkest deeds,
 My evil angel should not have prevailed—
 Nay, I had fought him then with might and main.

THE BOOKMAN

No man on earth can surely be so fallen,
 That he would plunge in vice, if but he knew
 His mother's eye could follow him. . . . Each one
 Would shudder at the thought that the departed,
 Dear to his heart, was thus compelled to be
 A silent witness to his hidden sins!
 Atrocious is my doom! Yet—well deserved. . . .
 But you! What crime is yours? Your love for me?
 Are mothers punished for their deep devotion?
 Unjust is He who such a verdict passed."

The shade of holy wrath, which long had darkened
 My mother's tender features, vanished now.
 She gently smiled: "Do not so quickly judge
 The sacred laws, you fail to understand.
 If keener pain is measured out to me
 Than I deserve—I suffer not in vain!
 It is for your dear sake. . . . I murmur not.
 One day my grief shall be your gain, my child.
 When once you truly grasp the love of Christ,
 Who suffered meek a thousand pangs for us,
 Then at the mem'ry of your mother's grief
 You will adore the mercy of the Lord."

"You love me still—though you have now gazed
 Into the deep abyss, down which I fell?"
 I cried, all trembling with surprise and joy.

Then in a whisper soft the answer came:
 "I love you still—but now with tender pity.
 My blind devotion helped to ruin you.
 No mortal man is fit to be adored;
 I worship you no more! My broken idol
 Has lost the power to enthrall my heart.
 Woe unto me. . . . I knew not in my blindness
 That women harm the men they long to serve
 By giving all and claiming nothing. Love
 Must be the recompense of noble strife,
 A price to victory—then it is precious!
 The love a man deserves—he values high;
 The love unearned, despises wantonly.
 Once I was weak—the slave of my own heart;
 Now I am strong: the ruler of my love.
 It has no more the power to hold me down;
 Strength from above is granted it—to raise. . . ."

"Oh, mother, dear! Do not abandon me!
 I am unworthy of your love"—I cried,
 "But do not leave me, hopeless and alone!
 You have your liberty: I still am chained. . . .
 Remain with me, though you at last are free!"

She answered gently: "Such a sacrifice
 Would bring no benefit to you, my son.
 My motherheart would gladly share your woe

If by the sharing I might rend your bonds.
 Alas! Each spirit has to fight alone
 The strenuous battle with the lower self.
 No other back than ours may bear our load;
 No human aid can drag for us our cross.
 The only help I can bestow—is prayer.
 Allow no hopeless sorrow to consume you
 Because I am compelled to leave your side.
 My yearning lifts me upward: you will follow
 When you have learned to meekly bear your fate.
 Be brave! For every victory you gain
 You will receive sweet comfort from above."

My mother vanished. I was left alone. . . .
 No friend in all this crowd! I felt myself
 Abandoned, lost and utterly forlorn.
 My heart was filled with bitterness intense.
 Then to the angel at my side I turned:
 "Behold! Oh, Lord! Even my mother shuns me. . . .
 Let me return unto my lonely grave!
 I will not linger in this noisy crowd:
 Abhorrent to me is the sight of sin,
 I suffer less in my dark solitude."

"Remember thy companion at thy grave"—
 The angel gently said: "Fulfil thy mission!
 The child is still alive. Go—find its mother
 And crush her with thy righteous malediction!
 Behold that woman in that corner crouching. . . .
 Draw near! 'Tis she—go and observe her well."

In silence I reluctantly obeyed.
 The pangs of grief had cooled my earlier wrath;
 Revengeful thoughts within me long had died.
 What could I have to do with that poor creature?
 Her shocking sin was no concern of mine.
 I could not clearly see the woman's face,
 For she had hidden it with both her hands
 And 'gainst the table rested wearily.
 Exhausted, desperate, she seemed to be
 A wounded animal that yearns to die. . . .
 She could not laugh, as others of her trade,
 Nor weep. . . . The fountain of her tears had dried.

I watched the hapless creature till my heart
 Grew soft to her. The angel whispered low:
 "This is the woman thou hast dared to curse!
 Remembrance of her child now tortures her. . . .
 Behold her grief! What pang hast thou to add
 To crush more utterly that broken heart?
 Why art thou silent? Dost thou fear to judge
 The fallen sister, who before thee stands?
 God's justice she shall not confront alone:
 There is a man, whose sin is greater still.
 That babe a father had! It was his duty

THE BOOKMAN

To give protection unto child and mother.
 He cast them both aside! This coward deed
 For vengeance cries to heaven, though on earth
 Such acts are not condemned by human laws.
 God made man strong that he might help the weak
 Whom now he ruins, careless of remorse.
 Behold this woman here, so deeply sunken.
 There was a time when she was sweet and pure;
 Her only treasure—her chaste innocence—
 She, thoughtless, gave away with lavish hands.
 The man she loved and trusted took the gift
 And in return gave lifelong shame and grief.
 He needed not her love. . . . An idle hour
 It gratified a passing whim—no more!
 Cold scorn and mockery assailed her steps
 Wherever with her nameless child she went.
 Each door was closed. . . . This one alone was open,
 So in despair the little one she left.
 Who for this crime should justly bear the blame?"

Impulsively I cried: "The heartless father!
 He murdered both the mother and the child.
 So base a scoundrel is not fit to live!"

The angel murmured: "Look at her once more
 And beg thy God to be a lenient Judge!"

I looked—and looked again—with wonder filled. . . .
 And suddenly it seemed to me I knew her. . . .
 Her bended form familiar was to me.
 I sought mid half-forgotten memories:
 I must have known her—surely, ah! But where?
 She raised her face: I saw the pallid features. . . .
 Oh, God! 'twas she—the happy, playful child
 Whose rosy lips—alas!—had tempted me.
 I recognised the spot beneath the curls,
 Where I had kissed her last with languid lips. . . .

I sank together with a shuddering cry.
 The angel sternly said: "Thou art the man!
 The helpless infant, flung away to perish,
 Whom thou hast deigned to pity—is thy son.
 Thy tiny victim waits. . . . Come, watch him die!"

Once more I stood beside the lonely spot,
 Where, on his bed of snow—the boy was resting.
 He was alive as yet, although the breathing
 Could scarcely be perceived, so faint it was.
 I bent despairing o'er the prostrate form
 And cried aloud in bitter helplessness.
 "Oh could I purchase with a thousand pangs
 One hour of life—that life I once disdained,
 How quickly I would fly to summon help,
 My hapless child, thou wouldst not perish thus!"

My sigh no echo raised. . . . It died unheard.
The howling gale alone gave me response
By heaping higher drifts of glitt'ring snow
All round that fragile wreck of human life.
The child would perish if no help arrived. . . .
No hope was possible—yet still I hoped!
It could not—should not be. . . . I must prevent
My crime from reaping such a bitter harvest.
Alas! I had no power to help. I felt
My utter nothingness. My very soul
Rose up to God in ardent supplication.
In that sinister hour faith was born—
Faith in the mighty Lord, whose hand can snatch
Away from death its victims. I attempted
To lift my being on the wings of prayer,
Humbly imploring God to spare my child.

I then perceived a multitude of angels;
Their silver voices chanted: "Pray as we:
Thy will be done in heaven and on earth,
Oh God of love, forever and forever!"

I sank again down from the dazzling worlds
To which my ardent thought had tried to soar;
Half blinded by the glories there perceived
I never dared to stammer forth my prayer.
How dismal, cold and dark the earth appeared. . . .
Poor child! Why had I wished to chain him there?
No! No! I ought no longer to prevent
His pure, white soul from taking instant flight
Straight to the arms of Christ—the children's friend.
A martyr's crown waits those who meekly suffer
For others' guilt. . . . My son has won that crown.

Ah! What is this? Whence comes this wondrous light,
Which now illuminates the night with brilliance?
It emanates from me! I saw a flame,
Which issued from my icy heart—'twas love.
That spark from heaven, kindled by my child,
Was fed with burning fuel of repentance.
All thrilled with joy, I felt a stream of warmth
Of radiant light all through my being glow.
At last I knew how sweet it is to love
And felt most grateful to have learned that lesson.

The end drew near. . . . A snow-white childish soul
Emerged from out its broken, fragile shell
And I drew back, not daring to approach,
Lest he in terror should recoil from me
And shun the father who had given him
The wretched gift of life,—and nothing else.

The child was gazing out. . . . He felt alone
There, on the threshold of that unknown world
To which he had been summoned. Would he still

THE BOOKMAN

No father find, with sheltering arms outstretched?
 On earth his greeting was a mother's tears. . . .
 Though innocent, he was the child of shame.
 He had been born—that was his only crime!
 Was not that crime in full by death atoned?
 Now that to spirit life he had returned,
 Was there no father, who his duty knew?

He looked around and perceived at last
 The flame which from my soul leapt forth to meet him:
 "I missed thee, whom I never knew on earth!"
 He whispered, nestling in my hungry arms—
 "Oh, father, where thou stayest—let me stay!"

No! No! Around me all is cold and dreary. . . .
 Poor child, I will not share with thee my woe.
 My crime against thee would still more oppress me
 If I delayed thy luminous ascent.
 Look up! Behold the thousand stars of heaven:
 Thy home is there! Spread out thy snowy wings!
 I love thee. . . . Gladly will I now renounce
 The joy thy presence would have given me.
 Farewell, we soon shall meet. I follow thee,
 When in His mercy God my pardon seals."
 The child then cried: "See, see thy chain is broken!
 Oh, father! Thou art free! What blessed joy. . . .
 Now hand in hand to heaven we can rise
 We two—together—always. God is good!"

What glorious bliss it was at last to fly
 Away from cloudy earth in liberty
 And to approach the sun, whose golden rays
 surrounded us with roseate brilliancy.
 Divinely fair is the eternal dawn,
 Which greets the first ascension of the soul.
 Its wondrous splendour mirrors faintly forth
 The great Creator's own magnificence.
 Praise, glory and thanksgiving unto God,
 Who made the sun—an emblem of Himself.
 The human eye cannot endure its radiance;
 When spirits lift their glance to it, they tremble
 And reverently bend in adoration
 Of that sun's origin, the Source of Life.

Man can by virtue of his thoughts create
 A tiny world of beauty for himself.
 The thoughts of God gave birth to lustrous heavens;
 The stars are a reflection of His glory.
Life, Love and Light compose the Trinity.
 A myriad sparks proceeded from that source.
 Each spark must grow till it becomes a flame,
 Which through Eternity will not be quenched.

How is the soul to grow? Through sorrow only,
 For grief makes man grow greater than himself.

TOWARDS THE LIGHT

51

Affliction winnows tares from out the wheat. . . .
The wheat grows up. . . . It is the crop of God.

Behold the drops of rain which fall from heaven:
They mingle briefly with the dust of earth,
Until the sun recalls them from the clay,
And lifts each sparkling drop up to the skies.
So shall at last each wand'ring soul return
Unto the Source of Life from which it flowed,
There to enjoy communion with the Christ
And merge in perfect unison with God.

There is no Paradise of idle rest,
Where blessed spirits dwell in aimless joy.
The highest goal to which he can aspire
Is to resemble God. To reach that end
We struggle upward through a million years.
Eternal hope brings us eternal joy:
We paradise create within our breast.

When Sorrow comes to visit human hearts,
That Angel's mission is to sweep the temple,
Where God Himself elects in grace to dwell.
We follow in the mighty steps of Grief
With gentle tread, and cool the burning wound;
We kiss away the tear, which hides the sky.
Another angel comes. . . . His name is *Peace*.
He finds in broken hearts a resting place.

To ev'ry spot on earth where prayers rise
We quickly fly and carry them to heaven,
Descending swift with blessing from above.

We watch in patience by the bed of pain
And guide the falt'ring steps of infant souls;
We fill the poet's dreams with wondrous beauty,
And let him hear a strain of angels' songs.
His silent sobs we melt in harmony. . . .
His highest thought is but a gift from us.

Say! Can there be a finer paradise?
Can mortals dream a joy exceeding ours?
Like Christ, we always sacrifice ourselves,
Yet keep eternally more than we give.

Now dawn is near. . . . Thy lamp is burning low!
Thy weary head sinks down in lassitude.
Thy task is done: Our spirit child created!
Fruit of my thought—it has grown up in thee;
In pain brought forth, but yet of love begotten.
The seed he bears within is Life Eternal.
That seed will germinate in bleeding hearts
And ripen to a crop of richest blessing.

"DIAMOND CUT PASTE"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

BOOK I—THE STORY OF A DAY

CHAPTER V



OW, you don't go a minute quicker than twelve miles till I've read this telegram," said Coralie, as under her husband's skilful guidance the car swept out of the avenue gates. It was a neat little Humber, hired that morning, almost Captain Jamieson's first act on their arrival.

Coralie could not live without a motor. There were many things Coralie could not live without—Paris frocks, the last fancies in trinkets, flowers in every living room, constant theatres when they were available, and little supper parties *à deux*. Captain Jamieson could not complain, for he was invariably one of the two; and it was for him that the dainty garments were donned; for him that the precious little being decked herself, and moved in an atmosphere of fragrant coquetry. She had brought him money enough to be indulged in all her whims, and he saw to it that every farthing was spent on herself. Except where he was made participator in her little extravagances, such as in the question of the motor, the soldier lived his simple life by her side—stinting himself in many small things, so that her prettiest jewels should be his gift, as well as an occasional honeymoon excursion. Thus Coralie enjoyed all the privileges of a very rich woman, while her husband, who was not a rich man, kept his self-respect.

Dearly as he loved her, he was not pleased with her this evening; therefore, while he slowed down obediently, he kept his head averted from her.

Unconcernedly, she produced the telegram from her bag; gave a cry of astonishment, then her croon of laughter:

"Ernest!—you'd never!—I knew

Aunt G. was a clever woman, but—well, this just beats me! Oh, my, it is daring!"

The man beside her grunted.

Coralie was no whit dashed by his want of sympathy.

"*The darling, he's in one of his little tantrums!*" She never bestowed more attention than this upon his moods. He had, perhaps, not a very good temper; but it would have been a churlish nature indeed that could resist Coralie's wheedling smile. It was one of the secrets of her power, of the extraordinary success of their marriage, that she never noticed his humours. They passed without leaving any shadow behind, while she remained as spoil and adored as on her wedding trip.

It might have been because of the well-known mollifying effect of that smile that he so rigidly avoided looking at her now; but he could not shut out the voice which not even the pitch requisite to dominate the song of the speed could rob of its music.

"Now, you've got to hear this. This is Aunt G.'s telegram: 'Mrs. Lancelot, Hyde Park Hotel.' (Hasn't she cheek, with her Hyde Park Hotel? Do you know, she said to me once on board ship that one of those dear little suites hanging over the park was her idea of a London *pied-à-terre*. She, with her two hundred a year! She couldn't spell pride, if she were to try. It would run out *paid* under her pen.) Listen, she's met her match:

"'We both hope you will come here at once for a long visit. It will be a great pleasure to me if you can come. GERTRUDE ESDALE, Orange Court, Windsor. Reply paid.'

"*My goodness, Ernest!*"

It had taken some time for the monstrous meaning of the words to penetrate to Ernest's brain; but when it did so, the effect upon him was so remarkable that he lost his control of the ma-

chine, and under a sudden startled grip the little Humber made a dangerous swerve.

"Good heavens!" he said, as he righted her; and the solemn ejaculation was not drawn from him by the momentary danger, but by the realisation of his aunt's inconceivable strategy. "You're not going to send *that*! Oh, come," he broke into an unwilling laugh, "you've made it up yourself, you little mischief!"

"Not I," chuckled she. "Now, don't run us into the ditch again, there's a darling! It's as sober earnest as you are yourself. It's something also you're not, my old bear—it's the cleverest thing I've met in all my life!"

"Humph!" remarked the soldier. He was ruminating deeply as he increased speed along the winding road that led to the town; a road skirting the flush waters of the lazy river and dominated by the high walls and terraces of the Castle, now darkly drawn against the growing saffron of the western sky.

"Stop at the first post-office," ordered Coralie.

They breasted Thames Street in a succession of rushes and twists; and as at length they halted, Captain Johnieson turned a very serious countenance upon his wife:

"Coralie, this is a dangerous piece of work. Give me that telegram, and I'll post it back to Aunt Gertrude. She'll thank me for it, if she's the sensible woman I take her for."

"I'm going to give you that telegram," answered his wife, with the closest imitation she could contrive of his solemn manner, "and you're going to send it off in the usual telegraphic way. Aunt G. is a more sensible woman than your old artillery head can conceive. When we women fight, my beloved owl, we don't do it with cannon-balls!"

Without another word the soldier took the sheet of paper and disappeared into the recesses of the post-office. When he returned he was still gloomy; but Coralie was laughing all by herself. He shook his head as he lumbered into the car.

"It's undignified—it's not fair to

Uncle Reginald, and it's a deuced dangerous scheme," he said as he drew on his gloves.

"There's only one woman in the world," retorted his wife, "that could carry it out, but she'll do it incomparably. Dignity? You can trust Aunt G. for that. She'll act hostess to that creature like a queen. Danger? The real danger is in Uncle Reginald being inveigled into going up perpetually to Emerald Fanny on the sly, and getting into a regular false position."

"Well, I don't pretend to understand women," said the artilleryman, shaking himself into his seat; "but Aunt Gertrude can't care much about Uncle Reginald, that's clear."

"No," said Coralie, "you men don't understand women, and it's a very good thing. We don't want to be understood—by men. At least if we have a grain of intelligence, we know better than to want that. Now put on your goggles, for I mean to be taken back full speed."

She drew the flung-back square of veil over her face as she spoke and settled herself in her wraps for private thought. As her husband drove her gently down the steep gradient, and then, with gathering rapidity, in and out of the narrowing streets—the horn perpetually tooting—now and again a small giggle escaped her; but for the chief part she was grave.

The memory was ever recurrent to her of her aunt's parting embrace; how closely she had been held and in what silence! She still felt the pressure of Lady Gertrude's arms, with the slight tremor in them, and of that kiss—mutely passionate. She was perhaps alone in the world to guess what a depth of affection lay under so much reserve. Even Norah, the object of tireless devotion, of an almost abnormal tenderness, had never discovered the secret of her mother's nature. Aunt Gertrude not care? Coralie knew better. She knew how the proud heart suffered, though the proud head was held so high. She understood the nature that could gather dignity about humiliation like a mantle; that could play a great stake for a great game.

and smile with unruffled placidity, so that none should guess all the hazard meant.

"Where is Norah?" had asked Sir Reginald.

Lady Gertrude started a little; she had almost forgotten her child. Up to this moment the father had forgotten her, too; yet it was three years since he had seen her. She looked at the clock.

"Norah? It is Norah's afternoon at the studio. She ought to be back by now, yet I have not heard the car."

Sir Reginald looked, as he felt, deeply aggrieved.

"I don't think I am an exacting man," he said with a bitter twist of his handsome lip, "and, of course, I know the ideas which led you to forego meeting me after my long absence—whatever I may think of them. But that my only child should not be here to welcome me, when it is so long since I have seen her——" He paused, choking a little.

"I am sorry," said his wife humbly, "I ought not to have sent her. But I did not expect you so early, dear. You see, you said, 'this evening' in your telegram. And somehow, these summer days, it seems hardly to be evening until after the sun goes down. Everything had been put off against your arrival, and Norah had been given her half-holiday—when your news came."

With the memory of the wording of his telegram: "Important business," with the consciousness of what that business had been, and of his wife's knowledge of it; in front of the gentle penitence of her demeanour when she could so naturally have retorted upon him, Sir Reginald could hardly keep up his attitude of injury. And yet a little injury on his side would have been vastly comforting just then. He had not anticipated such a homecoming, such discomfiting results to what had been so pleasant an episode hitherto.

He thought of the recently dispatched invitation, of the threatened visit with positive alarm. Emerald Fanny in the cosy little sitting-room over the park, smiling at her *preux*

with adoring eyes, or clinging to her generous friend with tears, was an agreeable perspective. But Emerald Fanny under his own roof, within range of Lady Gertrude's quiet gaze, within sound of that fastidious ear, was a different prospect indeed. He could not feel sure of the complete discretion of *petite madame*. If she had a fault—and he had not yet found it in his heart to blame her for it—it was that she had allowed herself to display too openly an absorbing attachment for himself.

He glanced in doubt at Lady Gertrude, turning over two or three schemes in his head for averting the complication. Should he send Mrs. Lancelot a private message begging her to refuse? Impossible! That would be to give their friendship a colour which, hitherto, both, however delicately approaching the shade, had skilfully avoided. Should he argue the matter with Gertrude? Upon what plea? The only possible one would be his desire to be alone with her these first days of reunion; and he could not bring himself to face her with such an argument after what had occurred. And indeed, what excuse could then be given for the recall of the invitation to the expected guest herself? He sat silent, feeling hopelessly nonplussed, an extraordinary sensation and a miserable one to the successful man.

He presently perceived that his wife was possessed by some disturbing thought not connected with himself. She went to the window and looked out, consulted the clock, aimlessly rearranged the cups on the tea-tray, and turned to the window again. Finally her anxiety found words:

"The child ought to be back."

"With a motor you never can tell," said Sir Reginald, meaning, in his masculine way, to be consoling.

The mother's cheek went white.

"I wonder, could they have come back, and could she have gone straight to the schoolroom?" she cried, and pressed the bell urgently.

"Surely," said Sir Reginald, a little sarcastically, "some elementary idea of filial respect, if not spontaneous to

her nature, might have been included in her curriculum."

But Lady Gertrude turned a blank glance upon him.

"She did not want to go to the studio to-day," she said absently. "Oh, Barker," as that worthy presented himself, "has Miss Norah returned yet?"

"No, my lady."

"Are you sure, Barker? She might have gone in by the back way. Inquire in the yard if Binks is back."

"Mr. Binks never went out, my lady."

"What!" ejaculated the astounded mistress.

"Leastways, my lady, he brought the car round in due course, but his lordship——"

"His lordship?" interrupted Lady Gertrude sharply.

"Yes, my lady. Lord Enniscorthy, my lady. He come in his car, and he tells Mr. Binks he isn't wanted, and his lordship and Miss Norah have gone off together."

Relief and anger wrote themselves in variation of colour on Lady Gertrude's ivory-fair cheek. Her husband sat listening intently. He was glad to receive early lights on the subject of his daughter's upbringing—was it not for this superlative education that he had been, much against his will, ruthlessly left to his own resources abroad?

"What," cried Lady Gertrude, "against my express orders?—Where is Fräulein? This is an intolerable breach of duty!"

It was not often she allowed herself to show so much emotion before witnesses.

"Fräulein's ill in bed, my lady. Miss Esdale sent up the doctor to her, when she went off in the car with my lord—and he's just left, my lady."

"Left—Doctor Somers called and left without speaking to me?"

"It wasn't Doctor Somers, my lady. It was the assistant, a young gentleman, who is new to the place. He did ask to see your ladyship, but I could not take upon myself to permit it, seeing Sir Reginald had just arrived. I

understand he thinks very seriously of Fräulein—very seriously indeed."

"Upon my word," said Lady Gertrude, "I think you are all mad. Some one must have seen the doctor, I suppose? Did he leave his instructions with you?"

"No, my lady," said Barker, with an air of outraged dignity. What had he to do with governesses? "The medical gentleman give his instructions to Miss Carter. And she come down to me for brandy."

"Brandy!" Lady Gertrude looked alarmed. "I must see to this," she said. "That will do, Barker."

She turned to her husband. "Norah has played truant, as you have heard," she said, trying to speak lightly; "she has gone for a motor drive with her cousin. Enniscorthy has become a charming young man; you will like him. He has a capital chauffeur, so I'm not in the least anxious about her, but she is a naughty little puss to have taken French leave like that."

It was, for many reasons, the last of her wishes to exaggerate the child's offence in the father's ears. But Sir Reginald looked at her sardonically.

"You'd better go and see about your sick governess," he said. "The butler will show me a room where I can smoke, no doubt. Don't you trouble; I'll ring the bell."

He smiled a little as the door closed on his wife's quietly obedient exit. There was a good deal to be said on his side, after all, or so the thought struck him.

"Yes, my lady." The upper housemaid (Miss Carter to the household, Ann to her mistress) was speaking, filled with that gloomy gusto with which servants invariably impart bad news. "Frawlin was taken bad very sudden. Very sudden indeed. She rang her bell just upon half-past two. 'Help me to bed,' she says, 'for I'm feeling awful bad,' she says. And she did look bad. 'I must take powders at once,' she says. 'That will bring down the fever.' So I give her two or three powders out of the box, and she takes two. 'The fever was that high,' she

says. And then she asks for two hot bottles and tells me to leave her quiet. And there wasn't an hour go by when her bell rings again, and I run in and she was sitting up in bed, looking awful, my lady. And I say to her, 'Whatever is the matter, Frawlin?' And she says, 'Oh, Ann, I think I'm going to do.' And, oh, my lady, I thought she'd have doyed in my arms; she was shaking all over, her heart beating that awful——"

"And you never thought of sending for me?" said Lady Gertrude.

"Oh, my lady," answered the maid, with her head on one side. "I didn't like to, and Sir Reginald only just 'ome!"

Exasperation seized upon Lady Gertrude's disciplined soul. "You should have come to me at once," she said severely.

Ann, who had a sensitive nature, instantly grew pink about the eyelids, and was smitten with a convulsive working of the throat. Her mistress, however, allowed her no time for emotion. A series of brisk questions elicited that the doctor, who was a very nice young gentleman indeed, had said Frawlin had been seized with influenza in one of its severest forms and that the fever having been so high and fallen so sudden like, with such a pulse, was a very alarming symptom. Only that her ladyship had sent for her, she, Ann, ought not to have left Frawlin for a moment. She had been ordered to administer brandy and Brand's essence alternate every half-hour. The doctor had announced his return for the evening.

Lady Gertrude immediately repaired to the sufferer. By the shaded light in the curtained room, Fräulein's face on the pillow looked wizened and yellow enough to justify the most pessimistic foreboding; and Lady Gertrude, who had been very indignant with her for her breach of duty, felt the last flicker of maternal wrath die away in dismay. The little German moaned a feeble complaint; and after feeling her pulse, which she found indeed exceedingly quick and low, her employer withdrew with a hopeless sensation that the

world was out of joint, beyond the power of her setting it right.

She stood a moment in the wide passage outside the schoolroom wing. The corridor windows gave on to the front; and the fine elm avenue, one of the features of the place, was bathed in the mellow radiance of the June evening. It was a wonderfully English, wonderfully peaceful outlook; the sloping green turf, the century-old trees, the shrubberies of rhododendrons still in their pride, with the orange flame of the American azalea, triumphant against the dimmer shades of purple, rose and mauve. The lawn before the house was girdled by a semicircular sweep of low, antique walls, ending in gateposts, topped with huge balls. Those very gates had swung back in their day to admit no less a personage than good Queen Charlotte, calling to drink a "dish of tay" with the noble lady for whose dower retreat the house had been built. She, too, had been a friend of Mrs. Delany and, out of the gardens of Orange Court, celebrated from the first, many a flower had been culled to serve as model for those pathetically futile works of art which kept the pretty old fingers so busy. But it was not of such bygone times that the present owner was thinking. The pungent scent of azalea and lime-blossom, floating in to her, mingled itself with an aroma arising from the house itself, and very new to its atmosphere: the breath of a superlative cigar. The appeal to the senses which the nostrils convey is of all others the most potent. That odd medley of essences brought back heaven knows what memories of days of courtship, days of early marriage, days of fulness of love to Gertrude Esdale's heart, and stirred it profoundly.

But she was, of all things, a just woman, an unselfish woman. She had pandered to a weakness of her own: her dread of outward displays of feelings—emotion being with her a sacred and hidden thing. And by refusing her husband the conventional welcome she had partly brought upon herself the punishment of this sordid homecoming. For Emerald Fanny she did

not hold herself responsible; as she had seen her duty when she left husband for child she saw it still; the child had most need of her. Yet it was, after all, the child who had dealt her the wound that hurt her deepest of all the stabs of this afternoon of ugliness and sorrow.

"I can trust Norah," she had proudly told her mother that day. How had Norah fulfilled that boast?

As she stood, yielding herself to bitterness, a humming sound grew upon her ear, increasing to the measured throbs of a swiftly driven motor-car.

Enniscorthy's yellow Mercedes glided, fantastically catching flashes of sunlight, in its progress, up the avenue, between the ranked elms. Lady Gertrude's heart leaped; her darling was safe back. She drew the fluttering muslin window curtain forward as a screen and stood to watch behind it. The truants came boldly in by the front. Lady Gertrude was glad of that. She hated hole-and-corner doings as she hated dust and grime. Norah's voice, not lowered one jot below its usual gay pitch, reached the listener and drew an unconscious smile.

"Oh, Enn, it's been just too ripping, and I don't care a brass button whether I'm flayed alive or not! I would not have lost my spin with you for worlds and worlds."

Lady Gertrude peered down, her maternal eye appraising every detail of the dainty figure in its white motor coat and winged hat, its white wash-leather gloves and floating veil. She could not see the girl's face; but she had a glimpse of the wonderful long plait of hair swinging as Norah sprang out of the car. Young Enniscorthy was strangely silent. He helped his cousin with the courtesy peculiar to him, and steadied her as she clung to him, laughing, after her jump.

"They make a pretty couple," thought the mother.

"Good-bye, Enn darling!" came the clear voice.

"Sure, you're all right now?" was all the response. "Sure you don't want me to come in and back you up?"

"Oh, no! Good-bye, dear, dear Enn."

To this there was no reply. Lady Gertrude, watching keenly, saw the youth climb back to his car, heard his laconic order to his driver, saw the machine wheel away through the open gates.

"He did not take her hand. He did not even look back," she thought. Her heart contracted with a new pain and dread. . . . "Enn darling. Dear, dear Enn!" Why, the child made no disguise of her feelings, while he—he treated her, no doubt thought of her, but as a schoolgirl.

Lady Gertrude's air was portentous with a new preoccupation as she turned to meet her daughter, who was now coming up the stairs toward the schoolroom with the light tread which proclaims the light heart.

The girl sprang into view; and at sight of the figure in the passage arrested herself with the startled alertness of a fawn. A second she stood, with eyes, half-roguish, half-apprehensive, studying Lady Gertrude's grave countenance.

"Norah, Norah!" said her mother. She uttered no further reproach, but the young sinner was all at once overcome with an odd fit of repentance. She flung herself headlong into the arms that never failed to open for her.

"Oh, mammy, mammy, darling, don't look like that! I know I've been a little beast, but the worst of it is I can't be sorry. Kiss me, mammy darling. I'd do it all over again. I wish I'd left a letter for you though! You weren't anxious? Oh, mammy, it was glorious!"

Lady Gertrude held the wild, half-sobbing, half-laughing creature in one of her silent embraces. Then she spoke in her even, businesslike way:

"The first thing, the first thing is to go and kiss your father. Do you know that your father has arrived? And he was so surprised and so hurt, my child, that you were not there to welcome him. I believe you've never given him a thought all day."

"No more I haven't," cried Norah, with her ruthless frankness. She stood conscience-stricken.

The mother appraised her a moment.

With the carnation the wind had whipped into her cheeks, the light in her green eyes, which not even a sense of guilt could extinguish, the loosened tendrils of her hair, Lady Gertrude thought no father could conceive a fairer image of youth and sweetness.

"You must go to him now, at once," she said firmly. "Yes, just as you are. He can see at least that you have lost no time since you came in."

Lady Gertrude was ever an unconscious diplomatist. Norah stood on one leg, in a hesitating, schoolgirl way.

"Come with me. I do feel so silly."

CHAPTER VI

Sir Reginald looked up from the evening paper which he was by way of reading. He threw aside his cigar and rose to his feet as his wife, leading by the hand a tall figure of sapling slightness, entered the room. For a moment he stood staring. Three years make so considerable a difference in the rapidly developing stages of girlhood, fourteen to seventeen, that he did not recognise his own daughter. Lady Gertrude had to say:

"This is our Norah, Reginald," before he understood.

Then he enfolded her, exclaiming genially enough:

"What, Norah! What, my little girl?"

But Norah, seized with an immeasurable and unusual shyness, could find nothing to reply, and very little to do. She kissed her father gingerly; while, for no explained reason, some voice within her cried out: "Oh, dear, I wish he hadn't come back!"

Lady Gertrude strove to cover the chill pause.

"She's ashamed of herself. She meant to be the first to welcome you. And now she's afraid you are displeased!"

"Oh, not at all!" said Sir Reginald.

But the chill was manifest in voice and eye.

Another awkward moment was broken by the entrance of the footman

with a telegram for Lady Gertrude. She opened and read, folded and replaced it in the envelope in silence.

"Go and leave your hat and coat in the hall, and then come back," she whispered peremptorily to her daughter; and in the girl's absence turned quickly to her husband. "She is a very sensitive child, Reginald, and I have upset her by telling her how surprised you were at her escapade."

"It is only natural," he answered, with that bitterness which was so new a note in his good-natured voice. "It is only natural that she should not attach much importance to homecomings and welcomes in this house."

If Lady Gertrude had a reply to this, it was destined to remain unspoken. For Norah was back upon them with her irrepressible energy. She tossed her head a little defiantly at her father's inquisitorial glance. But she was a gracious creature for any man to own; and his face softened as he looked.

"Come here, you madcap," he said, holding out his hand.

She went but slowly. What ailed the child, thought her mother in despair. Who would have believed that it had been part of her system to keep the father's image as that of a kind of demi-god constantly before the daughter's mind; the father's reward or blame the main incentive of merit, the father's return the red-letter day in their joint lives?

"He will think I have let her forget him altogether," she lamented internally.

But if Sir Reginald again felt his daughter's slow response, he was determined not to show it. Having drawn her to him, he held her at arm's length.

"Well, whoever she takes after, she's not like you, Gertrude! I never saw such an impudent little face in my life. There's no Fitz-Esmond here. And carrots, too! Now, how on earth did you come by carrots, miss?"

"I take after grandpapa Ennis-corthy," said the owner of the impudent face, in a manner to match. "Granny says I'm the image of him—when he was a young man—and, as

for carrots, what colour was your hair before you got old?"

The smile on Sir Reginald's face vanished as if wiped away. He was, like most men of his kidney, rather susceptible on the subject of advancing years; besides which, surrounded by the utmost deference, wielding almost autocratic power over the little world under his command—he was not accustomed to be addressed with such flippancy. From feminine lips, above all, he had not been wont to receive anything but dulcet homage. He dropped his caressing hold of the girl, and turned abruptly to his wife.

"I hope that governess of yours is not in for something serious, and that she will soon be able to go about her duty again. It strikes me this young lady wants all the superintendence she can get."

To his surprise and Lady Gertrude's distress, Norah broke into wild laughter:

"Trottski! Oh, has she taken in the doctor, after all? And how happy she'll be!"

"Taken in the doctor!" echoed her mother, bewildered.

"And, happy!" ejaculated her father, frowning.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear!" said Norah. It had been an exciting day for her, and perhaps there was something a little hysterical in her mirth. "She's shown him the thermometer and it's one hundred and three. Don't tell me he's afraid of collapse. . . . Oh, how I shall laugh at old Somers next time he comes and orders me ferocal! It's always such a relief to put out my tongue at him as it is!"

"Norah!" said her mother. When Lady Gertrude was really suffering her voice was at its gentlest. "I see you don't understand.—Her excellent little German governess," she went on parenthetically to Sir Reginald, who, having taken up his cigar again, was mechanically rolling it between his fingers, while he watched his daughter intently, "is something of a *hypochondriac*. We've all been accustomed to her crying wolf about her health. But this time it is serious, dear child." (Oh,

how she wished Norah would not laugh like that!) "It was not Doctor Somers who came, but his assistant, and he is quite uneasy about her. He certainly is afraid of collapse, Norah, and she is having brandy and Brand's essence every half-hour."

"Oh—oh—oh!" gasped Norah, falling helplessly into a chair.

"The thermometer undoubtedly went up to a hundred and three," cried Lady Gertrude sharply.

Then Norah spluttered between sobs of laughter.

"Of course it did! Didn't I dip it into her hot water jug?"

"What?" Lady Gertrude saw her husband smile. The room seemed to go round with her. "Norah, you must explain!"

Norah sat up very straight, a sudden gravity upon her. Her green eye flung a challenging glance from her mother's serious countenance to her father's smile. There seemed to be something about that smile displeasing to the daughter, for her defiance increased, and she aimed her confession at him.

"Fräulein was as right as a trivet. She'd had all her minced beef—platesful of it, just as usual."

"Minced beef?" inquired her father politely, accepting the challenge of her address.

"Yes, that's called the Salisbury treatment. You eat minced beef till you are stodged, and then you drink hot water."

Lady Gertrude could have wept, but she gave a little laugh instead, and sat down in her turn, feeling for once quite unable to direct the current of events. They proceeded briskly without her aid.

"Indeed," said Sir Reginald gravely, "that is a very graphic description. Go on, if you please."

"Well, she'd had her mince, but she hadn't had her hot water." The girl paused, then the words followed each other with a rush. "Enn had asked me to go with him motoring."

"Enn?"

"Oh, that's my cousin Enniscorthy!" said Norah, and gave her head its naughty toss; which movement, as well

as the possessive pronoun, her mother noted silently. "And mamma wouldn't let me go; and I thought it horribly hard of her—yes, I did, mammy, and I do still—so I just thought I would go, since you weren't coming back after all. And I pretended Fräulein was ill."

"You pretended Fräulein was ill?"

"Oh, well," said the culprit with an impatient wriggle, "it was quite easy! I told her she looked bad and ought to go to bed, and I dipped the thermometer into her hot water without her seeing. Then I took her temperature, and it was a hundred and three."

"It is indeed a simple tale," said the General, turning ironically to his wife. "You had better go and allay the poor lady's fears. And, if I might venture to suggest, you might provide yourself with a governess who is not a hypochondriac, and a doctor that is not taken in by practical jokes."

"But, but——" cried Lady Gertrude, feeling that her daughter's narration had established her in a scarcely more kindly light than her apparently heartless laughter. "Fräulein is ill. Her pulse was quite fluttering when I felt it a little while ago, and she seemed dazed."

"You may bet your boots——" began the irrepressible child, springing up.

"You may what?" asked her father, who was fastidious in matters of speech, as in many other things.

"You may be jolly well sure, father," renewed Norah, turning on him, "she's been stowing away phenacetin as fast as she can, all on the top of the minced beef! Oh, I say, mamma!"

"Come," said her mother, seeing that every moment but gave the girl fresh and dangerous opportunity for damaging self-revelation, "we must go up then at once and put a stop to such dangerous remedies, and do what we can to repair. Certainly, as father says, poor Fräulein's mind must be set at rest."

"Gracious, mamma!" cried Norah, making one of her impetuous plunges toward her parent, "whatever you do, you mustn't tell Trottski she isn't really bad, for that would just finish her. No," went on the young lady, who had a good deal of astuteness and practicality at the back of her wildness, "we had better

find out how many phens she's had, and take the box away from her. Of course we'll tell the doctor. Oh, do let me be there"—her laughter broke out afresh—"what fun it will be to see his face!"

Lady Gertrude paused on the threshold and looked back on her husband. She, too, did not like the smile with which he gazed back at them. She lifted her soft voice:

"You'll be glad to hear, dear, that your friend, Mrs. Lancelot, is delighted to accept our invitation, and will be with us to-morrow. I've just received her telegram."

Sir Reginald stood digesting this remark some time after the door had closed upon his wife and child. Then he broke into laughter that was perhaps not so genuine as he would have had it to himself.

"Upon my word," said he, "I seem to have come back into a peculiar household."

He would be the first man to condone the follies of youth and high spirits, but this trick would have been unpardonable in a schoolboy. It was unladylike; it showed a positive want of feeling. And Gertrude had looked on with perfect placidity, scarcely even hinting rebuke! And it was for the sake of her personal influence over her daughter that she had left him alone in India.

The grievance Sir Reginald had been so glad to remember and nurse was growing into an unexpectedly fine infant.

He lit a fresh cigar and began slowly to pace the length of the room, now pleasantly flooded with the first amber rays of sunset.

A library, if worthy of the name at all, is the pleasantest place of the house. Lady Gertrude had unerring taste, and she had respected, and cunningly made use of, every old-world fixture that she had purchased with Orange Court. Many of Sir Reginald's own books looked out at him now from the shelves around with genial, familiar faces. The walls were panelled, and his own family portraits—nothing of remarkable value or antiquity, but paintings quite good to view, nevertheless—hung above the low

bookcases. There was the head of his grandmother, by Opie—a charming, girlish countenance against a curious golden background, with a richness of brown in the hair and red in the lip that arrested the eye. He had never seen it look so well. It hung in just the right light over the chimney-piece; in the evening radiance it seemed almost alive. As he glanced at it admiringly, he thought there was a likeness to Norah in the mutinous mouth and the innocent roguery of the eye, and his heart was stirred with its first real movement of paternal tenderness that day.

Grandpapa Enniscorthy, indeed! Why, she was her father's own.

That grandmother of his had been a Charteris of Senhouse, and the Esdale family had been proud of the alliance. Her vivid charm, her colouring, had become Esdale, for him, Sir Reginald, to transmit. He felt in this tightening of the link with the past a corresponding closeness with the living link that was to carry the chain on in the future. The pride of creation which it is humanity's prerogative to lift above mere instinct, mingled here with pride of race in a nature essentially personal in all its demands on life.

After a pensive pause he resumed his walk to and fro, and a sense of repose struggled curiously with an unwonted melancholy. Upon his last visit to England they had but just obtained possession of Orange Court, and it had been in that chaotic condition which follows the first installation. Now it had become a home. He was critical; and the circumstances of his return tended to make him unsparingly so to all arrangements concluded without his advice: but he could find no fault in his surroundings. The most delicate thoughtfulness had presided over the room that was destined to be his. The tint of curtain and carpet, the shape of the armchairs, were such as he had always approved of. He liked brown and dim gold, and he had a fancy for old Spanish leather. There was a Cordova hanging over the door, as fine as he had ever seen. Now, where had Gertrude picked that up? And above the fumes left by his own cigar (he had let the second one die half-smoked also)

there was a subtle fragrance of his favourite heliotrope. Ay, truly enough, in the window recess behind the great writing table—he demanded plenty of room to spread his papers when he worked—stood an old copper brazier filled with heliotrope; the discreet purple of the flower and the dark green of the leaves robbing the decoration of the ultra-feminine note which flowering plants seem usually to lend to an apartment.

Even in the rush of touched feeling which this discovery produced, Sir Reginald was seized with a qualm of peculiar discomfiture. He remembered how Gertrude had sniffed as she stood behind him; remembered the malicious twinkle in Coralie's eyes; the allusion to strange perfumes and aromas of the East. He had often wished, in the days of their first acquaintance, that Mrs. Lancelot had been more discreet in her choice of scent. He had felt the atmosphere she affected cling to him—that was the word his wife had used—cling—for hours after he had parted from her. Later he had grown accustomed to the pungency after the strange fashion in which a man does grow accustomed to the scent on a woman's garments and the paint on a woman's face. And there were times, indeed, when what his fastidiousness at first had rebelled against, had been enjoyed with sentimental pleasure. But that had been in India. Even on the voyage home he had had an uneasy feeling that these primrose days of dalliance could not continue with the same pleasant irresponsibility; that the hour was approaching when "little Madame" and he must become nothing at all to each other, or . . . a great deal too much.

To do him justice, however, the evil thought may have flittered, batlike, through his mind in the twilight of a relaxed mood. Sir Reginald had never deliberately contemplated the latter contingency. Yet already Mrs. Lancelot's company was almost a necessity to him: her sympathy, her flattering ways, the perpetual excitement of a flirtation which only the most skilful manipulation, on either side, kept from very perilous moments, all added a spice to his exist-

case without which he could scarcely imagine his business.

She had the talent of making perpetual demands upon his chivalry, his sense of virtue, protectiveness, a talent dangerously attractive to a man of his disposition. Gertrude had never let him feel that she needed protection; on the contrary, it was her quality to give strength rather than receive it.) Moreover, on one or two specially intimate occasions, Mrs. Lancelot had allowed him, as she herself phrased it, "glimpses of her heart." In that heart he had read deep love for himself, and there is no man on earth who, believing so much of a pretty woman, does not feel called upon to make some response.

However Sir Reginald might endeavour to represent to himself that in establishing "poor Lancelot's widow" in ease and comfort, he was but fulfilling a positive obligation to the memory of her husband, acting, in fact, with common humanity, there was already—as Coralie's quick wits had surmised—a programme between these for constant meetings in the future; meetings which must of their essence be stolen and were likely to end but in one way.

Fate, in the shape of Lady Gertrude, had made a complete upheaval of this gentle policy of drifting. Never in his wildest moments had he contemplated such a contingency as that which now seemed inevitable.

What did that invitation to Mrs. Lancelot portend? How much did Gertrude know? How much had the mischievous little American tattled? How much more or how much less than the truth? Yet, surely, had Gertrude entertained any real suspicions she, dignity incarnate, would never have dreamed of inviting her rival under her own roof with himself; never have invited her with the intention of prying on their mutual intimacy! The mere thought was untenable! On the other hand, it was unlike Gertrude to rush at strangers; and he was painfully aware that he had been remarkably silent about Mrs. Lancelot in his letters home. The more Sir Reginald pondered, the more cryptic the problem became. He was fain at length to accept the theory, though without any complete

conviction, that it was from genuine compassion for the desolate widow, and out of gratitude to his kind nurse, that the invitation had been issued. It was Gertrude's own explanation, and he could find no better one.

Melancholy grew ever more upon him. Instead of looking forward to happy, placid days between wife and child, and friends, with here and there a pleasant and harmless little interlude of relaxation with the fascinating Emerald, he was positively dreading what the morrow would bring.

He could not hold himself to blame for the dilemma and its future consequences. No, if ever there had been an affectionate, domestic being, it was himself. It was his very dependence upon feminine companionship that had led him, after his wife's abandonment, to turn to another. He began to contrast, with an ever-growing sense of injury, the warmth of Mrs. Lancelot's feelings toward him, with the placidity, amounting to coldness, of his wife's reception. Emerald had been unable to control her grief at their parting—this first break in their long intimacy—though she had known they would meet again in a very few days. His own wife had not even come out to the hall to meet him! He remembered how she had drawn herself from his arms; how Emerald Fanny had abandoned herself into them, like a child. Poor little soul! It was he who had had to lift up that fair head that rested so confidently against his breast.

Hum! It was a pity he had not noticed that hair—to remove it, likewise tenderly—before it fell to Gertrude's eyes and Gertrude's fingers. He would have given a great deal to know what had been passing in Gertrude's mind as she rolled up the golden token and flicked it from her.

Here his thoughts became so uncomfortable that he was fain to distract himself by action. He determined to go and dress for dinner.

Sir Reginald was a handsome, imposing man; and, in spite of Norah's ill-timed remark and the silver-grey of his very luxuriant hair—which, though close-cropped in soldier fashion, still be-

trayed an irresistible tendency to curl—was youthful looking for his years. It was perhaps this unconquerable youthfulness, betraying itself in his smile, the glance of his eyes, the alertness of his step, that formed the chief part of his fascination. For fascinating he undoubtedly was to men as well as to women. He had kept in heart and mind a freshness that was almost boyish; things interested him, people interested him; he was as full of impulse, as ready to take up a plan, to fling himself whole-souled into whatever the work of the moment might be, as the most enthusiastic subaltern, a characteristic that perhaps accounted for the abnormal success of his career. There was but one word to describe what that had been—brilliant. He had a brilliant fighting record behind him, had shown brilliant administrative qualities, had been moved with unwonted rapidity from grade to grade; and now counting fewer years than almost any general in the service, he had just completed the term of an important command with the certitude of soon obtaining some high War Office post. His marriage to the handsomest of the rich Fitz-Esmond sisters had been part of the general fitness of things in his existence. Up to this moment, indeed, he had never, and with reason, doubted of himself.

But, as he stood, gazing into the mirror after a careful toilet, he was conscious that for once in his life his own face looked back at him as that of a discontented man.

Under the small, upturned moustache, his handsome mouth had a troubled compression. Like his wife a few hours before, it seemed to him that his world had gone out of joint—worse, he had an uneasy consciousness of being himself flung out of his equilibrium; in this irritable, uneasy, unwonted personality he could not discover what had become of the normal, urbane, charming Reginald he had always approved of. There was a horrid, jarring feeling, as of a grain of sand in his mental eye, that deprived him completely of his complacency. He had been dreading the morrow; he now found himself dreading the evening.

Yet it was made unexpectedly easy to

him. When he reappeared in the drawing-room, it was to find his wife, and Norah, smooth-haired, in a modest *jeune-fille* garment, waiting for him.

To his surprise, the latter immediately came forward, and offering him her brow, said, "Good-night, papa!"

She was subdued out of recognition. And there were shadows under her eyes, which might have been due to recent tears.

His heart contracted for a moment with a spasm of double jealousy, when he saw the warmth of the good-nights next exchanged between mother and daughter. Lady Gertrude never spoke when she embraced those she loved. It seemed as if every energy of her being passed into her silent and tender kiss. But then, she kissed very few people. Sir Reginald remembered she had not yet kissed him; not even in that first moment of greeting, when he himself—with a glow of self-righteousness he now recalled it—had been almost overcome. She had submitted to his tenderness, that was all.

Norah had taken an unwontedly demure departure when Lady Gertrude broke in upon the injured husband's reflections:

"I have sent her to bed, you see. She does usually dine downstairs, but, to-night . . ." here she smiled rather wistfully. "Well, there were three reasons. I wanted this one night alone with you, Reginald, since we are to have a guest to-morrow. And I thought Norah deserved some punishment. And besides," now she laughed, "the child can hardly hold up her head for sleep, after her long drive."

Before the *tête-à-tête* dinner was over, a strange sensation had come upon Sir Reginald. He felt as if these long years of separation had never taken place; as if there had been no long months of domestic loneliness, no secret heartburning—no Emerald! The gracious presence opposite to him at the small round table began to exert a familiar and subtle spell. He looked at his wife across the roses with a stirring of old ardours.

She was, first of all, pre-eminently aristocratic-looking, and that was an appeal to a certain side of him that

could not fail. And then her good looks were undeniable. His eyes rested gratefully on the clear-cut features, with their smooth pallor against the waves of black hair. He counted the silver threads in those waves without a shock; nay he distinctly thought they became her. He was not sure they did not actually make her look younger, softening the somewhat severe outline of her face.

She was of those rare beings that seem to give out serenity. There was a large and brooding peace about her that began to steal upon him, soothing the trouble of his soul almost imperceptibly, yet irresistibly. Now and again he found his eye rest with a kind of wonder upon her. Could any woman who entertained the smallest suspicion of her husband, look with such clear, calm gaze, smile with such sweetness, speak in so lovely a voice of gentleness?

The thought suddenly struck him that, search as he might through all the memories of their long years together, he had never known Gertrude make a scene, never even heard from her lips one acrid word. She had never shown herself a jealous woman, or a suspicious; and the very fact that she consistently refused to attribute importance to his many flirtations had actually robbed them of it. No man, no gentleman—and Sir Reginald knew himself to be both—would have betrayed such confidence and such sweetness.

To-night, for the first time in their joint lives, he sat opposite to her and knew that there was something between them. If he had kept his marriage vow intrinsically intact, yet were there not episodes which he would like her to ignore? That embrace which had left its golden memorial upon his heart—well, it had not been the first. . . .

Yet, as the minutes went by, even these pricks of self-reproach became allayed. Gertrude seemed to hypnotise him into comfort and ease. It was almost as if her fair hand had made passes over his soul, and the soreness, the trouble, the worry, slept.

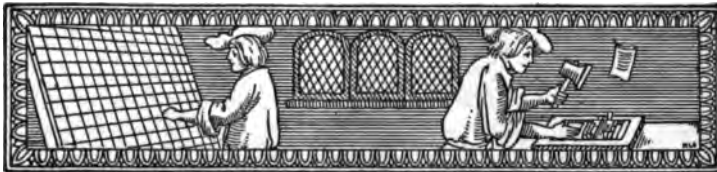
And what a dinner she gave him! Just the right length; his favourite dishes cooked and served to perfection. The cellar was of his own choosing, of course, but she had ordered up for him a bottle of his special Burgundy, warmed to an exquisite shade of ripeness, duly cradled; and Barker had poured it forth with proper compunction. After the strawberries she sat and made the Turkish coffee while he smoked.

That completed one of the most admirable repasts he ever remembered.

It was not till she finally left him to have a look at Fräulein before joining him in the library, that he thought of his complications again. And, to his surprise, he found himself saying in so many words:

"Confound Emerald!"

(To be continued)



SOME NEW PLAYS IN ILLUSTRATION



HARRY STANFORD AS THE DANDY AND ADA DWYER AS BET IN FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT'S "THE DAWN OF A TO-MORROW"

Sir Oliver Holt, a man of large interests in London, has fallen into ill-health, and is practically given up by his physicians, who inform him guardedly that he need expect no hope from them. His illness is being kept quiet, and he makes up his mind to go off into a squalid quarter of London, and there quietly blow his brains out. In this case his fortune will be left to his nephew, a younger namesake of his own. As the physicians are departing one of them puts into his hand a volume with the remark that while he can offer no earthly hope, many persons have found comfort and the solution of their difficulties in the book he presents. Sir Oliver looks at it and smiles. It is the Bible. In the second act, Apple Blossom Court, one of the most wretched of the tenement districts of London, is shown upon a foggy night. Sir Oliver Holt has come to this place because he believes an ill-dressed man may blow himself to eternity without any particular comment. He encounters a waif of the streets, a young girl with a most curious philosophy of life, and from her, and her accidental discovery of his intention to kill himself, he learns that there is always a to-morrow.



ACT IV OF EUGENE WALTER'S "THE EASIEST WAY." FROM LEFT TO RIGHT. FRANCES STARR AS LAURA MURDOCK, EDWIN H. ROBINS AS JOHN MADISON, JOSEPH KILGOUR AS WILL BROCKTON



ACT I OF JEROME K. JEROME'S "THE NEW LADY BANTOCK." FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, FANNIE WARD AS FANNIE, JOHN DEAN AS LORD BANTOCK, LEILA REPTON AND MARGARET GREY AS THE MISSES WETHERELL, AND CHARLES CARTWRIGHT AS THE BUTLER

Mr. Jerome's theme is as follows: Fanny, a music-hall singer, marries Lord Bantock, not knowing that he is a lord. She has told him that she has no parents, which is true; but her business manager, whom Lord Bantock consulted, invented an uncle bishop in New Zealand and a cousin judge in Ohio. Fanny arrives at Bantock Hall, and finds that the twenty-three servants in the hall are all her relations, and that the butler and the housekeeper are the pious, straight-laced, disciplinary uncle and aunt from whom she had run away. They endeavour to make her worthy of her position. She at last rebels, discharges them all and discloses to her husband the relationship. He is shocked at first, but is reminded that the first Lady Bantock was the daughter of a humble butcher. Bennett, still faithful though discharged, now blesses the union because at last his niece is worthy of his master.



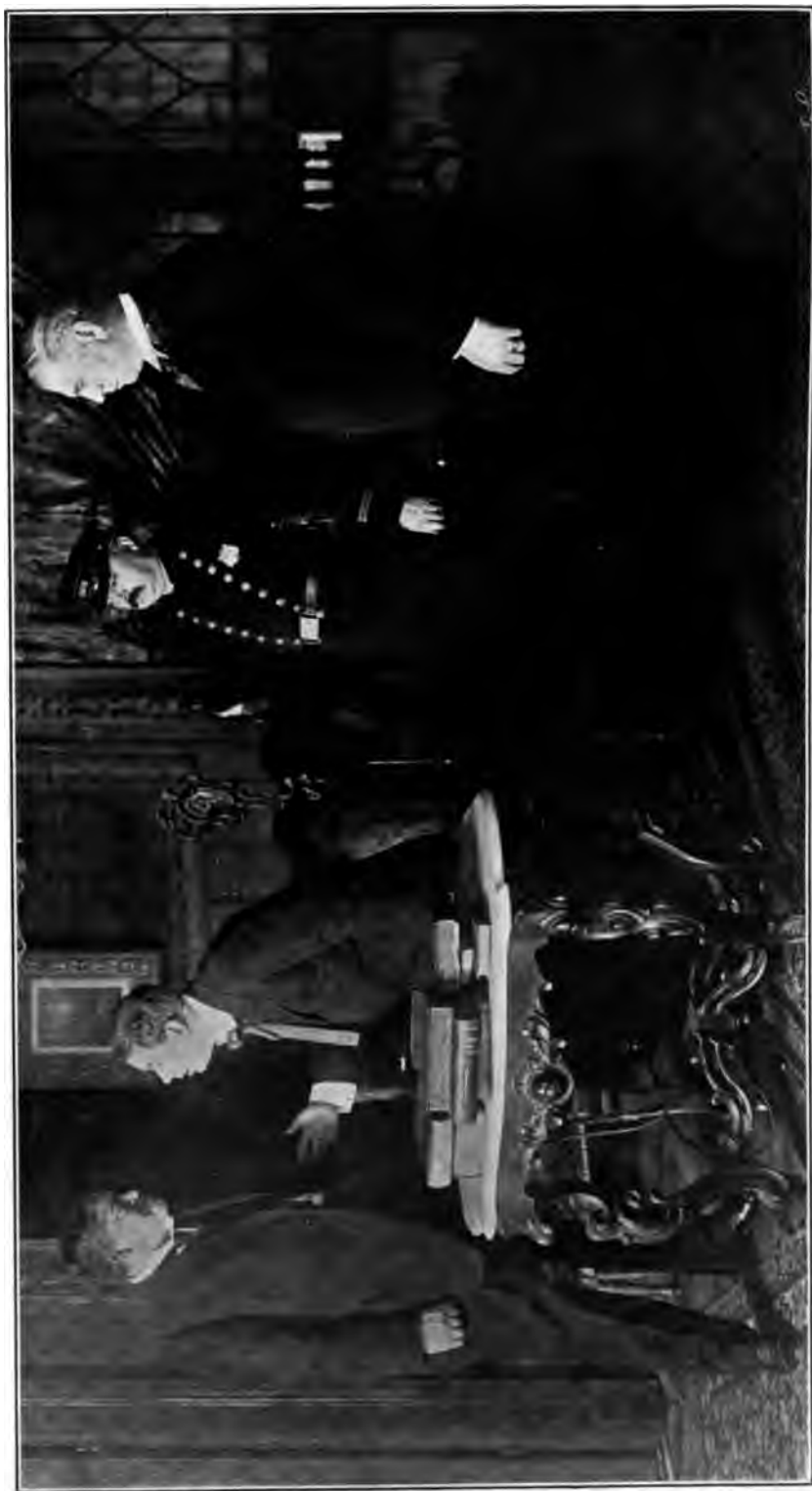
ACT IV OF "THE CHAPERON." MAXINE ELLIOTT AS THE COUNTESS VAN TUYLE, JULIAN L'ESTRANGE AS JIM OGDEN

The play opens at Silver Birch Lodge, the home of Mr. Richard Coomba, whose daughters, Betty and Alice, have two young girl friends visiting them. Mr. and Mrs. Coomba are called to New York by the illness of a relative, and they telephone a neighbour asking her to take in the girls while they are away. The neighbour, Mrs. Hemmaway, cannot do this, but instead sends the Countess Van Tuyle to act as chaperon. Unfortunately there is an early local divorce, the care of the countess. She is an American girl married to an Austrian, and the count whose mode of living has been so notorious that his wife is suing for divorce. Prior to her marriage to the count she had been married to a young American, Jim Ogden, and the count in reply to her divorce suit makes a counter-charge bringing in Jim Ogden's name. No sooner have Mr. and Mrs. Coomba gone, leaving the chaperon in charge of their house, than Jim Ogden appears and is invited to stay at the house by Miss Coomba, he being a friend of the family. The count, accompanied by the countess, unexpectedly arrives. Fearing to compromise herself by having her betrothed and her friend find her in the company of Jim Ogden, the countess rushes away with Ogden and makes him paddle her over the lake in a canoe. The second act finds them unmoored on Hog Island, in the middle of the lake. Their canoe has been wrecked. Jim Ogden induces the countess to hang some of her clothes to dry on a nearby limb and the count, who has been out in a canoe looking for his wife, sees the drying clothes and is drawn to the island by this signal of distress.



JULIA MARLOWE AS YVETTE IN THE CROWNING SCENE OF MARY JOHNSTON'S "THE GODDESS OF REASON"

The opening act shows the Chateau of Morlec one summer morning in 1791, the day following an unsuccessful night attack made by the peasantry on this aristocratic stronghold. The mob has been repelled by René de Vardes, the young baron who has just come into possession of the estate. The various leaders in the assault, including Yvette, are arrested, but are released by René after their cause has been stated by Yvette with pathetic and compelling eloquence. The baron, to the disgust of the older royalists present, even promises the peasants amelioration of their condition. René recognises in Yvette the woman of his dreams whom he has seen once before on a midsummer eve in the mystic Paimpont Woods. Yvette is also loved by Remond Lalain, one of the Revolutionary Deputies. In the second act, a year later, Yvette, under the patronage of René, is shown as a pupil in the Convent of the Visitation at Nantes, sheltered from all the revolutionary excitement. Jealous of what she believes to be the baron's love for the Marquise de Blanchefort she is persuaded to leave the convent and join the red-capped mob. In the third act Yvette is crowned as The Goddess of Reason, first protecting the Baron René from the fury of the mob and then delivering him to its vengeance, inspired to this revulsion of feeling by the discovery that he has endeavoured to save the marquise. The fourth act shows the Aristocrats in prison and going to death. In the first scene of the last act, Yvette, overcome with the horror of the outrages perpetrated in the name of Liberty, rises in the Judgment Hall, denounces the Revolutionary Chiefs, and is herself condemned. The last act shows René and Yvette on the banks of the Loire, about to be drowned according to the custom of the "Republican Marriage" in Nantes, reunited in their final momenta.



ACT I OF CHARLES KLEIN'S "THE THIRD DEGREE"

The son of a member of an old Knickerbocker set has married a girl of real strength of character and natural mental force, but of lowly birth. He is disowned by his father. The youth plunges into dissipation and debt. A death occurring under strange circumstances, the boy is suspected. The police, groping for a clue, seize the first opportunity of fastening the chains of guilt on some one. The story of the play is the story of the Police Inquisition and the struggle of the woman to save her husband.

COQUELIN



It is by comparison that Coquelin's greatness looms forth. We think of his brother, an excellent comedian, prominent in the second rank. But he faced in the direction of farce while Coquelin the Elder turned always to elegance. The former was a

romp, a clown, with his lôge full of pictures of chanticleers in honour of the family name; with his unbuttoned pantomime; with his embodiments of the common idiocy of humankind—the Monsieur de Pourceagnacs and other amiable imbeciles of Molière, who in turn and sometimes transform the fastidious stage, parquet and galleries of the Théâtre Fran-



THE LATE COQUELIN AÎNÉ

The death of the elder Coquelin preceded that of his younger brother by only a few days.



M. COQUELIN AS CYRANO DE BERGERAC

çais into a lively circus and "ballet" as in the *Cérémonie*, in that *ancien pays des femmes et des lavemens*.

Or take the case of M. Got as a different comparison. He was the compeer of the elder Coquelin—a comedian of the highest *genre* possible to officialdom in France. His attainments were entirely solid and meritorious. But he was content for nearly half a century to travel daily back and forth by tram or *hirondelle* from his Passy home to the Comédie, like the most inured and deco-

rated *chef de bureau* of the government. He lacked those greater gifts which forced his friend out into life and among humanity as it is, and his name is little known away from Paris. One of the familiar jests of the Coquelins was *à propos* of their official-ridden country where "a man without decorations is like a woman without children."

Coquelin owed his eminence in large part to a rare quality in his profession—personal culture. We think of him as a cultivated, talented person outside his art

—one not always and forever pursuing merely the *vis comica*. He could paint some; he was an intelligent connoisseur; he delivered *conférences*; he wrote books, critiques, essays—one on that most sensitive, most strictly intellectual, most refined of all French poets, Sully Prudhomme. In fact, to speak of Coquelin's love and esteem for the poetry and Lucretian philosophy of Sully Prudhomme, is to signify in a word how sanely mental, delicately sentimental, finely grained he was. And yet he was born in an humble, ignorant baker's family, in the northern tip of France, without advantages.

He was certainly unapproached, the master comedian of his time. *Sociétaire* of the Comédie Française at twenty-three—unique, I believe, in the case of a man—he truly outgrew its brilliant but restricted confines in twenty years, and expanded over into the tumultuous, ever-modern realm of the theatres on the grand boulevards and thence into the vast outer-world. This was because he possessed the larger virtues of imagination, originality, daring, like his feminine mate, Bernhardt. He was as individualistic as he could well be in a nation where the ultimate standard is the impersonal.

The able presentation of contrasting views by Irving and by him in their discussion of the final ideal of the player's art, will be remembered by the reader. They correctly denoted the profound, philosophical difference between the French and Anglo-Saxons on this subject. As Irving placed the individualism of the actor above his part, and therefore above the play, as the typical English (and American) point of view, so Coquelin extolled his own racial ideal of the impersonal: the French conception that the rôle should be greater than the embodiment. And it is natural to say that our emphasis on the actor accounts largely for the vast dearth of enduring plays in our Anglo-Saxon world since Shakespeare. In France there are notably playwrights, plays and players; in England and America we have notably stars.

Comedy is, of course, the genius of the French as tragedy is the genius of the British, and Coquelin was wise in not resting his laurels on Molière and the

consecrated past. However high Molière stands in the halls of fame—and he cannot well be placed too high; however much, too, we love the man himself for his extremely human and heart-moving life and character, he appears lacking in certain elements of universal growth. He is restricted more and more to the academic. He does not make a wide, practical appeal outward and downward in modern democracy. This may not be due to his limitations perhaps so much as it is the fact that France has been reduced from the position of aristocratic dominance to that of a mere nation among equally prominent nations.

The mobility and suavity of the *désopilant* Coquelin are found identified, as a result, with a varied multitude of rôles which he created. He represented, as no other comedian, those two opposite poles of the mimetic art—breadth and exquisiteness. Does an admirer recall him by preference in the social and ethical *Denise*? Or as Labussière in the thunderous *Thermidor*? Or in the gentle and delicious *Monde où l'on s'ennuie*? Or, above all, do we think of him at nearly sixty (when he was officially at the age of honourable retirement and self-consecration to his memories) as adopting and crystallising the genius of a young and obscure playwright who belonged to a brand-new generation? The world fell promptly in love with Cyrano and Flambeau as Coquelin—all so stirring and magical in the golden chimes of the author's alexandrines. One can scarcely imagine Rostand without his inspirer and visualiser. What lover of daring variety does not deeply regret this loss in the cast of the too long delayed *Chanticleer*?

Rire et bien dire was the characteristic motto in the homes of the Coquelins. Exemplifying their race, they believed with Rabelais that To Laugh is to be Truly a Man. Coquelin did an inestimable service in acquainting foreign peoples with the intimate delights of French comedy of the old classic periods. As a deobstruent mime he brought corporeally home to strange races those perfect pictures of the life and times of that exalted age when civilisation looked exclusively to Paris for light.

His tact, *bonhomie*, easy accessibility

are only too well known. He was adored in France despite the fact that there the dividing lines between schools and cliques, between what is official and what is radical and progressive, are habitually so sharply, so fiercely drawn. He made and kept friends in all spots of a land where people scarcely hesitate to wound forever those nearest and dearest to them for the sake of a principle in art or literature. Strange as this seems to our Yankee race who take these subjects lukewarmly, not to say chillily, all this is most serious, vital business on the banks

of the Seine. It illustrates, in part, how the French strive to exalt the drama to the sacrifice of the individual. And as for what precisely they idealise in comedy, this is nowhere so deftly and compactly signalled as in one of the fine sonnets of Sully Prudhomme, dedicated, as it happens, to Coquelin's brother :

Quel bonheur ! n'est-ce pas ? de réveiller encore,

En honneur des aïeux, dans le rire gaulois
La gaité du bon sens qu'un beau verbe décore !

Stuart Henry.

THE UNIVERSAL THEME AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



AMONG the new books of the month, there is one possessing a curious and abiding charm entitled *One Immortality*, which opens with the following paragraph :

There are three loves that make and keep the world—the love that binds man and woman into one flesh and soul, the love that draws families into nations, the love that holds the world to God. Each love is justified in its own Immortality. . . . This book is about the first.

In so far as these lines were meant to catch and rivet the reader's attention they serve the author's purpose admirably ; but in so far as they are intended to define the book they fail, because they express only a generality, a common property of all the world's important fiction whether in prose or verse. Not, of course, that every novel, or any appreciable percentage of novels, treats of love in the highly idealised, semi-Buddhist way of the volume in question, conceiving of man and woman as constituting symbolically only the separate halves of a complete and perfect being. But, in a more general sense, love, spirit-

ual or earthly, affinity, sex attraction, call it what you will, is the corner stone of the whole structure of modern fiction. It is the element of social life from which the novelist could not emancipate himself if he would. One cannot conceive of an *Iliad* without a Helen, a *Divine Comedy* without a Beatrice, a *Don Quixote* without a Dulcinea, a *Vanity Fair* without a Becky Sharp. Of the love that draws families into nations, of the love that holds the world to God, a novel may contain much or little, everything or nothing ; it depends not upon the world at large, but upon the author's purpose, creed, and conception of life. But even though he go deliberately to work to ignore it, he cannot shut out from his book the love that binds man and woman together, without leaving the impression of something distorted, incomplete, untrue.

There are, of course, a number of books that will come to mind as seeming contradictions to this statement—books more or less in the nature of a *tour de force*, from which the feminine element is partly or wholly absent. But, upon examination, such books will be found to fall into one of two classes : they will either be stories of adventure, that are best defined as grown-up juveniles, that

look upon the world as a sort of huge playground; or else they are books from which the element of sex is only apparently lacking—books that may not have a single woman in their cast of characters, and nevertheless are pervaded and overshadowed by a suggestion of subtle, far-reaching feminine power. An excellent example of this latter type is conveniently afforded by a volume reviewed quite recently in *THE BOOKMAN: The Gentleman*, by Alfred Ollivant. There is not from the opening to the closing page of that powerful story of war and bloodshed a single female character, woman or child, with what might fairly be called a speaking part. But throughout it all there is the suggestion, which the author never for a moment allows you to forget, of the far-reaching, irresistible influence of just one woman whose name is never even mentioned, yet whose caprice is making sport of the destinies of men and of nations.

It has often been pointed out that the novels of the elder Dumas, as contrasted with the cheap modern imitation, of the sword-and-buckler type, owe their easy supremacy to their greater virility, their comparative freedom from frills and furbelows, their frank recognition of women as merely agreeable episodes that relieve and enliven the more serious business of life. But, it would be an error to argue from this that the reason why *Les Trois Mousquetaires* is a better book than *The Helmet of Navarre*, for instance, is that fewer square inches of its pages are given over to the sayings and doings of women. As a matter of fact, whether they are on the scene or not, Dumas never lets us forget that a woman's caprice or a woman's desperate need lies behind every one of the valiant deeds narrated. At all ages, and in all countries; as truly in the France of Richelieu as in the United States of to-day, a picture of life must mirror back the women as well as the men. But, it must mirror them back truthfully with a clear understanding of the manner and the measure of each sex's influence upon the other. And the principal reason why Dumas told the truth about life while his modern imitators do not tell the truth is simply this: that although the heroes of his ro-

mances do not love less nor suffer less for the sake of women, they love and they suffer in a different way. It is their creed that fighting is the serious business of life and love more or less of an incident; and that while a gentleman may go cheerfully to his death for the sake of a lady's glove or handkerchief, he could not swerve one inch from an artificial code of honour, though the life of her who was nearest and dearest hung in the balance.

Short stories, of course, obey a different law. They do not claim to be complete, all-round pictures of life, but merely sidelights on some transient aspect of it, snapshots of a single phase or episode. There are scores of short stories admirable in technique that are exclusively masculine or exclusively feminine in characters, setting, and theme, yet without sacrificing anything in the way of truthfulness. And this is because, however large a part some woman plays in the life of every man, or some man in the life of every woman, it is easy to imagine a brief hour when events may happen and even events of the first magnitude without the intervention of the influence of the opposite sex. And yet, even in short stories of this type, we will find if we carefully analyse the impression they have made upon us that no small part of their hold upon us has come from something not actually expressed in the stories themselves—something that we, ourselves, have subconsciously read into the story, some feminine influence that we have taken for granted. And other things being equal, a story which leaves us at liberty to amplify it in some such manner as this, are stronger and bigger stories than those which by too great specificness carefully eliminate the possibility of a sex motive. Take, for instance, the type of story most familiarly represented by Poe's famous *Cask of Amontillado*—the type of story in which a man at last satisfies an ancient grudge against another by a horrible revenge. Now, in accordance with the accepted rules of short-story technique, there is no question that the point of beginning should be the moment when the plan for vengeance is ripe. Incidentally, however, the fact that there is a motive for the grudge must be made clear; and here

there is a choice of three possibilities. The author can either show that the vengeance is taken on account of a wrong done to a woman, or he can show that it is only for an insult offered to a man, or he can leave the specific cause in doubt. And of these three ways, the first is stronger than the second, and the third the strongest of all—because vengeance on behalf of a woman more readily enlists the reader's sympathy than if it is only a man's quarrel; and where the motive is not revealed we instinctively assume that there was a woman in the case, and our interest gains in intensity through the very vagueness of the tragedy we get there.

It may seem to a good many readers that all that has been said herein about love and sex as an almost universal theme in fiction is simply another way of expressing the hackneyed and distinctly irritating idea that a novel, in order to succeed, must have a "Love Interest." But that is precisely and emphatically what is not meant. The novel that has a love interest is the novel that presents as distorted and disproportioned a view of life as the novel that omits love altogether. What we should ask of fiction is not that it should offer a love interest or a hate interest, a joy interest or a sorrow interest, but a complete, symmetrical, multifold interest of real life. We should demand of characters in fiction no more and no less than we demand of the living men and women whom we meet, and learn to know. We should be able to give a better reason for our friendships either in the real world or in the printed page than that they are based on no firmer foundation than a "Love Interest."

The volume already referred to, *One Immortality*, by H. Fielding Hall, serves admirably to emphasise this point. Love is its central theme, admittedly so. The best definition of its subject, form and style would be to call it a prose poem of love. And yet this alone would be quite an inadequate reason for recommending this book as something uncommonly subtle and suggestive and, in a symbolic sense, profoundly true. It possesses such

a multitude of interests aside from that of love: the interest of beautiful places and charming people, the interest of deep problems and wise philosophies, the interest of many things in Heaven and Earth that even these philosophies do not quite include—and all of this expressed in an easy flow of harmonious rhythm which is not quite verse and yet not wholly prose. To the superficial reader of fiction it is primarily the chronicle of an ocean voyage on one of the large, Oriental Mail Steamers from Venice to Bombay; and the progress from day to day between a man and a girl whose ideals of love by a curious and rather effective symbolism undergo an interesting transformation and development as they pass from the atmosphere of the West to that of the Orient. But really there is much more in the book than the history of an episode in the lives of two people who think they have found the key to happiness. There are, on every page, phrases, thoughts, suggestions that set you thinking in turn—thinking and dreaming of beautiful cities, beautiful women, noble ideals. It is eminently a wholesome book, full of an unquenchable faith in the happiness and the sanctity of love and marriage.

Open House, by Juliet Wilbur Tompkins, is not only a fairly readable book, but a well-constructed book also, because it, also, assigns to love and courtship the degree of relative importance that

they ought to possess in the average sane, well-regulated life. Briefly, the theme of *Open House* is the gradual and very salutary change that comes over a spoiled, self-willed young woman who, after years of luxury, suddenly finds herself under the disagreeable necessity of earning her own living. The first opportunity offered her is that of assistant to a physician in a small private sanitarium; and although she is accepting pay for work that she can at best do only bunglingly, she finds it very hard to bring herself to accept orders, or to do with any system the simple duties assigned her. It happens, however, that the physician she serves is a wise, far-seeing, tender-hearted man, who realises that hers is a

"Open
House"

case for careful and sympathetic treatment. And in the course of the months that follow, while she is slowly acquiring a sounder mental and moral health, and a better standard of values, the doctor is also learning an important lesson, and discovering that there is something else in the world that counts beside just medicines and cases. And when the doctor and his assistant finally compare notes, regarding their newly acquired knowledge, the result is an eminently satisfactory ending to a volume that shows a substantial advance upon the same author's earlier novel, *Dr. Ellen*.

A book which just misses deserving a place in the class of stories that we mentally catalogue as "worth while" is *The Straw*, by Rina Ramsey. As a brisk, graphic, panoramic picture of English country life of to-day among the gay and reckless hunting set, with the tingling excitement of breathless, break-neck dashes after the hounds, disastrous tumbles and broken limbs, the book certainly achieves what the author meant it to. Its weakness lies in the plot construction. We are asked to believe that a refined, intelligent and altogether charming young woman, with a fortune in her own right, and the world before her, is persuaded into marrying a coarse, dissipated, surly brute of a man from some sentimental idea that it is her duty to reform him—a man, moreover, who not only is quite indifferent to her, but notoriously the lover of another woman. Furthermore, we are asked to believe that this girl, who has thus sacrificed herself, is all the time in love with another man, who is eminently the right sort to make her happy; that as day by day her married life becomes more and more of a tragedy, this other man, in spite of his better judgment, intervenes, to try and help her, but instead, only makes her position more difficult; and that finally, one night, the wife is found unconscious from a blow the husband has dealt, and the latter lies dead beside her, from a bullet wound. Now, it does not necessarily follow that the man upon whom suspicion naturally falls was the one who did the murder. The brute, who eminently deserved to be shot,

had no lack of enemies, ready to perform the task. But, the principles of good construction demand that such a situation shall be carefully worked up to—that the real murderer shall be brought into some structural prominence from the opening chapter on, and this is precisely what the author of *The Straw* has failed to do. In the closing paragraph she springs upon us her carefully preserved surprise. The husband, we learn, was shot by one of the minor characters—but whether on account of an old grudge, or because he too treasured a secret attachment for the wife, is left uncertain. It is just a trifle disconcerting to discover at the very close of a drama that you have been mistaking the wrong man for the hero all the way through.

There is no dearth of the universal theme in *Rosnah*, the new volume by Myra Kelly, yet there are plenty of other interests beside—as, of course, there ought to be.

It is primarily a story of modern Ireland, with a commendable richness of local colouring, an abundance of diverting brogue, and incidentally some aspects of the economic problems confronting Irish landlords. But the situation which gives the book its whimsical interest is briefly as follows. A certain martinet of a general, for many years in the Anglo-Indian service, with a long list of titles and initials trailing after his name, has at last retired and returned with his wife, to pass his declining years on his family estates. Naturally, he is anxious to gather around him the four sons and the one daughter, who as small children had been one by one sent from India, and entrusted to various friends and relatives, and from that time to this had not seen either their parents or each other. The four sons obey the summons joyfully. But the daughter, Sheila, who has just given her heart to a man in every way suited to her, has no desire to leave her new-found happiness, to make the acquaintance of a family that has for the greater part of her life ignored her existence. So she persuades the Lady Rosnah Creighton, who will soon be her sister-in-law anyway, to go in her place and masquerade temporarily as the

daughter. Now, the Lady Rosnah is a good deal of a personage, with infinite tact and much real charm. Otherwise, she could never have carried out her self-imposed task. For the Fitzgeralds, father and sons, prove to be, one and all, as different in disposition, in education, and interests as five men well can be, with the single exception that they all have a very decided will of their own. In fact, the Lady Rosnah spends most of her time and energy in keeping peace in this ill-assorted household, and the only real aid she has in her efforts is due to a warm interest on the part of one of the four sons, which he, very naturally, assumes to be brotherly affection, but which the Lady Rosnah recognises as the beginning of something quite different. And the consequence is that when the inevitable explanations are made, Lady Rosnah does become the real Sheila's sister-in-law sooner and in another manner than was originally expected.

The trouble with *Lorimer of the Northwest*, by Harold Bindloss, is that

**"Lorimer
of the
Northwest"**

it makes us conscious of a deliberate effort on the author's part to achieve that so-called love interest which is supposed to be necessary to a widespread popularity. Mr. Bindloss can do either of two things with a fair degree of ability. He can tell a frankly melodramatic story of war and intrigue, and the rise and fall of nations; and he can also picture, with a rather convincing fulness of detail, the hard, rough, hand-to-mouth struggles of the pioneer in a new and stubborn country. This new volume, *Lorimer of the Northwest*, is an account of the trials and disappointments of an indomitable young Englishman, who has left home because he is ambitious, because he hates the drudgery of a Lancashire cotton mill, and because he has lost his heart to a young woman who seems hopelessly beyond his reach; and has emigrated to the great, free, unbroken region of the Canadian Northwest. There is a breath of strong, clean fresh air blowing through the early chapters of this book, a suggestion of wholesome, honest toil, and undaunted determination to wrest a victory from Nature, in spite of drought, and frost,

and treacherous elements. But, intermingled with this straightforward chronicle of pioneer struggles, there is a misplaced and rather exasperating vein of melodrama—the sort of melodrama that properly belongs in Mr. Bindloss's other type of story and which is as much out of place in the present volume as a scarlet patch in a suit of grey clothes. Women, of course, we expect to find in the story; but the way in which two women in particular who had figured in his life in England continue unexpectedly to cross his trail in the mountainous wild of Canada, always turning up at the psychological moment to add new complications to his difficulties, forms a tax upon our credulity which tends to discredit even that part of the story that is soberly and sincerely told.

54-40 or Fight, by Emerson Hough, may have full justice done it in a brief

paragraph.

To any one

familiar with its author's

methods, it ought to be

sufficient to say that it is

exactly the sort of book

that we have a right to expect from the

man who wrote *The Mississippi Bubble*.

There is probably no one writing to-day

who has so well caught the trick of this

particular sort of pseudo-history, in

which real personages and real events

are so dexterously interwoven with a tis-

sue of purely imaginary happenings, and

the causes of great international crises at-

tributed to the audacious intrigues of

some charming adventurers invented ex-

pressly for the occasion, as Mr. Hough

has succeeded in doing. And all the

while, he does it with a swing and verve,

a frank good will, and such a naïve as-

surance that the reader's enjoyment fully

equals his own, that he quite disarms

criticism. The title of his new volume is

self-explanatory. It seems superfluous

to add that the date of the story coin-

cides with the presidency of Mr. Tyler,

when the country seemed to be on the

eve of war not only with Mexico, but

with England as well; and when James

K. Polk and John Calhoun were also

playing their parts in working out the

nation's destiny. It matters little whether

these historic personages ever really said

or did the precise things attributed to

them.

them by Mr. Hough or not. The main point is that what he makes them say is thoroughly in keeping with the whole spirit of the sort of romantic fiction he aspires to write.

Lastly, there is an unpretentious volume of short stories called *Sardonics*, by a new writer named Harris Merton Lyon, which deserves a cordial word of commendation. There is much strength, much

grimness, and a good deal of irony packed away in these sixteen brief sketches, which in spite of a certain youthful crudeness, are more promising than the maturer work of many a successful writer. Take, for instance, such a story as the one bearing the laconic title "In the Black-and-Tan." It pictures with such pitiless frankness the promiscuous, unclean, befuddled crowd who constituted a lively evening at Yellow Mamie's, that you fairly smell the reek of whiskey and rank tobacco. And just as clearly, you see the Bishop, the fat, prosperous-looking cab driver, patiently waiting outside like an overfed spider, in wait for its prey. Presently, a drunken form slides down the steps with a soft "plump," picks itself up, lurches into the cab, and tearfully demands to be taken to an hotel, any good hotel. The Bishop has caught sight of a gold-headed cane and the gleam of a diamond ring. His skilled observation tells him the man is a stranger in New York, probably a Westerner. There follows a long drive, an endless drive through lonely dim-lit streets in the teeth of a driving storm;

there comes a time when the Bishop's passenger seems to slumber, and the Bishop descends from his perch, and enters the cab, to warm himself, while the stolid horse plods patiently onward, unmindful of strange happenings behind him. The bell-boys are all dozing when the shabby hack finally drives up in front of a big hotel, and the ponderous driver climbs down and briskly opens the door. "'Ere's your hotel, Sir," he says impatiently, thrusting his head inside. But, a moment later, he is whispering hoarsely, in the porter's ear, "Lor Gawd, 'e's dead." But Mr. Lyon cannot stop without adding his usual little sardonic touch. The next night, it is even merrier and more bustling than usual in the Black-and-Tan, and Yellow Mamie has on her finger a newcomer among her diamonds, for the Bishop has "made himself solid," he is proceeding to make himself solid with everybody in general by setting up drinks for the crowd.

Then, while the rabble drank their booze and shouted their hoarse praise of the giver, the Bishop leaned forward and chuckled into his whiskey:

"I hope 'e's in a good hotel now!"

Certainly, not a cheerful type of story, nor one that is suited to the taste of any considerable portion of the reading public, but inexperienced though he is, Mr. Lyon has something of the Maupassant attitude toward life, the determination to tell the truth at all costs, in little things and big—and that is the spirit from which a great deal may be hoped.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

ELLEN TERRY'S "THE STORY OF MY LIFE"*

For theatrical annals, Miss Terry's story of her life could not perhaps be otherwise than an important work, with its authentic and first-hand information

*The Story of My Life. By Ellen Terry. New York: McClure, Phillips and Company.

from a woman who has assisted in shaping theatrical life for so many illustrious years. But it is more than a mine of facts—indeed Miss Terry has seldom concerned herself as a historian—or even of valuable and discriminating opinions; it is a record of how life for sixty years has struck her. And because Ellen Terry has a uniquely balanced and tempered personality, the book is for this

THE BOOKMAN

notable also and—among modern—by stage people—probably by far so. In it she has, for one thing, done in explaining herself to a generation which will, alas! not know her on any other terms. But for this, such a deprived woman might be bewildered when it is laborious critics that her Portia is, together, tactful, commanding, well-timed, successful, coquettish, incomparable, and a rogue of a romp at the same time—the embodiment of merriment and energetic joy. Here one gets all these things without having to wade over an enumeration of dry and long adjectives. This book is Ellen

And it is Ellen Terry simply and simply, though not perhaps in her unconsciousness of her audience.

But, dear me, who is and what is she worth? She must be permitted to object that her audience is the English-speaking world of admirers and that they want the best of her. Almost as if—as this she hints in her introduction—where she promises merely to begin—beginning and go on with as much as we can remember. And even Mr. Gifford is permitted to have a say.

"My father and your mustard-pot!"—her father to the stage-manager—she set up a howl at being stuffed for a Christmas pantomime at the age of five. "I won't have my child named for you or anybody else."—she records her first dramatic failure. The story, as she has so few to tell, may be coloured somewhat. Certain it is that her sister Kate laid claim to the first appearances but stories of first appearances may have got mixed up in a family tradition: six children out of nine went upon the stage. 1856 is the accurate date of her first appearance, as the precocious Julius in *The Winter's Tale* with the elder Keans. With them also at the time was Kate, "a much better actress than myself." In their theatre with Shakespeare her entire life was spent for years, and even with Irving's later in mind she speaks of the extraordinary completeness of their production.

Things were always happening to young Miss Terry—the mustard-pot prophetic. As Florence she fell

asleep on a flight of stairs and rolled with a fearful crash to the bottom. Once she forgot to support the formidable Mrs. Kean, who came to the floor with a bump. Even so early, then, must Ellen have been both accomplished and charming, for the Keans made much of little mishaps. Her most fortunate accident was when as Puck she got caught by the foot in the trap; it broke her toe, but they doubled her salary for finishing the play—after the first lusty scream—with only *sotto voce* sobs. While she was playing Puck she grew gawky and with her docked hair was a sight. But in her dancing lessons, even with a flannel blanket pinned on in front and trailing six inches she never had any difficulty in moving gracefully. The old-fashioned art of deportment is, she thinks, sadly neglected nowadays. When she was a girl the language of actors was more Rabelaisian than polite, but they were good fellows and devoted to their profession—they behave better now, but they lead less simple and single lives. She knew every female part in every play. Later, Kate and she, with their father and mother and a man for orchestra, toured the country for two years, a new town each night, in a Drawing Room Entertainment. Then she learned to play everything in grown-up parts with a provincial stock-company. (Oh, that provincial stock! We know too well what modern actors have done without it, but how will their future stage-reminiscences get along?) The visiting stars sometimes rehearsed with them and sometimes, like Edmund Kean, simply ordered them to keep at arm's length and do their worst. Even in these days she was more at home in Shakespeare than in anything else. Here, too, she met that versatile and substantial playwright, Tom Taylor, and the painter Watts. The house of the latter initiated her into the world of which she dreamed—full of pictures and music and gentle artistic people with quiet voices and elegant manners. At the age of sixteen, "too young even for those days when every one married early," she left the stage and went to live at Mr. Watts's home as its mistress, the home that seemed to her a paradise. Here she met distinguished men at every turn, but

the girl-wife's impressions of them are scanty. Very old they all seemed to her, heedless of the greatness of great men and perhaps very impudent. It was a brief and in many ways a very happy marriage. In admirable taste and with tender reticence she approaches the subject of their separation. In two years came her return to the stage, but she was very wretched, although she grew to understand that her friends had done well in bringing it about. There was an honest misunderstanding, legally termed incompatibility of temper, though it might better have been called incompatibility of occupation. For some time in after life she and Watts corresponded regularly. Of her subsequent six years' retirement in the country and the bringing-up of her two children, she paints with a charming and vague touch an idyllic picture. This retirement, like the first, was to have been permanent but—with the bailiffs in the house—Charles Reade lured her back to the stage by the offer of a stupendous salary. He adored her, praised her, scolded her, watched over her career carefully, and always called her "the artful toad." When she was playing Olivia in *The Vicar of Wakefield* with John Hare, she married again. For the first ten years at the Lyceum she was hardly ever out of the theatre. Once in the early *Hamlet* days, when Irving's melancholy was appalling, he found her sliding down the banisters from her dressing-room to the stage. "It has always been my fate," she writes, "to be very happy or very miserable;" but even when very miserable she was still, one may guess, a lightning-change artist. Booth seemed to her broken and apathetic when, a failure at his London house, he accepted Irving's invitation to play at the Lyceum. His Iago was commonplace after Henry's, and Henry's Othello was universally condemned. Much later, Bernard Shaw and she developed a perfect fury for writing each other, and he drew the character of Lady Cecily in *Brassbound* entirely from her letters. When he finally came to visit her she ordered a splendid dinner, quite forgetting he dined off a biscuit and a bean. She looks upon him as a kind, gentle creature whose brain-storms are due to his Irish love of a

fight, but he is not a man of convictions and is not to be taken seriously. (What a delightful world it is where, if only enough books are written, everybody can find out what everybody thinks of everybody else!) There certainly can be no doubt as to what she thinks of her children, who grow up with you as you read. You hear very often that both of them are geniuses in several different ways. She lost much money in running a theatre for her son to revolutionise with his new theories of stage-setting and lighting. After her stage-jubilee in 1906 she suddenly began to feel exuberantly young again, though one knows perfectly well that she never felt otherwise. Perhaps, however, the statement was simply to work up an entrance for the announcement of her third marriage. This was on her last tour in America, where she has many friends. To them and to others she feels compelled to remark that few people seem willing to admit that marriages are one's own affairs.

Five years of her life have been spent in America and she often feels herself half-American, so at home is she with us. She sings a pæan on New York's wonderful harbour; the Americans are sensitive to criticism yet suspicious of adulation. She began to put on flesh for the first time in her life after a week and by her fifth tour she became really fat. American slang changes quickly and only "Gee whiz" seems to be permanent. After the first night she felt they had merely transported the Lyceum three thousand miles, and the audience took many points unnoticed in London. Since her first tour, when she found the women dowdy, they have become Parisians. London on her return always seems like an ill-lighted village, and many faces have a hopeless look unknown in America. Theatrical criticism, favourable and unfavourable, all over the States surprised her by the scholarly knowledge it displayed; nor did the critics, with one or two exceptions, seek to exploit their own brilliance. On the Sunday paper interview she appends a delightful burlesque, in which she serenely owns her irresistibility, and by way of illustrating her joyous irresponsibility playfully tosses her grandchild out

of the window. The ladies read more and have developed a more fastidious taste than Englishwomen; they have, in appearance at least, more reality; but neither they nor the men have much natural sense of beauty. As for daily living, privacy to Americans means concealment, and the cuspidor is always with them. The quality of the American voice is generally unbearable, but the truly terrible variety exists only in one State—and "the artful toad" does not say which one. She found her Chicago audiences the most sympathetic, although she had heard that their favourite pastime was sand-bagging. Certainly it was to them that she made her most brilliant speech in christening the new Columbia Theatre in these chosen words: "Hail Columbia!" and they gave her the nicest notice she ever received, which was for her little boy tending the roses in the stage garden of Eugene Aram. (Oh Ellen!) Niagara Falls proved too terrific for her to realise in spite of its wonderful "pits of colour," and before it she seemed to become weak and doddering. In some Boston houses culture seems no fad to make a joke about, but a rare and delicate reality. Her first night at Daly's was a night of enchantment and at Ada Rehan she can only exclaim and marvel. In San Francisco she went to the Chinese Theatre, and their impenetrable faces seemed to say to her: "We have been before you, and we shall be after you."

Thus it is plain that Miss Terry has the habit of looking around her with an active and intelligent eye, quickest—as might be expected—to perceive colour. She has the graphic word. In a phrase she paints a picture of her contemporaries. She recalls Macready's oddly coloured eyes full of fire and his beautiful wavy mouth; Gladstone seemed to her a volcano at rest; Tennyson was wonderfully simple and taught her to call the wild-flowers by their names; that Browning with his smart coat and society manners was a poet was to her more incomprehensible than some of his poetry; the most remarkable men she ever knew were Whistler and Oscar Wilde—both were instantaneously individual and audacious; William Winter could never take an unemotional point of view, and

in England he loved to visit graveyards. Her picture of stage-fright is vivid—a succession of shivers go up and down at the same time while a centipede with iced legs runs about in the roots of your hair, a cold sweat breaks out and some one cuts the muscles at the back of your knees, your mouth opens slowly without a sound and your eyes jump over the footlights. The divine Sarah in her transparent days she describes as smoke from a burning paper and she gets about the stage without moving; her extraordinary decorative and symbolic quality makes her give pictures of emotions rather than the emotions themselves. Duse, on the other hand, triumphs as the real, the particular woman. Wonderfully striking is her picture of Irving on his death-bed—he looked frail and majestic like some beautiful grey tree she saw in Savannah.

Naturally what she thinks of Irving—together with what she thinks of herself—was sure to be interesting and illuminating, but it might easily have failed to be of great importance. Thanks, however, to her clear eye and the singularly equable and yet intimate tone she adopts—which might be called personally impersonal—her estimate is of the greatest value. When she first met him he had in appearance a dash of Werther with the flourishes of Jingle. He could express very little of what was in him; stiff with self-consciousness, with dull face and heavy eyes, his amazing power was imprisoned. Afterward she found that he was always crafty in handling people and in getting his own way. His actions were always courteous and his courtesies beautifully timed. His manner was quiet and gentle, but he had precisely those qualities she can never find likable—he was an egotist of the great type and would not give himself up to appreciation, nor was it ever any pleasure to him to see the acting of others. It seemed to her that he never wholly trusted his friends or admitted them to his intimacy. In his art he never pretended; he never got at anything easily, but he felt instinctively how things ought to be done and what was right for the scene. Warmth and fury of utterance he could never acquire; he was always hampered

in the vehemence of passion and the more he felt the more deliberate he became. In defending Henry's tortuous speech, she asserts that his interpolated ejaculations and grunts often helped to reveal Shakespeare's meaning. His make-up was not a thing of wig and paste, but he took on the outward expression of the part because he subtly felt it within. Melancholy and the horrors had a peculiar fascination for him. He was always attracted by fashion, but why he wanted to play that prince of fashion, Claude Melnotte, is a mystery. His Romeo had even more bricks thrown at it than her Juliet. In *Sans Gêne* it seemed to her that she was watching Napoleon imitate H. I. Hamlet was his greatest part and she communicates her enthusiasm about it. *Macbeth* was their finest production, and in it he was like a great famished wolf and suggested, as only he could suggest, the power of fate. She has no patience with critics who doubt his genius. Those who praise merely because of his tricks of stage-business are like Henry's valet, who pronounced *Macbeth* his best part. As Irving thought so himself, he eagerly tried to draw the man out. "Ah, sir," explained the valet, "you sweat twice as much as you do in Hamlet." There have been only two *faces* on the stage in her time, his and Duse's. The last ten years of his life were a ceaseless struggle with breaking health and bitter disappointments. Their long partnership dissolved naturally—there was nothing for her to do in his plays, it was all very sad, but it could not be helped. They had been able to be of just the right use to each other: he could never have worked with a strong woman and she had the taste and the artistic knowledge which his upbringing had not developed in him. For her part, she might have deteriorated in partnership with a man whose ends were less fine, whose motives were less noble. At the funeral in the Abbey she kept on expecting to see his face, for the impressive ceremony was so much as he would have wished that it seemed to her he was directing it, as he had directed so many solemn pageants on the Lyceum stage.

Miss Terry's utterances about Irving one feels that the future historian will

regard as authoritative. Not less discerning are those about herself and the art in general. The three "I's"—imagination, industry, and intelligence—are indispensable to the actress, and the greatest of these is imagination. Her own experience convinces her that the actor must imagine first and observe afterward; it is no good observing life and bringing the result to the stage without selection. The tragedian who has not learned how to laugh and the comedian who has not learned to weep will never touch the highest levels. One night she discovered that a thing may be right in sense and yet wrong for the stage. All great acting has a strain of extravagance in it which the imitator can catch hold of and give us the eccentric body without the soul. In acting one must possess great strength before he can be delicate in just the right way. She sympathises with Forrest, who said, "If you don't applaud me, I can't act." One of her besetting sins still remains lack of repose (indeed she suspects that she was never entirely cured of "fooling" on the stage, and Henry called her hoydenish). She would impress on the young actress never to move a finger unless the movement tells something. It has unfortunately never been in her power to sustain; she can pass swiftly from one effect to the other, but she cannot dwell on one without losing it. The few people who liked her Lady Macbeth liked it very much, and that Shakespeare's parts admit of widely differing interpretations is the reason for his immortality as an acting force. Naturally, since Portia was her greatest triumph, she does not believe that the *Merchant of Venice* ends with Shylock, even if Henry was for a time foolish enough to give up the last act. Even in *The Good Hope*, where she stumbled about in sabots, she was told by the critics she was far too graceful and fairy-like. She fears that the universal praise of her femininity means that she is pretty, soft, appealing, and underdone. Her Juliet, she confesses charmingly, was lacking in original impulse and ever so many other things her vanity will not let her set down. She understands the part better now, but one may not play Juliet at sixty. (Alas,

what a sad world of meaning is in that little sentence!)

And is she vain? Well, when she was little she was a perfect heap of vanity—but it suddenly all fell away from her when there dawned upon her what care, intelligence and labour go to make a great production. Even when a long-legged girl of thirteen in sister Kate's new pink silk bonnet trimmed with lace, gross flattery was good enough for her; and she suspects that even yet vanity might succeed where remonstrance would fail. And is she artful in this book and does she set the stage? Well, you know what Charles Reade called her. He sent her a letter once which she quotes merely to show that he always gave her a tiny bit of jam with the bitter powder of his criticism. "Womanly grace, subtlety, delicacy, the variety yet unvariable truthfulness of facial expression—compared with which the faces beside you are wooden dolls—no great quality absent from your performance . . . but often where vigour is required you turn limp." She modestly deprecates the sheer eulogies she deliciously or brazenly contrives to exhibit. Well, what would you have? You cannot expect the born actress to come before a perpetual public without her best clothes on, especially when she admits that she always sees her clothes first and then the part afterward. Since the unique and delightful Colley Cibber actors have always acted in their reminiscences, and she—though not unique—is not less delightful. One is willing for Ellen Terry to remember—since it has here showed no sign of turning her very level head—that she is the darling of the English world.

Algernon Tassin.

II

CLARA LOUGHLIN'S "THE DEATH OF LINCOLN"*

This is a fitting, last ebbing wave to the centennial flood of Lincolniana, this presentation of the

last scene of all
That ends this strange, eventful history.

*The Death of Lincoln. The story of Booth's plot, his deed, and the penalty. By Clara E. Loughlin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

It was a happy thought to exhume and collect out of the contemporary and authentic records of forty-four years ago the accounts of the "plot," the "deed" and the "penalty." It was an equally happy thought to collect the contemporaneous illustrations, made mostly by the camera, at a time when photography was by no means the extempore and everyday supplement to journalism that it is to-day. Not otherwise could the tragedy be brought so near to those of a younger generation. Not otherwise could they be made so nearly to enter into the feelings of the men and women of 1865, be brought so nearly to that comprehension of everything which, according to the French saying, is the forgiveness of everything. By such a mode of presentation the memory of the elders, to whom the crime and the punishment have become almost as incredible as to the juniors who have no memories to be refreshed, is brought back to the passions of a time so long superseded. A dry authentic recital is the likeliest mode of reviving recollections in one generation, and kindling imaginations in another, until young and old learn to put themselves in the places of the actors or the spectators of April, 1865. Without some such reconstruction of the circumstances, the crime and the punishment are alike unrealisable. The killing of Lincoln on the one hand, the killing of Mrs. Surratt on the other, seems wanton and aimless. On both sides it is a question of psychology.

Miss Loughlin has done her work very well, much better than if she had taken a more ambitious view of her task. To collect the stories that were told and believed at the time, the explanations that were made at the time, the "views," in two senses, that were taken at the time: this seems a modest however indispensable preparation for ambitious history, or for an ambitious "historical novel." Yet, in fact, that once faithfully done, all is done. It is the imagination of the reader that must then be appealed to. If he happen to be without any, the younger reader, all the worse for him. He will never come to understand. The whole Union, the whole Confederacy were off their balance in April, 1865. After the

collapse of Lee's army, and of the cause for which it stood, and the vague yearning for vengeance that possessed so large a part of the South, it required some such frantic endeavour as Booth's to put that emotion into practice to show those who underwent the emotion how idle it was. The psychological explanation of Booth himself is not so difficult. His ambition was essentially histrionic—of the stage, stagey. An actor is not less an actor because he is a bad actor. Wilkes Booth was not a very good one. Miss Loughlin sets forth that the Winter Garden Theatre, in the November before the assassination, when the three Booth brothers played the three chief parts in *Julius Cæsar* together, was under the management of their sister Asia and John S. Clarke. It may have been technically so. But William Stuart, "Winter Garden Stuart," was already the lessee of the theatre, as he was afterward, when Edwin made within its walls that unprecedented "run" in *Hamlet*. And Stuart, years after Wilkes Booth's tragedy had turned from mock to real, used to tell of that triple performance, to illustrate the illiteracy and incomprehension of actors, how the brothers were assembled to hear the play read and take their assignments, and how Wilkes, upon hearing some of Mark Antony's declamation, exclaimed, "All right! I'll play that fellow." Tyrannicide, one may say, was a congenial rôle for the sons of a parent who had named one of them Junius Brutus and another John Wilkes. And, in studying the testimony our authoress has assembled, one must at every point be struck with the staginess of the "conspiracy." The abduction of the Yankee President was a most alluring *coup de theatre*. Having had his imagination fired by it, and cast himself for chief abductor, the next care of Wilkes Booth was to "make up for the part." There is a most curious account here of the swart sombreros and muffling cloaks, the revolvers, daggers and other properties, which he had collected at his lodgings in anticipation of the deed that was to free the South and immortalise himself. It was like a "conspiracy" of boys with lath swords. It was only after the Confederacy collapsed at Appomattox, and

it became clear, even to him, that nothing was to be gained by abduction for the cause that was already lost, that his thought turned from abduction to assassination. And it does not appear that in the darker plot there were any conspirators except the actual actors. Booth clearly saw himself

Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
and declaiming

For lo! the tyrant prostrate in the dust
And Rome again is free.

"*Sic semper tyrannis*," the motto of Virginia, was, it was accepted at the time, the exclamation with which he bounded backward from the stage after the shooting, a cry which the irrepressible American irreverence burlesqued, within a week, into "I'm sick. Send for Mcmanus." Miss Loughlin finds no evidence that he said it. But he himself testifies in his last written words that he tried to say it. And, what is most characteristic of the stage fever into which he had wrought himself, is the expression, in this same writing, of his astonishment and despair at finding himself, even among "Confederate sympathisers," shunned as a pariah after his crime, when he had expected to be hailed as a deliverer. One cannot regret that shot of the other fanatic, Boston Corbett, which took the assassin out of the realm of what in those frenzied days passed for "justice" in Washington.

Nor can it be said with much confidence that Booth's own crime was a national calamity. If Moses, instead of stopping at Pisgah, had crossed over into Canaan and "conducted the administration," who can say that he would have been successful? And could the man who had for four years been the Commander-in-Chief of the armies of the Union have conciliated the people whom those armies had overpowered? Nobody can answer these questions, of course. But this narrative makes it clear that the murder of Lincoln, by the horror and grief it inspired in the South, prepared the way for "a more perfect Union." However all this may be, the readers of this volume, be they young or old, will have a far more "realising sense" than it

is likely they have already of the conditions which made possible the assassination and the consequence.

Montgomery Schuyler.

III

H. E. KREHBIEL'S "CHAPTERS OF OPERA"

Mr. Henry Edward Krehbiel has written what is virtually a history of operatic activity in New York, though he has unpretentiously titled his volume *Chapters of Opera**—constituting, as he explains in a sub-title, "historical and critical observations and records concerning the lyric drama in New York from its earliest days down to the present time." It may be said at once that Mr. Krehbiel is equipped for the accomplishment of such a task as he has undertaken here beyond any other writer upon music in this country. For twenty-five years, as he remarks in his preface, he has occupied the same orchestra chair in the Metropolitan Opera House as music critic of *The Tribune*; he has a genius for fact and a passion for accuracy of statement; his knowledge of events within his own experience is minute and comprehensive; and he has a delightful gift of narrative. It is impossible to think of any writer within the contemporary field who could have produced a volume with the substance and the flavour of this book of Mr. Krehbiel's—for the substance is rich and rewarding and the flavour is personal, winning, unique.

The first illustration in Mr. Krehbiel's book is a picture of the Old Park Theatre, New York; almost the last is a view of Mr. Hammerstein's Manhattan Opera House; and these may be regarded as the visible symbols of the beginning and the end of the history of opera in New York, as that history is unfolded in Mr. Krehbiel's veracious and exhaustive chapters. The Park Theatre saw what was probably the emergence of Italian Opera in the United States when Garcia's troupe came there, in 1825, with Rossini's *Barber of Seville*; though Mr.

Krehbiel observes that "there can exist no doubt at all" that Italian operas, and French, were given in some form—"perhaps, as a rule, in the adapted form which prevailed in the London theatres until far into the nineteenth century"—before 1800, in the towns of the Eastern seaboard. He refers to his own statement in *Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians* that among these works were Grétry's *Zémire et Azor*, Monsigny's *Déserteur*, and Dalayrac's *Nina* (known to Charleston, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York). And he believes that an "opera in three acts," the text adapted by Colman, entitled *The Spanish Barber; or, The Futile Precaution*, which was played in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York in 1794, was Paisiello's *Barbieri di Siviglia*. Yet Mr. Krehbiel makes the interesting statement that the entire history of Italian Opera in New York City comes within the memory of persons still living; and he remarks that "within the last year" Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, "entertaining some of her relatives and friends with an account of social doings in New York in her childhood, recalled the fact that she had been taken as a tiny miss to hear some of the performances of the Garcia Troupe."

Mr. Krehbiel writes entertainingly and informingly in his first chapters concerning the introduction of opera in New York; and through these pages move the hallowed ghosts of Manuel Garcia, Malibran, Lorenzo Da Ponte—librettist to Mozart; and Mr. Krehbiel considers the immemorial question, "Why do Men Become Opera Managers?" Thereafter he discourses, in succeeding chapters, of the advent of the Patti family; of Max Maretzek and his picturesque career; of the founding of the Academy of Music; of Grisi and the sainted Mario; of Adeline Patti's debut; of the advent of the indomitable Colonel Mapleson; of Campanini and Brignoli, and the latter's singular appetite and amusing superstitions. Coming then to the period which he most intimately knows, Mr. Krehbiel describes the establishment of the Metropolitan Opera House, and he relates in detail the eventful and engrossing tale of its quarter century of existence. Here Mr. Krehbiel is at his best—

*Chapters of Opera. By Henry Edward Krehbiel. New York: Henry Holt and Company. 1908.

charming and lucid in narration, illuminating in comment, both caustic and urbane in characterisation, authoritative in exposition: a complete and easy master of his subject.

He does not disdain the anecdote—indeed, his history is a most adroit amalgam of narrative, criticism, anecdote, and reminiscence. In his *personalia* he is vivid and entertaining. A single anecdote will serve as an example. He tells it of Albert Niemann, one of the greatest of Wagnerian impersonators, who first made known to American audiences the rôles of Tristan and Siegfried (in *Götterdämmerung*):

"Adolph Robinson, the barytone of the first few German seasons," recalls Mr. Krehbiel, "was an excellent singer and also actor; but he belonged to the old operatic school, and was prone to extravagant action and exaggerated pathos. He was, moreover, fond of the footlights. At one of the last rehearsals for *Tristan und Isolde*, Robinson, the Kurwenal of the occasion, was perpetually running from the dying hero's couch to the front of the stage to sing his pathetic phrases with tremendous feeling into the faces of the audience. Niemann, reclining on the couch, immovable as a recumbent statue, as was his wont, without a gesture, all evidence of the seething impatience which is consuming him mirrored in the expression of his face, and particularly his eyes, watched the conventional stage antics of his colleague till he could endure them no longer. He gave a sign to Seidl, who stopped the orchestra to hear the dying knight addressing his squire in winged but un-Wagnerian words to this effect: 'My dear Robinson, this scene is not all yours—Tristan has also something to say here; and how am I to make my share of the dramatic effect if you are always going to run down to the audience and sing at it? After a while there will be nothing left for me to do but to get up and hurl my boots into the audience room. And I'm a very sick man. Now, there's a good fellow, come over here to the couch; stay by me and nurse me, and you'll see there's something in my part, too.'"

Mr. Krehbiel, as has been said, embodies in his record numerous critical

estimates, not alone of singers but of works—estimates which were formed at the time of the first performances of the operas under review. Some of these estimates are memorable and stimulating pieces of criticism, as those which were provoked by Verdi's *Falstaff*, De Lara's *Messaline*, Strauss's *Salome*—the last, especially, is a masterpiece of exposition and analysis. But Mr. Krehbiel has seen fit to retain also his unjust and inadequate comments upon what is, in the opinion of not a few observers, the most important music-drama produced since the death of Wagner—Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*—a work which for many not wholly contemptible lovers of music is of extraordinary, even epoch-making, qualities. Yet for Mr. Krehbiel this beautiful and singularly individual production is merely "amorphous"; admiration for it is a result of "pose" on the part of an "æsthetic cult"; "nine-tenths of the music" is "a dreary monotony." Of course, Mr. Krehbiel has an inalienable right to hold and to utter these opinions—as inalienable a right as had that Teutonic critic who, forty years ago, could find nothing better to say of Wagner's then novel *Tristan und Isolde* than that it was "cat-music." I am not questioning his right—I am marvelling at his temerity in thus lifting these opinions out of the sheltering oblivion of newspaper print and placing them unescapably on record between the pages of a book. Mr. Krehbiel might retort that he is willing to depend upon posterity for an ultimate justification; and he is beyond doubt sincere in regarding as deluded fanatics those who find value and significance in the work of such as Debussy. But for some it will always seem more prudent in such cases to be, in the excellent phrase of Mr. Henry James, "infinitely curious and incorrigibly patient;" since "just in proportion as he is sentient and restless, just in proportion as he reacts and reciprocates and penetrates, is the critic a valuable instrument."

Yet it is only the irrepressible "modernist" who will take issue on this point with Mr. Krehbiel. For others—indeed, for the "modernist" himself—*Chapters of Opera* will furnish a generous measure of entertainment, enlighten-

ment, and edification; and for many it will be indispensable.

The book has over seventy illustrations, with especially admirable portraits; and there is an exhaustive index.

Lawrence Gilman.

IV

ANDREW LANG'S "JEANNE DARC"*

The career of Jeanne Darc—the name usually is written Jeanne d'Arc or Joan of Arc, an absurd equivalent—was so extraordinary, her personality was so marvellous, that she has been from the very beginning a constant source of interest to biographers and historians. She figures largely in contemporary records, not always trustworthy, but it may be worthier of credence than some critics have been willing to admit. Lives of her appeared in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and the writers of the nineteenth century have been particularly busy with her fame; nor is this latest volume by Mr. Lang likely to be the last. Quicherat's publication in 1850 of the *Procès* robbed all preceding works of the greater part of their value; every biographer since has owed an enormous debt to him. It would be invidious to choose among the recent biographies written by Frenchmen; Mr. Lang cordially acknowledges his own obligations to them. The best previous life in English is Mr. F. C. Lowell's; but this is to be credited to American scholarship; Mr. Lang is the first British historian to undertake a careful and scientific study of all the documents. Perhaps Mr. Lang's chief purpose, after all, has been to confute the conclusions of M. Anatole France; it was, in any case, a task worth attempting. To represent Jeanne as a mere victim of hallucinations and unscrupulous priests is to misread her character strangely. Mr. Lang's estimate has more the stamp of credibility.

I incline to think that in a sense not easily defined, Jeanne was "inspired," and I am convinced that she was a person of the highest

genius, of the noblest character. Without her genius and her character, her glimpses of hidden things (supposing them to have occurred) would have been of no avail in the great task of redeeming France. Another might have heard Voices offering the monitions; but no other could have displayed her dauntless courage and gift of encouragement; her sweetness of soul; and her marvellous and victorious tenacity of will.

No theory can be more remarkable than the facts. Here was a little peasant girl of Domremy, on the very edge of Lorraine, unversed in books, a cheerful, active child, but inclined more to religion than her mates. There is nothing to justify the assertion that she was as one apart from the beginning; she performed her domestic duties, enjoyed the village diversions, and kept her thoughts to herself. Nor, for that matter, was her attitude ever that of a mystic. She believed in her Voices, she was guided by their counsel; but she was not less swayed by her own clear wit and common sense. "Jeanne was a child of the free air, not of the cloister. She made no vow of perpetual maidenhood." Perhaps, as Mr. Lang says, had there been no wars she would have lived and died obscurely. Yet it is futile to endeavour to explain her career with regard only to her outward circumstances. Indeed, to deny the miraculous in it raises more difficulties than it solves. To say that ardent patriotism was her chief motive, to argue that she had so long dwelt upon the evils which encompassed France that her own thoughts took audible form in the commands of the saints, leaves the mystery darker than ever. There have been other simple, untaught men and women who were ready to make any sacrifice for their native land; there has been but one Jeanne Darc. We may not pluck out the heart of her mystery by any cold analysis.

For what are the facts—the undisputed facts? Voices or no Voices, there came to this obscure little maid of thirteen a great desire to save France. Doubtless her aspirations were vague enough at first; but they presently took definite shape. By the time she was sixteen the cause for which she hoped and prayed was apparently hopeless; the Dauphin

*The Maid of France: Being the Story of the Life and Death of Jeanne d'Arc. By Andrew Lang. With Portraits. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

and his followers had practically abandoned the struggle. Jeanne's self-imposed task was to relieve Orleans and lead the Dauphin to Reims to be crowned. Its military aspect was incidental. She put on male apparel, she led the soldiers into battle, merely because she sought the easiest and most effective way to achieve her mission. In all she did there was a simple directness which contradicts the assumption that she was a mere enthusiast, a visionary, a miracle-worker, devoid of practical ideas. As her understanding of the difficulties in her way increased her power to deal with them increased also. In the face of the inevitable opposition at home, in the face of the ridicule so mad a scheme aroused in a man like the Governor of Vaucouleurs, she won an interview with the Dauphin at Chinon and gave him the "sign" which made him take her pretensions in earnest. She underwent a rigid examination by the learned doctors at Poitiers and came forth triumphant. She made no mystery about herself. "In God's name," she cried, "I did not come to Poitiers to work miracles! Take me to Orleans and I will show you the signs of my sending; give me few men or many, and I go." These are not the words of a *béguine*. She knew precisely what she wanted to do and how to do it. Finally she was permitted to set forth. She relieved Orleans; she saw the King crowned at Reims. She would have marched on Paris had she been permitted. "In a crisis of the national fortunes of France," says Mr. Lang, "the hour had come, and the girl. In other crises the hour has come, and the man—Cromwell or Napoleon. We recognise their genius and their opportunity. But in the case of Jeanne Darc, as she was an ignorant girl of seventeen, human wisdom is apt to decline to recognise the happy welding of opportunity and genius and to look about for any explanation that may minimise the marvel." Jeanne had no supernatural power to compel the unwilling acceptance of her advice. She knew, in fact, that she must lose her life to save France. That she so bravely accepted her fate is her greatest glory.

It is difficult to understand how any one who reads carefully the account of

her trial can endorse the conclusions of M. France. She had full faith in her Voices; and if we believe that the Holy Angels "may succour and defend us on earth," why should we say her nay? Who shall erect an impenetrable wall between the seen and the unseen? The historian, perhaps, may not meddle in such matters; he may construct, so to say, a working hypothesis on the solid basis of fact. But no hypothesis which assumes Jeanne to be a half-insane mystic, a psychic *lusus naturæ*, or a mere tool in the hands of intriguing priests, can stand the test of examination. As she had faced the doctors at Chinon, so she faced the inquisitors at Rouen. M. France thinks that Jeanne was unable to distinguish between the true and the false because of her perpetual hallucinations. On the contrary, although she would not deny her Voices, she was singularly chary of making any claims to miraculous powers. "From beginning to end," says Mr. Lang, "her mind was perfectly clear, undimmed by dreams." She would not reveal the secret of the King; she was far more loyal to him than he was to her. Her judges repeatedly tried to entangle her, asking her questions which she properly refused to answer. She saw the traps that were set for her. Threatened with torture, she declared, "I will say no other thing than I have said." Did she at the last moment abjure her faith and perjure herself? Had she done so, this poor girl among her persecutors, it would have been no wonder. "As a matter of fact," concludes Mr. Lang, "it is as nearly as possible certain that, though she repeated some form of words, and signed something, she neither repeated nor signed the long and drastic document given in the official record." Let it be remembered that she could not read, and that her enemies were eager to find any sanction for their cruelty. She realised that she had said or signed something which gave the lie to her professions. "My Voices have told me since that I greatly sinned in that deed, in confessing that I had done ill. What I said, I said in fear of fire." She was at least as brave as that learned man Cranmer in a similar case.

If Mr. Lang's careful citations from the documents and his minute scrutiny of

the evidence have now and then interfered somewhat with the easy flow of the narrative, his book is none the less profoundly interesting and a welcome addition to the literature of the subject. It is impossible to do justice either to the book or the subject in a brief notice. But enough has been said, perhaps, to indicate to the reader the fascination of both. The question of the *Voices* is of minor consequence, after all. The essential fact remains that Jeanne Darc, this simple peasant maid from Domremy, was born to be the saviour of her country, to accomplish a heroic work that no man of her time had been able to accomplish, to hold steadfastly to the vision of her duty, to accept a martyr's fate as the end of her God-given mission. Few figures in all history shine to-day with the clear radiance of hers.

Edward Fuller.

V

MAXIM GORKY'S "THE SPY"*

It is one of the commonplaces of Russian criticism of to-day that Maxim Gorky has survived the zenith of his career, that he lives on his past record. His new books still enjoy an overwhelming circulation, but this is due to the deep-rooted vogue of their author's name and to the halo of martyrdom which surrounds it rather than to extraordinary intrinsic merit.

Gorky made his entry with a new message. If his "overmen" of the underworld, of the realm of tramps and criminals, lacked the convincing reality to which Russian art had been accustomed, they certainly have the stamp of originality and talent, and the fresh note which he then sounded was deservedly welcome. Add to this the fact that the new writer was one of the common people in a literature of noblemen whose best traditions were based (owing to the anti-serfdom exaltations of a former period) upon an idealisation of the peasant, and his meteoric success becomes

*The Spy. The Story of a Superfluous Man. By Maxim Gorky. Authorised translation by Thomas Seltzer, New York: B. W. Huebsch.

obvious. But this artificial field of his was not inexhaustible. He repeated himself. His Nietzschean "hoboes" palled, and when he took to more ordinary mortals the enthusiasm he evoked was perfunctory and gradually flagged.

With the advent of the titanic figure of Leonid Andreev Gorky found himself eclipsed. At the same time the failure of the revolution gave rise to a thousand abnormalities in literature as well as in life. The stifled political passions of the nation fell to seeking an outlet, among other things, in all sorts of artistic idiosyncrasies. The decadent school found a host of followers; whereupon Gorky proved neither able to keep abreast of the time nor strong enough as a sane realistic artist to retain rank with men like Turgeneff, Tolstoy, Dostoyevsky or Chekhoff. But then he is more than ever admired as a citizen, as an exile who has suffered for the cause and given several fortunes to it; and as, in addition, his themes usually have the virtue of timeliness, he is still one of the most widely read authors in his country.

The present book tells the story of the Revolution from a novel viewpoint, from the one of a political spy. Yevsey Klimkoff, a peasant boy, obtains employment in a book-shop, the owner of which turns out to be a detective. The shop is a mere pretext, a means for testing the loyalty of its customers to the czar. With this end in view seditious literature is offered them, with a pretense of secrecy, those who fall into the trap becoming the quarry of the Department of Safety.

Klimkoff is a weak-kneed, backboneless individual of good impulses, but a veritable football of surrounding men and conditions. Of honest and humane proclivities at heart, he does loathsome things whenever he is made to do them. He is an orphan, a waif, and being feeble of mind and body, he is forever beaten and victimised by his playmates. The result was an unresisting cat's paw in the hands of his fellow-men, with nobler sensibilities than actions—one of those human beings who travel through life doing exactly the things which they do not want to do.

The bookseller is killed by his mistress

and Klimkoff becomes a clerk in the Police Department and then a spy in the Department of Safety. Here we are introduced to the life of Russian political sleuths, to their attitude toward the revolutionists, to their experiences with one another and with the people they shadow. This is a rather inaccessible subject for a Russian writer to take up, but Gorky seems to have had exceptional opportunities for studying it, and he offers us a series of extremely interesting pictures of this proscribed nook of Russian life.

One of the men whom Klimkoff is set to spy upon is Mironoff, a celebrated writer. Subsequently, after the constitution has been granted, another spy, an educated man named Maklakoff, wearies of his occupation and goes to Argentine to turn a new leaf. Before doing so he sends Mironoff an autobiographical sketch together with an introspective analysis of his penitent self. The manuscript is sent through Klimkoff, who, warming to Mironoff, unbosoms himself to him of his own spiritual burdens, telling him his life-story.

As Gorky lived in Riga under conditions very similar to those of Mironoff, it seems within bounds to suppose that the episode here referred to has likewise some basis of fact. If so, it offers a solution to the question as to how the celebrated revolutionist author obtained his material for the present novel. One of the things of which Klimkoff unburdens himself to Mironoff is his compunction at having betrayed to the police his own cousin and playmate as well as a girl who has won his (Klimkoff's) heart.

He had gradually come to realise the justice of the revolutionists' cause and their moral and spiritual superiority over all the other people he met, but he lacked the will to abandon his degrading vocation. Nor would it be easy for him to do so if he tried. The slightest hint at his business, even when accompanied by a declaration of the best intentions on his part, made him the butt of abomination among decent people and put his life in danger.

Olga, the revolutionist working girl, to whom his cousin had introduced him, and the entire world which surrounded them charmed him so that, in an outburst of

ecstasy over their higher life, he dropped to his knees in an attempt to confess what he now considers his moral crimes to her. Olga mistakes it for a love passage, which she rejects gently but firmly. The male in him is offended. He drifts back into his usual self, and without wishing to do so, as always, he plays the part of an *agent provocateur* and decoys Olga, his cousin and several of their friends into a secret printing establishment for which he furnishes the type, and brings about their arrest.

The most important part of the book is perhaps to be found in those chapters which tell us how the Black Hundreds were organised. When the constitution had been proclaimed the spies of the Department of Safety were in despair. Free speech and a free press was a death blow to their business. The spies were made up of "Hybrids, degenerates, the physically sick, stupid animals"—one of their chiefs argues. "We must tell them that the new order would destroy them. The quiet among them would die of starvation; the more forward would rot in prison."

Accordingly, they are organised into a League of Russian People. They are given pistols and told to shoot every revolutionist they come across. As the interests of the grand dukes are identical with those of the spies and all sorts of other social misfits, impunity was promised to the League from above. Thus the True Sons of Russia, the "Patriots" of the country came into being, with a membership made up of the lowest social outcasts as well as of members of the Imperial family. Extremes met. The newly organised hordes went about clamouring for the revocation of the constitution, in the name of "good Old Russia," and shooting down revolutionists who came out to celebrate the birth of Freedom, and maiming Jewish women and children.

The book contains many effective scenes and the narrative is as engrossing as it is important as a human and a historical document. The personality of Klimkoff is interesting though it has scarcely been realised, which is perhaps the case with the novel as a whole. Somehow, the story has an effect of having been written with neither inspiration

nor enthusiasm, as though the author had not the patience or was not in the mood to bestow upon his striking material the artistic attention which it called for.

The English of the translation is clear and readable, and, barring some few exceptional instances, the Russian idiom has been rendered correctly and with felicity.

Abraham Cahan.

VI

MR. WELLS'S "TONO-BUNGAY"*

Opposite the title-page of Mr. Wells's new book appears a list of his works, by no means complete, but properly classified, thus: Short stories (three volumes), Romances (eleven), Novels (two), Sociological and Socialist essays (five). In future lists *Tono-Bungay* should appear under each heading. It is not, to be sure, with its four hundred and fifty pages, a short story; but it contains chapters that might serve as short stories. It is plainly a romance, with much else besides. Mr. Wells himself calls it a novel; there are critics who will tell you it is a sociological essay. It is in truth a very omnibus of fiction. "My ideas of a novel all through are comprehensive rather than austere," remarks the narrator of this amorphous tale. As a socialist, Mr. Wells knows the centralising tendency of modern industry; is he trying to crush the small dealer by establishing a mammoth department store novel, in which every one can find everything he needs? Victorian romance, near the entrance; tragedy—take the elevator, top floor; comedy, in the basement; science and sociology, on the bargain counter; a tempting display of realism in the drug department. "I suppose what I'm really trying to render is nothing more nor less than life—as one man has found it," further explains our author. Large as this contract sounds, other novelists have undertaken it; not one, however, with more generous intentions than Mr. Wells.

This opulent garrulity is a supposed characteristic of the great English novel-

ists of the Tradition—of the Dickenses and Thackerays and Trollopes who lived in the days of the three-decker novel. But though Mr. Wells's romance may occasionally savour of the good old times, he is, as usual, eminently up-to-date as regards his main subject. *Tono-Bungay* is—need it be explained?—a patent medicine. Its inventor, the great Edward Ponderevo, and his nephew and aide, the narrator of the veracious chronicle, struggle with varying fortunes for the position of hero. To match them there are two heroines—perhaps more. But heroines and their affairs are, in the language of commerce, mere bye-products. To modern industry and finance the big volume is dedicated. In the symphonic development of this great theme lies whatsoever appearance of unity the book can boast.

And Edward Ponderevo, cockney, druggist's clerk, gambler, inventor, advertiser, promoter, financier, capitalist, colossal defaulter, is a fine embodiment of the Romance of Commerce in which he himself ardently believes. Mr. Wells has given him substance and life. His impossible career can be matched in dozens around us. Every stage of his progress fits into the present scheme of things. Silly, inefficient creature that he is, he has perceived with a kind of vulgar genius the potency of advertising. He invents a name for a patent medicine, and then concocts a mixture to fit the name—a villainous cocktail, feebly disguised. By fraud and bluff he launches his enterprise, and it succeeds. Of course he believes in himself, in his genius, in his star—even in his honesty. Once established, with other people's money for his plaything, his most fantastic projects become realities. He piles one stupendous folly on another—until at last the crash comes.

This is hero number one. In hero number two we have a man of different type. George Ponderevo, the great Edward's nephew, possesses the scientific imagination, so dear to Mr. Wells. He has, too, the gift of confession of his creator, who has elsewhere proclaimed his belief that there is a kind of dishonesty in refraining from telling everything you know about yourself. Since the

**Tono-Bungay*. By H. G. Wells. New York: Duffield and Company.

story is in his mouth, this belief is the reader's gain. Through force of circumstances he plays his part in the development of his preposterous uncle's fortunes, but his heart is in science. He is the spokesman for Mr. Wells's curious lore concerning the imaginable possibilities of scientific research. He builds dirigible balloons and gliders, and makes journey to the African coast for a cargo of "quap"—a substance of such radio-activity that it destroys the boat in which he is bringing it back to England. Furthermore, he is touched with Mr. Wells's own sociological mania. He reflects much on the curious social anomalies with which his uncle's business brings him into contact. He sees the decay of the old order, and speculates as to what shall follow it. He is a complete contrast to his uncle, and every whit as modern.

Remain the bye-products. It would be interesting to dwell on these, for they furnish not the least of the varied interests of the book. George Ponderevo relates the story of his brief married life in a section that might almost be detached and set by itself as a rival to George Moore's best pages. In his account of his relations with the sex George has the frankness of a thoughtful man, an observant, sincere man who is tired of the shams with which the subject is plastered over, a man who has nevertheless an attenuated strain of vulgar cockneyism in him. That he manages to utter some truths barely implicit if not actually ignored in most fiction is to be accounted to him for good. There are further truths uttered in his account of the great love of his life, which comes later, but here they are so mixed and overlaid with untruths that a chemical reaction would be required to precipitate the pure metal.

But leaving this episode out of the account—and no one expects Mr. Wells to be at his best in dealing with a *grande passion*—the book, taken in detail, is marvellously good. If the mass of material were well organised it might be a great book. It is not organised; the whole is considerably less than the sum of its parts. But concede this, regard it as a book to be taken piecemeal, not read

as a whole, and there should be entertainment somewhere in its pages for every conceivable taste. To use the only appropriate analogy, its virtues are as pervasive as those of the patent medicine which it celebrates.

Ward Clark.

VII

E. F. BENSON'S "THE CLIMBER"*

Formerly the social climber was the *parvenu*, the vulgar person, recently enriched, who sought by means of her wealth to associate with people of position. That is the class of person held up to ridicule in such books as *The Yellowplush Papers*, *Ten Thousand a Year*, and *The Potiphar Papers*. Nowadays the social struggler must enter the fray with a far more complete outfit than that of mere money, or she stands no chance of success. Intelligence, a certain amount of culture, real or imitation, never-ending perseverance and a goodly proportion of that cleverness that is quick to perceive and profit by the weaknesses of others—these are the weapons with which the climber of to-day seeks to capture the desired position.

In describing the career of Lucia Grimson Mr. Benson has given us one of his best stories and drawn some of his best characters. First of these is Lucia herself, beautiful, clever and condemned to that hopelessly dull existence which is the lot of the British alone among the nations of the earth, and from which matrimony seems to offer the only escape. Lord Brayton appears upon the scene, and to secure this eligible husband Lucia exerts every effort and ruse. Brayton is something of a prig, but a good fellow withal, desirous of doing his duty as a citizen, and sincere in his wish to have his influence, his house, and his name stand for something higher than mere fashion. His appreciation of culture is real, though perhaps a little conscious and laboured, and it is by playing skilfully upon this trait of character that Lucia wins him, and deliberately, al-

*The Climber. By E. F. Benson. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

though she knows that her best friend, Maud, is in love with him.

After a few years of married life she begins to find her husband rather tiresome and realises the difficulty of keeping up her *pose* of caring only for the higher things of life, but she has gained so much by her marriage that these are but trifles. Up to this time her heart, such as it is, has been entirely untouched when, suddenly, comes her emotional experience. Maud has married a cousin of Lord Brayton's and is very happy. Charlie is attracted by Lucia, as all men are; she begins by liking to exert her power over him, and before she knows it, the mischief is done and each is aware of the other's sentiments. No feeling of loyalty to the man who had given her so much, no touch of pity for the woman whom she is again robbing, assails Lucia. She encourages Charlie and draws him on, with the usual result of detection, exposure, and the Divorce Court. Maud sends her husband away for six months, at the end of which time he is to choose between his wife and Lucia. Should his choice be the latter, Maud will do what she can to make their marriage possible; should he decide in favour of his wife, she will take him back. Lucia goes back to the dull home in Brixton to await her sentence, which comes, six months later, in the form of a paragraph in the paper announcing that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Lindsay are in town for the remainder of the season. Her doom is sealed, and from thenceforward her life stretches on before her like a dusty road, dull and hopeless.

Lucia is plainly the descendant of *Dodo*, the author's earlier creation, though a little more modern, a little better educated, and far more of a manœuverer. Her selfishness is a little more decently covered, but she is just as hard and worthless. The characters of the two old aunts are wonderfully well drawn: Aunt Cathie, with the severe appearance and demeanour and the tender heart, and Aunt Elizabeth, soft in manner, but really as hard as nails. Mr. Benson is a very prolific writer, but it is long since he has given us as good a story as *The Climber*.

Mary K. Ford.

VIII

PHILLPOTTS'S "THE THREE BROTHERS"*

After concentrating all his force upon the development of a single character, as in his last year's novel, *The Mother of the Man*, Mr. Phillpotts has returned to the method of his earlier books. His newest story, *The Three Brothers*, is a natural successor to the first among his best works. On a wide canvas of moor, rock-bound hills and open spaces of land and sky, a large group of people act out their lives, fulfil their destinies. The three men who give the title to the book, the three brothers Baskerville, loom large in the story, and its chief characters are their families and those nearest them in friendship. But we learn to know a number of village types of the same delicious humour, the same sharpness of outline we have come to look for in Mr. Phillpotts. And we welcome them with the same glee with which we greet each new impersonation by a favourite comedian. Some of them are familiar friends for the readers of Mr. Phillpotts's books, but they are none the less welcome for all that. The three brothers, who are the heroes of the story (perhaps the having three heroes makes the canvas seem so full of figures), are all creations worthy of great praise. While in the case of two, the story is but portraiture, not a depicting of development, yet for one of them, sour-tempered Humphrey Baskerville, development comes through suffering, and teaches him to better understand himself, while teaching others to better understand him. One marvels at the rich imagination of the writer, who in these days of thinly spread plots can condense within a single book situations enough for a dozen novels. More than one long story has been written around the right of one human being to end the sufferings of another by a kindly anticipated painless death. Mr. Phillpotts makes of it but one short episode in a chain of many other episodes. Also the story of Nathan Baskerville's secret romance, his unfortunate speculations and defraudations, this of itself would have sufficed for a central theme of

**The Three Brothers*. By Eden Phillpotts. New York: The Macmillan Company.

a book nearly as long. But Mr. Phillpotts has an odd knack of power in the subordinating of such stirring incidents to the quiet orderly passing of days and nights, to the sequence of trivialities which fill in the hours that must be lived between the tragedies and the joys, an odd knack at making his story, at the last, be more than a depicting of any one incident or character, be something like a little slice out of life itself.

When one comes about half way through in this book, there is a slight faltering of the attention, and a tendency to believe the author has put in too many figures on his canvas, too much detail, to hold the reader. But persevere, and a little further on it will be found that the story has a grip like that of life itself, the same fascination that comes of a lonely evening in reviewing the canvas of one's own life and the many figures it has held. Eden Phillpotts is an uneven writer. But at his best there is a bigness about his work which renders criticism difficult, which is hard to express in terms of judicious calmness. This book has something of it too, a great deal, in fact. And there is noticeable a smoothing of the style, a greater attention to clearness in detail, less mannerism, in other words Mr. Phillpotts is perfecting his workmanship without losing any of his power. There is tremendous strength in this book, and great art besides. Art in the way in which the many virile figures of the story fall gradually into the background, and lonely Humphrey Baskerville, at first only a grim, disagreeable shadow on the brightness of the others, comes slowly to take the centre of the stage, and to hold it until the striking closing scene. Mr. Phillpotts has held his tendency to sentimentality strongly in leash in this book, and has also used with praiseworthy moderation his equally strong tendency to break forth into nature descriptions at every possible opportunity. Where he has allowed himself to indulge his fondness for landscape painting, he has done it with his usual masterly touch, with his now accustomed riot of colour. While no greater than its immediate predecessor, *The Three Brothers*, is a worthy companion to Mr. Phillpotts's best work,

and will continue to hold for him the admiration of a large and constantly growing circle of readers. It is a book one likes to linger over and think of afterward.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

IX

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS'S "JOSHUA CRAIG"*

If Mr. Phillips's aim in writing *The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig* was to present a new and particularly objectionable type of all-round cad, the book must be regarded as an unqualified success. If he intended offering a half apology for his cad; if he wished to reconcile the reader to the marriage of Craig and Margaret Severence, or had himself the slightest belief in a possible happy result of that marriage, he has just as certainly failed. There are not the smallest grounds upon which to suspect Craig of even common honesty. It has been hinted that Mr. Phillips took as a model a very prominent Western statesman. If the portrait is to any degree a true one the book is a dreadful indictment of the society which tolerates the original.

By insisting on certain qualities of energy, eloquence and perseverance, Mr. Phillips brings his creature to Washington as assistant to the Attorney-General. There the animal is let loose, to snort and bellow and glorify his own vulgarity and trample people's feelings to his own infinite satisfaction. What Mr. Phillips, in the grim humour of creating the character, seems at times to forget, is that Craig is always and forever a snivelling snob and tuft-hunter, at heart regarding any approach to breeding and good manners with venomous, envious hatred. The heroine has her faults—plenty of them. She has inherited a good many of the characteristics of her pompous, intolerant, boorish old virago of a grandmother, Madame Bowker, *née* Lard. But even the most unfavourable exaggeration of Margaret Severence's unamiable qualities is a poor

*The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. By David Graham Phillips. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

THE BOOKMAN

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to its logical end.
is of Daudet's Shal-
e character, and also
nt's Georges Duroy,
the whole, the best

that can be said of Joshua Craig is that he
is a distinct contribution to the Rogues'
Gallery of Fiction. Even there it would
be an injustice to class him with the dig-
nified scamp, the man with courage to
rise to murder or arson or first-class
forgery. His countenance belongs with
those of the snatchers of women's purses,
the habitual wife beaters and the levyers
of petty blackmail.

Firmin Dredd.

THE BOOK MART

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it and Other Poems. By

is in this little volume
"Impressions from Old

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Botticelli and Dürer, which inspired the
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Francis Burns.

Besides the verses grouped under the
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are a number of miscellaneous poems
under such heads as "Ballads and
Legends"; "Peace and War"; "Books
and Men"; "Ballads of Boyhood";
"Fellowship Songs"; "A Man to a
Woman"; and "College Verses."

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The Book of Georgian Verse. Chosen and
Edited with Notes by William Stanley
Braithwaite.

A collection of the best work of one
hundred and sixty English, Scottish and
Irish poets, including such representative
names as Goldsmith, Gray, Collins,
Chatterton, Burns, Blake, Cowper,
Crabbe, Keats, Byron, Shelley, Scott,
Wordsworth, Coleridge, Landor, Hood,
Beddoes, Mangan, Praed, and Peacock.
The volume contains explanatory and bi-
ographical notes, a glossary, and indexes
of authors, titles, and first lines.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Way to Win. (And Other Poems.) By
David Wilkie Graham.

Consisting of about eighty miscellane-
ous poems.

Heart Poems. By A. Elizabeth Sigsbee.

Containing twenty-one short poems on
various themes.

Henry Frowde:

Toward the Uplands. By Lloyd Mifflin.

Some of the author's later poems, which, with the exception of three, are published here for the first time.

The Macmillan Company:

Ode on the Centenary of Abraham Lincoln.
By Percy MacKaye.

To be read by Mr. MacKaye at the Centenary celebration of the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences.

Newport Publishing Company:

Reincarnated. By Charles Gould Beede.

A book of verse described as "A Romance of the Soul."

Plymouth Publishing Company:

The Magic of the Woods and Other Poems.
By Ingram Crockett.

A collection of about one hundred miscellaneous poems, many of which have already appeared in various magazines.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Breath of the World. By Starr Hoyt Nichols.

A group of sonnets in which the author expresses his opinions upon men and affairs, and his own convictions and feelings regarding life and the world in general. They are divided into such sectional headings as "Breath of the World;" "The Republic;" "Evolution;" "Demos;" "Vulcan;" "Crafts;" "Craftsmen;" "Property;" "Sport;" "Virtues' Vices;" "Vices' Virtues;" "Philosophy;" "Sleep and Death;" "Schoolman;" "Fairy Land;" "Supernatural;" "Love;" "Friendship;" "Life;" "Animals;" "Birds;" "Flowers;" "Nature;" and "Of Various Feather."

Abraham Lincoln. A Poem. By Lyman Whitney Allen.

A revised and enlarged edition of the poem to which was awarded the prize of \$1,000 offered by the New York *Herald* in 1895 for the best poem on American history.

Souvenir Publishing Company:

On the Sunset Shore. By Joseph W. Dorr.

A book of about one hundred poems and rhymes. Some of the poems are illustrated and there are also groups of views of California, Oregon, Washington, British Columbia and Alaska.

The Sun Press (Spring Valley, Wis.):

Songs from the Wayside. By Ninette M. Lowater.

A collection of more than a hundred miscellaneous poems, including a group of patriotic poems. Most of these have been reprinted from various magazines.

ART, DRAMA

Broadway Publishing Company:

A Tale Confided by the Woods. Divulged
by M. Y. T. H. Myth.

A play in five acts.

Duffield and Company:

All's Well That Ends Well. Edited by W. G. Boswell-Stone. Introduction by F. W. Clark, M.A.

In the series of Old-Spelling Shakespeare, one of the sections of the Shakespeare Library. This series consists of the works of Shakespeare in the spelling of the best quarto and folio texts.

Ginn and Company:

The Art of Painting in the Nineteenth Century. By Edmund von Mach, Ph.D.

Here the author discusses French painting, German painting, British painting, American painting, painting in Italy, Spain and in the Netherlands, and painting in Russia, Denmark and Scandinavia. Reproductions of the work of some thirty artists are given.

Harper and Brothers:

The Winterfeast. By Charles Rann Kennedy.

The scene of this play is laid in Iceland in the eleventh century, on the evening of the Feast of Winter's Night. It shows the overpowering influence of a lie which, after twenty years, comes to light again and ruins the happiness of a whole family.

Mitchell Kennerley:

The World and His Wife. By Charles Frederic Nirdlinger.

A play in three acts from the verse of José Echegaray's *El Gran Galeoto*. Presented by Mr. William Faversham and company at Daly's Theatre. The book is illustrated with scenes from the play.

John W. Luce and Company:

A Florentine Tragedy. By Oscar Wilde.
Opening Scene by Sturge Moore.

In the new edition of Oscar Wilde's plays published through the influence of his friend Robert Ross, who tells in an introductory note the history of the manuscript of this play and how the first scene came to be written by the dramatist and poet, Sturge Moore.

The McClure Company:

The Higher Life in Art. A Series of Lectures on the Barbizon School of France Inaugurating the Scammon Course at the Art Institute of Chicago. By John La Farge.

These six lectures were delivered by

Mr. La Farge in May, 1903, as the first series of lectures upon the history, theory and practice of fine arts to be known as "The Scammon Lectures" and provided for by a fund left to the Art Institute of Chicago by Mrs. John Young Scammon. In Mr. La Farge's series he considers the life and work of such artists as Delacroix, Millet, Decamps, Diaz, Rousseau, Dupré, Daubigny, and Corot. Reproductions of many of the paintings of these artists are given.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

How to Appreciate Prints. By Frank Weitenkampff.

In this work Mr. Weitenkampff, who is Curator of the Print Department of the New York Public Library, tells enough of the history and technique of engravings, etchings, and other prints to illustrate the development and nature of the various processes. He points out that the object "is not to furnish cut-and-dried invariable rules, but to aid in the development of a critical spirit paired with liberal-mindedness." There are chapters on The Taste for Prints; Etching; Line Engraving; Mezzotints; Aquatint and Other Tint Methods; Stipple and Other Dot Methods; Wood Engraving; Lithography; Photomechanical Processes; Color Prints; Collecting; The Making of Prints; Care of Prints; The Subject-Interest; and Some Specialities.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Harper and Brothers:

Reminiscences of Abraham Lincoln. By Distinguished Men of His Time. Collected and Edited by Allen Thorndike Rice.

New and revised edition. Impressions of the wonderful political career of Abraham Lincoln, with pictures of him as the Executive, in the Cabinet, in the midst of the war, at Gettysburg, as the liberator of the slaves, as the friend of the soldiers, as a man among men. There are contributions by such men as Ulysses S. Grant, Frederick Douglass, Benjamin F. Butler, Elihu B. Washburne, Henry Ward Beecher, George Sewall Boutwell, Walt Whitman, Charles Carleton Coffin, Charles A. Dana, Donn Piatt, Robert G. Ingersoll, and various others.

John Lane Company:

Edward MacDowell. A Study. By Lawrence Gilman.

This work on the late Edward MacDowell, which has been treated from two viewpoints, "The Man" and "The Music-Maker," is based upon the mono-

graph on MacDowell which Mr. Gilman contributed to the Living Masters of Music series, and which at the death of the musician was taken from the series. In using it as a foundation for this volume the author has greatly enlarged the biographical portion and revised and extended those chapters which deal with MacDowell's music.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Bartholomew De Las Casas. His Life, his Apostolate, and his Writings. By Francis Augustus MacNutt.

Being the life and work of Bartholomew de Las Casas, the sixteenth century historian of early Spanish-America, the devoted missionary, and the defender of the Indians who fared so ill at the hands of their Christian conquerors. The author's object in this volume has been "to assign to the noblest Spaniard who ever landed in the Western world his true place among those great spirits who have defended and advanced the cause of just liberty, and at the same time to depict the conditions under which the curse of slavery was first introduced into North America."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Some Eminent Victorians. Personal Recollections in the World of Art and Letters. By J. Comyns Carr.

Devoted to recollections and stories of the famous men of the later half of the nineteenth century with whom Mr. Carr came into personal relations. There are many anecdotes concerning such men as Rossiter, Burne-Jones, Millais and Leighton, Frederick Walker, Whistler, Browning, Tennyson, Henry Irving.

Sigma Publishing Company (St. Louis, Mo.):

Abraham Lincoln. By Denton J. Snider.

Being an "Interpretation in Biography." The introduction is devoted to the meaning of Lincoln's life, and the book proper is divided into such chapters as: "Lincoln's Apprenticeship," "Lincoln's Youth," "Drifting," "Getting Anchored," "Lincoln's National Call," "From State to Nation," "Lincoln's Subsidence," "The National Choice," and "Lincoln, the Nation's Executive."

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

American Unitarian Association:

The Transient and Permanent in Christianity. By Theodore Parker. Edited with Notes by George Willis Cooke.

Sermons of Religion. By Theodore Parker Edited with a Preface by Samuel A. Eliot.

Historic Americans. By Theodore Parker.
Edited with Notes by Samuel A. Eliot.

These are three of the volumes in the Centenary Edition of Theodore Parker's works. Six volumes have been published in this series, which is to contain fifteen volumes in all and which is to be completed in 1910, the centennial year of Parker's birth.

Richard G. Badger:

Abraham Lincoln's Religion. By Madison Peters.

This volume, dealing with the spiritual side of Abraham Lincoln, is divided into three parts: "Lincoln the Man," "Was Abraham Lincoln a Christian?" and "Why Did Lincoln Never Join a Church?"

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Peace, Power and Plenty. By Orison Swett Marden.

In the series of the Marden Inspiration Books. The object of the present volume is, the author states, to present in clear, simple language, shorn of all technicalities, the principles of the new philosophy which promises to lift life out of commonness and discord and make it worth while; it shows how these principles may be grasped and applied in a practical way in every-day living to each person's own individual case. Some of the chapters are: "The Law of Opulence," "Health Through Right Thinking," "Mental Chemistry," "Why Grow Old," "The Miracle of Self-Confidence," and "Good Cheer—God's Medicine."

Government Printing Office:

Physiological and Medical Observations. Among the Indians of Southwestern United States and Northern Mexico. By Ales Hrdlicka.

For the Smithsonian Institution, Bureau of American Ethnology, Bulletin 34.

Indo-American Book Company (Chicago, Ill.):

Constructive Psychology, or The Building of Character by Personal Effort. By J. D. Buck.

Volume III in the Supplemental Harmonic Series, which includes volumes on ethics, history, research and discovery. It is stated that these books are not offered as official expositions of the School of Natural Science, but as valuable literature which supplements the general position and purpose of the School.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Phrenology, or the Doctrine of the Mental Phenomena. By J. G. Spurzheim, M.D. With an Introduction by Cyrus Elder.

This is a reprint of a book, originally published more than seventy-five years ago, that went through several editions, and has been out of print for many years. The author was one of the founders of the science of phrenology.

The Macmillan Company:

Mars as the Abode of Life. By Percival Lowell, A.B., LL.D.

Besides being an argument in favour of Professor Lowell's theory, this book is the first outline of a new science which the author calls the science of planetology—the history of the career of a planet considered as such. Professor Lowell has pointed out that this subject bridges the evolutionary gap between the nebular hypothesis and the Darwinian theory, since it deals with the genesis and development of what we call a world. The volume is written for the general reader, the mathematical and other demonstrations of the various steps of the argument having been placed in an Appendix. There are numerous illustrations.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Living Word. By Elwood Worcester.

Treating of the old mysteries of God, evil, the soul, and immortality from the point of view of modern scientific and philosophic thought. Dr. Worcester writes that "although this simple volume makes absolutely no claim to be a compendium of theology, it does attempt to grapple with some of the greatest problems of that great science, the Nature of God, and God's relation to the soul." He states that in writing the book he has had two classes of persons in mind: "The scientifically educated, who feel that rational faith must rest on facts, and that great company of men and women who do not think profoundly or systematically, but who desire a religious interpretation of the universe and reassurance as to the supreme problems which eternally press on human life."

The Pilgrim Press:

A Man's Faith. By Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D.

A little volume designed as a help to all in search of a larger faith, and also to assist churches and pastors in their evangelistic undertakings. The subject is treated under three heads: "How to Obtain Faith in Jesus Christ," "How to Retain Faith," and "How to Use Faith."

The Quest of Health and Happiness. By Chauncey J. Hawkins.

Outlining some of the principles which give a better understanding of the various physisic movements, such as,

Christian Science, Faith Healing, the Emmanuel Movement, and the work of Bishop Fallows of Chicago. Its object is also to create a better understanding between ministers and physicians.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Philosophy of Self-Help. An Application of Practical Psychology to Daily Life. By Stanton Davis Kirkham.

The volume is a systematic and scientific presentation, by a psychologist, of the application of auto-suggestion to the needs of daily life. After reviewing that body of spiritual truth, which is the normal field of the mind's activity, it then considers the nature and activity of the mind itself, and concludes with logical deductions and practical suggestions regarding mind-building, character-forming, and the overcoming of disease through an application of the principles discussed.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Modernism. By Paul Sabatier. Translated by C. A. Miles.

The author shows the growth of Modernism in all European countries, though especially in Italy and France, explains the attitude and mentality of the Pope and his advisers, and gives his reasons for believing that the Roman Church is destined to be transformed and regenerated by this, the most significant religious movement of our time.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Coming Science. By Hereward Carrington. With an Introduction by James H. Hyslop, Ph.D., LL.D.

In the introduction to Mr. Carrington's new work on psychical research Professor Hyslop says that the author has covered in a very clear and intelligible way the main points of interest in the problems which concern the psychic researcher. He writes: "The book assumes that the facts are known or easily accessible to the reader in the publications of the Society for Psychical Research, and hence the main part of the author's task is discussion of their real or possible meaning and explanation."

Student Department, Y. M. C. A.:

The Future Leadership of the Church. By John R. Mott, M.A.

The author explains that this book is largely the result of investigations carried on during the past six years in all parts of the world, and is addressed to leaders of the Church, both ministers and laymen, and to all others who are deeply interested in the progress of Christianity.

Joseph F. Wagner (New York):

Henry Charles Lea's Historical Writings. A

Critical Inquiry into Their Method and Merit. By Paul Maria Baumgarten.

The author here considers Henry Charles Lea's works on the history of Auricular Confession, the Inquisition, and other institutions of the church.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

The Century Company:

Days Spent on a Doge's Farm. By Margaret Symonds. (Mrs. W. W. Vaughan.)

A new and enlarged edition. It is a history of the life of the owners of the estate of the house of Pisani in Northern Italy. During the latter part of the life of the widowed Countess Pisani, the author spent some time at the great farmhouse and writes here of the country life of that little known part of Italy and of her friendship with the Countess Pisani, who was a woman of exceptional brilliancy and charm.

The Macmillan Company:

The Ancient Greek Historians. By J. B. Bury, Litt.D., LL.D.

Being the Lane Lectures which Professor Bury delivered in the spring of 1908 at Harvard University. The characteristics, the peculiar merits and attractions of the famous Greek historians are discussed, with chapters on the rise of Greek historiography, Herodotus, Thucydides, the Development of History after Thucydides, Polybius, and the Ideals and Influence of the Greek Historians.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Pictures of Old Chinatown. By Arnold Genthe. With Text by Will Irwin.

Mr. Arnold Genthe, the well-known photographer of the Pacific Coast, whose hobby for many years has been photographing Chinatown, has here reproduced nearly fifty of the photographs which he managed to save when he was driven from his home in San Francisco at the time of the earthquake. These illustrations are accompanied by Mr. Irwin's descriptive text.

The Pilgrim Press:

Daybreak in Turkey. By James L. Barton, D.D.

Dr. Barton writes that his book does not pretend to be an exhaustive study of the Turkish empire and its problems, but that the purpose from the beginning has been briefly and clearly to set forth the various historical, religious, racial, material and national questions having so vital a bearing upon all Turkish matters, and which now reveal the forces that have had so much to do in changing Turkey from an absolute monarchy into a constitutional and representative government.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Abbeys of Great Britain. By H. Clai-borne Dixon.

This volume gives an account of more than sixty abbeys in England, Scotland and Wales, illustrated in many cases by a full-page view of the abbey as it is to-day. The introduction gives a brief and concise history of monasticism in Great Britain, and then follows the list of abbeys, each one being described as it is now, with a short history of its founding and subsequent vicissitudes. A book that will appeal to travellers or any one interested in Monasticism or the general history of the Middle Ages.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Essentials in Civil Government. A Text-Book for Use in Schools. By S. E. For-man, Ph.D.

The aim of this little book, intended for the last years of grammar school and the first years of the high school, is to establish high political ideals, to promote good citizenship. Incidentally, it teaches many important facts concerning the forms and workings of our government. Each lesson in civics is made a lesson in political ethics.

Standard Songs and Choruses. For High Schools. By M. F. MacConnell, Director of Music in New York High Schools.

In this book are ninety-eight selections, comprising part songs, excerpts from operas and oratorios, choruses, and folk-songs, in which special attention has been paid to the voice range for all parts. Some of the classical songs of Schumann, Schubert, Grieg, and others are given in the original version for one voice, thus enabling all the singers to learn the original melody.

Standards in Education. With Some Consideration of Their Relation to Industrial Training. By Arthur Henry Chamberlain, B.S., A.M.

The problems of modern education are taken up in such a manner as to make them understood by those without the school as well as those inside of it, and the treatment shows clearly the relation of the school atmosphere to the life of the outside world.

Nature Study. By Grades. Teachers' Book for Primary Grades. By Horace H. Cummings, B.S.

A helpful teacher's manual for the first three grades. The outlines given, to be developed by the teacher, are based upon familiar experiences and facts, and many field lessons are arranged for. Pupils are encouraged to make original observations and experi-

ments, and to give natural principles their practical applications. In addition to animal and plant life, the lessons deal with physics, physiology and hygiene.

New Laboratory Manual of Physics. By S. E. Coleman, S.B., A.M.

This volume, containing twenty-six experiments, is distinctly a laboratory guide for the pupil. It aims to present a maximum of physics with a minimum of manipulation. Every experiment given is a physical experiment, and serves a definite purpose in the general plan of the course—it contributes something of positive value in the unfolding of that plan.

Nineteenth Century English Prose. Critical Essays. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Thomas H. Dickinson, Ph.D., and Frederick W. Roe, A.M.

This book for college classes presents a series of ten selected essays, which are intended to trace the development of English criticism in the nineteenth century. The essays chosen are by Hazlitt, Carlyle, Macaulay, Thackeray, Newman, Bagehot, Pater, Stephen, Morley, and Arnold. In each case they are those most typical of the author's critical principles, and at the same time representative of the critical tendencies of his age.

Jungfrau von Orleans. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary by Warren Washburn Florer, Ph.D.

This edition has been prepared in the light of the recent Schiller investigation, for the purpose of introducing students to the elements of literary interpretation and of stimulating in them a desire to read the drama as a masterpiece. The introduction gives a picture of France at the coming of the Maid of Orleans, a short sketch of her life, suggestive hints as to Schiller's use of history and of the principal literary sources, and an account of the composition and production of the drama.

Ginn and Company:

Merrie England. Travels, Descriptions, Tales and Historical Sketches. By Grace Greenwood.

A new edition of the stories which the author wrote for children more than half a century ago. These stories have for their subjects such interesting figures in English history as Robin Hood, Alice Vane, Guy of Warwick, Queen Philippa, Sir Walter Raleigh, and others.

Tales of Old England in Prose and Verse. Compiled and Edited by Marion Florence Lansing, M.A.

In the Open Road Library of Juvenile Literature, which also includes "Rhymes and Stories" and "Fairy Tales." The

present volume contains fourteen familiar tales, among which are "Tom Thumb," "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Jack the Giant Killer," and "The Minstrel's Farewell."

Henry Holt and Company:

French Word-Lists. By B. Frank Carter.

Containing about two thousand words in ordinary use. The idea in the preparation of these lists is to enable the student to more easily acquire a vocabulary for both reading and speaking French.

Yvan Gall. *Le Pupille De La Marine*. Par Gabriel Compayré. Edited with Notes and Vocabulary by O. B. Super.

The story was originally intended for use of lower grades in the French schools. This edition has been somewhat abridged, and gives only that part of the text which is supposed to be of general interest. The style is simple, and the book is intended to be instructive as well as interesting.

Modern German Prose. Compiled and Annotated by A. B. Nichols.

A reader for advanced classes. It contains forty miscellaneous selections arranged in order of difficulty. They are divided into two parts, those being made up of comparatively easy selections, in order to encourage sight-reading, and the second part containing the more difficult matter.

A Laboratory Course in Plant Physiology. Second Edition. Extended to Form a Handbook of Experimentation for Educational Use. By William F. Ganong, Ph.D.

The author announces that the three-fold purpose of this book is as follows: "First, it aims to lead students through a good laboratory course in Plant Physiology; second, it seeks to provide a handbook of information upon all phases of Plant Physiology having any educational interest; third, I venture to hope that it may find service as a guide to self-education by ambitious teachers or students, who, unable to obtain regular instruction, yet wish to advance themselves in this attractive and important subject."

William R. Jenkins Company:

Pensées et Réflexions de La Bruyère et autres Auteurs Français. Compilées et Arrangées par Cornelia Sisson Crowther.

Some of the authors quoted other than La Bruyère are: Pascal, La Rochefoucauld, Molière, La Fontaine, Fénelon, Piron, Diderot, Sedaine, Alexis de Tocqueville, Ernest Legouvé, Alfred de Musset, Camille Flammarion, Anatole France, Alphonse Daudet, Léon Denis, Eugène Nus, Carmen Sylva.

Lectures et Conversations. Illustrées De 70 Gravures. Par DuBois et De Geer.

Stories and anecdotes alternate in these lessons, permitting the introduction of many idioms and expressions which will be found materially helpful in aiding conversation.

The Macmillan Company:

Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War. Translated into English by T. Rice Holmes.

A translation into English of Cæsar's classic, equipped with a map, a full index, and explanatory matter wherever necessary.

The Rhetoric of Oratory. By Edwin DuBois Shurter.

A treatise on oratorical composition. It is intended as a text-book for school and college students, but is also adapted to the needs of the public speaker. The various chapters are: "What is Oratory," "Kinds of Oratory," "The Divisions of the Oration," "Style in Oral Discourse," "The Making of an Orator: General Preparation," and "The Writing of an Oration."

FICTION

Richard G. Badger:

Every Man His Chance. By Matilda Woods Stone.

A Western story in which is depicted the rapid rise of a town which aspired to be a large city. It tells of the sudden boom and of the equally sudden failure.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Professor Slagg of London. By Dwight Edwards Marvin.

Professor Le Grand Slagg, D. G. B. S., of London, or "Bumptious," as Miss Betsie Matilda Creepy, the little stocking darning, nicknames him, is the chief character and the cause of all the trouble which eventually leads to a horrible death to him, in his effort to escape the police, but which works out to the happiness of all others concerned. Professor Slagg and his daughter come to live in a small town near New York, where he tries to impress his importance upon the people by assuming a very pompous manner. When he finds that he has been discovered in his scheme of securing money through the mails, by means of begging letters written in the name of a poor widow, he leaves the town. His daughter, whom he ill-treats and endeavours to use as a tool for his evil purposes, is rescued from his clutches by a young man whom she afterward marries. Walter Brace is an interesting character, whom we meet first as a bootblack, later as the little

hero in the fire at the Orphan Asylum, and in the end as the son Professor Slagg had cast off as a little child.

Aurora of Poverty Hill. By Esmée Walton.

When the opportunity comes Aurora rejoices to leave Poverty Hill and gladly goes with Sam Dorr and his sister to a mining town in the West. Aurora was to have been married to Sam after he became settled in the new place, but she becomes greatly attracted to the more polished Keaton. When she discovers the sort of man he is and realises too late that she has lost the better man, she turns bitterly against Keaton and endeavours to bring about his political ruin. In this she fails, for he meets his death just when his popularity is at its height. Broken hearted, she returns to Poverty Hill, where, after five years, she is joined by Sam Dorr, and together they start life anew.

The Mystic Spring, and Other Tales of Western Life. By Hon. D. W. Higgins.

A new and revised illustrated edition consisting of twenty-six tales treating of Western life. The book takes its title from the first story.

Tales of Enchantment. By M. Y. T. H. Myth.

The brief sketches in this volume, nearly forty in all, have been divided in five sections under such heads as "Wild Roses and a Happy Family," "Embodiment of Fragrancy," "Allotted for Each Other, or, A Modern Paradise," "The Way to Wings," and "Nature to the Rescue."

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Checkerberry. By Lucretia S. McDonald.

The heroine of the story is Rachel Berry, or "Checkerberry," who, in her infancy, was kidnapped by the designing husband of her nurse to be trained for the circus. Through a kind fate she falls into the hands of Miss Debby, a winsome spinster lady. She knows nothing of the child's parentage, and her mission in life becomes the welfare of this little girl, who has won her heart. She transforms her large house into a home for both her and eleven other young orphaned girls in whom she is interested.

The Revelation in the Mountain. By Gertrude Keene Major. With an Introduction by Judge C. C. Goodwin.

Thirteen short stories dealing with Mormonism and showing something of the life in Salt Lake City fifty or sixty years ago.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Comrades. A Story of Social Adventure in California. By Thomas Dixon, Jr.

As the outcome of a socialistic agita-

tion in San Francisco, in which Norman Worth, a young man of considerable wealth, becomes involved, a colony is founded on a deserted island off the coast of California. For a time the new order of things seems to prosper, but the members of the colony are not yet ready to embrace true socialism with its principles of equality of labour and property. The men and women refuse to do the work required of them. Finally Norman Worth, who had gone into the work in all good faith, and whose father had secretly furnished funds to carry it on, is removed from his place at the head of the colony and eventually completely deposed by a band of schemers who had gone into the thing simply for their own profit. They even go to the extent of placing him in prison, and he is not released until, through the aid of Barbara Bozenta, who was made the means of interesting the young man in this socialistic movement in the beginning, government troops arrive and take possession of the island.

Grosset and Dunlap:

Budge and Toddie, or Helen's Babies at Play. By John Habberton.

A sequel to *Helen's Babies*. Being the account of the further doings of these marvellously precocious children. Aunt Alice and Uncle Harry take upon themselves the temporary care of the boys, Budge and Toddie.

Indo-American Book Company:

The Gay Gnani of Gingalee, or Discords of Devolution. By Florence Huntley.

Volume II in the Harmonic Fiction Series. It is described as "a tragical entanglement of modern mysticism and modern science."

U. P. James (Cincinnati, Ohio):

The Memoirs of a Failure. With an Account of the Man and his Manuscript. By Daniel Wright Kittredge.

Prefacing what purports to be the memoirs of a man who had made a failure of life, or, as he described them to the author to whom they were sent with instructions to be placed in a safe-deposit vault for a period of six years, "scribblings descriptive of personal sensations and remembrances during a long period of time, that is all," is given an account of the man's life at the University of Virginia and at Harvard. His strange habits and his wrecked life—the reader is led to believe are the results of his constant drinking of a strange sangaree prepared by an old negro servant.

Mitchell Kennerley:

The Silver Cleek. By John Campbell Haywood. Illustrations by Gordon Grant.

Paul Evens, president of the Golden Hill Golf Club, suddenly leaves the country on an extended tour. For two years his friends have no news of him except an occasional postal, and one day are surprised to receive a strange letter in which he announces the coming of an Indian Prince, whom he has met on his travels and whom he has taught to play golf. The Prince and his sister arrive at the club and become objects of special interest. The Prince, who always uses a silver cleek, after playing with several of the members, wins a game from Tom Brown, the champion, by just one stroke. Some had suspicions about the Prince and his game of golf, but none were able to define them. The day after the great game Paul Evens returns, and at a dinner given by the Prince and Princess many things are explained, principally the Prince's secret in playing the perfect game of golf, which he describes as "the necessary nerve force, eyesight, trained to a perfect judge of distance, muscles and mind acting in perfect harmony, and a will-power exerted to its fullest extent on an unconscious adversary." This power, however, he assured them had only been used as a test for some scientific consideration in a book which Paul Evens was writing.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Missioner. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

Victor Macheson, upon leaving college, decides to devote his life and fortune to helping the poor. He finds some difficulty in starting his work in Thorpe, a small village some distance from London, owing to the fact that the owner of the village, Miss Wilhelmina Thorpe-Hatton, a very wealthy and capricious young woman, refuses to allow him a place in which to preach. In spite of her efforts to hinder it he carries on his work for a time. She feels his power, however, and at once falls desperately in love with him. Later they meet in London, and when she refuses to marry him Victor rushes away to lead a mad life in Paris. Suddenly, while in the "Rat Mort," his eyes are opened to the folly of it all, and he returns to London, where he again takes up his work. The mystery which had surrounded Wilhelmina and had prevented her marrying Victor Macheson, is cleared when she learns that her early marriage with a man whom she found to be a villain, and whom she had had placed in prison is void, as she discovers that he had a wife at the time he married her simply for her money. Thus freed, she marries Victor, and together they carry on their work among the poor.

Metropolitan Syndicate, Inc. (New York):

Sardonics. By Harris Merton Lyon.

Sixteen short stories depicting various phases of every-day life. The first two stories, "The Father" and "The Singer's Heart," have appeared in *McClure's Magazine*.

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Stroke Oar. By Ralph D. Paine.

The story opens with preparations for a Yale-Harvard boat race. Jim Stearns, the stroke oar of the Yale crew, follows Boliver Martinez, who has suddenly left college for his home in South America, where he learns that a revolution is in progress, with the idea of persuading him to return and help out in the coming race. By mistake Stearns is taken a prisoner on a filibuster steamer. After some wild adventures at sea he lands at Hamburg. His uncle refuses to aid him in returning to New Haven, so the young man works his way back and arrives just in time to take his place with the crew and win a victory for Yale. The girl, Suzette Aikens, who has been a cause of friction between Jim Stearns and the captain of the crew, decides to disappoint both and marries a friend of Jim's.

Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South:

Vagabond Victor, or the Downfall of a Dog.

By Elizabeth Fry Page.

Upon their removal to the city the family in which Victor had become a great pet found it impossible to longer keep the dog, and with sad hearts turned him over to a doctor's family until such time as they themselves could secure a house in the suburbs. Victor took kindly to his new home. His brightness and almost human sense were the topics of much conversation and he was known everywhere. But his downfall came all too soon when he formed the habit of wandering into a saloon and drinking the remains of liquor he found around. He ceased to care for his home and avoided those who were fond of him. Finally he ran away and wandered about as a vagabond. When he was found dying, after having been run over by a wagon, his former owners grieved for him deeply, and especially little Jane, whose pet he was.

Reid Publishing Company:

Out of the Depths. By George A. Parker.

The theme of the story is based on Christian Science. Chester Bond, who has suffered greatly with a tumor in his hand, which has been pronounced fatal by many physicians, is persuaded to try Christian Science. Elizabeth Edwards, the girl to whom he is engaged, has learned something of the science

through her nephew, a bright, manly little fellow who has come from the West to visit at her home. When the boy's father learns the state of affairs, he secures the services of a Christian Science healer, and in a short time the young man is restored to health.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Dreaming River. By Barr Moses.

The author has selected for the scene of this story an out-of-the-way spot on the prairies of Minnesota. Here, many miles from any civilisation, lives Jasper Knowles, a poet and philosopher. Upon this quiet and lonely scene appears his young cousin Dorothy Whitfield, who, being left alone in the world after her father's death, starts West to join her uncle. Arriving at *Dreaming River* only to find that this relative is dead, she makes her home with his son Jasper. The poet falls in love with his charming cousin, which for a long time she bitterly resents and in consequence threatens to leave his home. Finally he consents to her going away, but when she is accidentally the cause of his being wounded with a revolver and nurses him back to health, she discovers that she loves the poetic dreamer and prefers to remain at *Dreaming River*.

JUVENILE

B. W. Dodge and Company:

A Noble Company of Adventurers. By Rufus Rockwell Wilson.

Eight short stories for boys. The book takes its title from the first story, which deals with the fur trade established by the Hudson Bay Company. The other stories all treat of out-door life in Canada and in the West.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

The Life of Abraham Lincoln. For Boys and Girls. By Charles W. Moores.

The author's purpose has been to set forth the story of the life of Abraham Lincoln in such a way as to interest children and to create in them a desire to know the man and his work and to become familiar with his writings.

L. C. Page and Company:

O-Heart-San. By Helen Eggleston Haskell.

O-Heart-San is a little Japanese girl, the daughter of a wood-carver in Tokyo. She has a wonderful dream, which is interpreted as meaning good luck. According to an old Japanese custom, many come to buy the dream, but she refuses to dispose of her rights in it until the young Prince Imperial comes along and claims it. The Prince and Princess are greatly attracted by

the girl's wonderful beauty, and from this time interest themselves in her welfare. She is invited to many court festivities, where she makes friends with a little American girl, *Maid Margery*. At the age of thirteen she becomes betrothed to the son of a rich merchant, but from this early marriage she is saved by the Prince, who sends her to a girl's school, which she attends for some years and later becomes a nurse in the Japanese hospital.

The Sandman: His Sea Stories. By William J. Hopkins.

The fourth volume in the *Sandman Series*. It consists of twenty-one short stories to be read to small children. The stories are all illustrated.

In West Point Gray. By Florence Kimball Russel.

The second volume in the *Boys' Story of the Army series*. In this book we find Jack Sterling, who spent his childhood days at a frontier army post, starting life at West Point. Here he becomes a central figure, and his many experiences as a cadet make a lively story.

The Salfeld Publishing Company:

A Little Maid in Toyland. By Adah Louise Sutton. Pictured by A. Russell.

Sally, after fitting up a complete doll-house, goes into the kitchen to view her work there. Eating a piece of the doll's cake Sally herself becomes changed, and takes on the form of a doll. She is guided by the Talking Sign Post into the City of Toyland, where she meets with many adventures with the Wizard, the Weather Prophet, the King and Queen, the funny Handkerchief Man and the Doughnut Man.

Toodles of Treasure Town and Her Snow Man. By Frederic Chapin. Drawings by Merle Johnson.

Toodles is a little Florida girl who has received as a Christmas gift a crystal globe in which can be seen a snow scene. Toodles is busy making soap bubbles, and in chasing one falls over the globe. The bubble breaks, and out of it steps a fairy, who offers to take Toodles to Treasure Town in the Land of the Rainbow. The globe suddenly becomes greatly enlarged, and out of it comes Pedro, the snowman, who conducts the party to Treasure Town.

MISCELLANEOUS

T. S. Denison (Chicago, Ill.):

The Primitive Aryans of America. Origin of the Aztecs and Kindred Tribes. By T. S. Denison.

Showing their relationship to the Indo-Iranians and the place of the

Nauatl or Mexican in the Aryan Group of Languages.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Lincoln's Love Story. By Eleanor Atkinson.

Miss Atkinson tells the story of the great man's love for Ann Rutledge.

Duffield and Company:

The Book of Divine Consolation of the Blessed Angela of Foligno. Translated from the Italian by Mary G. Steegmann. Introduction by Algar Thorold.

In the Mediæval Library, which comprises a selection of the choicest mediæval romances and other works of permanent interest, especially such as have hitherto been little, if at all, known to American readers.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Sun Time and Cloud Time. By Andrew Harvey Scoble.

A book of verses, sketches and tales.

Henry Frowde:

(For the Oxford University Press)

Percy Bysshe Shelly. Lyrical Poems.

William Blake. Poems.

Horace Walpole. Earlier Letters.

Wordsworth's Lyrical Poems.

Hood's Poems.

Izaak Walton. Selections.

Daniel Defoe. Selections.

John Bunyan. Selections.

Lord Tennyson. Poems.

Shakespeare's Songs and Sonnets.

Matthew Arnold. Poems.

Boswell's Johnson. Selections.

Robin Hood. Old Ballads.

Scenes from Marlowe's Plays.

Charles Lamb. Essays.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Lyrical Poems.

John Milton. Minor Poems.

George Crabbe. Selections from Poems.

Early English Lyrics.

John Keats. Odes and Lyrics.

Goldsmith's Traveller and Deserted Village.

Andrew Marvell. Poems.

Everyman. A Morality Play.

Cowper's Poems.

Napier's Peninsular War.

William Hazlitt. Selections.

Robert Browning. Lyrical Poems.

This pocket edition of Select English Classics, 27 volumes, is edited by Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch. Each booklet contains a brief sketch of the author whose work is considered therein.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

How to Develop Power and Personality in Speaking. By Grenville Kleiser.

Giving practical suggestions and exercises on developing power and personality in speaking, physical power, power of voice, how to build a vocabu-

lary, power in English style, how to develop the imagination, dramatic power in speaking, how to train the memory, power of illustration, power in conversation, power in extemporaneous speaking, power in holding an audience, power in silence and repose, power in prayer, etc.

Profit and Loss in Man. By Alphonse A. Hopkins, Ph.D.

A plea for prohibition based on economic grounds. It is defined as the New Gospel of Patriotic, Economic, and Political Common Sense on the Temperance Question. The author pronounces it a book for the preacher and the politician, the doctor and the lawyer, the father and the son. Some of the chapters are: "Manhood and Gold," "Labour, Liquor and Law," "Christian Loyalty," "Moral and Political Forces," "A Curse, a Crime, and the Cure," and "Publicans and Republicans."

Government Printing House:

Annual Report of the Board of Regents of the Smithsonian Institution. Showing the Operations, Expenditures and Condition of the Institution for the Year Ending June 30, 1907.

Harper and Brothers:

Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel. The True Story. Told by L. E. Chittenden.

A little volume containing the story of how President Lincoln saved the life of a young man belonging to the Third Vermont Regiment, who was sentenced to be shot for being unable to keep awake on his second night of picket duty.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Freshwater Aquarium and Its Inhabitants. A Guide for the Amateur Aquarist. By Otto Eggeling and Frederick Ehrenberg.

The latest addition to the American Nature Series. It describes the many different plants, fishes, turtles, frogs, and insects which can be successfully kept in an aquarium. It gives information as to the food and concerning the treatment of the inmates both in sickness and in health. There are chapters on The Aquarium, Aquarium Plants, The Inhabitants of the Aquarium, The Feeding of the Inmates of the Aquarium, Fish-hatching in the Aquarium, Fish Maladies, and Implements for the Care and Keeping of the Aquarium. Throughout the volume are many illustrations from nature.

B. W. Huebsch:

Self-Measurement. A Scale of Human Values with Directions for Personal Application. By William DeWitt Hyde.

The scale which the author offers for man's measurement of himself is divided as follows: Physique, our body with its constitution, appetites and capacities; work; property, the produce of labour; pleasure, and the question how much enjoyment, and of what quality, one gets or fails to get out of life; science; art, and the question whether a man adds to or detracts from the harmony and beauty of the world; family; society, and our relations to our fellow-men; the state, with its political duties and obligations; religion, the reverent recognition of the Spirit present in all the other relations, which sums up one's comprehensive attitude in life.

Indo-American Book Company:

Who Answers Prayer? A Brochure from *The Beloved Master*. By Florence Huntley.

The Lost Word Found in the Great Work. By J. D. Buck.

Volumes I and II in the Harmonic Booklet Series.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

The Principles of Practical Publicity. Being a Treatise on *The Art of Advertising*. By Truman A. DeWeese.

A new edition, revised and enlarged. The author of this treatise, who is director of publicity for the Shredded Wheat Company, at Niagara Falls, defines his work as one "intended to be helpful to every man who has anything to sell and who is ambitious to enlarge the market for his product." Among the many interesting chapters are those on "Modern Commercial Publicity," "What is Advertising," "Mediums Employed by General and Direct Publicity," "What is Good Advertising 'Copy,'" "The Value of Pictorial Advertising," "The Magazine and the Newspaper," "Mail-Order Advertising," "Keying Mail-Order Advertisements," "Railway and Steamship Advertising," and "Planning an Advertising Campaign."

The Library Shelf (Chicago, Ill.):

The Book of My Heart. By Melanie Alice Weil.

About one hundred epigrams, one for each page of the little volume. These revelations of a human heart vary in character, being tender, sad, joyous, and optimistic.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Works of James Buchanan. Volume VI. Collected and Edited by John Bassett Moore.

Comprising his speeches, state papers and private correspondence. Volume VI covers the period from 1844 to 1846.

The set will be complete in twelve volumes.

Longmans, Green and Company:

A History of English Journalism. To the Foundation of the Gazette. By J. B. Williams.

An account of the origin and early history of English newspapers. It tells the story from their commencement to their culmination in the still existing official *Gazette*, and describes all the principal writers and their careers. In the appendix is given what is believed to be an exhaustive catalogue of all periodicals up to the year 1667, which will enable the reader to see the duration of each periodical, where it is to be seen, and the state of the press at any given time. The volume should have interest as covering the period of the Civil Wars, during which more than three hundred different periodicals appeared.

The Macmillan Company:

The Acropolis of Athens. By Martin L. D'ooge.

Professor D'ooge, who holds the chair of Greek in the University of Michigan, is one of the veteran Hellinists of America, and his book is the fruit of many years' study. In 1886-87 he was director of the American School at Athens, and he has long been active in the direction of the studies and the investigations prosecuted there. This volume is, he states, an attempt to give a summary of the most important contributions to the history of the Acropolis and its monuments, and to state the results of his study of the site and of the ruins upon it.

The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln and Its Expiation. By David Miller DeWitt.

In which is set forth the events leading up to the assassination of President Lincoln, the deed itself, and the results that followed it. The text is founded on the evidence contained in the legal trials following the murder. The author has discarded all unsupported hearsay evidence and established his conclusions on sworn testimony before the court of law.

Artificial Waterways and Commercial Development. By A. Barton Hepburn, LL.D., D.C.L.

The author here sets forth the important facts in regard to artificial waterways and their relation to commercial development. The history of the Erie Canal is given as typical, and the lessons deduced therefrom are applied to the problems involved in the development of all artificial waterways. The commercial importance of the Panama Canal is also considered.

Who's Who, 1909.

An annual biographical dictionary of living celebrities, chiefly English and American.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Smoker's Year Book. The Verses Written on Paper by Oliver Herford, and the Pictures Drawn on Stone by Sewell Collins.

A year book consisting of a verse and illustration suited to the meditations of the smoker as each month comes around.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The University of Virginia. Memories of Her Student Life and Professors. By David M. R. Culbreth, M.D.

The author relates how he entered the University of Virginia in the fall of 1872, and how he met the venerable librarian, Mr. Wertenbaker, who knew Thomas Jefferson. He gives many pictures of the home-life of the founder of the University, and how he walked and worked and drove about his beautiful Virginia home, Monticello, and the friends he entertained there. The book is full of anecdotes of the every-day student life of the old college, of the men who founded it, and of the trustees and faculty.

Oratory of the South. From the Civil War to the Present time. By Edwin DuBois Shurter.

The author's aim is to give selections from the orations of noted speakers in the South since the Civil War. Among those represented are: Henry W. Grady, Stephen D. Lee, John Sharp Williams, David A. DeArmond, Richard P. Hobson, Henry Watterson, W. C. P. Breckinridge, Edward C. Carmack, John W. Daniel, Champ Clark, Fitzhugh Lee, William Gordon McCabe, Isador Rayner, Emory Speer, Albert H. Whitfield, General Joseph Wheeler, Charles B. Calloway, and Cardinal Gibbons. Each selection is preceded by a few lines of introduction relative to the speaker and the occasion and circumstances under which the oration was delivered.

The Neuner Company (Los Angeles, Cal.):

Pertinent Penetrating Pen Points and Peculiar Parodies, or Dear Richard's Almanac, Volume I, by "Morris Junior."

Being a collection of droll sayings, wise saws, pointed stories and sermonettes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Writings of George Washington. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Lawrence B. Evans, Ph.D.

The first volume in a new series

known as *Writings of American Statesmen*. This is a series which will eventually contain selections from the pens of Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton and perhaps others. The material in this volume ranges from Washington's report of the defeat of General Braddock to letters written in the last year of his life on our troubled relations with France. It is grouped under the following heads: "In the British Army and Colonial Councils," "In the War for Independence," "The Formation and Adoption of the Constitution," "Starting the New Government," "Policies and Opinions," and "The Farewell Address."

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of January and the 1st of February.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Red Mouse. Osborn. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Explorer. Maugham. (Baker & Taylor.) \$1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Bishop's Emeralds. Townley. (Watt.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. A Spirit in Prison. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.75.
6. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Jesuit. Clark. (Eaton-Maine.) \$1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Right Man. Hooker. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Witching Hour. Thomas. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

4. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. Appleton. \$1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
5. Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man. Morgan. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Living Word. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. A Spirit in Prison. Hichens. (Harper.) \$1.75.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. Julie's Diary. Anonymous. (Luce.) \$1.50.
5. The Long Arm of Mannister. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
6. The Big Fellow. Palmer. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. McGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Fly on the Wheel. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

4. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Riverman. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. Kincaid's Battery. Cable (Scribner.) \$1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Princess Zara. Beeckman. (Watt.) \$1.50.
4. Catherine's Child. De la Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.20.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Binding of the Strong. Mason. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Riverman. White. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Leaven of Love. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.
6. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester, McComb, Coriat. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. Luther Burbank. Starr. (Robertson.) \$1.75.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
2. Catherine's Child. De la Pasture. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
3. Araminta. Snaith. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
4. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
5. Waters of Jordan. Vachell. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Briggs.) \$1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

			POINTS
A book standing	1st on any list receives	10	
"	" 2d	"	8
"	" 3d	"	7
"	" 4th	"	6
"	" 5th	"	5
"	" 6th	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold the best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50..... 271
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.... 195
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.... 155
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50..... 102
5. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50..... 92
6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50..... 52

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO	NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BAL- TIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASH- INGTON, AND WORCESTER	ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASH- VILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND	CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVEL- AND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, AND SAN FRANCISCO
NO. LISTS Peter 6 The Trail of the Lonesome Pine 6 Septimus 5 Mr. Crewe's Career 3 The Missioner 3 The Red Mouse 2 The Man from Brodney's 2 The Red City 2 The Post Girl 2 Lewis Rand 2 54-40 or Fight 1 The Perfect Tribute 1 Abraham Lincoln, Boy and Man 1 The Living Word 1 The Riverman 1 The Barrier 1 Kincaid's Battery 1 The Testing of Diana Mallory 1 Together 1 Mr. Opp 1 Catherine's Child 1 Araminta 1 The Bronze Bell 1 Waters of Jordan 1	NO. LISTS Peter 11 The Trail of the Lonesome Pine 11 Septimus 9 The Missioner 7 Lewis Rand 4 The Red Mouse 3 The Red City 3 54-40 or Fight 3 Anne of Green Gables 2 The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig 2 Tono Bungay 2 Comrades 2 A Spirit in Prison 1 The Flower of the Dusk 1 The Big Fellow 1 The Circular Staircase 1 The Firing Line 1 The Lure of the Mask 1 The Little Brown Jug at Kil- dare 1 The Fly on the Wheel 1 Princess Zara 1 Catherine's Child 1 The Binding of the Strong 1 The Riverman 1 The Explorer 1	NO. LISTS The Trail of the Lonesome Pine 6 Peter 5 Lewis Rand 4 The Red Mouse 3 Septimus 3 The Missioner 3 The Little Brown Jug at Kil- dare 2 The Man from Brodney's 2 The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig 2 The Testing of Diana Mallory 2 The Bishop's Emeralds 2 The Shepherd of the Hills 2 The Lady of the Decoration 2 Anne of Green Gables 1 54-40 or Fight 1 Mr. Crewe's Career 1 A Spirit in Prison 1 Comrades 1 Julie's Diary 1 The Long Arm of Mannister 1	NO. LISTS The Trail of the Lonesome Pine 9 Peter 7 Lewis Rand 7 Septimus 5 The Man from Brodney's 3 A Little Brother of the Rich 3 The Missioner 2 The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig 2 The Testing of Diana Mallory 2 Mr. Crewe's Career 1 The Shepherd of the Hills 1 The Firing Line 1 The Jesuit 1 The Right Man 1 Anne of Green Gables 1 The Red City 1 The Witching Hour 1 The Circular Staircase 1 The Red Mouse 1 The Little Brown Jug at Kil- dare 1 The Leaven of Love 1 Religion and Medicine 1 Luther Burbank 1





ST. GEORGE, BERMUDA, FROM "TOM" MOORE'S HOUSE

(See article on "Tom" Moore's "Nea")

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

APRIL, 1909

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A great deal has been written about the cruise of the American fleet of battle-ships—a cruise which has now reached a peaceful and happy end. But no one seems to have noticed a particularly interesting thing connected with it which we venture to recall. When the fleet started south and while it was steaming majestically in the direction of Cape Horn, the New York *Sun* fell into a state of violent agitation. First it said that the presence of the fleet in the Pacific would greatly endanger the relations of the United States with Japan. Day by day the *Sun's* agitation grew more intense. It shook all over and trembled and quivered like a Cassandra of journalism, big with portentous knowledge of the future. At last came the fateful utterance. In a double-leaded editorial the *Sun* announced that if the fleet actually rounded Cape Horn and sailed on toward the Orient, war with Japan was not only possible but inevitable. The *Sun* did not merely think this. It knew it. War could not be averted. Well, the fleet has returned after having steamed into Australian and Philippine and even Japanese harbours, and has returned home in peace and safety. The question now arises, what on earth was the matter with the *Sun*?

The Law of the Association of Ideas brings to mind another instance of the *Sun's* prophetic powers. About three years ago, the Hon. Charles E. Hughes was the Republican candidate for the

Governorship of New York State. Right in the middle of the campaign the *Sun* one morning slipped in another double-leaded editorial—mystic, portentous, and pregnant with prophetic power. It declared, as though from Sinai, that no Republican could in that year be elected Governor of New York. It added even more darkly and decisively that the person who should be then elected Governor of New York would be chosen President in 1908. Here was a two-fold prophecy. Governor Hughes was to be defeated, and the man who defeated him was to be the next President. Thus did the *Sun* bang out a double-barrelled prophecy, and both barrels missed fire; for Mr. Hughes was elected Governor, and yet he was not made President in 1908. Our readers will please file away these facts for future reference; and when next the *Sun* double-leads a prophecy, let them remember how these other prophecies were punctured by the facts. We are afraid that the Cassandra of the *Sun* has something the matter with what that sheet would call her “intellectuals.”

✱

All the same, let us give credit where credit is due. When Mr. Roosevelt retired from office, all of the newspapers and many of the magazines published more or less long articles about him and his career as President, and about the general feeling which his departure excited. The *Sun*, however, with extreme clever-

“Thru!”



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

H. CHATFIELD-TAYLOR AND ALBERT STERNER

ness, distanced everybody in an editorial which consisted of a single word.

"Thru!"

✱

Really this summed up the whole matter more aptly than whole volumes of general comment. We notice that some of our contemporaries have imagined that Mr. Roosevelt is not only "thru" with the Presidency, but also with the spelling "thru." His last message to Congress appeared in the decent and dignified orthography which most persons use. Hence, it was said that Mr. Roosevelt had "gone back" on the Simple Spellers, whose chief asset he was. This may or may not be true. It is possible, of course, that reflection has led him to see that "thru" does not really spell "through," for if properly pronounced the former word is equivalent to "threw." An exact phonetic spelling of "through" would be "throo." We are inclined to think, however, that Mr. Roosevelt's ap-

parent backsliding was due to haste and lack of time rather than to treachery toward a great and noble cause. He was in a hurry and, therefore, found it much easier to spell in the proper way than in the so-called "simple" way. A Simple Speller, when he sits down to write even the most ordinary letter, has to stack up before him all the documents of the Spelling Board and refer to them as a schoolboy would to his dictionary. Otherwise, by accident, he may happen to spell some word correctly. We should like to make a simple wager that neither Professor Brander Matthews nor Dr. Benjamin E. Smith, for instance, could emerge with credit from an ordinary test which we should like to arrange for them. Let us take, for instance, either one of these gentlemen and, after searching his person carefully to make sure that he has no "cribs" about him, lock him up in a cell after the fashion of Chinese candidates for literary honours. Let him be supplied with abundant stationery and



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

pens and ink, and then let him be required to compose three or four pages of an essay on any subject that he prefers. We venture to say that he could not do so without departing from the forms recommended by the Simple Spelling Board—forms which are so very simple that no one can remember them. We do not say this in a jeering mood, but rather because we think the circumstance to be extremely creditable to the leading Simples. Though you cast out decent spelling with a pitchfork, nevertheless, it will

always be coming back—as Horace once said in substance about something else.

✱

Some years ago Mr. Richard Harding Davis wrote a story entitled *In the Fog*.

**“Loaded
Dice”**

In it there was introduced a very distinguished member of the English Parliament who took a delight in reading sensational stories that was little short of abnormal. Once embarked upon a



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

ELLERY H. CLARK

"shocker" containing the proper ingredients properly mixed, he became deaf to every call and responsibility; and a political opponent, wishing to keep him away from the House, had only to smuggle into his hands the right book. During the past month or two there have appeared several volumes that we are quite sure would have held the statesman in question to the exclusion of every public obligation. First, there was Mr. William Hamilton Osborne's *The Red Mouse*, which was reviewed in our February issue. Then there were Mr. L. Joseph Vance's *The Bronze Bell*, and M. Gaston Leroux's *The Perfume of the Lady in Black*, a sequel to the widely exploited *The Mystery of the Yellow Room*. Finally, we can suggest another "shocker" of magnificent proportions in Mr. Ellery H. Clark's *Loaded Dice*.

■

Mr. Ellery H. Clark is a Harvard man, of the class of 1896. From the Harvard Law School he was graduated in the class of 1899. He is by profession a lawyer, practising in Boston, and is the author of three law books, *Massachusetts Street Railway Accident Law*, *United States Street Railway Accident Law*, and

The Law of Accident Insurance. It is in the field of athletics, however, that he has hitherto been most widely known. For four years he represented his Alma Mater in the dual meets against Yale and the University of Pennsylvania, and in the Intercollegiate games. In 1896 and 1897 he won the all-around championship of New England. He was one of the American team that went to Athens in 1896 to compete in the Olympic games, and there won the running high jump and the running broad jump. In 1897 he won the all-around championship of America, and he repeated the feat in 1903. The instance of "throwing the hammer" in the *Loaded Dice* is founded on his own experience.

■

Louise Forsslund, the author of *Old Lady Number 31*, is the wife of Charles Carey Waddell, also a writer. She is a native of Sayville, Long Island, on Great South Bay; and there most of her work has been done. Mrs. Waddell's earlier published work includes *The Story of Sarah*, *The Ship of Dreams*, and Dutchtown stories, published in different magazines. Her husband,

**Louise
Forsslund**



LOUISE FORSSLUND



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

RUDYARD KIPLING

According to a recent story Mr. Kipling was one day sitting in his garden at Rottingdean when a street organ struck up "The Absent Minded Beggar." Kipling was silent for a moment, and then said: "If it was not suicide I would kill the man who wrote that"

who usually writes under a pen name, is best known, perhaps, by his *The Van Suyden Sapphires*. Mr. Waddell's ancestors were among the founders of Chillicothe, Ohio, and three generations of Waddells have served as mayor of the city—Charles Carey Waddell being the last.

■

The position occupied by Mr. Kipling to-day is unquestionably unique in literary history. Men like Dickens and Thackeray, when they had once won their wide audiences, held them to the very end—from *Pickwick* to *Edwin Drood*; from *Vanity Fair* to *Denis Duval*. On the other hand, countless writers of minor talent have enjoyed a few brief years of great success and then have been forced to step aside to give place to men and women with a fresher note. Neither case is the case of Mr. Kipling. While

he is far from being the dominant figure that he was some ten years ago, it is still a far cry from the position that he holds to-day to any suspicion of enforced obscurity. Even those who are most outspoken in their preference for the old Kipling to the less robust though perhaps more fastidious artist of to-day have hesitated to charge him with waning talent. That his audience has dwindled seems to be due in a large measure to his own inclination. It is really the old Kipling, after all, for now, as in the days when he was the Man from Nowhere, he is writing just what pleases him without any regard to the wishes of the world at large. Now, as then, he seems always to be saying: "Here is my work. You may take it or leave it. *C'est à prendre ou à laisser*. I am playing off my own bat. I am travelling alone—always alone." He never seems to have lost faith in that last line of the *Envoi* of *The Story of the Gadsbys*: "He travels the fastest who travels alone."

MISCELLANEOUS

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MORSEMEDES TRANSPORT ASSOC.
84 Palestine Buildings, E. C.

MAN WANTED — DIG DRIVER
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trips. High levels, high speed, high
wages.

Apply M. SUDNEY
Hotel San Stefano, Monte Carlo.

FAMILY DIRIGIBLE. A COMPE-
tent, steady man wanted for slow
speed, low level Tangye dirigible. No
night work, no sea trips. Must be mem-
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Cairo. A linguist preferred.

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FOR SALE — A BARGAIN — SIN-
gle Plane, narrow-gauge vans, Pinke
motor. Restayed this autumn. Hansen
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A. C. BELT & SON, READING

MR. KIPLING AS A WRITER OF ADVERTISEMENTS

Judged along purely commercial lines the Kipling popularity in this country was at its ebb about two years ago. During the last twelve or eighteen months there has been a marked revival of interest in his work—an appreciable demand for his books old and new. It is in the nature of irony that of all his books, *Stalky and Company*, which Kipling himself likes least of all, and which he believes to be his poorest work, is among all the old books the one which enjoys the steadiest sale. A peculiarity of Mr. Kipling as a selling author is that no edition of his books seems to interfere with the prosperity of any other edition.

The latest work of Mr. Kipling to appear in book form is *With the Night Mail*, which was first printed three or four years ago as a magazine story. It is a tale of aerial navigation in the year of grace two thousand and twenty-five, and is marked by remarkable imagination and colouring. Perhaps Kipling has nowhere ever surpassed the paragraph in this story in which he describes how the passengers on the Night Mail see, far below, the outlines of the hospitable airship, carrying its load of tuberculosis patients northward to a sanitarium near the Pole, and hear, borne to their ears by the wind, the quavering voices uplifted in the morning hymn.

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Remember

Planes are swift—so is Death
Planes are cheap—so is Life

Why does the 'plane builder insist on the safety of his machines?

Methinks the gentleman protests too much.

The Standard Dig Construction Company do not build kites.

They build, equip and guarantee dirigibles.

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Millwall and Buenos Ayres

HOVERS

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Wind Hovers

for 'planes lying-to in heavy weather, save the motor and strain on the forebody. Will not send to leeward. "Albatross" wind-hovers, rigid-ribbed; according to h. p. and weight.

We fit and test free to 40° east of Greenwich

L. & W. POWELL

186 Victoria Street, W.

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We shall always be pleased to see you.

We build and test and guarantee our dirigibles for all purposes. They go up when you please and they do not come down till you please.

You can please yourself, but—you might as well choose a dirigible.

STANDARD DIRIGIBLE CONSTRUCTION CO.

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**Towers, Landing Stages,
Slips and Lifts**

public and private

Contractors to the A. B. C.,
South-Western European
Postal Construction Dept.

Sole patentees and owners
of the Collision anti-quake
diagonal tower-tie. Only
gold medal Kyoto Exhibition
of Aerial Appliances, 1907.

MR. KIPLING AS A WRITER OF ADVERTISEMENTS

She was cloaked by a skein of ravelled fluff beneath us, and we caught the chant before she rose into the sunlight. "*Oh, ye Winds of God,*" sang the unseen voices: "*Bless ye the Lord! Praise Him and magnify Him for ever.*"

We slid off our caps and joined in. When our shadow fell across her great open platforms they looked up and stretched out their hands neighbourly while they sang. We could see the doctors and the nurses and the white-button-like faces of the cot-patients. She passed slowly beneath us, heading northward, her hull, wet with the dews of the night, all ablaze in the sunshine. So took she the shadow of a cloud and vanished, her song continuing up. *Oh, ye holy and humble men of heart,*

bless ye the Lord! Praise Him and magnify Him for ever.

❧

When it became a matter of preparing *With the Night Mail* for publication in book form Mr. Kipling was not content to let it appear in its original form. Years ago there was a story to the effect that Kipling asked his American publisher to forward to him a batch of the American magazines. The publisher complied, but for the purpose of decreasing the bulk, had the magazines stripped of their advertising pages. Kipling acknowledged the receipt of the magazines, but remonstrated against the mutilation on the



ERNEST RENAN

Patrizia, a posthumous work of Ernest Renan, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue



AN ITALIAN IMPRESSION OF H. E. KREHBIEL, AUTHOR OF "CHAPTERS OF OPERA"

ground that the advertising pages made by far the most interesting reading. In much the same spirit Kipling claimed that *With the Night Mail*, as a magazine story of the year two thousand and twenty-five, should have the atmosphere of that period. So as a kind of appendix to the story he has written the Notes, Letters to the Editor, Answers to Correspondents, and Advertising Pages such as he believes will be found at the end of the magazines of that day.

•

In the Answers to Correspondents, Planiston, who is evidently of a sporting turn of mind, is informed that the Five

Thousand Kilometer (overland) was won last year "By G. V. Hayden, R. M. Hayden, his brother, in the same week pulling off the Ten Thousand (oversea). R. M.'s average worked out at a fraction over 500 kilometer P. H., thus constituting a record." A correspondent who signs himself Paterfamilias has evidently been writing in a state of considerable exasperation. He is informed by the editor that a certain offender "is liable for direct damage both to your chimneys and any collateral damage caused by fall of bricks into garden, etc., etc. Bodily inconvenience and mental anguish may be included, but the average jury are not, as a rule, men of sentiment. If you can



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN AND NORA ARCHIBALD SMITH

UNCONVENTIONAL
PORTRAITSROBERT H.
DAVIS

prove that his grapnel removed *any* portion of your roof, you had better rest your case on decoverture of domicile (V. Parkins *vs.* Duboulay). We entirely sympathise with your position, but the night of the 14th was stormy and confused, and—you may have to anchor on a stranger's chimney yourself some night. *Verbum sap!*"

Mr. Robert H. Davis's *The Family*, which opened a few nights ago in a Middle Western city. establishes, we think, a theatrical record. Mr. Davis began to write it September 20, 1908. Fifteen days later, October 5th, it was finished and in the stenographer's hands. Mr. Henry Miller accepted the play twenty-

four hours after it was offered him for a reading. At the conclusion of one conference with Mr. Davis, the contracts were signed, and *The Family* was put into rehearsal. While this is Mr. Davis's first venture as a playwright, he has long been widely known in magazine circles. In fact, he is usually spoken of as "the human dynamo," as he furnishes the editorial motive power to three or four magazines at a time and is ready to launch a new one upon a moment's notice.

✱

Mr. Rowland Thomas, whose book *The Little Gods* has just been published, is likely to be remembered for some years to come as the very fortunate recipient of the five thousand dollars offered three or four years ago by *Collier's Weekly* for the Prize Short Story. The winning tale, "Fagan," is incorporated in the present volume.



ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

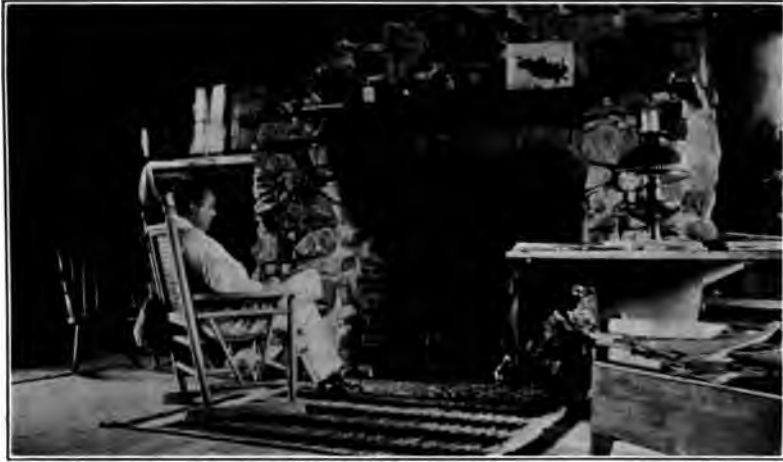
From a caricature by Mielziner



ROWLAND THOMAS

Mr. Thomas has seen fit to change its beginning, and we venture the opinion that had the story as it now stands been sent in to the competition the first prize would have been awarded to another author. There is a very interesting little story about the manner in which Mr. Thomas was informed of his success. He had comparatively little faith in "Fagan," which was founded on an actual episode and character, pinning his hopes on another story which he had entered in the contest. When it was decided that the first prize was to be given to "Fagan," Mr. Albert

Lee, of *Collier's*, wrote to Mr. Thomas, saying nothing of the award, but intimating that one of his stories was to be among those purchased, and asking him to come to New York in order to discuss some articles about the Philippines which the magazine wished him to undertake. Without the slightest suspicion of the real state of affairs, Mr. Thomas came. He was met by Mr. Lee and taken to the home of Mr. Collier, where he met, besides Mr. Collier, Mr. Charles Belmont Davis, Mr. Norman Hapgood, Mr. Arthur Ruhl, and Mr. Robert Collier, of the Weekly's staff, and Mr. Walter H.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

FREDERICK ORRIN BARTLETT

Mr. Bartlett's *The Web of the Golden Spider* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. The above picture shows the author in his Maine Bungalow

Page. The company sat down to dinner, during which every topic was discussed with the exception of the Prize Contest. Finally, during a lull in the conversation, Mr. Collier arose and, holding up his glass, said: "Now that we are here,

I wish to propose a health to the winner of the first prize." Every one, including Mr. Thomas, rose and held up his glass. Mr. Collier went on: "The health of the winner of the Five-Thousand-Dollar Prize—Mr. Rowland Thomas."



DEMETRA VAKA (MRS. KENNETH BROWNE),
Author of *Haremlik*



SUSAN GLASPELL
Author of *The Glory of the Conquered*

The accompanying illustration gives a glimpse of the real Grub Street, that historic thoroughfare inhabited by the impecunious author of the London of the early eighteenth century. The house of the illustration was known as Sweedon's Passage, and was one of the oldest houses standing in London in 1791. It had a curious projecting wing, containing a winding staircase. Sir Richard Whittington (the famous "Dick") and

**The Real
Grub
Street**

Street to-day, and there will be a Grub Street so long as time shall last. The character of the inhabitants varies from time to time. We know most of Grub Street in Dr. Johnson's day and before it. The late George Gissing in *New Grub Street* drew a very vivid picture of the life of Grub Street as it was thirty years ago. The writers of "penny dreadfuls" were usually to be found there and the precursors of the great English newspaper proprietors, who made ineffectual efforts to anticipate public taste found



SWEEDON'S PASSAGE. GRUB STREET

Sir Thomas Gresham were said to have lived there. The ballad-monger on the left of the illustration is Joseph Clinch, who wrote a ballad on Dick Whittington about 1770. Grub Street has been for years known as Milton Street. It is a short thoroughfare, only a few hundred yards distant from the Bank of England, and not very far from the Charter house, that school which played so great a part in moulding the masters of English literature.

✱

In a figurative sense there has always been a Grub Street; there is a Grub

refuge in its garrets. The curious feature of Grub Street is that it has always been made of garrets. No one ever read of a first and second floor in that thoroughfare. It was there that the editor of *All Sorts* made his start in vain; it was there that the compilers pursued their humble drudge work; it was there that educated men lived with uneducated wives; it was there that the happiness of life was completely blasted from a too chivalrous regard for the letter "h." The male inhabitant had to marry a girl who was in the habit of misusing that fraction of the alphabet, and somehow she could



RICHTER AS WAGNER AND WAGNER AS RICHTER

By Oscar Larum in the *London Sketch*By turning this sketch of Richter upside down the reader will find
a likeness of Richard Wagner

not be taught in twenty years to do it justice. So such dialogues as this took place: "Could you not use a 'ansom to-night, Alfred?" "Can't you call it hansom? Have I not been telling you for twenty years to say hansom? I am sick of you." Thereupon the unfortunate lady retired for a quiet cry. There is no better representative of the Grub Street of modern times than Alfred Yule in George Gissing's book.

Our respected contemporary, the New York *Evening Post*, invented the expression "the Deadly Parallel," though it did not invent the thing thus characterised. It would be a pity to work the Deadly Parallel on the *Post* itself, though we are somewhat tempted to do so at the present time. On February 25th *THE BOOKMAN* appeared, containing a careful estimate of President Roosevelt and of his two administrations. On March 3d the *Evening Post* published an editorial entitled "A Parting Glance at Roosevelt." We invite the attention of our readers to the remarkable similarity which exists between the article in *THE BOOKMAN* and the editorial in the *Evening Post*. Far be it from us to insinuate that the *Post's* editorial writer was guilty of con-

scious plagiarism. It is impossible, however, not to flatter ourselves that he is an assiduous reader of this magazine, and that his mind is perhaps unduly given to unconscious cerebration.

James MacArthur, whose death we recorded briefly in our last issue, was born February 18, 1866, in Glasgow, Scotland, lived there during his early life, and married there. He came to the United States in 1888, and at the time Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company were contemplating the establishment of this magazine he held a position in a business capacity with the house. Mr. MacArthur had been a wide reader, he had entered into correspondence with several well-known writers in this country and in England, and he possessed marked literary ambitions and enthusiasms. These qualities led to his selection as one of the editors of *THE BOOKMAN* when it was founded in 1895. He brought to the task a fresh mind, and his work fully justified the wisdom of the selection. With this magazine he remained until October, 1899, when he retired from the editorial staff in order to accept a responsible position in connection with the literary enterprises first of Messrs.

A Case of Unconscious Cerebration

Doubleday and McClure, and later of the Messrs. Harper. With the latter house he remained until the time of his death.

■

Mr. MacArthur's enthusiasm, his keen interest in contemporary literature, his instinctive understanding of the public taste, and his wide acquaintance among the men and women who write, both in the United States and England, made him a well-known figure in publishing circles. At Harpers, in addition to acting in the capacity of a literary adviser, he had much to do with *Harper's Bazar* and *Harper's Weekly*. Of recent years he devoted much of his bouyant activity

to the writing of plays. His first venture was a successful dramatisation of *Beside the Bonnie Briar Bush*. In collaboration with Max Pemberton he produced *The Mask of the White Rose* and *Kronstadt*; and with Rex Beach made the dramatisation of *The Spoilers*. It was his stage version of *The Pilgrim's Progress* in which Miss Henrietta Crossman appeared two years ago. Writing for the theatre was the field which he liked best, and he threw himself into it with characteristic ardour. His friends used laughingly to say that he had made a scenario of every popular novel of the last ten years, and hinted at the existence of a James MacArthur dramatisation of Webster's Dictionary.

FLED ARE THE SNOWS

(Horace, Odes, iv, 7)

Fled are the snows and again comes the greenness of Spring to the meadows,
 Clustering leaves to the trees.
 Changed is the face of the earth, and the rivers flow onward serenely,
 Flooding no longer their banks.
 Freed from the trammels of Winter, the Nymphs with their sisters, the Graces,
 Airily join in the dance.
 Hope not for endless delights. Each swift-flying hour that passes
 Lessens thy vanishing store.
 Winter is softened by Spring, who succumbs to the heat-laden Summer,
 Doomed in her turn to depart;
 Lavishly scatt'ring her fruits, still resplendent, bright Autumn is vanquished,
 Winter broods grey o'er the earth.
 Ah, but the loss of the year is repaired by the on-coming spring-time!
 We, when the call comes to go
 Whither went father Æneas, and whither rich Tullus, and Ancus,
 Dust and a shadow become.
 Who can be sure that the gods, in the councils of Heaven, are adding
 One to the sum of to-day?
 All you have cherished and loved will descend to an heir, all the treasures
 Heaped on the altar of self.
 Once you are dead, and have heard at the awful tribunal of Minos
 Judgment pronounced on your deeds,
 Not the renown of your birth, nor your learning, Torquatus, nor goodness,
 Life, with its joys, can restore.
 Back from the shades not Diana could summon Hippolytus, falsely
 Slain by a treacherous lie;
 Nor could the valour of Theseus avail for Pirithoüs cherished,
 Death's dreaded fetters to break.

Elizabeth H. du Bois



NAPOLEON. A STUDY

THE ART OF CARAN D'ACHE

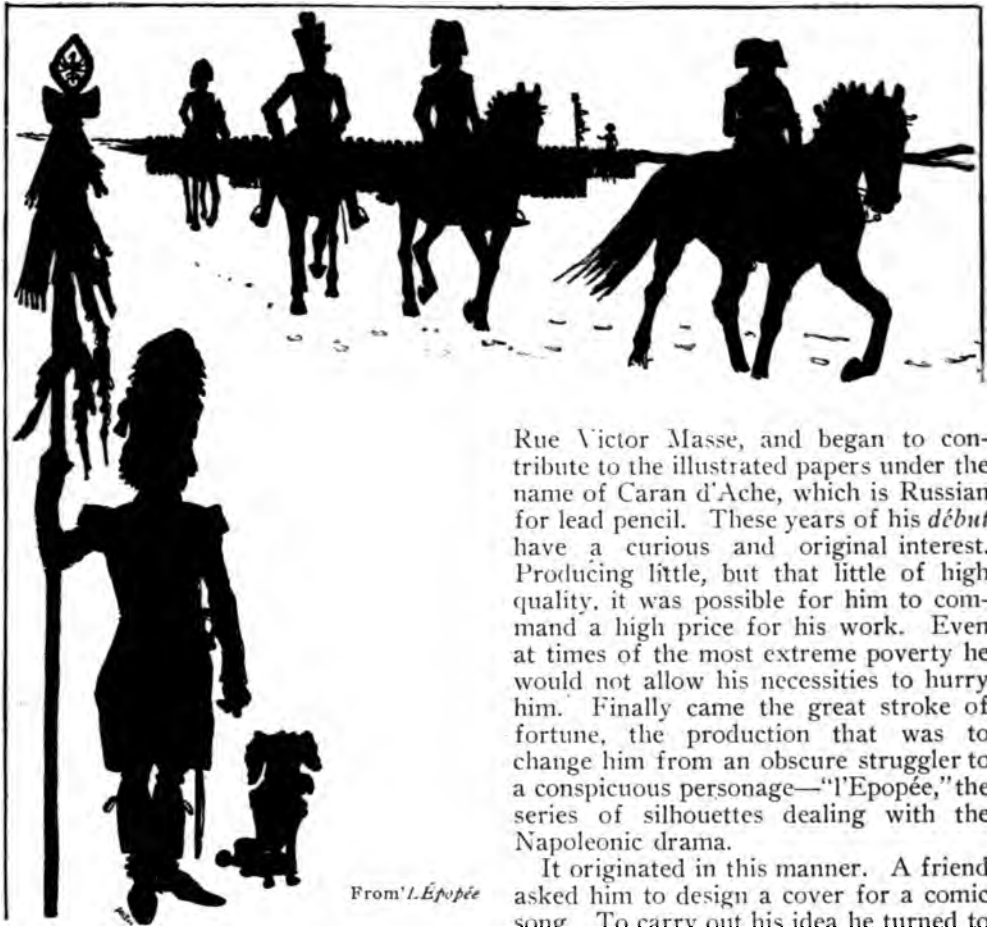


WHEN the first Napoleon embarked on his disastrous Russian campaign there was in his army a young but already distinguished officer named Poiré. This officer was not one of the few who reached France with the Emperor after the terrible retreat, nor was he one of the many who left their bones to whiten in the Russian snows. Poiré had the fortune to be wounded and captured at the battle of Moskowa. He fell into the hands of some humane Russian officers, was nursed back to strength and health, and was for some years a prisoner in a Russian fortress. There he met and fell in love with the Russian woman whom he eventually married. By this time Elba, the Hundred Days, and Waterloo had become history. The Little Corporal was at St. Helena, and there was nothing to call an officer of the Grande Armée back to France. So Poiré yielded to his wife's wishes, settled in Moscow, and founded a fencing school which became famous, and where *l'escrime Française* was introduced, for the first time, into the Russian army. In Moscow, in 1858, was born his grandson, Emmanuel Poiré.

afterward to become known to the world as Caran d'Ache.

Despite their Muscovite birth and environment, the old Napoleonic soldier never allowed his children to forget that they were French, and that their expatriation as a family was only temporary. From his earliest years the dominant idea of the boy Emmanuel was to reconquer his French nationality. When he was seventeen years of age his father died, and despite the advice and protests of his friends, he went to the French Embassy to find out what steps he should take to fulfil his obligation to la Patrie by serving his time in the French army. Having obtained this information, he set out for France with very little money in his pocket, but with splendid hopes and enthusiasms.

Already Emmanuel Poiré cherished the ambition of becoming a military painter. Once some one had made him a present of a book of French engravings, and among its contents was a description of Edouard Detaille together with some examples of his work. So, with the temerity of youth, Poiré no sooner reached Paris than he presented himself at M. Detaille's door with a portfolio of sketches under his arm. The great mili-



THE RETREAT FROM RUSSIA

tary painter was generous in his reception and quick to recognise an embryonic talent. He urged the boy to persevere, and never lost sight of him during the time that he was serving as a private in the One Hundred and Thirteenth Regiment of the Line. He advised Poiré to study from life in preference to becoming a student in an art school. Finally it was to a great extent through his influence that the young soldier, who had been promoted to corporal, was assigned to work at the War Office among those whose duty it was to prepare drawings of the army uniforms.

His period of military service at an end, Emmanuel Poiré became one of the Montmartre Bohemians who frequented the famous Cabaret du Chat Noir in the

Rue Victor Masse, and began to contribute to the illustrated papers under the name of Caran d'Ache, which is Russian for lead pencil. These years of his *début* have a curious and original interest. Producing little, but that little of high quality, it was possible for him to command a high price for his work. Even at times of the most extreme poverty he would not allow his necessities to hurry him. Finally came the great stroke of fortune, the production that was to change him from an obscure struggler to a conspicuous personage—"l'Épopée," the series of silhouettes dealing with the Napoleonic drama.

It originated in this manner. A friend asked him to design a cover for a comic song. To carry out his idea he turned to the old-fashioned silhouette, and realised at once its infinite possibilities. The result was "l'Épopée," which told the story of the wars of Napoleon in thirty tableaux, introducing four thousand figures and horses. These tableaux showed armies marching and counter-marching, furious cannonades, and splendid charges of cavalry. "These charges were so vividly achieved," M. Arsène Alexandre once said, "that one actually *heard* the galloping of horses." Staged at the Chat Noir, where the action took place across a comparatively small white screen, "l'Épopée" had an immediate and astonishing success. To witness this extraordinary novelty artists came from all parts of Europe. Among the celebrities who visited Montmartre to find the Chat Noir were Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, President Grévy, and General Boulanger.



THE HAUNTED HOUSE. I.—"WHAT DO I SEE? MY TROUSERS DANCING?"



THE HAUNTED HOUSE. II.—GUN AND BARRICADE.



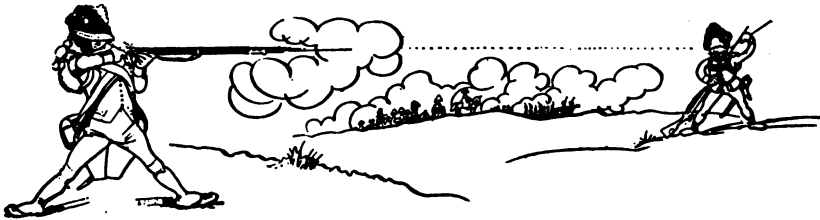
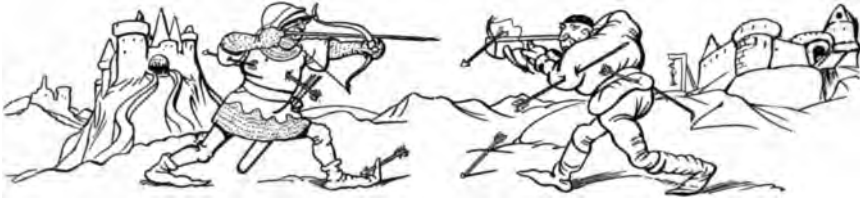
THE HAUNTED HOUSE. III.—THE GHOSTS APPEAR.

Drawings of "l'Épopée" were sent "by request" to the then Czar of Russia, who remained to the end of his life one of Caran d'Ache's most constant patrons.

For some time after the production of "l'Épopée," Caran d'Ache confined himself mainly to silhouettes. Several other series of his tableaux were produced at the Chat Noir, among them one depicting a procession in the Bois de Boulogne of celebrated Parisian women, perfectly easy of recognition, with a great variety of horses, from the high-strung thorough-

bred to the broken-down beast of the Parisian cabman. Animals he always held to be as interesting as human beings. No one, he believed, could be a better sitter than a dog when he had a mind that way. Whenever he could spare the time he would spend a morning in the Jardin d'Acclimation. But horses always remained his favourites. He had begun his study of them when very young, as a child in Russia. On several occasions he had placed himself, during military manoeuvres, before the cavalry in full charge, saving himself in the nick of time by dodging behind a tree when the horses were but a few feet distant.

As a strictly political cartoonist Caran d'Ache soon wielded a wide influence not only in France but throughout Europe. His pencil played an important part in bringing about the alliance between France and Russia, his Russian birth naturally inclining him to a favourable attitude toward the Czar and his Empire. On the other hand, no caricaturist of his time so cruelly and successfully hit off the foibles and indiscretions of "Lui"—Wilhelm the Second of Germany. One of his cartoons after the dismissal of Bismarck shows the Kaiser in a trainer's cage surrounded by a pack of mutinous, snapping beasts representing various members of the German Empire. The Iron Chancellor, who is watching the scene, says: "I left him a circus; he has turned it into a menagerie." During the Panama exposures, which cost so many reputations, and in which President Grévy and his son-in-law, Wilson, were implicated, Caran d'Ache summed up the scandal in his *Carnet de Cheques*, a collection of biting comments which greatly enhanced his reputation and popularity. Then there was the exceedingly characteristic series of pictures entitled the "Jewish Question." Two men are arguing; one contending that the Jews as a race worship only money; the other maintaining that when it comes to money Jews and Christians are exactly the same. They agree to decide the dispute by a practical test. Two men, one a Christian and the other a Jew, approach from opposite directions. A twenty franc piece is thrown into the gutter. With equal greediness each of the newcomers dives



THE EVOLUTION OF WAR

for it. Only when the two pick themselves up it is the Jew who has the money.

But it is as a pictorial satirist of foibles and manners, as a master of the comic episode, the "Story without words," a *genre* which he introduced into France, that Caran d'Ache attained his biggest heights. For example, take two of the series of sketches reproduced with this article, "The New Hat" and "A Pious Lie." Is there anything in the work of Wilhelm Busch, Caran d'Ache's great German contemporary, that surpasses these two; that even equals them? Take "The New Hat." Here is a grotesque idea carried to its extreme. Yet when

shakes his head; he is not to be softened. Monsieur continues his supplications; he brings his wife and the little ones to add their prayers to his. The dog is visibly touched. Finally two large tears roll down his cheeks, and he takes his departure to report to his master with noble mendacity: "There is no one there."

Describing his methods, Caran d'Ache once said: "I work very slowly and I have preferred to draw in line. Of course, from my point of view artists should be able to draw anything. As to myself, I leave one branch of art severely alone: that is portrait-painting. Friends have often asked me to draw them; if ever I attempt to carry out their wishes

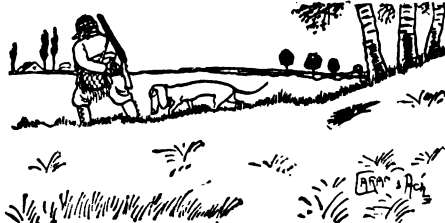
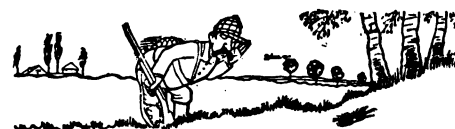


STUDY. BY CARAN D'ACHE

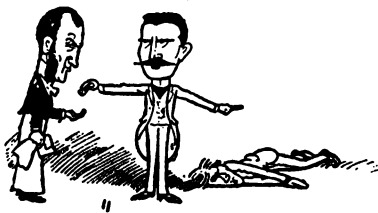
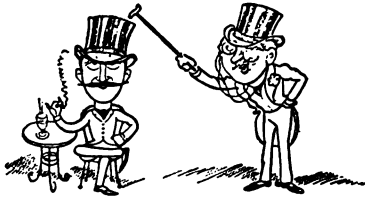
once you catch the spirit of the pictures, the exaggerated resentment of the aggrieved party seems quite natural, and when finally you lay the series aside, your sympathies are, as Caran d'Ache intended they should be, entirely with the outraged owner of the hat. Even better, to the mind of the present writer, is "Un Pieux Mensonge," in which are mingled delightful humour and genuine tenderness. The hunter and his dog, out for game, come upon a rabbit hole. The dog dives down and finds Monsieur and Madame Rabbit at home, at the ends of a dining-table flanked by the little Rabbits. A terrible moment. Madame rushes to enfold her offspring. Monsieur approaches the invader. He pleads for mercy. The dog

they are anything but pleased with the result. The worst of it is I really see people in line, and often, when I have produced a group which I consider almost photographic in its accuracy, I am informed that I have rarely made a better caricature!

"My subjects I find here, there and everywhere: at a fashionable wedding; at any one and at all of the funerals, which, alas! play so great a part in our social life; when riding home on the top of an omnibus; walking, riding, cycling, impressions are stamped as it were on my brain. I do not entirely rely on memory, for I am fond of jotting down notes in a small memorandum-book if I hear a funny or original phrase, a joke that



A PIOUS LIE. A TALE OF THE HUNT



THE NEW HAT

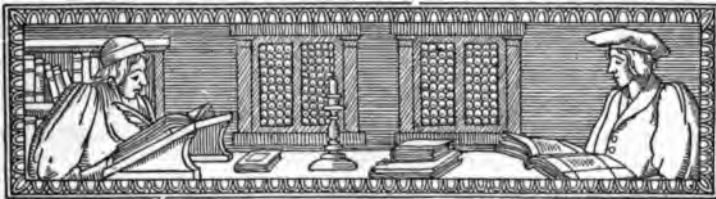
strikes me as really new, or anything that will suggest a new composition. I make use of a kind of artistic shorthand, which I will defy any one but myself to understand; the signs are made very quickly, they overlap one another; to me each is instinct with meaning, and even with form. But when it comes to the finished drawing that is a very different matter, no pains can be too great; and I can truly say that at no time, even when I was very poor, did I allow the necessi-

ties of the moment, if I may use such an expression, to control my output. I am a believer in very careful and conscientious work. People imagine that my drawings are 'dashed off.' I bow down before those who can produce easily; alas! I cannot claim to imitate their example. Take one comparatively simple matter, that of costume. Tell me what a man wears, and I will tell you what manner of man he is."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.



STUDY. BY CARAN D'ACHE



THY WAY

To live as thou would'st have me every day,
To do the things that thou would'st, in thy way,
Brave and undaunted, honourable and mild,
Loving, unselfish, simple as a child,
Whose eyes and heart have turned to Heaven and smiled.

With each sun, saying, "It's but a day
To crown, with thoughtfulness another's way
Needs something I can give, Love's debt I'll pay."
Acknowledging God's plan, His beauteous hand,
Finding in blossom sunshine, sky and land,
Choosing thy words: "Give thanks, we understand."

To bear, to strive, to work, to gain, to show
No alien eye, the problem that I know
To lock in in my heart and smiling go.

This is my all, my creed, my goal, to say
When night bends low to bind each bleeding day,
"As I had strength—Dear Heart—'twas in thy way."

Jean Wilde Clark.

THE GHOST WALKS: THE ACTOR AND HIS EARNINGS



LAWRENCE BARRETT once manufactured a coat of mail by studding a woollen undershirt with suspender buttons, all because the long-expected ghost didn't walk on salary night, and he had to pace presentably the parapet of Elsinore whether or no. Who first said "the ghost walks," meaning salaries are being handed out, and just why he said it, is now lost in mystery. The play of *Hamlet* used to be the mainstay of the little fly-by-night company, and it is rather pleasing to fancy that once upon a time the business manager doubled with Hamlet's father—a part which admirably left him free after the third act to collect what money there was in the box and return to dispense it to the actors at the end of the play. Under such circumstances one may

picture the trembling intensity of the hero's query, "Will it walk again to-night think you?" and Horatio shouting to keep his courage up, "I warrant you it will!" But whatever its origin, the phrase and its twin, "walking the ties"—a vivid presentment of the stranded actor—bid fair to outlast Shakespeare on our stages.

The earliest record we have of the size of theatrical salaries in England is for one of the Miracle plays. It is as follows:

Pay'd to the players for rehearsal—	
imprimis to God.....	2s. 6d.
to Pilate his wife.....	2s.
to Fauston for cockrowing..	3d.
Item for setting World on fire..	5d.
for mending Hell.....	2d.
for painting Hell-mouth.....	3d.

From this expense account we may deduce several things. First, that actors

were paid there as much as they could earn anywhere else; and second, that they were paid for rehearsal. Neither of these is true to-day. But let not any actor who is forced to present his management with three to eight weeks' rehearsal for a play, which after all may fail, imagine that managers were a more humane race in the days of the *Miracles*. The explanation is simplicity itself—the actors were their own managers. The trade guilds who ran the plays supplied the performers out of their own number, and the trades were as touchy then as they are now about having their men quit work for nothing. Nor, indeed, could these be considered the palmy days of the actor when it is recollected that only the rehearsals and not the performance were paid for, since the *Miracles* were played only once a year and then on a holiday, when the artisan would not be earning money anyway. In one respect, however, the modern actor may well sigh for the good old times. The super who did the cockcrowing got as much for the work of his lungs as the painter who painted Hell-mouth and a third more than the carpenter who mended it got for the work of their hands. This enviable state of things can be appreciated by the modern actor who finds both scale of wages forced up and security of position ensured by the stagehands' union while his own position is still at the mercy of a capricious demand and supply and uncertain at best unless he can succeed in cornering the market—which may be in the power of Gods or Mrs. Pilates, but never of cockcrowers. Thus from the very beginning the leading people took most of the money.

"THE AMERICAN COUSIN"

No better paid were the inferior actors in Elizabethan days. At Blackfriars—Shakespeare's second theatre—the sum of forty-five shillings a night covered not only their entire salaries, but all the expenses besides, of rent, lighting, wardrobe, service, and royalty for plays. The principal actors fared immeasurably better. They were almost always partners in the business, the canny

proprietor perceiving it would be cheaper to make them share his risks. The supply of eligible boys for girls' parts never equalled the demand, and consequently the manager found it far better to play them, too, on a percentage of profits than on a salary, that they might share the losses if the plays did not succeed. The elder Sothorn tried the same arrangement when he went to London with *The American Cousin*, in which he had so unexpectedly made a great hit in America. To the surprise of every one the play was a failure the first night, and, seeing his salary recede to the vanishing point, he demanded a fixed sum instead. This arrangement on the basis of a not very profitable attraction, was no sooner made than the house picked up, and in another week the play became one of the greatest successes in stage history; whereupon Sothorn demanded back his old contract, but the manager refused. In Shakespeare's day, unless the actor were important enough to be a sharer in the business, he got very little; and if he were he became almost invariably wealthy.

UNDER THE RESTORATION

In late Restoration times is recorded an illustration of how much more exposed to mere chance is the theatrical profession than any other. Colley Cibber was getting fifteen shillings a week when one of those lucky happenings came which is found to be the turning-point in almost every actor's reminiscences. The actor who played the principal part in Congreve's *Double Dealer* was taken ill the night of all nights in the world when Queen Mary had signified her intention of coming to see the play. The young actor was jumped into the part, and the Queen's commendation made both his success and that of the piece, which before had been a failure. Cibber might have spent a lifetime waiting for the leading-man's shoes, and he sprang at once into good parts and a great raise of five shillings a week. One wonders how in Restoration days, if this is what an important actor received, the little man lived at all; but there were plenty of people in those days more than willing to give both actor and actress a lift. Sal-

aries for leads had gone up considerably, however, when Peg Woffington—already the rage of Dublin—asked nine pounds a week to appear in London in 1740. Two years later a new epoch in salaries was ushered in by a curious foreshadowing of local theatrical conditions in New York City. The right to play legitimate plays had since the beginning of the Restoration period been vested solely in the two patent theatres, and neither would have anything to do with young David Garrick, who had come to town fresh from provincial triumphs. Finally he found his chance at a smaller theatre, which, not being allowed to give a dramatic performance, was providing “concerts”—entertainments consisting of an entire play sandwiched in between musical numbers at the beginning and end. The success of these concerts with Garrick was so enormous that the patent houses played to empty benches and, thoroughly alarmed, they began to bid against each other for his services. He was finally captured by Drury Lane at the then unheard-of price of six hundred guineas the season; and thus a new record was begun. It was Elliston, the manager of Drury Lane, who, in 1820, in order to overwhelm the inferior company at Covent Garden, inaugurated the era of large salaries for the rank just below stardom, an era which on the whole has for the first-class actor continued ever since. The high-water mark of English stellar salaries was almost reached by Madame Vestris, who after twenty years was earning the pay of a prime-minister. She got two hundred and forty pounds a week, a sum which sounds almost incredible to Americans—for the American tour of the lady, much to the excited indignation of her English admirers, was a frost. And this then amazing sum was even exceeded by Edmund Kean, who, in 1829, was getting fifty pounds a night and benefits besides. When Macready acted at the Haymarket Theatre his salary was four thousand pounds a year, while a star of greater fame—Mrs. Siddons—had received in 1804 only twenty pounds a night. It must have irked the “tragic muse” that on the very same stage, in the same year, Master Betty, the infant prodigy, was at

the age of thirteen playing grown-up heroes for fifty guineas a night, a sum which she equalled only in the zenith of her fame and when she played more rarely, five years later. Nor was even she able to alternate from one theatre to the other and thus more than double her salary. So much was London in the golden epoch of the stage doing for the freak actor. The freak actor is still with us, and the heroine of a notable trial or the hero of a prize fight was a while ago able to command a fabulous sum for the short time it takes public curiosity to satisfy itself.

EARLY AMERICAN SALARIES

In America, salaries at the early New York theatres were extremely small. It often happened that Junius Brutus Booth—father of Edwin—was not to be found in his dressing-room when the curtain was about to ring up, but the management knew just where to look for him. He would be discovered at a neighbouring saloon in pawn for fifty cents worth of ale, sitting unconcernedly at a table with the cheque in his hat waiting to be redeemed. But if the salaries were small, so were the prices of admission. One shilling, twelve and a half cents, let you in to the gallery or the pit; and if you didn't have the shilling, the mercenary management forced you to pay thirteen cents. So the boys got the habit of changing their money at a fish-woman's on the corner, who for fifteen cents obligingly gave them a shilling and a pig's foot—they handed in the shilling at the door and during the course of the evening presented the well-picked bone to the management by way of some unfortunate in the pit or on the stage. When Mrs. John Drew first came to America, she and her mother received between them sixteen dollars a week; and years afterward, in 1850, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert, already well established in England, got precisely the same amount for their joint salary. But as the actor had no social position then and no manager expected him to cut a dash, one could board very comfortably for four dollars a week. The season, too, was practically all the year, with perhaps one month's vacation in July or August. These long

seasons continued all through the old stock-days, but they began steadily to diminish under the travelling system. Even in the nineties actors were complaining that the good old forty weeks' season was a thing of the past, and at present twenty weeks is considered a fairly long season for the average show with two and sometimes three half-salaried weeks at that.

OLD "STOCK" DAYS

The old "family stock" days were perhaps the most comfortable and secure the actor has ever known. All the chief towns in America had their own companies. The salaries for the leads ranged from thirty-five to fifty dollars a week, and the scale descended to ten dollars for the walking gentlemen and much lower for the utility ladies—Clara Morris, for instance, entered the "ballet" of the Cleveland stock in 1865 for three dollars a week. On their salaries the actors were supposed to dress their parts, often for three plays an evening. But audiences in those days had not been satorially stimulated by lavish display or the press agent, and the modern wardrobe of a juvenile man at fifteen dollars a week was finely equipped with a suit of evening clothes, a silk hat, a light suit, a frock coat with a white waistcoat, and a velvet jacket. By a nice combination of these every exigency could be met; and an actor with a larger wardrobe was but padding out a slender talent. Nowadays neither actor nor actress may wear the same clothes twice, and though generally the costumes are supplied in costume parts, all accessories—wigs, hose, laces, jewels, gloves and shoes—must come out of the actor's own pocket. In the stock days the ambition of every actor was to become a visiting star and travel from company to company in a repertory of plays in which he had made a reputation. When Junius Brutus Booth became a visiting star he received three hundred dollars a week, but later the star might instead of a salary get a percentage of the profits and one-half the gross receipts on Friday nights. In the early seventies the system began to disintegrate by a natural process of accumulation. The star began to bring his leading lady or leading man with him, and the entire

home company would thus have to move down a peg. Aimée, the French actress, was probably the first to tour the entire country with her own company in 1870-1871. This started the fashion of a star travelling with a little band of his most important satellites; and in the year 1876 it occurred to a native manager to try Aimée's experiment with Lawrence Barrett. He played in the stock theatres of the large cities, the house company being laid off for the week and generally at full salaries which, as Barrett raised the prices, the management was fully able to pay. Other travelling companies followed his lead, and so the "combination" system was begun. This had an immediate effect on salaries—as the demand was thus largely increased they began steadily to rise. Theatres were built in the smaller towns, hitherto unable to support a stock company; and the result was that the old visiting star system was gradually driven out. About 1880 the last star abandoned the practice and took to touring on his own account. The stock companies themselves continued for some years longer, but little by little they retired before the new custom. It was in the year 1893 that the great financial panic came and salaries fell with a thump. They had just begun to rise again when the theatrical syndicate got on a strategic and offensive basis with the defection of most of the stars to their management. Then when the smaller theatres found they could not meet the exactions of the syndicate and do business at a profit, they started stocks again. For a time the old habit had an Indian summer, but the system now once more seems on the wane. The influence of the syndicate on salaries seems to have been neither uniform nor consistent, but it succeeded at first in cutting down the average and low salaries, and in trimming the larger ones; an actor to-day, however, can always force up his salary when he appears indispensable to the part.

STARS OF YESTERDAY

In the last quarter of a century successful stars have made great earnings, even if they have not always had something to show for it. Booth, in the last three years of his life, saved large sums

of money, and for many years he had been a gold-mine. It is said that he got sixty per cent. and Barrett forty per cent. of their takings, while Madame Modjeska, in the famous last performances of the trio, worked on a salary of five hundred dollars a week—a smaller sum than she would get in these days. As prices were doubled, Booth's share must have been about a thousand dollars a night. He left more than a million dollars, and it must be remembered that both he and Barrett in their late careers made great sums which were entirely unaccounted for, since it was only toward the end that they began to save. Lotta, with her pranks and rogueries—no actress, as John Brougham said, but a dramatic cocktail—was more prudent, and by dint of successful investments is said to be worth three millions. Maggie Mitchell is another rich retired millionaire who early learned to shun the improvidence and extravagance which used to be inseparable from the artistic temperament. The other special accompaniment of the actor's make-up and his peculiar virtue, easy generosity, is probably responsible for the fact that Miss Kate Claxton, who for a generation made fifty thousand dollars a year with *The Two Orphans*, has now little to show for it. Miss Clara Morris confesses in her autobiography to no business ability, and it is for this reason that she must now eke out a slender income with her pen. Even from the first she was unfortunate, for she came a leading lady from the Cincinnati stock to play for Daly at thirty-five dollars a week, and even after she made her enormous hit she signed at fifty-five dollars for the next season—no larger sum than Daly was paying his inferior people. But neither the actor's failings of improvidence and bad business ability, nor his great virtue of heedless generosity, prevented Joseph Jefferson from amassing a great fortune. He never wasted a cent on productions or royalties, or did anything for the American stage beyond adorning it. Henry Irving was of the opinion that no conscientious artistic manager who wanted to put on large pieces could die a rich man, and his own experience seems to justify the statement. Mansfield, whose

fortune was estimated near the million mark, did not himself make any elaborate or careful production aside from *Cyrano*—his *Julius Cæsar* is said to have been bought outright from Irving's *Coriolanus* production. His money was chiefly earned in the last years of his life, when he is said to have worked on a salary of five thousand dollars a week. This great sum his managers could well afford, for they published that his last week in New York drew nineteen thousand dollars. It is said that in the Sothorn-Marlowe combination each of the stars received two thousand five hundred dollars a week, although they came far short of bringing to their management Mansfield's returns.

COMING DOWN TO FIGURES

The salary of stars is a very flexible thing, and from season to season responds to box-office statements of the preceding year. The earnings of a certain established woman-star have thus varied from five hundred to a thousand a week with an interest in all profits above a fixed figure, to a flat four hundred with no interest at all. Then, too, as the chief asset of a star is advertisement, to get it a new star is quite willing to accept a small amount. Thus it is said that Mr. John Drew on his first starring tour consented to take much less than he received as leading man at Daly's, with the understanding that each year his salary was to increase. For the management in building up his name as a star throughout the country was under great expense. "There is much virtue," says Touchstone, "in an if," but for the actor there is far more in the simple particles "in" and "with": if you are billed "in" a play you are a star, if you are billed "with" you are only featured. But both prepositions are worth many dollars a week to the actor. Clara Bloodgood on her first tour was getting much less than her leading man. For a certain part a short while ago, a leading man demanded two hundred and fifty a week, but he would compound for two hundred providing he was featured—thus his name would be built up at the management's cost against the day when he

should himself become a star. One of the many curious anomalies of the stage is that some enormous money-getters on the road do not do particularly well or fail altogether in New York. Miss Nethersole and Miss Florence Roberts are among this class; and recently Miss Viola Allen has seemed to be also. *The Christian* made her almost at once with no intermediate steps perhaps the biggest money-maker in the theatre. When this play was secured for her first starring vehicle she, being an unknown quantity in the country at large, received a small salary and a large interest; the play was a pyrotechnic success, and she reaped a fortune from it. Another anomaly is, that stars like Joseph Murphy and Miss Maud Feally, scarcely known in New York, pack the houses in their particular sections of the country. An actor identified with a particular play often finds it too successful to leave. The profits of Denman Thomson in *The Old Homestead* have been enormous, and James O'Neill played *Monte Cristo* for a generation without adding a stick or a rag to the original production.

THE PLACE OF VAUDEVILLE

The well-established leading men of to-day range in salaries from three hundred to four hundred and fifty dollars a week. The best leading women get a slightly larger amount when they have to furnish their own clothes. The average good salary for minor parts in New York would seem to be about seventy-five dollars a week. But in character-business even actors of established reputation are dependent on the importance of the part and their salaries vary from year to year. Good old men and old women have to take pot-luck; when they are absolutely needed for the play, their salaries may be even double what they receive in off years when the nature of the part throws it open to a wider competition. No legitimate actor (unless he is wise enough to prefer a secure position and a comfortable living to a more spectacular career) goes into vaudeville except in bad seasons for the purpose of mak-

ing money. Vaudeville, as one actor wittily puts it, is the pawn-shop of the profession. There for a one-act sketch, the lead receives from five hundred to a thousand dollars or more a week, depending upon his popularity and draught; but out of this he must pay his company and his transportation. Head liners of the regular variety stage, like Harry Lauder, receive enormous sums—especially if some theatrical convulsion has thrown to the surface a rival syndicate—and legitimate stars sometimes fare as well when they flirt with the variety stage between plays. And a novelty in vaudeville—a dancing horse or a diving lady—may, like Master Betty the child-wonder, receive a figure which sets the legitimate to hinting gloomily at “art and all that rot.” For some reason not apparent, musical shows have, since their ever-to-be-regretted beginning, paid much higher salaries than the regular play. This is rarely a matter of voice, so it is all the harder to understand, though in the case of the comedian who makes or breaks the show it is easier to fathom. Of late years, too, the chorus girl has been steadily increasing her salary, and when she condescends to go upon the road she becomes quite imperious. The show-girl is a cut above the chorus, from whom she is principally distinguished by the repose of her manner and the length of her skirts. Her salary is never less than twenty-five dollars a week—where the for-the-moment inferior chorus lady receives an official salary of but fifteen—and a favourite show girl may get as high as one hundred dollars, since the attention she draws to the house is worth it to the manager.

NEW YORK AND ELSEWHERE

There is a great difference between the salary of a New York actor and one who never appears there. For the latter the high average sum is forty dollars a week instead of seventy-five. The salary list of the cheap melodrama companies playing in second and third class houses rarely tickets off to the leading man much over fifty dollars a week. Nor are road actors at all in-

ferior to metropolitan. An ideal cast for any Broadway production could be entirely composed of actors whose nearest approach to New York is the summer pacing of the rialto in search of next season's part. Every now and then such an actor makes a New York hit and the town—as early as 1800 very arrogant in theatrical matters—complacently wonders where he has come from and why he hasn't been heard of before. And even beyond this outer fringe of road actors, there are two others—the stock-actor in those small cities where the system keeps up an intermittent existence, who at the break-up of one stock goes to another without coming to New York at all; and the actor in the little repertoire company who plays week after week twice a day in the "ten, twenty, thirty" circuit in the very smallest of towns. In these repertoire companies the highest salary may not be over thirty-five dollars a week and the smallest is five dollars and "cakes," or board and lodging. These people have comparatively a comfortable life and there husbands and wives may rear them families in an orderly way, living at boarding houses for four and five dollars a week and playing almost the entire year.

THE FLUCTUATING MARKET

There are many peculiar conditions affecting stage salaries. Actors early learned that it is as profitable to act off the stage as on. No actor can get a good figure who can't act—in a manager's office. There are many notoriously wooden actors in receipt of high salaries because they have the incommunicable gift of putting on a front. It is a business asset of the actor to be "high-salaried," and he naturally squares up to the commercial condition in which he finds himself; and though a manager knows that every actor bluffs about his salary, the man who spends freely creates an impression in the end. A good deal of the actor's improvidence is thus dictated by the state of affairs in his business. He must also be alert to respond to the market, and the salary he holds out for in August steadily wanes with his waning chances of a part as the short

season advances; yet he is at the disadvantage of being in a profession where everything leaks out and he must always remember that if his salary is once forced down he may never get it up again. There are two or three leading men who are known as always standing out for their figure, but they are known also as being idle half the time. Furthermore, forcing up his salary is a matter of diplomacy; it rarely attends to itself. For the sake of a good company or a good part he must make monetary sacrifices one season, hoping for a more adequate return the next. Even more than any other business in which women engage, the actress who depends on her earnings is in unfair competition with women who will work for pin-money and chocolates. Stage-struck girls will go on for nothing or even pay for parts which they dress magnificently, while the self-respecting woman wage-earner is particularly at the mercy of those who seek the stage for self-exploitation and a means to an end. Yet in spite of this the stage is as yet the only place where, when sex enters at all, a woman may earn as much as a man for the same amount of work. Then, too, like all purveyors of luxuries, the actor feels the slightest breath of hard times. And flexible at all seasons, his salary contracts with the heat. A summer salary—when he is fortunate enough to get one—is considerably less than his winter figure. There are besides several singular conditions on the stage to be found nowhere else. For the actor in many cases nothing fails like success. Unless he can immediately follow up his hit with another, he might better never have made one—for to take any smaller part is going backward, and he is forced to hold out for an equal opportunity. Or if he makes a hit in a peculiar kind of part, managers are so unimaginative that he may remain idle until just such a part comes along again. Always every year several excellent actors find themselves in this senseless plight. Again, as English salaries are rather less than half what they are here and the English stage is overcrowded, the English actor is constantly gaining a foothold on the American stage and each one—in the early days of his transplanting, at least—greatly forces

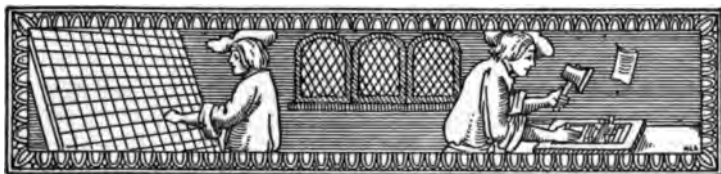
down American salaries. Then, too, the slipperiness of managers and the worthlessness of their contracts is probably greater than in any other business, artistic or otherwise. Some of this is due to the unstable material they work with—the undependable quality of both actor and public favour—but for some reason the better class business man rarely engages in theatrical management. The important actor can enforce fair treatment, the average actor cannot. In general it may be said that although recent years show some improvement, the business of acting in America has not yet—even though its volume is enormous—been put on a sound and reputable basis. And lastly, there is no profession in which—largely speaking—industry, reliability, and merit count so little. An actor cannot get a good part until he has made a hit, and no one can make a hit in a bad part. Only a lucky chance or a pull can break the combination. That lucky chances are always happening does not make it any the more certain that the fortunate lightning will strike a given individual.

WHEN THE GHOST WALKS

Thus, on the whole, the earnings of actors are about the same as in Shakespeare's time. The great actors grow rich, if they are thrifty and make prudent investments; the average actor is greatly underpaid, by the very terms of his business can save little, and is afraid to look old age in the face. In his case it may

be doubted, indeed, if there has been much improvement in salary even on the American scale. Forty dollars a week for twenty weeks is not so much, all in all, as ten dollars in the old days, when living was cheaper, engagements were eleven months out of the twelve, and the actor had no social exactions. Mansfield, it is said, refused to engage even a utility man whose tie was not in the recent style. Not only did the actor's salary go further, but it was more secure; even if the ghost did not walk regularly, there was on the whole as much regularity as now, and as he lived just around the corner, his landlady, good sympathetic soul, would wait until next week for her money. It is no uncommon thing these days for an actress to spend several weeks' salary on gowns for a play which barely lives out the traditional two weeks which her worthless contract demands. And at all times the illness or whim of a star may cost a season's work. The most fortunate this side of stardom—with luck and shrewdness to help them out—make little in comparison with persons of like prominence in any other profession. The most successful of leading men makes perhaps ten thousand the average year of his brief heyday. Contrast this with the plums of law, medicine, and authorship. For the average actor, acting is still an insecure, slipshod, and underpaid profession. But then, of course, nobody expects to be an average actor when he goes upon the stage.

Algernon Tassin.



"DIAMOND CUT PASTE"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

BOOK I—THE STORY OF A DAY

CHAPTER VII



HE little Widow, whose unprotected and homeless condition so moved Sir Reginald that he had put aside the claims of wife and child to conduct her to safe harbour, now found herself alone in her new quarters at the Hyde Park Hotel.

No sooner had the door closed upon the soft-hearted gentleman than the pathetic expression of her countenance gave place to an air of alert interest and satisfaction. She sprang to her feet and began a close inspection of her surroundings. It was a small, irregular room, overlooking the park, and the sight of the swaying tree-tops between the pink brocade curtains appealed to her artistic sense.

"What a sweet contrast!" she murmured, and thought hopefully of the day when she could combine such colour schemes in her attractive person. She loved pink.

Then she examined the furniture, upholstered in the same brocade, rubbed her little shoe luxuriously over the thick pile of the rosy carpet and surveyed one after the other the two pictures on the walls, photogravures of those deservedly popular works of art, "Wash Day" and "In Disgrace."

Mrs. Lancelot had neither child nor dog, but she was devoted to both, in theory. She stood gazing at the chubby little girl and her pet with a misty eye, rehearsing the moment when she should draw the attention of some visitor of hers, preferably male, to them, with words which should betray her tender heart.

"Aren't they too, too sweet? It quite cheers me up in my loneliness to look at the dear baby face. . . ." Or, if the

caller should be a pronounced dog lover, the phrase could be varied:

"Isn't it dear, with its stump of a tail—sometimes I feel as if it almost wagged at me. Me! I haven't even a dog to love me! You see, in my homeless existence—in an hotel—"

Mrs. Lancelot—she liked her friends to call her Emerald—was fond of mental pictures in which she was herself the central figure. She had a manner of seeing her personality as it were dissociated from herself, and could become pathetic over her own pathos, or subjugated by her own charms, without any awkward sensation of egotism.

From the emotional moments over the photogravures she passed to visions of intimate little parties of two, or at the most four, within these pleasant walls. Sir Reginald would, of course, often be with her, but she would have other guests at times; she could receive any one here; it was such a comfort to be in a good hotel! And with some plants and flowers—that was another delicate feminine trait about herself that she liked to contemplate; she *could not* live without flowers—she thought her little sitting-room would look quite homelike. "Quite like me!"

Upon this agreeable thought she rang her bell; and in silvery tones gave orders that a couple of lilies in pots, and a large bunch of roses should immediately be ordered for her from the nearest florist.

"And you can tell the porter to pay the bill and have it entered, please," she added airily. Sir Reginald had insisted that she was to be his guest in the hotel for the present. He would be the first to wish her to gratify so simple a wish as that for a few flowers.

Humming a little tune, she next proceeded into the adjoining bedroom, where she summoned the housemaid,

whom she forthwith interviewed on the subject of personal attendance with a smile which she felt must incline that person toward her even more than the promise of a good tip.

"I'll make it worth your while," said the widow, with the most ingratiating familiarity. "You look so kind and clever, I'm sure you would be better than any lady's maid I could get. And I'm rather lonely. You see I'm in mourning still. It would be such a comfort to me if you would look after me a little. Oh, you don't mind, do you?"

Of course the housemaid didn't mind. She would be only too pleased, she was sure, to do what she could. She would do her best, she was sure.

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" Emerald responded in a dulcet recitative. "That is delightful of you. What is your name? Muriel—what a pretty name! Muriel—yes—you look like a Muriel somehow. There are my things, would you mind? Yes, I think they had better be all unpacked. There are some hanging places here, aren't there?"

She returned to her sitting-room. It was nearly five o'clock, and she thought agreeably of tea on the terrace. She might meet an acquaintance. London was a wonderful place for that. Or she might remain quite alone, a solitary figure at her little table, gazing out across the park with far-away eyes. In her mourning garb the fair young widow could scarcely fail to attract attention.

For this rôle a little pallor would not be unbecoming. Her handbag was on the dressing-room table, and the where-withal inside. There was a convenient mirror over the chimney-piece, and Emerald had as practised a taste in subtle shades of complexion as she had in shades of feeling.

It was, therefore, an ivory-cheeked, appealing apparition that glided, all in her floating trappings of woe, through the crowded groups of tea-goers on the terrace overlooking the park and settled, with a flutter like some alighting bird, at the solitary table indicated by a subservient waiter.

She flung a long, sad look about her, and then was about to allow the yearning eyes to wander to unseen horizons when she heard her name pronounced in a masculine voice.

"Hulloa, Mrs. Lancelot! Oh, I say, it is Mrs. Lancelot, isn't it? I wonder if you remember me?"

A tall, blond youth stood before her. He had detached himself from a tea-party in her rear, and, blushing at his own temerity, had brought himself awkwardly up to her chair.

She recognised him hardly with elation; a subaltern in a marching regiment whom she had met two or three times in India. Nevertheless he was of the right sex, and it was part of Emerald's code to be sweet to all that came her way. Moreover, there are times when the aptitude of the proverb, "Half a loaf is better than no bread," is peculiarly brought home to one.

Mr. Brodrick-Smith was scarcely even half a loaf, but he was a crumb of comfort in an empty land. So the pathetic widow, who had created quite a stir of excitement among the idle tea-drinkers, smiled on the enthralled young man with more than her usual grace.

"Oh, Mr. Brodrick-Smith, is it possible? How, too, too singular that we should come across each other like this! Remember you—but, of course, I remember you! Oh, do sit down and have a cup of tea with me! Do you know, I was feeling so lonely, so abandoned—I came to have a breath of air here on the terrace, and I was just thinking I could not stand it all by myself. But if you will sit here it will make all the difference. Will you?"

Would he? He belonged to a party of aunts and cousins, but their multiplied attractions could not compete against such a being as Mrs. Lancelot. He swelled with pride at her affability and his enviable position. He hurriedly begged his irate relatives to excuse him; promised to meet them at the Franco-British Exhibition later on; and, without pausing to fix either place or hour of rendezvous, returned headlong to the widow's table.

That date was memorable in the annals of the Brodrick-Smith family as marking "the day when Harold behaved so badly." But Harold never regretted it; he attained a height of romantic bliss in those hours spent with Mrs. Lancelot that he looked back upon, all the rest of his life, with regretful emotion. Every one has his ideals. That afternoon and evening the good youth, with his restricted interests and the conventional society to which his steady middle-class circumstances bound him, tasted of the fruit of forbidden paradise. For Mrs. Lancelot contrived to make him understand that it would be intolerable cruelty to leave her to her own resources for the evening. At the same time, when she accepted his invitation to dinner at the Carlton, and to go on to the *Merry Widow*—which was, he assured her, a ripping piece—she made him feel that it was an enormous condescension on her part to accept. Afterwards he never could think of that moment without a blush of mixed anguish and delight. How he had dared the audacious suggestion? How hideously and brutally the name of the play had fallen against her instant silence! No sooner had the words escaped his lips than every fold of her mourning seemed to wave at him. Her great eyes had fixed themselves upon him, had gathered a sadness that was like a wail, had misted and drooped. But then, how sweet she had been! She would have none of his blundering apologies; she even laid three delicate finger-tips upon his great red hand, to enforce the assurance that she didn't mind, she quite understood; no, indeed, how could she think anything of him but what was kind and sympathetic. Certainly—this with an argentine ripple of laughter—he was *not* a beast. Far from it! She was sure she would enjoy the *Merry Widow* enormously. She would be very glad to see any widow that could be merry.

Here a sigh tripped up the fairy mirth: could anything be more infinitely pathetic, thought Harold Brodrick-Smith. She was an angel, by George she was!

He had hard work to keep the tears out of his own silly eyes.

The terrace was nearly deserted when Mrs. Lancelot gathered her trailing draperies together and dismissed her new adorer until the glorious moment when he should fetch her in a taxi.

Emerald found a telegram awaiting her in her sitting-room. As she read it, the dulcet plaintiveness of her smile, which still lingered from the parting *au revoir*, gave place to a look of acute concentration. She stood lost in deep reflection. Then jocundity spread itself on her countenance; a very different kind of mirth from that delicate emotion that went hand in hand with tears of a few minutes ago. She laughed aloud, sharply and triumphantly, and with a military decision, wrote and despatched her reply to Lady Gertrude.

When this was accomplished, she stood again, a prey to intense thought. Sir Reginald meant business, there could be no doubt of that. She did not define the business more particularly in her mind; neither did she care to pursue its possible ultimate results upon her own life. She merely told herself that she would be a fool to refuse to grasp so powerful a hand when it was held out to help her along the rough ways of life. The hurried beating of the hour by the little feverish French clock on the mantelpiece startled her:

"What bewitched me to engage myself to that calf for to-night!" she thought. And she weighed for a moment the advisability of breaking the contract by another telegram, the words of which sprang instantly in her mind: "After all, I cannot face the play to-night. You will understand." But on second reflection she tossed the doubt from her. Sir Reginald was most unlikely ever to hear of it. And she liked the prospect of the restaurant dinner, of the lights, the crowd, the champagne, and the music and the adoration of her cavalier—even if he was a calf.

So she went gaily into her bedroom and summoned the willing Muriel. There was a dress, all jet and spangle, that was mourning enough and yet sparkling enough to fit the peculiar situa-

tion. She resisted Muriel's admiring suggestion of "Just one of them lovely roses in front, mam." But when her attendant was dismissed, the widow, consulting her countenance critically in the glass, deemed that complete pallor was no longer the note required. A touch of shell-like pink on each cheek would poetically indicate a possible return of hope to a bruised heart.

She wore a jet coronet on her golden head; long chains of the same swayed and jingled as she moved, and gave out shafts of black fire.

When she came in upon him, Mr. Brodrick-Smith, who had been anxiously waiting in the pink brocade nest, feeling his head swim with the scent of the lillies and the intoxicating prospect of the evening, thought that he had never conceived so radiant a vision.

Yet when his first suffocating sense of embarrassment and rapture had subsided, he was conscious of a subtle change in the lady's manner. She was as sweet as ever, but more aloof. The condescension was ever more marked, and the appeal for sympathy and pity ever fainter. He had had wild hopes of future meetings; they were suavely but irrevocably dashed. She was quite unable to make any plans. To-morrow she was due to some very dear friends at Windsor—to Sir Reginald and Lady Gertrude Esdale. Of course Mr. Brodrick-Smith knew the General? Well, he must have seen him, at least known of him.

The poor, disconsolate young man babbled inarticulately. If those were her friends he had about as much chance as . . . Oh, yes, he had seen Sir Reginald, known of him, in much the same way as he had seen and known of his sovereign. He scarcely recovered the power of speech in his first bumper of champagne.

For Mrs. Lancelot, however, the evening was tolerably satisfying. She met no other acquaintances (which was just as well, she thought), but she was conscious of attracting a great deal of attention; conscious also of the pride which swelled the bosom of the youth beside her as he marked the long looks and the

many opera glasses levelled upon her stall. She enjoyed that. She enjoyed, too, the facility with which, by a smile and a word, she could raise her cavalier to an intoxicating altitude, and the equal facility with which she could topple him off again.

The toppling-off process she deemed it wise to employ unremittingly during the homeward drive; and her farewell at the door of the lift was a masterpiece of sweet finality:

"Good-bye! Thank you so much for your kindness—your very, very great kindness! I should have had a lonely evening but for you. Please don't think I shall ever forget it. . . . Even if we never meet again."

His jaw dropped.

"Never meet again! Oh, I say!"

She smiled entrancingly, but with immeasurable condescension.

"Life," she said, "takes us in different directions. Good-night—good-bye! It's been very, very charming."

The sleepy porter yawned. At the last, as the lift moved upward with its adorable burden, he caught a final sight of her; she was yawning, too! His heart was intolerably heavy as he stepped out of the hotel.

After Emerald had yawned she smiled again. The life of the poor subaltern had merely touched hers in passing, as the ripple of a stream laps against the water lily and is gone. She would never see him again, for she decided never to see him again. And in such trifles of social intercourse she was an adept at carrying out her own purpose. But the experience had increased her self-confidence; so that, beside amusement, the evening had yielded her moral benefit. If she had had a doubt, it was now finally removed. She would pursue the chancy way that led to heights still veiled in discreet mists; the low safe path of middle-class respectability would not be trod by her!

She was little inclined to sleep, the dance of lights and music still whirling in her brain; she would sit an hour or so in the company of her thoughts before seeking her bed.

She slid out of her spangled dress and

into her white silk *negligé*. It was a very becoming garment; voluminous, yet with a kind of placid simplicity in its folds. One who possessed remarkably good taste had once (most accidentally) beheld her in it, and he had not been able to restrain his admiration; it pleased her to picture now how his eye would kindle could he but see his *petite madame* with her golden hair loose upon her shoulders (no need that he should ever suspect the existence of those silken curls which she had just popped into a sachet); his little madame watching in the night, while all the world slept! One dainty mauve slipper half falling off a delicate foot still in its black silk stocking, the bare arms emerging from the Greek draperies. . . . !

After posing awhile, with much poetic dreaminess in her gaze, the widow roused herself to fetch the telegram from the next room and peruse its contents again.

"Gertrude Esdale," she murmured, tasting the sound. Then, swiftly, the thought flashed: "Emerald Esdale!" How charming and original such a combination would be, and how fascinating to have two E's intertwined for initials!

She gave a tinkling laugh to herself; what absurd ideas one had at times!

Lady Gertrude had been a Fitz-Esmond, daughter of the Earl of Enniscorthy, and the present holder of the title was still unmarried, as Emerald knew, having been at pains to study Burke on the subject upon first making the General's acquaintance. She would be very likely to meet this interesting young man during her stay at Orange Court. "Emerald Enniscorthy!" Two E's again, and with a coronet above! There was no absurdity in that vision at any rate. . . .

The widow flung a look at herself in the long mirror which the proprietors of the hotel had thoughtfully provided, and with equal thoughtfulness had flanked by a well-shaded arrangement of lights. What a fool she had made of that boy this evening! If she had allowed it, he would have laid himself, his subaltern pay, and a third-rate regimental career at her feet in the taxi, coming home—that wretched, bumping taxi! Scornfully her nostrils dilated. Neither hired

vehicle nor one-horse dog-carts were to be her conveyances in the future. She would drive in her own Mercedes!

Her thoughts here flew off at a tangent to very different quarters. If she chose . . . she could have her own Mercedes as soon as banns could be called or license bought. Aye — that, and diamonds, and all solid comfort and luxury, and all the good things of this world that money can purchase!

Yet, as this solacing reflection passed through her head, the widow's pretty face grew ever more disdainful:

"Poor John!" she said aloud. "John and — Paisley — and Glasgow society — and MacCracken's biscuit all along the line! Why, the MacCracken poster was the last thing to grin at me from Bombay and the first to grin again at Southampton!"

Then she dived into the recesses of her travelling bag, produced a case bulging with photographs and letters; and, for the mere luxury of it, fell to making comparisons — comparisons of the past with the present, of the might have been with the might be.

Two or three photographs, bound with an india rubber ring, together with a couple of letters, she selected from the rest. She spread the photographs out on her dressing-table, and, propping her chin on her hand, fell to contemplation. Here were an early portrait of herself, a family group, and the head of a young man. Characteristically, she took up her own picture first. No disfiguring arrangement of ringlets, no odious suburban fashion of garments could disguise the delicate prettiness of the face that already looked out upon the world with appeal in the eyes and a self-conscious smile on the lips.

Emerald recognised the prettiness in her frank, picturesque way: "I was a darling little creature! But, Lord, what a garment to give me! And those curls!"

Yes, she remembered the fashioning of those curls, and how proud she had been of them—at Surbiton. But she was afraid she could not keep that picture. No, she could not risk its ever falling under other eyes, in spite of its attraction. The curls were too stamping. With a sigh she tore the cardboard across and

across and flung the fragments into the grate.

She had no hesitation in sending the next picture the same way. That dreadful porch of "Elmhurst," the semi-detached villa; her poor, dear mother with that appalling cap—a dome of white muslin with mauve ribbons—and the *gros grain* black silk (her best) that had a worm-like decoration of narrow white lace upon it! And Uncle John! The photograph had been taken to commemorate his visit to "Elmhurst"—Uncle John with his tall hat and white spats, mutton-chop whiskers, and protuberant waistcoat! Prosperous trade was blazoned all over him. Here was she, too, again—curls and all! And Cousin John—awkward, shambling hobbledohoy with frontal wave of hair, well macassared! She shuddered, and, in all haste, tore the tell-tale presentment.

Over the last she paused; it was Cousin John again. The frontal wave was less aggressive, the rough-hewn, uncomely visage of the boy had taken a certain virile determination. Shrewdness looked out under the bushy Scot's eyebrows, and the curve of jaw and the line of thin lips told of one who had already begun to impose his will on the world. Emerald feared the collar was all wrong; wrong the tie, and wrong what could be seen of a frock-coat. Already her little fingers had fixed themselves upon the cardboard, to destroy, but she refrained. One never knew. John might come in useful yet.

Then, because it was her way to throw a gossamer veil of sentiment over all her actions, she allowed a dreamy pity to creep over her countenance. . . . Here was a faithful heart that had loved her since she was a child! Poor John, how he had loved her! He was faithful to her still, in spite of the barrier marriage had placed between them. She knew very well that, with her widowhood, his hopes had risen again, for was not here, under her hand, his last letter to India, revealing the fact? One of those droll, abrupt letters of his which meant so much and said so little! No, for the memory of such loyalty John should not be torn in two!

She was melting with compassion for

him, that he should be doomed to do without her, as she slipped his photograph and his last letter back under the india-rubber ring. One thing was certain; should she ever be fated to wear a coronet over those two entwined E's, John was safe to make her a magnificent present. If Fate held another contingency—but that was a contingency which Emerald was determined not to contemplate yet, one never could tell what would happen; it was just possible Sir Reginald might become a widower (such things had been), and honest John MacCracken, of Paisley, might express his opinions in less agreeable fashion. Moved by a sudden impulse, she stretched out her little hand, drew from the case yet another portrait, a cabinet photograph this time, bearing the presentment of a handsome, aristocratic head. Sir Reginald and John MacCracken! John and respectable middle-class affluence; Sir Reginald and—No, there could be no hesitation. Sir Reginald's photograph was propped in a prominent position on the mantelpiece. "The dear fellow," said the widow sentimentally, "how nicely his hair grows on his temples!"

John was consigned back to the inner pocket of the morocco case. And the widow went to bed. Her mind was full of agreeable plans for the morrow. A visit to Madame Agathe, whose confections she had so much admired on Mrs. Jamieson. A visit to Holroyd and Rositer, those jewellers in whose collection she was to choose for herself some token of Sir Reginald's grateful regard—at his own request, a request so urgently proffered that she really could not, in kindness, have refused. Thereafter the start for Orange Court. It was all new, exciting, delightful. . . . In this mood she fell asleep.

BOOK II

A WEEK'S CHRONICLE

CHAPTER I

Coralie ordered her husband to take her out that night to dine—Savoy; to the play—*Merry Widow*; possibly,

if the spirit moved her, to sup—the Carlton. She guessed, with one of her taunting assumptions of Americanism, that she had had about enough of Grandma Enniscorthy and Momma Jamieson for one day. Captain Jamieson looked dubious; Coralie had enjoyed about an hour of her august relative's company in all; if this was too much for her, how was the fortnight's visit to be gone through? Moreover, he thought it hardly kind to leave his mother on the first night. But Coralie had an answer to each objection. If Ernest desired her to be able to stand "it" at all, he must allow her to become accustomed to "it" gradually. If she were to get too big a dose of "it" all at once, she really could not answer for the consequence. (Coralie said her "reelly" in a very engaging way, and blinked her eyelashes. She looked angelic, yet determined.)

"As for that mother of yours," she went on, "she would not be a bit aggrieved if you were going off to dine at the club, or had any other kind of bachelor engagement. She'd respect your masculine independence. She'd say: 'Yes, do go, dear boy,' and be tickled to death to think you were leaving me at home—'Tickled to death' is rather a good phrase for the family, don't you think?—I'm practising to bring it out naturally.—No, Ernest, you needn't shake your head and laugh. It's perfectly true. Your mother will only think you wanting in filial kindness if you take out your own wife. Well, now, you bet? Suppose you try her?"

But Ernest declined the experiment. The accuracy of his wife's insight struck home. He knew he would lose that wager. He was very fond of his mother, and only vaguely disturbed at her attitude toward his wife, which he supposed was "the usual kind of thing." But he was startled sometimes to hear her motives dissected by Coralie's unsparing scalpel.

"Well, you'll have to hurry, then, if we are to be in time for the play," he said, stumping off to his dressing-room.

Coralie gave a little chuckle as she turned to her mirror. She never

had undue trouble in getting her own way.

Ernest, in a fit of moral cowardice, which your big, burly men, who would face with a grin a horde of savages, often enough display in their relations with their womenkind, sent his mother an affectionate scrawl to announce his desertion. He did not, therefore, meet her again till next morning, at a *tête-à-tête* breakfast; but then, through unforeseen circumstances, he escaped the scene of plaintive maternal reproach he had been anticipating with acute discomfort.

It seemed that on the previous evening, Lady Enniscorthy had felt very unwell, chilly and fatigued, shortly before dinner, and that Lady Florence, alarmed, had sent for Sir James Broadwood. Lady Enniscorthy had consented to see the physician when his presence in the house had been duly broken to her—a fact which any one who knew the sturdy old lady's contempt for medicine and objection to doctors could not but realise as ominous.

She had, further, answered his questions and accepted his advice with unprecedented meekness; had gone to bed on his suggestion; had taken the dinner he prescribed, nothing more disturbing to the digestion than a fillet of sole, toast, and a little dry champagne.

In private consultation Lady Florence had found the great doctor guarded though hopeful. He ascribed the indisposition to the unwonted exertions of the afternoon. He understood there had been some anxiety of mind and the extraordinary event of a motor drive. He hardly anticipated serious results, but at Lady Enniscorthy's age one never could tell. . . . Lady Florence, trembling at her own audacity, had implored him to look in again in the morning.

All these items of information were poured into Ernest's ear. It was further impressed upon him what a night of agony his mother had passed, and how, although "dear grandmamma" had slept—Lady Florence's tone was as lugubrious as if she were announcing a demise—she had awakened sneezing violently.

"I have sent for Sir James to come as early as possible. I feel very anxious, Ernest, very anxious indeed. At dear mamma's age — as he says — one never can tell—a sneeze may be the beginning of anything."

So anxious did she really look, that the good fellow, her son, was in his turn perturbed, and came up with a long face to impart the news to his Coralie. She, like the lazy little cat she was, was still cosily ensconced in bed; but she presented so charming a picture amid her pillows, with a lace cap, pink-beribboned, perched on her dark curls, that one could scarcely have wished her elsewhere.

"Oh, my!" she cried. "Grandma ill? You don't say? I thought she was made of cast iron——"

"My mother seems to think," said the soldier self-accusingly, "that we oughtn't to have told her about Sir Reginald. She says it was altogether too much for her—the anxiety and the effort of hurrying down to warn Aunt Gertrude."

Good man, he had done very little of that reporting; but the real culprit regarded the situation cheerfully.

"Now, don't you fret about that, honey!" she cried. "Grandma had the time of her life yesterday. Bless her, she never enjoyed anything more!"

Being, however, the most good-natured soul in all the world, she skipped thereupon out of bed; and, donning a dressing-gown that she herself admitted as "cunning," and slipping her bare feet into pink satin mules, shuffled off, without wasting a second to inquire for the sufferer.

Lady Enniscorthy sat, wrapped in shawls, disdaining the support of her pillows, bolt upright in her four-post bed. As Coralie entered, the old lady was blowing that awe-inspiring nose of hers with a trumpet-sound. She eyed the newcomer with the unwinking stare of reprobation peculiarly her own, over the folds of the handkerchief, but uttered no word.

Lady Florence was occupied near the dressing-table, fitting together the parts of a eucalyptus spray. Jane Chal-

loner was seated at the foot of the bed. Her large, black, plumed hat, festooned with a curtain of black lace, was tilted rather more crookedly than usual on her wispy head, and she had, to an intensified degree, the battered air that some length of time in her mother's society invariably induced in her.

She rose with a fluttering movement at the sight of her niece. She was very fond of Coralie.

"Dear me, dear me, so it's you, is it?" she said, and embraced her affectionately. Then she remembered that Lady Enniscorthy did not approve of Mrs. Jamieson. She became confused; and to divert the attention of that awful eye which was now fixed on her, she proceeded to exclaim on the becomingness of her niece's cap. "Dear me, and is that the fashion? I wonder how it would suit me?"

Lady Enniscorthy laid down her handkerchief.

"It's a style that is eminently suited to you, Jane. I should advise you to get one immediately, and pray don't omit the pink rosettes over your ears."

Poor Jane turned her long, silly face, with the protruding eyes and the wisps of sandy hair—a face in the middle of which a replica of Lady Enniscorthy's nose found an incongruous place, in conjunction with a retreating forehead and an equally retreating chin—doubtfully upon the speaker. With all her forty-seven years' experience she never knew when her mother was sarcastic. Perceiving, however, by the old lady's expression, that it was not really considered that the saucy headgear would become her, she heaved a sigh of renunciation, and hugging herself, gave her lean frame a little shake. It was a process which appeared to afford her much relief in all moments of dilemma. There were certain hours, spent in her mother's company, during which Jane Challoner might be said scarcely to cease shaking and hugging herself.

To-day, however, Lady Enniscorthy, whose temper a cold in the head had not improved, although her energies remained unimpaired, had other butts than Jane for her shafts. Lady Florence

now approached the bed with a spray diffuser in her hand.

"What is that for?" inquired the dowager.

"Dear mamma, Sir James made me use it when I had that severe cold, last winter. It is really a wonderful remedy."

"Is it you that are diffusing that horrible smell? Take it out of the room, Florence. I detest eucalyptus."

"It's such a disinfectant," pleaded Lady Florence.

"Am I so poisonous? Keep away yourself then."

Lady Florence retired, discomfited, into the dressing-room, and Lady Enniscorthy gave the first sign of recognition to her grandson's wife.

"You're only just out of bed, I see. Do you require anything here?"

Coralie hopped up to her, as gaily as a bird.

"Yes, grandma. I came to inquire for you."

"I've got a cold in my head. There's nothing to make a fuss about. I should have been up long ago, had I been allowed to have my room to myself. No, I didn't catch it in that motor. I caught it in Gertrude's drawing-room, where there was draught enough to blow one in two."

"Indeed, I felt that draught," sighed the widow, who had now returned to her mother's pillow.

"It might have been more useful if you had closed the window," remarked her mother. Then she sneezed three times with great triumph and blew her nose with so much sonority, that Jane started and hugged herself in a spasm of deprecation.

But Coralie (as she subsequently told her husband) had a tid-bit of information that she knew "would be nuts to the old lady, and would do her more good than forty inhalers."

With a glint of her periwinkle-blue eye at the sour-sweet countenance of her mother-in-law the little woman settled herself down to enjoyment.

"Did you plumb-down mean it, when you promised that tiara to Aunt G. if she cut out the widow, grandma?" she asked with her candid, childish air.

The old lady surveyed her; a latent twinkle in her otherwise severe glance. If the transatlantic stranger had not been introduced into her own family she would have been distinctly a favourite with the Dowager. Lady Enniscorthy liked a woman to be clever, pretty, well-dressed, and amusing. The young American was all that, and something more, which in her heart of hearts the sturdy old aristocrat acknowledged. She was good.

Perhaps Coralie's quick intuition had detected the inner sympathy under the outer assumption of disapproval, which was maintained toward her almost without relaxation. Certainly she felt an odd kind of attraction toward her redoubtable relative, without any of that fear which her daughters, even when they opposed her, acknowledged. It was this fearlessness that, secretly, most appealed to Lady Enniscorthy. And many a time, while her countenance was apparently set in a mask of utter reprobation, she was chuckling in her heart at the audacious sallies, the transparent assumption of stage Americanisms with which Coralie delighted to startle her in-law relations.

The old lady now answered, after her usual manner, with only that twinkle to betray her thought:

"I am plumb-down (if that means in English, quite) certain that I am not in the habit of saying I will do a thing without intending to do it. So if you think your aunt likely to be successful in 'cutting out the widow,' as you phrase it, there is not much probability of your ever coming in for my diamonds."

If any one so high-bred as Lady Florence might be said to sniff, her haughty nose gave signs of such a manifestation. She had, in mental vision, seen herself the possessor of the heirloom, not to wear—indeed, her widowhood was unrelenting—but to hold, for some wife, of her own choosing, for Ernest's second marriage, if not for his eldest son. Coralie had not yet provided the necessary heir, and remained shamelessly healthy; but Lady Florence had a great belief in Providence. She had never certainly contemplated seeing the crown upon that audacious American head.

"Oh, my!" said Mrs. Jamieson, hitch-

ing herself within the sacred precincts of the four-poster with one of her pretty undulating movements, "I'd have been real simple if I'd ever thought I had a mite of a chance of that! It would not suit me, *reelly*, grandma. I haven't the nose for it. But I guess—I guess," she repeated, rolling the words on her tongue, "Aunt G.'s going to qualify for that prize and no mistake."

Jane, who, at mention of the tiara, had lifted her countenance—it had a way of drooping as if weighed down by its nose—looked furtively from one to the other. She had an ineradicable conviction, founded, as her family knew, upon no grounds, that the tiara ought to be hers.

"I'm sure we all try to deserve it, dear mamma," she interpolated. Then, catching Lady Florence's eye, she hugged herself. "I'm sure, dear Flo has tried to deserve it."

The Dowager blew her nose, keeping an eye full of humour on Florence; who, in tones dulcetly contradicting the glance which she flung at the indiscreet Jane, was heard to observe that the pleasure of being of a little use to dear mamma was all the reward she desired in life.

"Well, Aunt G. is going to deserve that tiara. She's asked the siren—Emerald Fanny—Uncle Reginald's plaintive widow—Mrs. Lancelot in fact, to stay down with them at Windsor."

The announcement produced all the sensation which even she could have desired. Lady Enniscorthy reared her fine old head so suddenly that the shawl draping it fell off, exposing the wonderful luxuriance of her iron-grey hair. She stared at the speaker open-mouthed, holding her handkerchief aloft in a petrified attitude. Lady Florence cried, "Coralie!" as if the American herself had been guilty of the proposed enormity, and Lady Jane jumped from her seat, ramblingly demanding what dear Gertrude was going to do with Fanny's emeralds, and who Fanny was, and what was meant by dear Reginald's widow.

"Dear me, dear me, it sounded so horrid!"

"Jane," said her mother, turning on her with that fulminating directness which gave her a resemblance to a hawk striking, "don't be a fool! And for good-

ness' sake put your hat straight and pin up those streaks of hair behind your ears!—Do you mean to tell me," she went on, addressing herself to Coralie, without any modulation in the indignant bass of her note, "that my daughter, Lady Gertrude Esdale, intends to ask into her house the woman her husband is making love to?"

Jane, now first initiated by these words into the alarming condition of her brother-in-law's morals, yet too much in awe of her mother to give normal vent to her curiosity and horror, abandoned herself to a perfect orgy of hugs, murmuring *sotto-voce* the while: "How dreadful, how dreadful! Dear me, dear me, Reginald in love with another woman! how dreadful!"

"Dear Coralie," said Lady Florence, "I feel sure there must be some mistake; you are at times a little inaccurate."

"It's as true as I'm sitting here, mamma—you see, grandma, Aunt G. does not admit that her husband is in love with another woman. Oh, don't you see how clever it is? She won't admit that Uncle Reginald means anything but ordinary kindness to a poor forlorn little creature whose husband was his friend. So she has asked the widow to visit them, and Uncle Reginald has just got to act the Good Samaritan, the courteous host, the virtuous husband and father, and all the rest of it! Oh, don't you see that the more Aunt G. ignores anything equivocal in the situation, the more it puts Uncle Reginald on his honour?"

"My dear child," said Lady Enniscorthy, with an unexpected change in her voice, "it's a very dangerous experiment!—A low, designing woman, and a man of Reginald's peculiarly emotional temperament—thrown into proximity, constant proximity, and by his own wife. . . . Good Samaritan, courteous host!" cried the Dowager, waxing louder. "Fiddlesticks! you don't know human nature, male human nature!" She flung a deadly emphasis on the words. "Under her own roof, with my little innocent granddaughter—it's indecent!"

There were no subtle shades in Lady Enniscorthy's view of life and character. Men and women, their motives and

deeds, were good and bad, in uncompromising blacks and whites (chiefly blacks, it must be said). The broadness of view, the allowance for circumstance, the toleration, the diplomatic dalliance of the modern spirit, had no place in her creed.

The impressiveness of the end of her discourse was somewhat spoilt by a fresh fit of sneezing; and Lady Florence hastily extended a hand to replace the fallen shawl. As soon as the fit was over her mother reasserted herself by taking off the head-covering and putting it on again at a different angle.

"I am sure, dear mamma," said the pliable and subservient widow, "that if Gertrude once understood how strongly you disapproved. . . . I myself can scarcely believe in such a project. . . . If I were to wire to her to come and see you?"

"No," said her mother, with a final tweak at her long-suffering nose, laying down the handkerchief. "No. Gertrude has made her own bed; she may lie in it. She has not consulted me; I shall interfere no more."

There was a fumbling knock at the door, followed by the sidelong entrance of Consett, Lady Enniscorthy's elderly, acrimonious maid.

"If you please, my lady, Sir James Broadwood is in the boudoir."

Lady Florence quailed. She had meant to prepare the patient diplomatically for the second unauthorised medical visit. But Coralie's news had monopolised the situation; dear Coralie was so tactless!

"Who wants to see the doctor?" inquired Lady Enniscorthy. Her grey crest of hair seemed to bristle, her eyes gleamed with the joy of coming battle.

"Dear mamma, Sir James expressed a wish to see you again in the morning." Strict veracity was not always employed by the devoted daughter in her dealings with her mother.

"He did no such thing, Florence. His very last words were, that he should not come back unless sent for. And you had no business to send for him last night. You had no business to send for him this morning. I will not be treated as if I were in my dotage."

Coralie slipped from the bed and

shuffled from the room softly. As she stood, yawning in the passage, and stretching herself—she had had a pretty good dose of "it" this morning—she was joined by Lady Challoner.

"Dear me, dear me," said the dilapidated and incoherent Jane, "mamma's very much put out—I wonder if I had a cap like yours, but with mauve ribbons, whether it wouldn't suit me after all? It's so coquettish," said the poor creature, with a wistful glance. "How dreadful it is about Gertrude! Dear me, dear me! I always thought Reginald such a nice man. Is this some woman he's brought from India? Not—not a native, Coralie?"

"Now, look here, Aunt Jane," said Coralie, kindly but decisively, "there's nothing dreadful at all. Uncle Reginald had a flirtation on board ship—with quite a nice little woman. Every one flirts on board ship. You should see me! And Aunt Gertrude has just got the sense to put a stop to silly gossip by inviting Mrs. Lancelot to stay with her."

But Lady Jane had a rooted conviction in her mother's wisdom.

"Oh, dear me, dear me," she said, as the situation became as clear to her as it was ever likely to be, "that's very dangerous, that's dreadfully dangerous."

She drooped her head, looking like a disconsolate and unusually foolish parrot.

"Well, I must go to my bath," announced Mrs. Jamieson. But Jane arrested her with an odd, shy motion, like that of an out-flung claw:

"Coralie——"

"Oh, Aunt Jane, do be quick!"

"Coralie—no, I can't say it here, let me come into your room with you."

"Oh, bless the idiot!" thought Coralie. But she was too good-natured not to humour one whom life had so little humoured.

"I'm so afraid of mamma hearing," explained Lady Challoner, as she closed the door of the bedroom behind her. Then she hugged herself, leaned forward, and began to whisper:

"Let us consult Chiaro Scuro."

"Chiaro Scuro?"

"My dear, don't you know? He's the great crystal gazer. Oh, they say he's

the most wonderful man! It just struck me; I'll go and consult him about dear Gertrude."

"About Aunt G.?"

"Oh, yes, my dear, he'll tell us about that Mrs. Lancelot and her emeralds. Who knows, perhaps Reginald gave them to her. Oh, Emerald is her name, do you say?" Lady Challoner paused to savour this information: "Emerald. How nice it sounds! I do wish mamma had not given us such plain names. I think it is dreadful to be called Jane. I should so much have preferred to be Pearl, or Beryl, or Coralie, like you—I once heard of a girl who was christened Diamantina—don't you think that that was pretty?"

"It sounds like a cement," said Coralie. "Do keep to the point, Aunt Jane. How will Mr. Chiaro Scuro help us in the matter of Mrs. Lancelot?"

"He'll see her in the crystal"—Jane excitedly took up the thread of her discourse again—"and he'll warn us if anything dreadful is going to happen. And, dear me, dear me, I feel mamma wouldn't approve, but she was always my favourite sister, and it would be such a comfort to know all the truth—Chiaro Scuro will read the future—everything just as it's going to happen—"

"It sounds thrilling," said Coralie. "And so useful! Well, I won't split on you, Aunt Jane; and now I must have my bath."

"Oh, but I can't go alone," quavered Jane. "They say he's such a handsome young man."

"Do you want *me* to go with you?"

(To be continued)

asked Coralie. It struck her that the experience might be both amusing to herself and exasperating to the household, when it came to their ears—which it indubitably would, without delay, as Jane never could keep a secret.

"Oh, thank you," cried her aunt fervently. "Then you can come back to lunch with me, dear; and we can do some automatic writing."

"Since when have you become a spiritualist?" asked Coralie, as she rang for her maid.

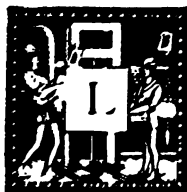
"Oh, my dear, hush! If mamma were to hear you! The day before yesterday I went to my first *séance*. And it's been such a comfort to me already! And I've been doing automatic writing with Sophy Carmichael! And oh, my dear, we were told the most wonderful things!"

"*Bain, Jeannette*," said Coralie laconically, as a pert soubrette appeared on the scene, looking for all the world as if she had stepped out of a French comedy. "Well, Aunt J., just you wait there till I come back—*Jeannette, arrange un peu la coiffure de miladi*—I say, we are going to have a real exciting morning, aren't we? Shall we Chiaro-Scuro my Ernest and find out if he's got any little widows up his sleeve? We might put Uncle Challoner into the crystal, too, while we are about it. Oh, what a pity my mother-in-law is a widow; I'm sure Poppa Jamieson must have had consolation in his poor time."

She left Jane muttering: "Challoner in the crystal? Dear me, I think I'd better not!"



FASHIONS IN ART



LESS than one hundred years ago, the jury of the Royal Academy in London rejected John Constable's now famous picture, "Flatford Mill." Gloomy over this mark of official disapproval, the painter called upon the president of the Academy, who at the time was our own Benjamin West. Patronisingly that official said to him: "Don't be disheartened, young man, we shall hear of you again." West was then in the full tide of material success, his work being acclaimed by the critics, the general public, even royalty itself. He is all but forgotten now, while Constable's name is a synonyme for greatness in his profession, for his pictures have stood the test of time. Yet it was reserved for Frenchmen properly to appreciate the talent, the artistry and the originality of the great English landscapist while he was alive and, indeed, to found a school on his way of working, for to him it is that the Barbizon Men directly owe their inspiration. Of him, however, John Ruskin once wrote: "He has a preference for subjects of a low order;" and again: "I have never seen any work of his in which there are signs of his being able to draw, and hence the most necessary details are painted by him insufficiently."

Fifty years later a Frenchman, Gustave Courbet, painted a large canvas called "Funeral at Ornans." It now hangs in the gallery of the Louvre, in Paris, one of the cherished possessions of that museum. When it was painted, it was, by a large majority, considered in the nature of a jest. A leading critic of the day—Haussard—said it was "a masquerade funeral, with more to laugh at than weep over," and Paul Mantz, another writer, declared that "the most extravagant fancy could not descend to such repulsive hideousness." A nude by Courbet, "Woman and Parrot," was ordered out of the Paris salon by the Empress Eugénie, as being too naked and suggestive, and a collector who had offered to buy it

eventually wriggled out of his purchase. The work seems very possible to-day, is of a certainty most valuable, and the art world is only too willing to accept it as masterly in its way. Whistler's beautiful picture known as "The White Girl," was declined by the French jury at the Salon of 1863. The artist thereupon sent it to the *Salon des Refusés*, where it set the art world of Paris agog with excitement and made a sensation after all.

But then, that year in Paris, Whistler had the best of company, for among his brother painters who had the honour of rejection at the Salon were Fantin, Legros, Manet, Jongkind, Harpignies, Cazin, Vollon, and—tell it not in Gath, no less a subsequent favourite Academician than Jean Paul Laurens, and that this last was among the outs seems positively unbelievable. Indeed, the action took on the nature of a scandal and it was the Emperor himself who ordered a *Salon des Refusés*. Harpignies, now painting away at the respectable age of ninety, is perhaps the best seller of all the contemporaneous living men, disposing of everything he does at enormous prices. Cazin, too, is not what would be called a drug in the market when little thumb box sketches, done in less than an hour, impressions of the twilight, the evening, or of some beautiful sky effect, fetch at auction from one to three thousand dollars! Jongkind, too, is greatly sought after, while Manet and Fantin bring enormous figures whenever they are offered on the market.

Of "The White Girl," by Whistler, that brilliant and far-seeing critic, Hamerton—Oh, the lovely irony of Whistler referring to him as "a Mr. Hamerton" later on when it cut to the quick, had this to say: "The hangers must have thought her particularly ugly, for they have given her a sort of place of honour, before an opening through which all pass so that nobody misses her. I watched several parties, to see the impression The Woman in White made on them. They all stopped instantly, struck with amazement. This for one or two sec-



"A FUNERAL AT ORNANS," BY GUSTAVE COURBET. NOW IN THE GALLERY OF THE LOUVRE, PARIS
Courtesy Durand-Ruel Galleries

Hausard, the critic, said of this at the time it was painted: "It is a masquerade funeral, with more to laugh at than to weep over." Paul Mantz declared that "the most extravagant fancy could not descend to such repulsive hideousness." This painting is now one of the most cherished possessions of the Louvre.



BENJAMIN WEST'S "DEATH ON THE PALE HORSE"

By courtesy of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts

onds, then they always looked at each other and laughed. Here, for once, I have the happiness to be quite of the

popular way of thinking." The great portrait of Whistler's mother was sent to the Royal Academy of 1872 under the

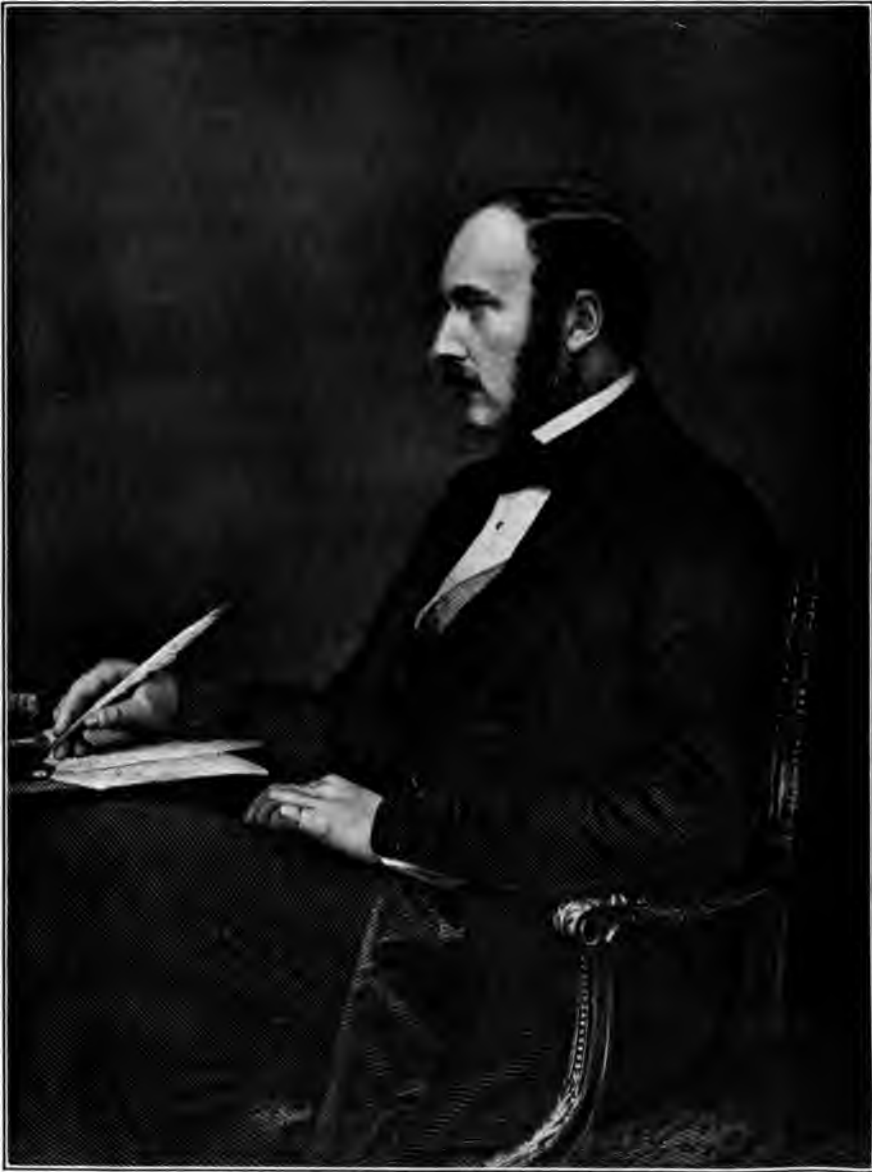


"SALEM HARBOR." BY MAURICE B. PRENDERGAST

"One of the group known as 'The Eight,' who translates the groups of nurses and children, playing in the park, or on the beaches, into a curiously decorative mosaic of pink, blue, and green spots, which give in their colour and texture something of the joyousness suited to the occasion."—*Samuel Isham, History of American Painting.*

title of "Arrangement in Grey and Black; Portrait of the Painter's Mother," and it was refused at first. There was great indignation both inside and outside of the Academy. Sir William Boxall

threatened to resign from the Council if the portrait was not hung, for he would not have it said that a committee to which he belonged had rejected it. So the canvas was finally hung, but not well, though



"ALBERT EDWARD, PRINCE CONSORT." BY FRANCOIS XAVIER WINTERHALTER

By courtesy of the Bonaventure Galleries, New York

Edmond About said of the artist: "He has taken—I know not whence—some tones of washed flesh, rewashed and soaked in water. His picture is almost like a painting on porcelain; but it has not even the compensation of the freshness and the smile of enamel." Although to-day deservedly forgotten, Winterhalter was a favourite painter of Queen Victoria and the Empress Eugénie.

by no means out of sight, and it is said groups gathered before it to laugh. It was, however, the last time such an op-

portunity was offered at Burlington House, for Whistler never sent there again, and never failed to lose any oppor-



"BOY WITH SWORD." BY EDOUARD MANET

Now in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York

Richard Muther, in his *History of Art*, says: "His pictures were held to be a practical joke which the painter was playing on the public; the most unheard-of farce that had ever been painted. If any one had declared that these works would give the impulse to a revolution in art people would have turned their backs on him or thought he was jesting."

tunity to have his fling at the Academy when the subject came up.

Few men among the painters, however,

have received more abuse than did Whistler, who, indeed, may be said to have thrived upon abuse. With his nice



"PORTRAIT OF ROSS TURNER." BY J. FRANK CURRIER

From a photograph now in the possession of William A. Chase, Esq.

Of all the Americans who studied in Munich, Currier was the most radical in his broad, loose handling, his generalisation of forms and his unctuous way of painting. His recognition was tardy, and he never achieved any popularity.

sense of humour, he once compiled a little brochure giving the different and conflicting opinions on his efforts, and most of these opinions were derogatory, which is the more surprising as his delightful etchings were the point of attack. These beautiful prints, to-day universally accepted, surpassed at times scarcely by those of Rembrandt, were referred to by such writers as Wedmore, Hamerton and

others as "vulgar," "incomplete," "lacking in feeling," and even worse, while one writer maintained that they had "little to recommend them, save the eccentricity of their titles." On the other hand, there have been many artists who, though they had the greatest material success during their lives and saw their canvases sell for enormous sums, are now decried and their efforts are rele-



"THE VALLEY FARM." BY JOHN CONSTABLE

Now in the National Gallery, London

Ruskin wrote of Constable as having "a preference for subjects of a low order," and said further, "I have never seen any work of his in which there are signs of his being able to draw, and hence the most necessary details are painted by him indifferently."



"FROM BUD TO BLOSSOM." BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

One of the group known as "The Eight." Samuel Isham, in his *History of American Painting*, says of him: "The romantic painter *par excellence* is Davies, and his work is as personal and as interesting as any being done in the country to-day. Never once does he wander from his dream, his vision."

gated to the scrap heap of art. Who in these days thinks of the once famous Düsseldorfian, Meyer von Bremen? Time was, however, when no well-regulated American collection was without one of his German peasant girls. They do not move one to enthusiasm now. In their day they sold for enormous sums, but they cut a sorry figure in the auction-rooms at present. Go to any of the great museums and you shall see a procession of pictures that were once popular, canvases that collectors fought for, but which now seem trivial, dreary, incomplete, lacking in any of the great qualities of art; they make a spectacle and a sad one, of the mutability of passing fashions, of the world's lack of art intuition. We see in these public institutions a long list of incompetent, inartistic men who had really no claim on posterity and little to recommend them save a certain amount of manual dexterity or

facility, with a story-telling proclivity that momentarily entertained the groundlings.

While royalty in other times was a frequent patron of good art and did much to encourage the craft by its substantial commissions and social favours, the modern wearers of crowns have been, as a rule, but indifferent judges, triviality and dexterity appealing to them above all else. The late Queen Victoria managed to gather about her a wretched lot of painters and sculptors. Both she and the Empress Eugenie, for example, were unanimous in their approval of the German Winterhalter, who was official portrait painter to their majesties at one time. His art was as insipid as could well be imagined, and to-day he is a forgotten incident. It was of him the German critic Muther said: "He painted men and women, not as God made them, but as he thought God ought to have made them!"

His men were smug, his women simpering, as far removed from the human document as was possible. The many-sided William, a dabster at almost everything in the field of human endeavour, in addition to his duties as Emperor of Germany has taken art under his wing and striven to regulate public opinion, with the result that he is the laughing stock of the intelligent connoisseur, for his taste is execrable. Particularly has that artistic band known as the "Munich Secessionists" suffered from his stupid meddling and he has in reality done much harm. These same Germans have in the last score of years done yeoman work in an art way with their radicalism, inventiveness and originality, their absolute fearlessness and serious application to their true convictions. It is worth while making an exhaustive study of the progressive art of Germany to-day, to see what has been accomplished and how far it has influenced the world in general with its wonderful departures. Indeed, it may be said that the centre of the art world has, in the last two decades, shifted from Paris to Munich, as it had previously strayed from Rome to the banks of the Seine.

Nothing could exceed the bitterness of the controversy that followed the display of the Impressionists in Paris, in 1871, when a little group of radicals held forth at the shop of the dealer Nadar. Manet, Monet and others were in evidence, and the catalogue contained a good deal about impressions, for the artists gave their canvases such titles as "*Impression de mon Pot au Feu*," "*Impression d'un Chat qui se Promene*," and the like, and the eminent critic Claretie, in writing of the exhibition, summed it up as the "*Salon des Impressionists*." Thus originated the name which has stuck fast and ever since has the world known them. Presently, however, though people still laughed, it was not nearly so loud, and one critic, speaking of Manet, had the temerity to say: "A remarkable circumstance has to be recorded. A young painter has followed his personal impressions quite ingenuously and has painted a few things which are not altogether in accord with the principles taught in the schools. In this way he has executed pictures which

have been a source of offence to eyes accustomed to other paintings. But now, instead of abusing the young artist through thick and thin, we must first be clear as to why our eyes have been offended and whether they ought to have been." With these words criticism first began to take these impressionists seriously. Yet Manet knocked in vain at academic doors for admission. We have his famous "Boy with Sword" at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York, and in our present-day view of art it is difficult to understand any one objecting to the canvas, which indeed is one of the most notable possessions of that institution and in point of fact, one of the most remarkable works of modern art.

It is scarcely believable that the "Joan of Arc," by Jules Bastien-Lepage, also at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, was in its time viewed with suspicion by the oldsters, so radical was its treatment and conception. Executed in the early eighties, it was one of the first of the pictures to be painted entirely out of doors, the artist making an honest and successful endeavour to envelop his figures in atmosphere, to give them the lighting of the open, in lieu of posing them in the studio, as had been the fashion from the earliest times. The canvas seems innocuous enough now, and, by the side of some of the work of the more recent schools, really quite conventional. With the many, however, it requires years to get a proper perspective. The dealer's shops to-day are full of canvases for which not long ago there was a steady demand but which cannot be given away now, save to some of the out-of-town collectors who are still behind the age. A mass of French, Spanish and Italian painters, not without a certain dexterity, who told an interesting story, who drew plausibly and were by no means unskilful craftsmen, in their day sold splendidly. Many of them, when prosperity descended on them, bought fine houses and studios in Paris and settled there to enjoy a life of ease and comfort. Not a few of these establishments are for sale to-day, their owners being quite unable to keep them up, for their wares have gone out of fashion. These were men on whom the American collector cut his eye

teeth and they were not without patrons in Europe as well. It is the problem with the dealer as to how he shall rid himself of this useless stock and embark on lines more lucrative. The canvases are shoved in the auction rooms along with better work. The latter sells, but the former returns with exasperating regularity. Bigger men than these, however, have declined in public estimation. No less a favourite than Meissonier to-day sells for far less than he once did; Leighton, the Englishman, is by no means so eagerly sought after when he comes up at public auction as he used to be, and many more might be mentioned who fail to hold their own with the changing modes.

It is astonishing to recall the monetary success of some of the Americans of the middle of the nineteenth century and the prices their work brought. The late F. E. Church's work sold for monumental sums, twenty thousand dollars a canvas being by no means rare. So, too, Sir Purden Clarke's great admiration, Bierstadt, in his day, was the recipient of vast amounts, not only from his own countrymen, the State and National Legislature, but from prominent Englishmen as well. Here are a few prices taken at random from one of the biographies: "Rocky Mountains, Lander's Park," sold to Mr. James McHenry for \$25,000; "Storm in the Rocky Mountains, Mount Rosalie," Mr. T. W. Kennard, \$35,000, and the Earl of Dunraven bought his "Estes Park, Colorado" for the tidy sum of \$15,000. The critics were pretty unanimous in giving him a grand place in art, but to-day the art collector will have none of him. Put these canvases up at public auction and it is doubtful if they could find a bidder. The American painter Sandford R. Gifford, not to be confounded with the late R. Swain Gifford, though the similarity of names caused much confusion at one time, was a great favourite in his day. There was a certain sweetness in his work if you will, but never for a moment did it approximate great art. He was a hot favourite, nevertheless, and at his death the scrapings of his studio were sold, along with some ambitious pictures as well, and they brought the absurdly high sum of several hundred thousand dollars! There are a

number of them now at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but they are hidden away in corridors to be as inoffensive as possible and, were they put up at auction, they would scarcely bring the price of their frames.

It requires years to get a proper perspective. One does not need to have grey hairs to recall the sensation caused by the young American painters returning from Munich in the late seventies with their revolutionary work. True, their canvases were rather inclined to have a bituminous character of excessive darkness, but while their older confrères here were painting in a smooth, polished, niggling manner, these daring youngsters dashed fearlessly at their work, with brushes heavily loaded with rich pigment. They brushed things in in great masses, ignored detail and generally concerned themselves with the larger side of their subject. They were regarded suspiciously, as presumptuous, audacious, weird, and the ancient National Academicians wagged their beards and predicted dire disaster eventually for them. In protest against the conservatism and narrowness of the Academy, some of these craftsmen broke away and formed the Society of American Artists, an action that was the theme of much conversation and many bitter feelings, but from this same society there was a secession, again in the shape of a protest, and the society of the Ten Americans was formed, while only last year we had an exhibition of The Eight, again in protest against conservatism, and these eight young men were still more radical than any that had preceded them.

In point of fact the world views with distinct disapprobation any departure from the conventional. The radical, no matter what his direction happens to be, is met with suspicion and disfavour. Long does the reformer knock at the door for admission. Because a thing is, to the many, is excuse for its continuance. Change necessitates a readjustment and readjustment is distasteful to the majority. And unhappily, the Philistine constitutes the majority. People are invariably intolerant of that which they do not understand. It is easier to denounce than to take the trouble to obtain

information, and ignorance is a difficult thing to combat. Art, however, is a curiously perverse goddess who rises superior to kings and government, to public opinion, social conditions, birth and

environment. She visits the hovel more frequently than she does the palace, appearing where she is least expected. And she is absolutely incorruptible and unpurchasable.

Arthur Hoeber.

OPERATIC CRITICISM IN NEW YORK



HE combined efforts of Richard Strauss, Mary Garden, a neurasthenic public, a hectic press, and the two Oscars—Hammerstein and Wilde—resulted in a great triumph for *Salome*, in New York. Tank-dramas are doomed hereafter to noxious desuetude: cistern-dramas have displaced them.

The importance of this great production can hardly be exaggerated, and we were rejoiced to note that the New York papers gave it ample, if bewildered, attention. To prove that musical criticism in the metropolis is, alas! still in a formative, or embryonic, state, we need only point out that the critics could not agree upon a single vital point of the performance.

Of the morality of the piece, for instance, the *Herald* said: "Mr. and Mrs. James B. Eustis were the guests of Mr. Otto Kahn," while the *Globe*, on the other hand, declared that "Mr. and Mrs. Otto Kahn were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. James B. Eustis." From this it is easy to see that Strauss's opera did not receive anything like expert attention. The *Journal*, as if to atone for the blunders of both, said that "Mr. and Mrs. Otto H. Kahn (how cockney and careless of the *Herald* and *Globe* to drop their H's this way) entertained Mrs. James B. Eustis." This only makes confusion worse confounded. Where was Mr. James B. Eustis?

The vocal and histrionic ability of Miss Garden only received the following meagre appreciation from the *Times*: "Mrs. Ogden Mills was in a collar of diamonds and pearls." The *Journal* challenged our incredulity by declaring, fearlessly, that "Mrs. Ogden Mills's

diamond collar was studded with emeralds."

Oh! Critics! Hang your heads; abase yourselves!

That the orchestration was not up to the level of a first-class cistern drama is shown by the really intuitive remark of the *Herald* to the effect that "Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. James A. Burden." This is good criticism: helpful, sane and inspiring, but the *Times* spoilt it all by declaring, unequivocally, that "Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Goelet." Now here is what the French call an *impasse*. It is clearly not enough that we should be told, by inference, that Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., did not pay for her box—we must know *who* did! Was it Mrs. Goelet or Mrs. Burden?

We have reserved the crowning absurdity of the critics for the last. Here the question at issue is the lyrical quality of Wilde's semi-religious, semi-barbaric prose-poem. The *Times* went so far as to say, *apropos* of this, that "Mrs. Clarence Mackay's guests were Mr. Norman Hapgood, Mr. William Sheehan and Colonel George B. Harvey," while the *Herald* was inclined to favour a more literal interpretation of the poem and said, very wisely—"With Mrs. Clarence Mackay were Mr. Paul Morton, Mr. Rawlins Cottenet and Mr. Ricardo Martin."

Here there is an apparent deadlock, but THE BOOKMAN, realising that this is a subject of paramount musical interest, has detailed one of its interviewers to call upon Mrs. Vanderbilt, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Eustis, and Mrs. Mills. His instructions are: "Ferret out the truth: spare the ladies no pains. The future of musical criticism in America is at stake."

THE WIFE SPEAKS

[In 1871 appeared Dante Gabriel Rossetti's POEMS, consisting largely of work executed more than ten years before, to which subsequent poems were added. Almost all of early date had been made into a manuscript volume by Rossetti for his wife during the two years of their union before her death. This was placed in her coffin on the day of her funeral and buried with her. In 1869, having for two or three years been importuned by many friends to consent to a disinterment, Rossetti yielded reluctantly, the grave was opened, the volume rescued, and, with additions, published.]

The little book is winged to outer land.

The book is gone, that was myself, more fair,
Myself being buried twice, when my love's hand
Laid it between my cheek and my bright hair.
Ceiled by the earth, it lingered long with me;
Till in my grave one night a ray was cast,
And life's own throbbing fingers set it free.
The blinded songs have seen the light, at last.

I bade my poet. He could not refuse,
Feeling me urging upward from the clay.
In dear old words I had been wont to use
I sought him with my spirit night and day,
Calling: "Belovèd, O my Poet, hear!
Rescue the songs that were my diadem.
Hear my dead voice, the living voices clear,
That may not hush till I have yielded them.
And shall the future say how I, asleep,
Waking, Art's votaress, let the dust bedim
Forevermore the token Art would keep?"
'Twas thus I called. And once, I sang to him:

*Belovèd, hark!
Draw back your burden
Of songs, fair guerdon,
That lights my dark.*

*In aureole
Of soundest dreaming
Their silent gleaming
Besets my soul.—*

*My soul? The seas
Eternal bear it!
Shall worm inherit
The soul of these?*

*Arise, efface
The death-fast portal!
Make them immortal,
That shared my place!*

Sudden I seemed to see him, from my tomb,
To see his head low-bowed in grief, and then
To see him pacing up and down his room.
And from my yearning heart I spoke again:—

"I feel the darkling cloud your thoughts foretell.
 Ah! heed, no more than I, the folk that pass
 Ever conventioned upon taste to dwell,
 When high deeds are in balance, who shall mass
 To prove you false to self, with word and wit;—
 Nor those who, with a zeal to analyse
 Or turn a motive, have their feast of it,
 And hover o'er the action vulture-wise,
 To scent the vapours newly wrung from grief;—
 Nor calmer, loftier minds that magistrate
 Against you. They who know shall bring belief
 To your upholding. Love, no longer wait!
 Let the cloud lift. Reave dust and mould apart.
 Give reasonings none, nor answer for the end.
 Do right, and be misjudged, and trust your heart
 To those who trust, before they comprehend.
 Let idle tongues rehearse, untrue or true,
 A secret life's dark, troubled narrative.
 All have I seen, the best and worst I knew.
 What has the world to say, since I forgive?
 "Dear, my soul knew your impulse wild and swift
 Of elemental anguish uttermost
 That cast the treasure life had hieroglyphed
 With mysteries to be my fellow-ghost.
 And yet, have not the gradual after-years
 Brought you the calm to see the lights that brow
 The wider way? Ah, Poet, by your tears!
 Call back to earth the unborn spirit now!"

Yes, he was great enough to see the way,
 And strong to brave the moment and the pang.
 And when resistance faded far away,
 Again, but softly to myself, I sang:—

*Now his messengers are here . . .
 Now they tread the dewfall glassen. . . .
 Now I feel their fingers near
 Silently the door unfasten. . . .*

*Soft the light is thrown.
 "Look," one whispereth,
 "In the house of death
 How her locks have grown!"*

*And another, "There
 Should it lie. Ah, look,
 She has thrall'd the book
 With her passionate hair!"*

*They have closed again the door,
 Borne the treasure to his keeping.
 Messengers, now stay no more!
 Leave him to his balm of weeping!*

*Leave him to his curtained thought,
To the shadows that immure him,
Till a destiny unsought
With an infinite echo lure him,*

*Who shall scale the magic bars
Of the topmost towers that know them,
Plunge his hand amid the stars,—
While his lady sleeps below them.*

And I shall lie alone without my book,
Who gathered long and close the sacred fire.
Gently the little smothered voices shook
Their ghostly golden shroud for earth's attire.
Gladly I yielded them, all mine, all mine,
And in what pain of joy my soul unfurled
She knows, she knows, who once, in Palestine,
Renounced a Flower that lives to flower the world!
Agnes Lec.

ONE OF THE PARNASSIENS



EARLY fifty years ago there came to Paris to seek his fortune there, a youth of seventeen who had found his native town, Bordeaux, too tame and too provincial for his taste. This was Catulle Mendès, the son of Tibulle Mendès, a Jewish tradesman. Young Mendès was a strange and superficially fascinating creature even as a boy. He had long blond hair and an incipient beard which was then like floss silk in its fineness, and through which gleamed a pair of full red lips and two rows of ivory-white teeth. Already he had written much, though he had published little. He had acquired the technique of a practised writer. He had the morals of an ape. The world of letters at that time was beginning to be stirred by the new movement which may be traced to Théodore de Banville, but which found its full expression in the writings of Théophile Gautier—*notre Théo*, as the Parisians affectionately called him, because he had given them something that was new.

It is scarcely necessary to recall the cult of the Parnassiens, who got their name because they contributed their first

poems to the anthology known as *Le Parnasse Contemporain*. Their formula was the famous phrase "Art for Art's sake" (*l'art pour l'art*). They date back as far as 1856, and their leader for a time was Leconte de Lisle, at whose house they met. As they looked upon poetry (and for that matter upon prose), there could be nothing new in thought or sentiment. All that was left was to seek the absolute perfection of form, the exquisite adaptation of language to its content—in other words, the adoration of the unique word, the delicately carved sentence, the exquisitely turned period. They professed to be quite impassive and impersonal in their choice of subjects, and to care only for the perfect finish of their phrasing. Morality was unknown to them. They made no ethical distinctions, for ethics was outside the sphere of art. So, the lyrics of Banville, and still more, the monstrous poems of Baudelaire in his *Fleurs du Mal*, might give lyric expression to what was in itself physically and morally repulsive. The utmost daintiness of language and the most subtle harmonies of sound might be evoked by the sight of a dewy forest glade or just as surely by a scrofulous child of the gut-

ters. This was not cynicism nor was it a revolt against convention—at least, professedly. It was the worship of style, the ultimate expression of art in language.

Young Mendès, supple, insinuating, and with certain racial traits which led him to do whatever might render him conspicuous, threw himself eagerly into the ranks of the Parnassiens. There was a sort of lusciousness in what he wrote that gave one almost the physical taste of some rare and yet unwholesome fruit. Hence it was that Baudelaire declared of him: "I love this youth—he has all the vices." The more austere Saint-Beuve summed up the writings of Catulle Mendès in three terse words: "Honey and poison." But in those days Mendès seemed to be the equal of Baudelaire or of Gautier himself. His versatility was astonishing, and no less astonishing was his epicurean skill in tickling the jaded palate of literary sensualists. His poetry was strange in its fascinating variety. There was a touch in it of decadent Rome and also of decadent Greece; there were pagan mysticism and mediæval imagination. His metres were stolen from Ronsard and du Bellay. The spirit of his interlacing rhymes was Sapphic—full of ecstasy, delirium, voluptuousness, and underneath them all a brutal frankness which startled the reader as would a cobra concealed among a mass of lilies and rare roses. Those who then knew him marvelled at his gifts. They were almost tempted to believe that one who could at will reproduce the thunderous tones of Victor Hugo and the delicate music of Heine, had actually proved that all literature springs from the mastery of pure technique.

His prose, of which in later years he wrote innumerable volumes, was like his poetry save that it was more utterly depraved, while never in word or phrase passing beyond the limits of decorum. For the depravity lurked far beneath the surface, though it was inherent in the whole. So subtle was it and so profound, that probably such a book of his as *Monstres Parisiens* could be read not merely by young girls but by thousands of men and women with complete unconsciousness of the sinister and brutal implications that are concealed in almost

every page. Perhaps it is only in his strange exotic novel *Zo'har* that the unsophisticated would find something to affect them with the shudderings of moral nausea.

Such as he was, with his golden hair and his almost Christ-like face, Mendès made his way into the inner circle of the Parnassiens. He became the intimate acquaintance of Gautier, whose masterpiece of fiction, *Le Capitaine Fracasse*, Mendès adapted for the stage. But Gautier mistrusted him; and perhaps the reason was that Gautier had a daughter upon whom Mendès cast the eyes of admiration. Judith Gautier was only a year younger than Catulle Mendès. Her beauty matched his own. It was of a most unusual type. Her face was white and pure like that of an antique cameo; her movements were graceful with a languorous Oriental indolence. Those who often saw her declared that there was something feline about her—most of all in her unfathomable golden eyes, which might well have suggested Balzac's *filie aux yeux d'or*. "Half goddess and half cat," was what they said of her; and yet she was a timid girl, a little morbid in her nature, and full of odd caprices. She had her father's gift and wrote in prose and verse; but she went beyond the field of literature and studied science. She sought for knowledge with insatiable curiosity, and yet all the while she was really seeking love. And so, whether she was listening to lectures delivered by grave professors of chemistry or astronomy or zoölogy, or whether she was collecting lizards and playing with them and letting them creep about her snow-white neck, she was really waiting for some one to arouse in her the flames of passion by which she was willing to be consumed if only for a time she might blaze amid them gloriously.

To her came Catulle Mendès with his beauty of person, his masterful eyes, his stealthy, sleek, insinuating manner. If Judith Gautier was half a cat, Catulle Mendès was more than half a panther. Beneath his winning superficial graces, there lurked such evil as belongs to nothing less than Satanism. Yet to the woman with the golden eyes, he seemed almost a lover from another world—unearthly in his

fascination. The girl's father turned this wooer from his door. He would not listen to the thought of marriage between his daughter and Catulle Mendès. Then Paris was startled by an elopement, and in 1866 there was legalised one of those unions which are destined to be unhappy, because both the man and the woman were unlike the race of ordinary mortals. What joys it brought them at the first no one can say; but ere long the two had clashed. Poor Judith Gautier found in marriage only a mire of strange corruption, of unspeakable indignities, of monstrous, unclean, and morbid things. She took refuge once again in her science and her lizards, and in modelling in clay. Mendès, having trampled her deep down in the ordure of his own foulness, turned on her with a sort of hatred that was diabolical. Within three years they were nothing to each other, or rather, Mendès took as much delight in wounding her as he had done before in making all her senses thrill. It was not merely that he was unfaithful to her. There came a time when out of sheer brutality he caused to be published in a journal of the boulevards a most explicit story of his unfaithfulness written by himself. He brought the printed paper to his wife and gave it to her with a satanic leer.

From that moment they lived apart. She betook herself to Oriental studies, and became deeply versed in the languages and literatures of the East. She wrote books on China and Japan, a Persian romance and a drama of the Japanese. She became more and more eccentric as her beauty faded; and those who had wondered at her strange grace and languorous beauty came to think of her only as of a woman whose face was always daubed with rouge and who presented the strange blending of a female sinologue and an imperfect specimen of *maquillage*.

As for Mendès, he pursued his way, still exhibiting an extraordinary fertility of imagination which expressed itself in almost perfect form. And yet his insincerity repelled believers. He was distinctly a *poscur*, a self-advertiser, and the fickle Parisians grew accustomed to his tricks. He had an instinct for offering them always some new thing, and in this he was not in every instance animated by

self-consciousness. He was a friend of Wagner while Wagner was still unknown, and he fought the master's battles persistently until the New Music won a triumph in Paris. At times, again, he would produce a piece of work which was of more than temporary interest. Such, for instance, was his dramatic version of the story of Medea, which before him had tempted the genius of Euripides and Ennius and Ovid and Seneca in ancient times, and of Grillparzer and Corneille and a dozen others since the Renaissance.

In my judgment this play by Mendès, which was produced in Paris on October 28, 1898, with Madame Sarah Bernhardt in the title rôle, will remain the most permanently interesting work of its author. In it he has taken the classical story and besides giving it many other artful turns, he has surmounted one difficulty which proved too great for the genius alike of Euripides and Seneca and Corneille. Every one knows the usual version. Jason, the splendidly heroic leader of the Argonauts, won the love of Medea, the untamed Colchian girl; and because of her love for him, she forsook her home and even slew her brother to retard pursuit. Later, she and Jason took refuge at the court of the king of Corinth; and there Jason wearied of the frantic fidelity of Medea, and sought a new marriage with the royal Corinthian princess. Now, in all the other plays, the character of Jason seems a psychological impossibility. How could this splendid chivalrous hero cast aside the woman who had given up everything for him, and then seek to excuse himself to her in a shame-faced, shuffling, cowardly, sneaking scene? How can one reconcile the leader of the Argonauts with this poor creature? Mendès, with consummate cleverness and truth to life, has cut this Gordian knot. Under his handling, Jason never was a hero according to our conception of what chivalry demands. He is, instead, from first to last, a brilliant, bold, unscrupulous adventurer. To quote from one who has made a careful study of the subject:*

The chief characteristics of the Jason of Mendès are cleverness and brilliancy on the one hand, and unqualified unscrupulousness on

*Miss M. D. Hopkins.

the other. No one can say that the French playwright has failed to make him interesting—as interesting certainly in this drama as Medea herself. In all the other plays based upon this story, Jason is never for a moment Medea's equal. But here the fight is even, the

going villain, a black-hearted scoundrel (I use the terms of melodrama deliberately), bound by no scruples, flinching from no crime, thoroughly devoid of moral sense. No one could be in doubt as to this Jason's earlier attitude toward the sins by which he has profited. He



CATULLE MENDÈS

opponents well matched, and no odds are given.

To begin with, Jason is splendid, handsome, young, and with all the halo of past achievements about him, the victor who has never known defeat. And beneath this brilliant exterior the man is unsparingly revealed as not only now, but always in the past, a thorough-

is the most brilliant of adventurers, highly gifted, *capable de tout* in every sense, a very devil. He is conquering and golden-tongued, cynical and audacious, with a brazen effrontery that wins its way as it has always won it—a play-actor, an admirable type of the histrionic temperament. He is apparently a Don Juan

whom no woman can resist—and this point is everywhere made the most of. The most curiously French note in the play, and, to my mind at least, the greatest cheapening of the old tragic story, is the application of this last to Medea—the fact that Medea is won over, save at the very end, by his feigned ardour and clever playing of the lover's part, so that she almost consents to his marriage with another woman.

Few Frenchmen have written more and with greater variety than Catulle Mendès. His death only the other day called forth a remarkable tribute of appreciation. Nevertheless, his estimate of his own works may be taken as the verdict of posterity. In all, he wrote some sixty volumes and plays—poems, novels, comedies, *contes*, addresses, prefaces. But when asked how much would ultimately remain, he once said to Mr. Stuart Henry:

"A few volumes, preserved because of their dedications in the libraries of friends whom I leave behind; two or three poems, or perhaps a sonnet in the anthologies."

I should say that his *Médée* is in reality his strongest claim to permanent remembrance. As to the rest, one can regard him only as a superb, elaborate, and brilliant failure. He had no sincerity. Nature gave him talent and not genius. He had no unwavering, fixed belief in himself. And, therefore, although he touched almost every phase of life, he merely touched it and passed on. He amused, he charmed, he shocked and he outraged those who lived in his own time, but he created nothing. This is the penalty which is visited upon those who preach and practise the doctrine of Art for Art's sake. In their subconscious selves they are sceptical and perverse, and at the end they are punished with oblivion. The last of the Parnassiens now living is Anatole France—witty, ingenious, scintillating, inimitable; yet he, too, must go the way of all the rest. He has no soul any more than Mendès had; and without a soul, without some loftiness of spirit, the literature that lives can not be written.

Harry Thurston Peck.

DECLINED WITH THANKS

Oh! "Declined with thanks"—oh! "Declined with thanks!"
 Are all these editors merely cranks?
 Here are rejections—I have plenty more—
 Don't tell it in Gath—I've many a score!
 "Surplus of matter"—"accept if we could!"
 (Very polite, but that's no earthly good!)
 Keep it for months, if it happens to suit,
 Meanwhile I'm starving—it's Dead Sea Fruit!
 "This is too clever"—"that's not good enough!"
 (They think they can gauge the right kind of stuff!)
 Well, if in life's lottery I've drawn the blanks,
 Engrave on my tombstone—"Declined with Thanks!"

La Touche Hancock.



NEA

“TOM” MOORE’S “NEA”



HE island of Bermuda, so favourite a winter refuge to Americans, will soon celebrate with fitting ceremony the three hundredth anniversary of its colonisation by the English. Chief among the interesting characters who will probably figure in the pageants are “Tom” Moore, the Irish bard, and “Nea.”

Not one of Moore’s early loves inspired him with sweeter song than did the young Bermuda girl to whom he dedicated the “Odes to Nea,” and of none did he retain more affectionate or lasting memories. “Nea” was a name of his own fantasy. The original was christened Hesther Louise, and was the daughter of a Bermuda merchant named Tucker. In 1804, when Moore went to Bermuda in high glee at having secured an honourable position through the influence of the Earl of Moira, Hesther was eighteen, in the full bloom of beauty, which matures early in the tropics. Her family lived in the garrison town of St. George, the capital of the islands and the residence of the governor. It was a gay little place, socially, and in winter was further enlivened by the English admiral and his staff.

The fame of the handsome young poet had preceded him. His translation of

Anacreon had brought him recognition in London, and on reaching Bermuda he was fêted and lionised to an extent which must have flattered his vanity. The admiral, Sir Andrew Mitchell, charmed to have so witty a guest, at once extended the hospitality of his home.

Moore’s duties, as registrar of the Court of vice-admiralty, being almost nominal, left him plenty of time for the “innumerable dances and feasts” which he mentions in his letters from the island. It was probably at one of these that he met Hesther Tucker. To dance was as natural to her as to breathe, and her grace called forth his unstinted admiration, although it proved a constant source of jealousy, for he had many rivals among her partners, including the officers of the garrison, by whom she was styled the “Rose of the Islands.” His susceptible nature was completely captivated by Hesther’s charming, natural manner, and he fell desperately in love with her, in spite of his protest in Ode No. 1 :

Nay, tempt me not to love again,

There was a time when love was sweet :
Dear Nea, had I known thee then,

Our souls had not been slow to meet.
But oh, this weary heart hath run

So many a time the rounds of pain,
Not even for thee, thou lovely one,

Would I endure such pangs again.

It is small wonder if Hesther, weary of the insipid whisperings of the youthful midshipmen and the prosy love-making of the practical islanders, listened with rapture to the impassioned words of the witty Irishman. True, she was betrothed to her cousin, William Tucker, a fact of which Moore was not ignorant, judging from the opening lines of *Ode IV*—but this did not prevent her from

low them in his library. He gave no reason for this, but he who runs may read.

From the admiral's winter quarters could be seen Hesther's home, famed for its hospitality. Here, her father, a portly gentleman of the old school, and his wife, kept open house, and during her brief girlhood the daughter of the family was a great favourite.



WALSINGHAM HOUSE

encouraging, to some extent, the poet's attentions. Whether her affianced husband objected seriously to the flirtation we have no means of knowing. Possibly, from the standpoint of a prosperous merchant, the devotion of the penniless bard appeared harmless. The only thing which throws any light on the subject is the fact, substantiated by his grandchildren, that Mr. Tucker, in after years, would never read any of Moore's poems or al-

The old homestead has long since passed out of the Tucker family, and merely a small portion of the building remains. The only habitable corner has been patched and painted and contrasts strangely with the crumbling walls around it. The high chimneys, built on the exterior of the house, are still perfect. Palmettos, oleanders, cedars and lantana bushes overrun the premises, but the "alley of limes" no longer exists:

And thou, when at dawn thou shalt happen to
 roam
 Through the lime-covered alley that leads to
 thy home,
 Where oft, when the dance and the revel were
 done,
 And the stars were beginning to fade in the
 sun,

picturesque spots on the islands, and although it is gradually falling into decay, the memories of the sweet bard of Erin "cling around it still." "Moore's room," with cedar fittings and tiled fireplace, bears unmistakable marks of vandalism. It was while visiting at Walsingham that he wrote much of his descriptive poetry,



ST. PETER'S CHURCH, BERMUDA, WHERE "NEA" WORSHIPPED AND IN THE YARD OF WHICH STANDS HER GRAVE

I have led thee along, and have told by the way
 What my heart all the night had been burning
 to say—
 Oh, think of the past, give a sigh to those
 times,
 And a blessing for me to that alley of limes.

Moore did not spend all his time in St. George. Walsingham House, the home of "President" Trott—a title bestowed on the acting governors of Bermuda—is more closely connected with his stay than any other place. With its wealth of ferns and flowers, its famous caves and miniature lakes, it is still one of the most

including Epistle III to the Marchioness of Donegal, in which he speaks of

These leafy isles upon the ocean thrown
 Like studs of emerald o'er a silver zone.

Here, too, with Nea several miles away, on another island not joined, as now, by the long causeway connecting St. George with the mainland, her absence inspired him to write one of his most tender odes:

If I were yonder wave, my dear—

In an epistle to his friend, Joseph At-

kinson, Moore speaks of the famous calabash tree, which still flourishes and is a favourite trysting place for lovers, who carve their names on its trunk as the Irishman once did.

The only picture in Bermuda of Nea is a small silhouette owned by her granddaughter, and probably "executed" by

It is said that she was indebted for her fame less to her beauty than to the fascination and easy gracefulness of her manners.

Perhaps Moore's own description of the women of Bermuda applied to Nea:

. . . though not generally handsome, they have an affectionate languor which is always



NEA'S HOME

"William King, profile taker," who advertised in the *Royal Gazette* of that period and was patronised by the elite. It is impossible to gather from this outline a strong impression of the beauty suggested by Moore's adoring lines. The nose is too prominent, the mouth and chin delicate and the forehead high. The hair, which is heavy and probably not all her own, is dressed *à la* Pompadour. Moore speaks of her "dark hair," "eyes of light," "silky lashes," but with a poet's license he probably idealises his subject. An English writer who visited Bermuda in 1829 says of Nea:

interesting. What the French imply by their epithet *aimante* seems very much the character of the young Bermuda girls—that predisposition to loving which, without being awakened by any particular object, diffuses itself through the general manner in a tone of tenderness that never fails to fascinate.

Although greatly disappointed in the pecuniary profits of his position, Moore seems to have enjoyed his short stay in the British colony. Time never hung heavily on the poet's hands. Until he settled down into a life of blissful content with sweet Bessie Dyke, the wife



"TOM" MOORE'S CALABASH TREE AT WALSINGHAM, UNDER WHICH HE WROTE
MANY OF HIS ODES

who clung to him with unchanged devotion through his years of mental aberration, he was always fully occupied with numerous *affaires de cœur*, and no doubt his delight in Nea's society compensated, in a measure, for his small income. In April, 1804, after three months in a "place of fairy enchantment," Moore sailed for England *via* New York. His last ode to Nea indicates that his affection for her had not diminished:

There's not a look, a word of thine
My soul has e'er forgot;
Thou ne'er hast bid a ringlet shine,
Nor given thy locks one graceful twine
Which I remember not.

There never yet a murmur fell
From that beguiling tongue
Which did not, with a lingering spell,
Upon my charmed senses dwell
Like something heaven had sung.

There is no record of Nea's having mourned her Irish lover very deeply, and a few months later she was married to her cousin. The couple lived in St. George, and tradition says they were happy. They had several children, but the young mother did not live beyond their childhood. The *Bermuda Royal Gazette* of December 6, 1817, chronicles her demise. The obituary notice enumerates her many virtues, placing stress on

the fact that she exercised "all the moral and social duties of the Woman and the Christian." In looking through the ancient files the casual observer would never guess that Mrs. William Tucker was the poet's "Nea," and few Bermudians could tell him which Mrs. Tucker it was who bore that name.

No special headstone marks the grave where Nea lies. She is buried with other members of her husband's family beneath one of the large, flat vaults common to Bermuda cemeteries. The inscription reads:

Mr. William Tucker's family vault.

It stands in the yard of St. Peter's Episcopal Church, the oldest in the islands, in which for generations the Tuckers have worshipped. Close to Nea's lonely grave grows a tall cedar whose branches also overshadow the tomb of Anne Willing, a young Philadelphia woman who died in 1801, and who was the wife of William Bingham, a United States senator. It is not unlikely that in so small a place as St. George the two who now lie side by side were well known to each other in life.

William Tucker, after mourning his young wife several years, married a relative of President Trott of Walsingham, the man who had extended generous hospitality to Tom Moore. He died in 1871.

Nea's only surviving child is Brigadier-General Tucker of the English Army, who, since being retired, is ending the last years of an eventful life, much of which was passed in India, in the south of England. Her two daughters were wives of men of good standing in England and Bermuda. One son was a distinguished physician and another a successful merchant in Omaha, Neb. In one of the far-away isles of the Pacific a dark-eyed maiden bears the name of "Nea." She is the daughter of the late Henry Tucker, one of Hesther's grandsons who settled in Fiji. Another descendant, living in Bermuda, is also named for the poet's early sweetheart.

Among the *Irish Melodies*, published in 1813, are two, "How dear to me the hour" and "Oh, that we had some bright little isle of our own," which were doubtless suggested to Moore by memories of Bermuda, the home of the girl immortalised in his Odes. The closing lines of the latter are among the best known of his famous songs:

The glow of the sunshine, the balm of the air,
Would steal to our hearts and make all summer
there;

Our life should resemble a long day of light,
And our death come on holy and calm as the
night.

Ella Darrell Kay.

THE POST-NUPTIAL NOVEL AND SOME RECENT BOOKS



WE are all familiar with the Frivolous Young Person who demands that every story shall begin with courtship and end with marriage; who has no use for the more serious purposes of fiction, and whose disapproval is most frequently couched in some such form as this: "No, I don't like that book; that is another horrid, married-woman story!" This attitude,

of course, is natural enough as an expression of that unconscious arrogance of youth, which can see no interest in any other stage of life than its own. And, in a measure, it is a legitimate attitude, since youth has as distinctive a right to its special toys as infancy to its straw and rattle, and old age to its prayer-books and its beads. The trouble is that by sheer force of iteration the Frivolous Young Person has succeeded in putting her hall-mark upon a large body of

Anglo-Saxon fiction; it is to her influence that for a couple of generations, at least, a large majority of our novelists have tacitly assumed that the properly constructed novel should devote itself mainly to the troubled course of young love from the moment of the first, highly romantic meeting to the happy culmination at the altar. It is an admitted fact that the tendencies of modern French fiction are mainly controlled by what the women of that nation wish to read; there is even more truth in the assertion that the tendencies of Anglo-Saxon fiction are largely determined by the taste and interests of the young girl. And this is a great pity, for in it we find the explanation of a lower average standard of merit in English as compared to Continental novels—a certain lack of vigour and sincerity and progressive boldness of purpose. Our novelists have failed to realise that the romance of callow youth is not the romance which lives; that while past centuries have given us one *Daphnis and Chloe*, and *Paul et Virginie*, these stories are the isolated exceptions that prove the general rule.

Indeed, outside of the specific literary type of prose narrative, it seems never to have occurred to any one to limit the scope of a story with the pronouncement of the marriage vows. We realise, when we pause to think of it, that the heroines of practically all the great epics belong to the "horrid married-woman" type. There was Helen of Troy, and the patient Penelope, and Dido of Carthage, all of them interesting because of their varied matrimonial entanglements. Or, take the Book of Esther, as perfectly constructed a story as ancient Hebrew literature has bequeathed to us. Here again, we have distinctly a married-woman story. The same truth holds good of the great dramatists from Æschylus to Shakespeare; the really great heroines are of the married-woman type, the really great problems are those arising after marriage rather than before. Juliet, Desdemona, Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth—all married women! And if one cites as an exception the case of Ophelia, the answer to this is quite obvious: that so far as women seriously enter into the plot of *Hamlet*, it is a married-woman plot—

namely, the marriage of Hamlet's mother to his uncle, while Ophelia, herself, is little more than a passing episode.

If we turn now to the earlier masters of English fiction, it will, of course, be easy for the champions of the ante-nuptial novel to make out a pretty good *prima facie* case. They will remind us, for instance, that Smollett's Roderick Random obtained Narcissa for his wife in the last chapter but one, that Fielding parts company with his Joseph Andrews in the act of "leading his blooming bride back to Mr. Booby's;" and that the history of Tom Jones closes with a blessing upon "the day when Mr. Jones was married to his Sophia." They will call attention to the fact that Miss Edgeworth's *Belinda*, and Miss Austen's *Emma* were both of the type that have their aim and end in a betrothal; and that even Thackeray with his mature and indulgently ironic outlook on life, felt that he had reached the logical end of his stories when Clive Newcome won the long delayed consent of his Ethel, when Pen-dennis at last discovered that it was Laura whom he really loved, and when Colonel Esmond, after wasting valuable years in pursuit of the unworthy Beatrice, wisely transferred his affections to her mother. All this is quite true; and the list could be multiplied indefinitely with parallel cases from the best authors of to-day—as, for example, Mr. Howells's *April Hopes* and Mr. James's *Daisy Miller* must both be excluded from the catalogue of married-women novels. But the answer to this is simply that these books live not because they end at the altar rail, or even before the altar rail is reached, but quite regardless of that comparatively unimportant detail. They live because of their grasp upon the truths of life, and because the young man and the young woman who happen in each case to usurp the centre of the stage do not monopolise more than their due proportion of the interest. When Thackeray or Mr. James or Mr. Howells shows us a young man and a young woman temporarily absorbed in each other, he does not make that very young and very romantic blunder of allowing himself and his reader to become similarly absorbed. He looks at the young couple

and makes us also look at them from a mature, worldly wise outside standpoint—a post-nuptial standpoint, as it were, almost as if he were to say, "Oh, yes, they think they are happy, but what a tremendous lot they still have to learn about life!"

And if we are willing frankly to recognise the truth that fiction is the youngest of the literary forms, that the technique of fiction has taken shape only within the last half century, and that novels are being produced to-day that in artistic form and conscious workmanship are far ahead of anything written twenty-five years ago, then we must also admit that the really big things in fiction are those that deal boldly with the problems that follow the complete knowledge of good and evil—and not those that antedate it. This is why Thackeray's *Vanity Fair* is to be placed once for all on a pedestal high above his other writings; why *Romola*, in spite of its artificiality of form and setting, is a bigger work than, let us say, *The Mill on the Floss*; why, also (to take an example of quite recent date), there is many a ten-page story by Mr. Kipling that will outlive the entire bulk of his long novel, *The Light That Failed*.

The reasons why fiction should not be thus arbitrarily limited, on the one hand, to the starting point of a chance meeting, on the other, to a closing accompaniment of the Lohengrin March, seem hardly necessary to enlarge upon. They rest upon the familiar geometrical axiom that the whole is always greater than any of its parts. The whole of life, good and bad together; childhood, youth, maturity, old age, each with their special problems, their respective joys and griefs, are co-ordinate factors in the scheme of Things as They Are. And the novelist who goes on all his days picturing only the milk-and-water emotions of early youth is as far from giving us enduring pictures of life as the entomologist who should spend his allotted span of three score and ten upon a study of the chrysalis, and never show us a full-fledged butterfly.

There have been of late a good many encouraging symptoms in our new fiction. We are learning more than we used to learn from Continental masters. Our younger writers—and in this respect

the English novelists are considerably in advance of those in this country—are acquiring a greater boldness and a surer touch in handling the really big and serious problems of social life. It speaks well for the present status of fiction that it is possible to find in a single month a group of books of such an average standard of excellence as those gathered together for discussion in the present article, all of which may justly be grouped under the general head of Post-Nuptial Novels.

From the time that she first commanded serious attention with *The*

Maternity of Harriet Wicken, Mrs. Henry Dudeney has definitely identified herself with

fiction of the married-woman type; and in her latest volume, *Rachel Lorian*, she handles a peculiarly painful and fortunately rare problem of married life, with characteristic insight and with a technical skill that somehow just misses the achievement of something very big indeed. It is the story of a woman tied for life to a hopeless cripple; and to make her bondage harder, the man under the best of circumstances would have been unworthy of her, for he is egotistical, domineering, and mean spirited. This is the impression that we get of Francis Lorian even on the wedding day when, with all life smiling upon them, they set forth on their wedding journey to the Continent. Even as he is then, in the full vigour of early manhood, you realise that he is too self-centred, too assertive, too fully convinced of man's superiority over woman to make the outlook hopeful for the really fine type of woman he has married. It dawns upon you as you listen to their desultory talk in the train that is sweeping them across the south of England—just as for an instant it half dawns upon Rachel herself—that the best there is in Francis, the finest thoughts, the highest ambitions, are not really his own, but merely a surface reflection of the utterances of a friend of his, a certain Patrick Rivers, whom Rachel has never met, and who is, for the time being, somewhere in the heart of Africa. This Rivers, you feel, must be a most unusual

and fascinating person, if even at second-hand his phrases and ideas can for the moment transform such an unpleasant nature as that of Lorian's into a person of real charm. And while you are already beginning to wonder what will happen when Patrick Rivers, perchance, comes home; what will happen when Rachel Lorian meets him face to face, and realises the difference between stirring metal and cheap alloy—without warning the crash comes, the train is wrecked, and Francis Lorian on the first day of his honeymoon is dragged from under the crumpled wreckage, a paralytic from the waist down, but otherwise quite likely to live out an average span of life. Now the problem that Mrs. Dudeney had to work out was in its essence not a complex one. Whether Rivers comes back from Africa or not is immaterial. To a woman living in the cruel and unnatural bondage that fate has thrust upon Rachel it is inevitable that sooner or later some man—if not Rivers, then another—shall come to make her realise the full extent what life has robbed her of. And then the struggle will begin, a very poignant, yet, after all, quite primitive struggle. This is really the essence of what Mrs. Dudeney had to give us, and she gives it with all the luminous insight and unsparing honesty that characterise her work. But what is difficult to understand is why such a good artist did not know when to stop; why she found it necessary to carry on the story for months and years after the crippled husband's death; and apparently for the sheer love of picturing misery, made the heroine's subsequent life an even greater tragedy through incidents which are not a structural necessity nor a logical outgrowth of her earlier experiences. It is this later part which mars the symmetry of the story and consigns it to a much lower rank in the scale of fiction.

A sombre and unpleasant story, told with a well-sustained and conscious power, is *David Bran*, by Morley Roberts—the only other book of this able but uneven author which deserves to stand in the same rank with his *Rachel Marr*. It is a story of the sailor and fisher folk

of the southwest coast of England; men and women of the dark, un-Saxon, Cornish type, among whom there circulate tales of "fair, white, shining women with golden hair to their knees"—but such women they have never seen; and they confuse them vaguely with heathen legends of mermaids. David Bran, like other young men of the village of Trescas, has heard these tales incredulously. They have not prevented him from giving his heart, his whole heart, as he believes for the time, to Lou Trevarris, the ripest, darkest beauty of the district. But through some instinct, Lou feels that she does not hold David's lasting and undivided love. For that reason she refuses to go through the marriage ceremony with him; for that reason the two become a scandal in the village; and because of Lou Trevarris, David's own mother, drives him from her house. But one day Lou talks to David of her presentiment that a white woman with shining hair and slender white limbs would some day come between them; and David broods on this; and when he goes to see his mother and sit outside the forbidden door to talk with her, he speaks of this mysterious white woman; and his mother, who knows more of the world than other women of Trescas, and, therefore, knows that blond women are not necessarily legendary mermaids, decides that the presentiment shall come true. It is through her clever manœuvring that Kate Poldrew, a Swede on her mother's side, with eyes like bluebells and hair like ripened grain, is brought to Trescas. Such is the foundation of a rather curious and daring study of primitive emotions—the study of a man's struggle to keep faith with the fair-haired, blue-eyed woman he has married and yet retain his hold upon the splendid, loyal, yet untamed woman of his own race to whom he had once vowed eternal fidelity. It is also an attempt to show how it is possible for two women of opposite types, who are rivals for the affection of the man they both worship, to understand and love and sympathise with each other, and eventually to accept with something more than resignation a condition of life that bids defiance to established conventions. The really remark-

able thing about the book is that it carries conviction with it and makes us feel that these people caught in this curious tangle of destiny would actually do and say and feel the things that Mr. Roberts attributes to them. And this in itself is a triumph of the first magnitude.

Arminel of the West, by John Trevena, bears some interesting analogies to Mr.

**"Arminel
of the
West"**

Roberts's book. In the first place, it is also a story of the primitive, un-Saxon folk of Southern England, the action passing in the rugged furze-grown wastes of Dartmoor. The theme is the entanglement of a certain Brian Challacombe, a stranger who comes to the moors for his health, in the lives of two girls of the district—Nona Wistman, the daughter of a highly cultivated but fanatical preacher; and Arminel, the illegitimate child of a certain Dartmoor John, a peddler of oil, with a small holding of land on the moors that he has acquired, not by ancestral right, as other commoners do, but by craft and guile. By birth and breeding and opportunities in life, Nona should have been a fine clean-souled, cultured type of girl, and Arminel an underbred, bold-mannered upstart. Mr. Trevena, however, evidently has his own very excellent theories about the evils of the "sheltered life" method of education. The fanatical Mr. Wistman has chosen to bring up his daughter in fundamental ignorance of the primary physiological facts of life; without consulting her wishes, her temperament, her mental and physical needs, he predestines her to a life in the cloister; and when she comes to him, full of the irrepressible enthusiasms of youth, the tumultuous joy of living, to ask him questions that arise naturally and spontaneously to her lips, and to demand some share of the freedom and privileges that are freely accorded to other girls, he puts her off with subterfuges and lies. Arminel, on the other hand, growing up haphazard to run wild like the Dartmoor furze and glean a knowledge of life as she will, develops, like the furze, strong and sturdy, with an inborn power of self-protection, a sharpness of tongue and prickliness of manner that will keep off an unwelcome

touch. Yet, because of this free untrammelled life, she has grown up brave and true and tender-hearted within, a creature whom people come to love in spite of prejudice. While Nona, on the other hand, because of her repressed life, is full of a spirit of revolt, ready at a touch to blaze out into defiance of all laws, human and divine. These are the reasons why, when Brian Challacombe comes to Dartmoor, he can win Nona without the asking and with no saving ceremony of the church, while Arminel he can hardly win at all, though he asks in all humbleness and with every honourable intent. The specific problem offered by the book is that of a weak man trying when a little too late to do what is fair and right, confronted on the one hand by the righteous demands of an angry father claiming that he shall make the daughter the tardy reparation of a marriage, and on the other hand by the claims of the other girl to whom he is secretly wedded and whom he does not yet dare openly to acknowledge, because of her lowly origin. There is much truthful portraiture in this newly issued volume by the author of *Furze the Cruel*, much subtle understanding, also, of human nature, and a power of visualisation both of action and of setting that promises well for the author's future work.

The Pilgrim's March, by H. H. Bashford, is not unfairly described in the

**"The
Pilgrim's
March"**

publisher's note upon the wrapper, "a novel of unusual merit." But it would have been much better had it been pruned of nearly half the characters. It introduces us at the start to an amiable, somewhat erratic middle-aged English gentleman who is not unpleasantly perturbed in mind regarding the destinies of his small nephew, Chris, and of Margaret and Robin, his nephew's closest friends. The story, however, promptly skips a number of years; Broggers, the uncle, Chris and Margaret become of quite subordinate interest; and the real theme of the story turns out to be the inward struggle of Robin, who finds himself by force of environment about as utterly a misfit in life as a man well can be—for he has taken the wrong path in business,

in religion, and in love. Being fatherless, and almost alone in the world, he is taken into the business and also the family circle of a distant cousin, a certain Mr. Wing, whose innumerable sons and daughters the reader never succeeds in quite straightening, but all of whom seem to regard their work in the Free Church—missionary work, Sunday-school work, Bible class work, public speaking at men's Guilds—as the sole real pleasure of existence. Before he quite knows what he is doing, Robin finds himself caught on the hysterical wave of a revival, drawn into making public confession of his faith, throwing himself zealously into this same Free Church agitation, and incidentally offering marriage to his cousin, Betty, the least repellent member of the priggish Wing family. And all the time the poor boy is really at heart a good deal of a pagan, a worshipper of sunshine and flowers and all the beautiful things of nature; a born artist whose unspoken ambition leads him in the direction of sculpture. And while he is deluding himself into fancying that he cares for Betty and Non-conformist Protestantism, he is really very much in love with Judy, the wife of a disreputable French painter—Judy, once a famous model of the *Quartier Latin*, yet possessed of an innate honesty that carried her unscathed through the miry life of the *atelier*. Robin's slow awakening to the missteps that he had already taken—the irretrievable step he is about to take, is depicted with a sureness of touch, a sympathetic understanding that deserve high praise. Of course, the real crisis of the story comes on the day when Robin, having so far broken with his old life as to take up art seriously, is just completing the *Psyche* for which Judy has volunteered her services. The last sitting is over. Judy has left when Betty and one of her brothers come to the studio, discover the nature of Robin's work, and have not had time to voice their shocked sense of its impropriety, when Judy innocently returns for a forgotten pair of gloves. Up to this moment neither of them has thought of harm in what they were doing; up to this moment they would both staunchly have defended the high pur-

pose and purity of art. But now, as Robin's eyes go from one woman to the other, he suddenly knows the truth: that it is Judy and not Betty whom he loves. And because this fact becomes eloquently legible in his own face there is no need of words. The conscious innocence of their relations is at an end, and they neither of them have a word to say in defence either of art or of themselves. Here really is the end of the story, though the author does not seem to have known it. He goes on to tell us that Robin and Judy separated and Robin eventually married another woman. Perhaps he did, and possibly he was happy, but if so the fact does not interest us. The book could have stopped fifty pages sooner and by so doing have been a better book.

Those of us who frankly like the work of Bettina von Hutten will find ourselves asking in some perplexity whether her new volume, *Kingsmead*, is or is not a better story than *Pam Decides* and *The*

Halo. As the author has a little trick of now and then skipping a decade in between the volumes, which are gradually forming a lengthy series, and the important small boy or small girl of one book is raised to the dignity of hero or heroine in the next, it becomes a little difficult to keep track of the relationship between the various characters. Luckily, however, this is not really essential to an understanding of the plot of *Kingsmead*. All you need to know is that Lord Kingsmead on coming of age finds himself so saddled with debts that he sells his ancestral estate to a certain, kindly hearted, but hopelessly vulgar, old man of the name of Lansing, who has made a fortune in enamel bath tubs. Because Kingsmead loves the old estate, partly also because he admires big, strong, athletic Teddy Lansing, whom he had known at Cambridge, he endures the Lansing vulgarity and pays a protracted visit to his old home. He quickly discovers that in the neighbourhood there is a certain Mrs. Gilpin, the widow, he is told, of an English officer killed in Indian border warfare—a slender, fragile, dainty little woman possessed of that rare

quality, charm. He also discovers that Teddy Lansing has lost his heart to her, and that she apparently is hesitating—whether because of love for the dead husband or aversion to the enamel bath tubs, Kingsmead cannot determine. At all events, he does his best to bring the two together, never suspecting that his interest in Mrs. Gilpin is due to something a good deal deeper and more vital to himself than his friendship for Teddy. In fact, he does not awaken to the real condition of his own heart or that of Mrs. Gilpin until the painful moment when he quite accidentally tumbles upon the discreditable secret lying in the background of that lady's earlier life. It is a pity that this volume, which up to this particular point contains the best work that the author has done in several years, should all of a sudden weaken palpably. In Lord Kingsmead she has intended to portray the soul of chivalry and honour; and up to this point she has succeeded. But when he is confronted with a real crisis in his own life and those of his two best friends, it is an open question whether the solution he finds is chivalrous or cowardly. Yet, though it weakens, it does not for a moment relax in interest.

The Story of Thyrza, by Alice Brown, is a careful ambitious piece of work

eminently characteristic of the author, yet essentially and unnecessarily painful in its final working out. Incidentally,

one must note that the central motive of the whole tangle depends upon a curiously warped attitude of mind that does not strike the average sane reader as convincing or even plausible. To state an unpleasant plot as clearly and concisely as possible, *The Story of Thyrza* narrates the life tragedy of a girl who suddenly learns that the man whom she has been expecting to return and make her the belated reparation of marriage has chosen instead to marry her sister. It being impossible for her to remain under the same roof, she disappears from her former home, bravely faces life single handed and succeeds after a protracted struggle in earning a modest living for herself and her child. In her new

home she comes into touch with another man, who has the position in life, the money and the willingness to give her an honourable standing in the world as his wife. Furthermore, she knows that she loves this man as she never loved the other, and as she never will love again. But—and here comes in the queer, warped way of seeing things—she has kept the secret of her child's paternity; for her sister's sake she must continue to keep it; and she is afraid that if she marries she will never be able to convince the world that her husband was not the man who once wronged her. So she deliberately chooses to renounce happiness for herself and an honourable name for her boy rather than have a taint of suspicion fall upon the man she loves. With all its art, the story still leaves you incredulous.

The Actress, by Louise Closser Hale, does not, strictly speaking, belong in the class of married-woman stories, excepting in so

"The Actress" far as life on the stage may be regarded as an initiation into the funda-

mental problems of mature life. Frankly speaking, although a book that is very delightful in many respects, regarded as a novel *The Actress* is structurally so loose that at times it almost ceases to be a novel at all. It is a narrative in the first person, told by a young woman with lofty ambitions and considerable talent for the stage. In the opening chapters there is a wealthy, good-hearted, altogether worth while New Yorker who would gladly make her his wife if she would give up her profession. So to escape him, perhaps also to escape herself, she accepts a place in a company that is going to England for the summer; and the greater part of the book is a graphic, realistic, intimate chronicle of life behind the footlights, told with a first hand knowledge that justifies the suspicion that it is largely autobiographic. Really, it is this part of the book that one cares about, and certainly it is extremely well done. Some of the bits of characterisation are deliciously human. Eventually, the heroine finds that the footlights have lost their glamour and is glad to come back to her long suffering American stockbroker;

but that part of the story is almost in the nature of an anti-climax. It is certainly not the part that one lingers over and

reverts to as one does to the earlier chapters.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

SEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

DEWITT'S "ASSASSINATION OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN"*

The title on the cover of this book is somewhat misleading, inasmuch as only two chapters (or fifty-four pages) relate to the actual story of the assassination. The rest of the volume describes with much detail the reign of terror which followed upon the assassination, culminating in the military trial which condemned to death not merely Payne, Herold, and Atzerodt, but also Mrs. Mary E. Surratt. The facts which Mr. Dewitt has gathered are very interesting and are properly documented. They may serve to convince even the most credulous that the execution of Mrs. Surratt was no better than a crime, and they also deepen the shadow which every year is casting about the figure of Edwin M. Stanton. Well-read historians have long ago assigned this man to his proper place. Before long, all Americans who are interested in the period of the Civil War will cease describing him as "the great War Secretary," and will fully measure his meanness, his arrogance, his unscrupulous deceit, and his utter cowardice. The only virtue that he ever possessed was honesty in financial matters. This, of course, was of great importance to the country at a time when millions were being lavished every day upon the armies in the field; yet it was not enough to balance his evil traits, much less to exalt him into the proportions of a hero.

The most valuable part of Mr. Dewitt's book has to do with the military commission that tried the alleged conspirators. It is plain enough that even this bigoted body would not have condemned Mrs.

Surratt had it been possible to discover and arrest her son. She was, in fact, condemned because of his alleged participation in the crime. Yet even then the court (if we can call it so) recommended her to executive clemency. This recommendation never reached the President, who, therefore, with great reluctance, signed the death-warrant of an innocent woman. The memory of Judge Holt and that of Stanton must always be associated with this act of infamy.

We have said that the facts collected by Mr. Dewitt are interesting. It is a pity that he could not have set them forth in a more sober fashion. He seems, however, to have become infected with the hysteria of the period of which he writes. His rhetoric is that of a stump speaker. His English is often that of a cheap journalist. Listen, for example, to this passage, which he himself doubtless thinks to be very fine.

At the very height of the jubilee, the dread spectre that hitherto had kept its haunts in the guarded palaces of kings, stalked into the open portals of the transatlantic republic and laid a death-dealing hand on its twice-chosen head. With an abrupt clang the joy-bells ceased.

Again (p. 239), "a stretch of official decorum" is said "to throw a sinister light." We are also told of "lady boarders" (p. 32), and a "veteran sleuth" (p. 73). On page 305 occurs the following choice bit of English: "She saw a young man there *whom* Mrs. Surratt told her was her son John." Wilkes Booth, it appears, wore "bran-new (*sic*) spurs" (p. 122). On page 44, it is said of Secretary Seward that "he was the officer designated by statute to set the wheels of government in motion when the Presidency and Vice-Presidency both became vacant." We do not quite know just what statute is referred to, and

*The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln. By David Miller Dewitt. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.

whether Mr. Dewitt's mind has not leaped forward from the year 1865 to the year 1885. Altogether the manner of this book is as objectionable as its material is valuable. One should not write history in a series of rather tawdry purple patches and thereby make it appear ridiculous.

Harry Thurston Peck.

II

THE LETTERS OF MRS. JAMES G. BLAINE*

One might reasonably expect to gather a good deal of semi-political and personal reminiscence from two volumes of letters written by the wife of Blaine of Maine. Every one is well aware that she entered heartily, not to say at times acrimoniously, into his public life, and that there were also times when her personal enmities affected her husband's political action. But here are letters covering a period from 1869 to 1889—twenty long and eventful years—and practically devoid of anything that is worth remembering. The three great crises of Mr. Blaine's career came respectively in 1880, when he nearly won the Republican nomination from Grant; in 1884, when he was defeated by Mr. Cleveland; and at last, in 1889, when he became President Harrison's Secretary of State.

With regard to these three critical periods, Mrs. Blaine has practically nothing at all to tell in her letters. There are pages and pages which relate to what she wore or what she had for breakfast, and of her general interest in her children, but we do not get anything that will add to our knowledge of her distinguished husband, or of the exciting events through which he passed. Thus, there is given only one letter written in 1884, and but a very small collection of notes written at the beginning of the Harrison administration. Then the correspondence comes to an untimely end. We may give an example or two of the general nature of what is actually printed in these volumes. Take the following (vol. i., pp. 12, 13):

* Letters of Mrs. James G. Blaine. Edited by Harriet S. Blaine Beale. 2 vols. New York: Duffield and Company.

Father goes to Boston to-morrow. Am sorry to lose him even for a few days, but his errand is an important one and he must go. He will visit you at Andover before he returns. I would send you a basket of goodies, but he takes the eastern road. How did you like the buttons I sent you for your birthday? We are having the house painted. Quite an improvement it will be, too.

There are many pages of this sort of thing. Let us quote another specimen (vol. ii., p. 112). Mrs. Blaine had just given a dinner:

My table was very handsome and the courses many and good. And as many of my guests were from boarding-houses, ample justice was done Mary's good cooking. Here are the courses, for I am too stupid to write anything sensible to-night: Oysters on shell, mock turtle soup, broiled chicken and fried potatoes, sweet breads and peas, asparagus, Roman punch, partridge and salad, ices, charlottes, jellies, fruits, coffee and tea.

If these were exceptional passages, one might read them with a certain interest, as showing how the Blaine family used to entertain. But, unfortunately, the passages are not exceptional, save that Mrs. Blaine seldom had quite so elaborate a spread as the one just noted. But why on earth should a book be issued in two volumes to inform us, for instance, that the Blaine family had liver and bacon for breakfast in November, 1876! And it is practically all like this. There are countless allusions to Mr. Blaine, but they do not give us any information about him. He flits through the pages like a shadow, hovering around the domestic occupations of his wife, which were not essentially different from the domestic occupations of several million other wives.

Just a few half-spiteful touches relieve the monotony if one has the patience to seek for them. Thus, when President Arthur succeeded to office, and cut short Mr. Blaine's rather dubious Chilean policy, Mrs. Blaine sets down a word or two, which after all betray merely her own state of mind. Thus she says of Mr. Arthur:

You remember, don't you, about Arthur's two passions, as . . . discussed at Sam Ward's

dinner in New York? New coats being one, he having then already ordered twenty-five from his tailor since the new year came in; the other, seeming to do things while never putting his mind or his hands near them.

And the following on Mr. Arthur's intellectual attainments:

If you remember the description of Arthur as given by Mr. Hurlburt of the *World* at Sam Ward's dinner, . . . you have a very correct idea of him. I do not think he knows anything. He can quote a verse of poetry, or a page from Dickens and Thackeray, but these are only leaves springing from a root out of dry ground. His vital forces are not fed, and very soon he has given out his all. I hardly know whether we are on terms with him.

Later on, Mrs. Blaine criticises Mrs. Cleveland for leaving the inauguration ball in 1889 at too early an hour; and there are indications here and there that from the very beginning of President Harrison's administration, the Blaines and Mr. Harrison did not get on. Harrison refused to make Walker Blaine ("Jacky," his mother calls him) Assistant Secretary of State. Mrs. Blaine thereupon remarks:

Your father did not care to make a fight about it, so he quietly put him in as law adviser. . . . All first propositions are rejected. It is a most uncomfortable twist in the make-up of a man.

If Mrs. Beale, who edited these letters, had cut them down to one small volume of about a hundred pages, neither the world nor the publishers of the book would have suffered any loss. The footnotes are carelessly written, as, for instance, when Mr. Allan Thorndike Rice's name is continually misspelled. Quotations from Appleton's *Encyclopædia of American Biography* are interspersed throughout the text. Possibly the most interesting thing in the book is its revelation of the fact that although Mr. Blaine stayed for quite a while in Italy, he never learned more than two Italian words—*piano* and *presto*. After this, Mrs. Blaine's criticism on President Arthur seems decidedly uncalled for.

Richard W. Kemp.

III

RICHARD WHITEING'S "LITTLE PEOPLE"*

Nobody who knows Mr. Whiteing's books needs to be told that the object of his lifelong and affectionate solicitude is the British "under dog." He has that "brotherly sympathy with the downward side," described by Carlyle, who had none too much of it himself, and who remarks, incidentally, that "no Jew creature has it, not even blackguard Heine, to any real length." The feeling that it is not "right" that a minority should welter in luxury while the majority is grubbing along at the limit of subsistence turns many to Socialism, many, "here and now," to that variety of it which Mr. Taft calls "parlour Socialism." Those who perceive the contradictions of the social fabric without being moved to do anything about it, it is apt to turn to cynicism. Mr. Whiteing, for want of seeing anything to be "done" by legislation, contents himself with pointing out the contradictions. A Jeremiah without a programme is terribly apt to be a bore. (It is true that a Jeremiah with a programme is apt to be a still worse bore.) That Mr. Whiteing is never a bit of a bore is to be imputed, not only to his conviction that "diagnosis precedes therapeutics." It comes also from his possession in a high degree of the philosophic spirit, of literary craftsmanship, and, in abounding measure, of the saving grace of humour. Philosophy, literary skill, and humour will go a long way toward making almost any thesis acceptable.

It is an old remark about Dickens that the "people" he makes interesting are none of them "distinguished." His characters are "Little People." This title the present author takes from an Irish superstition of the fairies who are seen only in the twilight and at the dawn, being invisible in the garish day. In another way, of course, than that of Dickens, Mr. Whiteing makes it his business "to attend to the neglected and to remember the forgotten." It is "implicit," to use a word that is rather overworked

*Little People. By Richard Whiteing. London, Paris, New York, Toronto and Melbourne: Cassell and Company, Limited.

in these pages, in all his books that, with all the political liberalisation that has been going on, apparently even including the irruption of the "Labourites" into the House of Commons, social England remains essentially feudal. To "keep it so" is the purport of "Church and State, as by law established," is the continual endeavour, conscious or unconscious, of the Parson and the Squire. Between them they try to keep Hodge in his place, ordering himself lowly and reverently to all his betters, and doing his duty in that state of life to which it has pleased the Genius of the British Constitution to call him. That datum becomes "explicit" in *The Yellow Van*, and it is, one may say, the staple and subject of the essays and sketches, which are mostly both, that make up the present volume.

When feudalism becomes complicated with industrialism, snobbery necessarily emerges. But this is by no means a "Book of Snobs." Also, with that combination, there are two kinds of waifs and strays, the bold bad Hodge of the country who will not order himself reverently to the parson and the squire, and the failure of the town for whose failure nobody is held to provide even mitigating soup and blankets. But neither is this a book about the social flotsam and jetsam. The present "Little People" are those who are hanging on, desperately and for dear life, not only to life, but to "respectability," and who are conscious of a "social position." Mr. Whiteing calls them "ratepayers." Unfortunately, the word does not describe the nearest approach the fauna of our country affords to the species, for the American specimens are not apt to be aware of the "incidence of taxation," though, of course, it falls on them really all the same. But in England, that "paradise of local taxation," as Mr. Whiteing calls it, not to be a ratepayer is to be an outcast. So the series of presentations of the ratepayers is really a composite photograph of the average Briton, the duke at one end of the scale, and the actual outcast at the other, tending to nullify and eliminate one another in the portraiture.

I now saw that there was a ratepayer spirit in the highest affairs; in politics and in patriotism, in poetry, nay, religion itself. To define it by one of its opposites, it was everything that was not Quixotic; the hero of Cervantes, in his final scene—the significance of which has been so strangely missed—not only repenting of his heroism, but realising himself as primarily a householder with all that the obligation imports. . . . The ratepayer is in fact the great general type dominating all others and knowing no variation but that of its name in all lands. In France this standardised fellow-creature is known as M. Jourdain or M. Prudhomme; in Germany he has the dual personality of Schülz and Müller. In Switzerland he bears a hundred names, most of them names of hotel-keepers. In him the bold, indomitable mountaineers of the heresies and the insurrections have come to a compromise with all the reactions.

So the book is really a portrait of the average Briton. Not that the Duke and the costermonger are ignored. Contrariwise, they are recognised as influences tending to complicate the actual "Ratepayer," to retard the avatar of the ideal ratepayer. Mr. Whiteing sees, as clearly as any American, that to base society broadly upon the average man is to offer the best possible guaranty of stability at a time when it is clear that "whatever is not made of asbestos is going to be burnt in this world." A ratepayer without the Duke, without the parson and the squire exercising more or less arbitrary functions, is beyond the purview of the Briton who "only England knows." To realise that vision he has to know America also. We are not ideal anything, we know well enough. But, as our poet has said, "Here the free spirit of mankind at length throws its last fetters off," save in so far as men choose to forge new fetters for themselves. But we may be thankful that the familiar British stage-picture of the happy tenantry dancing on the sward, under the landlord's favouring and benignant eye, at the finale of the melodrama, is unrealisable here, will not go here, even on the stage. But in England—take these excerpts from the chapter on "Our Betters" as indicative of the spirit of the book:

Little rustic people still touch their caps, though too often only with a jerk of the thumb. The survival is better than nothing; it is at least a recognition that the Hall—and be hanged to it!—can hit hard when it likes. So the cottage stands for a submission which needs must, if only when the devil drives. Between the two there are the villas which bear a sort of feudal relationship to the great house by keeping a few dependents in their place, as the Hall keeps their masters. The villas send deputies once a week to the Hall to render an account of their stewardship of subservience as it concerns cook, housemaid, gardener and page-boy, and generally speaking to do homage at afternoon tea. The whole life of the settlement still lies in the hollow of the old feudal hand. The old lordship of the manor still holds, though by an agency more potent than the sword. . . . Ornament counts; our peasantry in one of their attributes are part of the view, like the cows and the sheep, and without them the house-parties might miss something when they come down. The neat cottage, clean pinafores children going to school, sun-bonneted mothers hanging out the clothes, belong as much to the effect of the look of the thing as the great rose-garden and the fairy dell. It is all beautiful, beyond doubt, restful, and everything else that makes for the sense of the happy land.

Which is grim enough, without doubt. But not all the social sketches are so shady. The last one is "A Little Saint," in which Mr. Whiteing, characteristically, finds his British heroine in a little lodging-house keeper who painfully cleans up her lodgings while she is awaiting the Second Coming. But what one has to say without any question of the studies is that they are, one and all, "to read."

For many readers, and even readers to whom the writer is known only by his writings, the excellent portrait prefixed to the volume will be a very positive element in its value. It is naturally not a perfect likeness, though still perfectly recognisable, of the British journalist who arrived upon these shores in 1876, to report the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, and promptly began to make the American friends he has kept ever since.

Montgomery Schuyler.

IV

RENAN'S "PATRICE"*

Whatever may have been the defects in Ernest Renan's Semitic scholarship and in his criticism of the Christian religion, and whatever may be the ultimate fate of the gracious, æsthetic philosophy which he substituted for Christianity, there is little doubt that his marvellous literary style will exert a perennial charm. Renan was before and above everything else the literary artist, whose art no writer of the present generation—with the possible exception of his spiritual god-child, Anatole France—has approached. He enveloped every subject he treated—and Heaven knows ~~if~~ he treated subjects that are ordinarily considered dry and prosaic with a luminous atmosphere of beauty that positively transfigured it. The French language was as responsive to his pen as a violin to the touch of a master. Without artifice, by means so simple and direct that they scarcely deserve to be classed as means, he drew from it the most languorous cadences, the most ravishing tones.

Patrice is a mere fragment which the most ingenious devices of the book-making art have scarcely succeeded in expanding into a thin volume; but it contains as exquisitely written pages as Renan ever penned. It is replete with engaging philosophy, profound poetry and fluid Atticism. It is as witty, clear, fresh and suggestive as the best of his work.

Renan was the son of a poor Breton sailor. It was an uncle who paid his expenses at the Seminary of Saint-Sulpice. When he renounced the priesthood, he was left so destitute of this world's goods that he was fain to accept from his sister, Henriette, the two hundred and fifty dollars she had saved out of her wages as governess, and from a friend the redingote which replaced his discarded cassock—welcome aids which he afterward referred to humorously as "cushions considerably provided to spare him over-rude shocks." He soon managed to earn his living by teaching, however, and in

**Patrice*. A posthumous work of Ernest Renan. With heliogravure illustrations after Ary Renan. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 6 francs.

1849, three or four years after his rupture with the Church, he was intrusted by the Minister of Public Instruction with a mission to Rome. It was during the sojourn in the Eternal City necessitated by this mission that he wrote *Patrice*.

Patrice is announced by its publishers as an autobiographical romance. It is so little of a romance in point of fact that the reviewer may neglect the element of fiction it contains without the slightest injustice to the author or deprivation to the public. But it is truly autobiographical, since it records minutely and with obvious fidelity Renan's impressions and sensations at that early stage of his career.

It has often been asserted that Renan's gently ironic dilettanteism was the fruit of a serene but disabused age. The austere Raoul Allier, for instance, once said: "There came to Renan a time when the love of truth was no longer the sole impulse in his intellectual labour. It was replaced by the enjoyment of reflection. Renan was like those hunters who busy themselves not so much with securing the game as with enjoying the pleasure of the pursuit. He ran after truth, but he rejoiced above all in the sudden turns of the course." *Patrice*, which was written when Renan was only twenty-six, proves conclusively (and herein its special interest lies) that the "enjoyment of reflection," the "rejoicing in the sudden turns of the course," the *souçon* of flippancy in observations regarding the sublime which appear so reprehensible to a certain order of pragmatical minds as to be adjudged by them a sin against thought, were as characteristic of his young manhood as of his maturity; and it even makes the inference a fair one that they were expressions of an innate and not of an acquired trait.

A single passage must suffice to illustrate this tendency of Renan to toy with his most serious ideas and emotions which emerge from nearly every page. Defending himself against the charge of pride he says:

I fell to my knees, and with crossed arms, in the presence of God and of your thought,

oh, my sister,* I sounded my soul, and I sought without feint and without detour to be true with myself. Well, Cécile, I dare answer you with the infallible assurance an untroubled conscience gives: no, I am not proud. I love to be mistaken in order to recognise my mistake; I love to have sinned in order to repent. A child makes me change my mind, a woman would make me retract everything she might wish. I love to weep and to beat my chest; I love to implore pardon of those I have offended. Sometimes, in the evening, I experience moments of delicious prostration. If there were a vestibule to the temple of the penitents, it would be there I would choose my place. If ever I enter heaven, I wish to abide in the quarter of the Magdalens.

Pride is not to love; humility is to love much. At times I have suffocations of vague love and plethoras of sympathy which the egoist I believe must ignore. I love everybody in those moments; all are right in their manner, all are good, honest, amiable; even in the little faults of each I find charm. I cannot contradict anybody, I always agree with those who talk with me, and, even when I do not think as they do, I end by saying: "I believe that after all he is right in his thought."

This is why I hate systems, the over-proud reformers, the dialecticians, the reasoners, the strong-headed, the people all of a piece, and, sometimes, even the savants. I love the feeble, the trembling, the hesitating, children, women, the weak-minded. I do not try at all to be rigorous and logical in my system of life; when I find contradictions, antinomies, I am not disturbed, and I do not fatigue myself to reconcile them, as do the logicians, who are self-proud and who aspire to trace with two or three lines the picture of things. As for me, I am convinced that our intelligence is partial and feeble, that it seems only incoherent fragments of the system of things. I take that which I find, I embrace all the atoms of truth and of beauty; I glory in my contradictions; as to the *ensemble*, the heavenly Father knows what it may be.

Whether this intellectual and spiritual epicureanism, this "juggling with ideas," this utilisation of an inborn capacity for taking exquisite pleasure in different intellectual and spiritual states

*Merely a term of endearment. *Patrice* is writing to his Breton sweetheart, Cécile.

be bad morals or not, it produces excellent literature—witness the immortal lucubrations of Michel de Montaigne. "Every art," observes Paul Souday anent *Patrice*, "has its proper material. The painter employs colours; the musician, sounds; the poet, sentiments and images. Renan, for the material of his art, chose ideas. He might have chosen worse."

Alvan F. Sanborn.

V

RENÉ BAZIN'S "THIS! MY SON"*

No writer to-day is depicting the varieties of provincial life and the problems of the French peasants with the same minuteness as René Bazin. Though he instinctively avoids subjects which would render him untranslatable as a whole to the Anglo-Saxon reader, he tries nevertheless to record as a strict realist; but he sees the comedy and tragedy of simple souls through a temperamental sympathy which soothes and softens the hard facts; hence, bathed in a subtle sentiment, his books are poems in exquisite prose that move one by their beauty and pathos, but make one a bit suspicious of their truth. Each new novel accentuates this tendency. Avoiding the more controversial themes of *De Tout Son Ame* and *L'Isolée*, in *Les Noellets* he has again turned, as in *Le Blé Qui Lève*, to the farms, and Bazin attempts more specifically to show the struggle between the hold environment and tradition have upon those who mechanically have tilled the soil and the call of the city with its mercurial life of moments.

As in his other novels, too, the plot itself is neither skilfully worked out nor important. The structure is diffuse and there is small effort at proper proportion or emphasis. It suggests little planning: the situations, such as they are, serve only as hooks upon which a series of impressions are draped. Coupled with this characteristic method, however, he achieves his intention by personifying in

his main characters the conflicting ideals of the social struggle. *Les Noellets*—Pierre and his father—typify the standards of the past and present, the remorseless, ceaseless struggle of the generations, sharpened to-day as it is more particularly by the drift toward the metropolis from the fireside. In Pierre, who training for the priesthood gains thereby the education which makes him an alien to his own people, breaking from the grasp of the land and the perpetual groove of his ancestors to reach Paris and amid the experiences as a journalist and as a social *parvenu* to be broken in health and demoralised in character "because he could never be anything but a peasant," René Bazin has drawn a striking figure. Indeed, no one excels him in his careful unfolding of early man and womanhood: its delicate sensitiveness, dreamy vagaries, timid curiosities, and its ultimate unanchored awakening to the consciousness of sex and ambition. That he is himself deeply interested in this phenomenon is shown by the frequency with which his pen turns to it, and even in this story there are others besides Pierre reaching toward the mental security that lies beyond adolescence: Mélie, who hopelessly loves Pierre and suffers most because she is left behind; Antoinette, his sister, groping in the shadow of half-understanding the other's unrest; and Jacques, his brother, a victim of the conscription, who dies begging Pierre to carry on the tradition. Julien, his father, is that tradition: he is aged and broken by the new spirit he cannot understand, and, as is natural, he focuses upon it all the blame for the misfortunes that touch him. A man all positive, with no waverings from inherited set principles, his very philosophy makes him easily the most compelling character in the novel. One almost believes in him. Bazin is criticising the new spirit, for though casting Pierre off while his son has strength to rebel, he goes to Paris to bring him back to the soil when he is dying: almost a symbol. The shifting backgrounds of these characters and the intimate functions of farm life are painted with a personal style almost lyric and always haunting.

George Middleton.

*This! My Son. By René Bazin. Translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

VI

F. O. BARTLETT'S "THE WEB OF THE GOLDEN SPIDER"*

There always will be the suspicion attaching to a novel of adventure that it was written with one eye on the lists of "best sellers." And this presumably is the reason why the critic feels a mild surprise finding such a book written with something akin to style, as in the present case. There are excellent sentences, polished paragraphs, and flashes of thought in Mr. Bartlett's story of the Golden Spider which make the discriminating reader regret deeply his lapses into rough and tumble adventure of the penny-thriller type. There are moments when it would seem almost as if here were a new writer worthy to be ranked with the few who can justify a story of wild men and wild scenes by its only real reason for existence. The escape of the over-civilised city dweller from the routine of his sheltered life, and the recrudescence in him of the instincts of primal man is a fascinating subject. Handled with true art and literary skill it makes for a refreshing type of present day literature. Handled without skill, with the commercial instinct only, it represents a type which has nothing in common with literature of any day. Mr. Bartlett's book is midway between the two. He so nearly achieves the one type that it is all the more to be regretted when he drops into the depths of the other.

The hero of *The Web of the Golden Spider* is a New England theological student, rather a new type for a book of adventure. And his adventures are truly thrilling. They begin in a closed house on Beacon Street, Boston, and end in the same house, after a detour through the mountains of South America. A revolution in a petty South American state; a buried treasure; a New England maiden with the Sixth Sense; a beautiful Queen who is half Spanish but talks like an American boarding-school girl (she belongs to the aforesaid petty State); a millionaire yacht owner, and a sort of

*The Web of the Golden Spider. By Frederick Orin Bartlett. Boston: Small, Maynard and Company.

seafaring American Mulvaney, are some of the things and people our hero has to deal with. Not to forget a mysterious dual-identity heathen Priest; a terrible South American prison; . . . Rats . . . in the prison we mean . . . and many more things too exciting to mention out of their orderly sequence in the novel. Boston is the scene of the beginning and end of the story. And it is exciting to find Boston treated as a roaring, hustling city, with the same adjectives now so liberally poured out on New York in the newer fiction. It sounds sacrilegious, but the novelty of it has charm.

It is safe to predict that a great many readers will read this book through in a sitting, and also that almost all of them will like it immensely. A few will sigh and wish the talented author had set his standard just a little higher, or had been more consistent in living up to it. It might have been expected of a man who could call the starry night sky "the unpathed purple between the spear points."

Grace Isabel Colbron.

VII

GASTON LEROUX'S "THE PERFUME OF THE LADY IN BLACK"*

Those persons who found entertaining *The Mystery of the Yellow Room* when it appeared last summer are not likely to have any cause for complaint against its sequel. To state the matter sweepingly, *The Perfume of the Lady in Black* is no better than its predecessor, and it is no worse; which implies neither high praise nor serious disparagement. The faults and merits of one book are the faults and merits of the other. Joseph Rouletabille has not changed in the least. He is just as long winded and snivels as much as ever. On the other hand, his creator shows the same unusual ingenuity and sense of the dramatic that made *The Mystery of the Yellow Room* the *feuilleton* sensation of Paris when it was appearing in *L'Illustration*.

M. Leroux is taking it for granted that every one who reads *The Perfume of the Lady in Black* is acquainted with the

*The Perfume of the Lady in Black. By Gaston Leroux. New York: Brentano's.

events of the earlier story. Consequently the reviewer of the book is at liberty to do the same. The story opens with the marriage of Mathilde Stangerson and Robert Darzac. Some months before Darzac had suffered an illness which forced him to go for a time to the south of France. He returns considerably strengthened, but still in a condition that obliges him to wear shaded glasses at the ceremony. The bridal couple start for the Riviera. They are to be accompanied a part of the distance by the bride's father, Professor Stangerson. Within a few hours after the departure events begin to take a sinister turn and Joseph Rouletabille is called to action by a telegram which reads simply "Rescue us!"

The grim story plays itself out at the Fort of Hercules, a feudal castle built upon a rock jutting out into the Mediterranean. There are gathered all the principal characters in the story, Robert Darzac and Mathilde, Professor Stangerson, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Rance, Mrs. Rance's uncle, a half demented anthropologist who is known as "Old Bob," Joseph Rouletabille, and Sainclair, the supposed narrator of the tale. The servants are for the most part old retainers of the Stangersons who have been summoned to the castle on account of being regarded as absolutely trustworthy. The moment that he arrives at the Fort of Hercules Rouletabille takes upon himself

the task of rendering the old castle absolutely invulnerable to attack or invasion. The only visitor allowed to enter is a certain Prince Galitch, a Russian nobleman with a villa in the neighbourhood; yet despite the utmost precautions the sinister presence of Frederick Larsan, *alias* Jean-Roussel, *alias* Ballmeyer, the arch villain of *The Mystery of the Yellow Room*, makes itself felt.

With a stage setting like this M. Leroux's ingenuity has free play. One day at noon all the occupants of the castle are seated at table on the terrace. The heat is so intense that all are wearing smoked glasses to enable them to endure the glare. In the midst of the conversation some one mentions the name of Larsan. In a terrible moment Sainclair, the narrator, becomes conscious that two eyes are fixed upon him—weighing upon him—and that they are the eyes of Larsan, behind one pair of the dark glasses. But which pair? From this instant the tragedy rushes swiftly to its climax. The reader's suspicions are constantly being diverted from one person to another, and it is Rouletabille alone who holds the key and furnishes the final explanation. Whether this explanation will be found satisfactory the present reviewer does not venture to say. That the creator of Rouletabille should have ventured to offer it is to the credit of his temerity and perhaps to his ingenuity.

Rupert Ranney.



PLAGIARISM REAL AND APPARENT



EWTON, to convey an idea of the little done, the undone vast, said that he seemed to himself like a child playing on the seashore, now and then picking up some more than ordinary shining pebble; but Lucian uses much the same figure in his *Sale of the Philosophers*. In Lucian's *Hermotimus* one may find the allegory of the *Pilgrim's Progress*—"Vous voulez que moi," asks M. Charles Nodier, "plagiaire des plagiaires de Sterne: Qui fut plagiaire de Swift—Qui fut plagiaire de Reboul—Qui fut plagiaire de Guillaume des Autels—Qui fut plagiaire de Rabelais—Qui fut plagiaire de Morus—Qui fut plagiaire de Erasme—Qui fut plagiaire de Lucien—ou de Lucius de Patras, ou d'Apulée—car on ne sait lequel de ces trois a été volé par les deux autres," etc. Which is all to the point that, when one wishes to indicate the vast number of plagiarisms strewn on the shore of literature, is one justified in *not* stealing an illustration good enough for Newton and Lucian?

In shunning the Charybdis of plagiarism, may one not incide on the Scylla of—worse things? A bishop, no less a one than Dr. Hurd, "thinks himself entitled to come at once to the conclusion that, though many causes concur to produce a thorough degeneracy of taste in any country, yet the *principal* one ever is, *this anxious dread of imitation in polite and cultured writers*." One would fain avoid such a catastrophe. One remembers, too, that Goethe said, "There is through all art a filiation: if you see a great master you will always find that he used what was good in his predecessors, and that it was this which made him great." It is, of course, sad that even the most judicious appropriation will not always insure greatness. Thus Goethe thought that Manfred was only a "doppelgänger" of Faust; he said that Byron had possessed himself of the latter and "hypochondriacally" drawn the most singular nutriment from it.

No wonder that Byron, on his part, writes to Moore:

You may probably have seen all sorts of attacks upon me in some gazette in England. They call me plagiarist. I think I now in my time have been accused of everything.

Byron himself swore out warrants for affiliation, against—but what matter whom? "Just picture to yourself," says Thackeray, "every one who does wrong being found out and punished accordingly. *Siste tandem carnifex*. The butchery is too horrible." We do not think we are finding out the moralist himself in noting the too strong evidences of affiliation between his "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" and a little booklet entitled "Miss Simmons's Début." We have only seen the "second edition" of Miss Simmons. This appeared in 1848. It is, of course, possible that the first may have antedated Thackeray, whose *Entertainment* was given in 1847. One must pay attention to editions in such matters. In an earlier paper, we do not forgive ourselves for having thrown even light suspicion on Tennyson's use of a little story by Miss Mitford. We have since seen the use acknowledged in an early edition of his work.

"And, after all, what is originality?" asks Mr. Herbert Paul. "It is mere, undetected plagiarism." So Browning has

Remarked on each old theme
I' the new dress: saw how food o' the soul, the
stuff that's made
To furnish man with thought and feelings is
purveyed
Substantially the same from age to age.

Horace allows freely the transposition of the first syllables of meum and tuum with a qualification mostly adopted (in theory) by later writers: *e. g.*, Milton says: "For such kind of borrowing as this, if it be not bettered by the borrower, among good authors is accounted plagiaire." Milton, moreover, if we are to believe Robert Stephen Hawker, had the courage of his convictions. "That

double-dyed thief of other men's brains," says he, "John Milton, the Puritan, one-half of whose lauded passages are from my own knowledge, felonies committed in the course of his reading on the property of others; and who was never so rightly appreciated as by the publisher who gave him fifteen pounds for the copyright of his huge larcenies." Yet Milton adds it to the crimes of Charles I. "that he stole a prayer (in the *Eikon Basilike*) word for word from the mouth of a heathen woman praying to a heathen god, and that in no serious book, but in the vain amatorious poem of Philip Sydney's 'Arcadia.'" Milton may possibly have taken his description of philosophy "not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose, but a perpetual feast of nectared sweets" from Montaigne's "On a grand tort de la (philosophy) peindre d'un visage renfronné. Il n'est rien de plus gaillard," etc. But if he did take it, he did not in doing so follow Montaigne's own recipe for such borrowing (see later); his acerbity giving the lie to his words, in marked contradistinction to his original, of whose sunny spirit they seem the epitome.

But Sir Joshua Reynolds is so much the Complete Plagiary's Advocate that a passage or so from his *Discourses* may dispense from citing further authority: "We come now," says he, "to speak of another kind of imitation: the borrowing of a particular thought, an action, attitude, or figure (for what he says of painting is equally applicable to writing) and transplanting it into your own work. This will either come under the charge of plagiarism, or be warrantable and deserve commendation, according to the address with which it is performed. There is some difference likewise whether it is upon the ancients that these depredations are made. It is generally allowed that no man need be ashamed of copying the ancients: their works are considered as a magazine of common property, whence every man has a right to what materials he pleases; and if he has the art of using them, they are supposed to become to all intents and purposes his own property." But according to this he has the same right to take his

materials from the moderns upon the same conditions. Where is the distinction? Indeed if the justification lies merely in "the art of using them," the lesser fault may lie in stealing from one's contemporaries. ("What shall I say," asks the *Licenciado Vidriera*, "of the thefts committed by these cubs and whelps of modern pretence on the grave and ancient masters of the art?" And Montaigne is of opinion that "Il fault avoir les reins biens fermes pour entreprendre de marcher front á front avecques ces gents la. Les escrivains indiscrets de notre siècle, qui parmy leurs ouvrages de neant vont semant des lieux entiers des anciens auteurs pour se faire honneur, font le contraire: car cette infinie dissemblance de lustres rend un visage si pale, si terni, et si laid," etc.)

"It must be acknowledged," continues Reynolds, "that the works of the moderns are more the property of their authors; he who borrows an idea from an ancient, or perhaps from a modern, not his contemporary, and so accommodates it to his own work that it makes a part of it, with no seam or joining appearing, can hardly be charged with plagiarism. But an artist should not be contented with this only. He should enter into a competition with his original, and endeavour to improve what he is appropriating to his own work. Such imitation is so far from having anything in it of the servility of plagiarism that it is a perpetual exercise of the mind, a continued invention. Borrowing or stealing with such art and caution will have a right to the same lenity as was used by the Lacedæmonians, who did not punish theft but the want of artifice to conceal it." From the inconsistencies apparent in this statement, we would fain hope that Sir Joshua says a little more than he would stand to, and that his real thought is better expressed where he says: "Invention is one of the great marks of genius, but if we consult experience, we shall find that it is by being conversant with the works of others that we learn to invent." And yet again, "I am persuaded that by imitation only, variety and even originality of invention is produced." "God take me," says Sancho (Avellaneda's Sancho, by the way, not

Cervantes'. Would Sir Joshua's principles have included him?)—"God take me, if a man have but a good memory, he may invent what he pleases."

Blest memory, thy sacred nine
Could ne'er have scribbled half a line
If thou, their parent, from thy lore
Had not said much the same before.

One may perhaps push even this principle too far, but at least it does not, like that little illustration of the Lacedæmonians, make us wonder with Butler:

Why should the world be so averse
To plagiary privateers
That all men's sense and fancy seize,
And make free prize of what they please?

Vauvenargues writes, in one of his letters, "Je ne lis jamais de poète qui ne laisse quelques traces de mon cerveau: elles se rouvrent dans les occasions et je les coude a ma pensée sans le savoir ni le soupçonner." Montaigne carries the process a step beyond this unconscious assimilation. "Il fault qu'il imboive leurs humeurs, non qu'il apprenne leurs preceptes; et qu'il oublie hardiment s'il veult, d'ou il les tient, mais qu'il se les scache approprier. La verité et la raison sont communes a un chacun, et ne sont ne plus a qui les a dictes premièrement, qu'a qui les dict aprez: ce qu'est non plus selon Platonque selon moi, puis que lui et moy l'entendons et veoyons de mesme. Les abeilles pillotent deca dela les fleurs: mais elles en font après le miel, qui est tout leur, ce n'est plus toyen ni mariolaine. Ainsi les pieces empruntées d'altruy il les transformera et confondra pour en faire un ouvrage tout sien, a scavoir son jugement, son institution, son travail et estude n'a vise qu'a le former." We like the illustration of the bees very much better than that little bit about the Lacedæmonians, who were doubtless a very fine people in their way. And though one might differ from some passages of the opinion, if one takes its writer as the example of his principles, one must hold it as a whole well justified. For certainly no one was ever at once more fulfilled of the wisdom of others and more uniquely original than he.

We feel, moreover, that he would have stood the test of his principles in another

way, that it would not in the least have vexed him to know that, as Jonson says, "All our English writers deigne to steale out of this authour almost as much as from Montaigne."

We may hold then that man advances by the *assimilation* of the thought of his predecessors; and if he consciously endeavours to reproduce that style of thought that he admires in one of them, neither is this plagiarism. But there is a distinction between imitation and stealing. Even Sir Joshua might admit a distinction between having one's coat cut after the fashion of Count D'Orsay's—let us say, and going to the Count's wardrobe, in his absence, and walking off with the admired garment. This distinction, though himself fails to draw it, may explain such inconsistency as that of De Musset, who in one place defends himself in language that rings true, from the charge of plagiarising Byron:

On m'a dit l'an passe que je imitais Byron:
Vous que me connaissez, vous savez bien que non.

Je hais comme la mort l'état de plagiaire:
Mon verre n'est pas grand, mais je bois dans mon verre,
Mais toujours est il vrai que j' exhume rien.

and again practically admits imitation:

Byron, me direz-vous, m'a servi de modèle,
Vous ne savex donc pas qu'il imitait Pulci?
Lisez les Italiens, vous verrez s'il les vole.
Rien n'appartient a rien, tout appartient a tous.

Il faut être ignorant comme un maitre d'école
Pour se flatter de dire un seule parole
Que personne ici-bas n'ait pu dire avant vous.
C'est imiter quelq'un que de planter de choux.

Mr. Austin Dobson illustrates the last line both by precept and practice in "The man who plants cabbages imitates too." Nevertheless, spite of his charming verselet, it completely begs the question: Thus also Dryden, who, in one place writes:

Concealed its author, and usurped the name,
The basest and ignoblest theft of fame.

boasts in another, "Before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell the world he has been my master in this poem (the 'Annus Mirabilis'). I have followed him

everywhere, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him." Yet he further says: "In some places, where either the fancy or the words are his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiarist." Strange as it seems, it is the wicked Dryden, not the good Reynolds nor the lofty Milton, who looks at plagiarism from the ethical point of view, and does not "waive the quantum of the sin, the hazard of concealing," and think that artistic skill is a valid excuse for baseness and dishonesty. Therefore on this side, he might have said as truly, if not with the same meaning, as Crabbe, "Of the more criminal kind, borrowing from others, I plead not guilty." Yet, though Molière's

Va restituer tous les honteux larcins
Que reclament sur toi les Grecs et Latins

cannot scathe him, though he may even escape the dangers pointed out by Montaigne, we think his poem must to some extent verify Carlyle's dictum that "The deadliest of poetical sins is imitation." Lord Lytton, in his *Dialogues of the Dead*, makes Pope say to Boileau: "We borrowed much from the ancients, but our imitations had still an original air." And the "Annus Mirabilis" we think also has this air. One would be far indeed from classing it among the works of such authors as Coleman called carpenters and smugglers:

Filching their incidents from ancient hoards
And knocking them together like deal boards
And jugglers,

"its seams and joinings do not show," and yet one cannot help thinking that it might have been a higher kind of poetry had it been less learned. And even from the ethical standpoint, although there can be no question of honesty, must it not be more pleasant to be able to say, with a Turkish poet:

This fair book, this pearl of wisdom,
Is my own imagining. . . .

I would not take a dead man's sweetmeats into
my mouth.

It is not the originality of imitation of

which Sainte Beuve is thinking when he writes, "Nous savons combien l'invention est rare en poésie, combien la gent versifiante est moutonnaire, et qu'une forme, une veine, une seule note, une fois trouvée, se copie, et se repète ensuite, à satiété. Une voie neuve appelle aussitôt le troupeau des imitateurs. L'honneur de Villon; son originalité est donc principalement dans ce refrain, "Mais ou sont les neiges d'antan?" Tant qu'on ne produira pas un exemple ancien de cette façon de réplique Villon reste en possession de son titre. Here is a reputation of half a millennium made by a most acute and sober critic to depend upon the absolute originality of some half a dozen words—upon a line that presents no depth nor originality of thought, that evokes no new nor illuminates no old thought; its only originality lying in felicitous expression.

Thus it is really most perplexing how gentlemen differ on a question that might be thought simple as priggish a wiper. Dumas, for instance, practically takes issue with Sir Joshua on the cardinal principle of the latter, when he says: "Ducis led men to Shakespeare on a narrow path, but at least he left on the road those signposts which Voltaire was so careful to remove. When Voltaire makes of Desdemona's handkerchief a veil for his Zaire, he takes the greatest pains to obliterate the marking from the linen he has taken. That ceases to be imitation and becomes simply a robbery." It is curious to think that a gentleman of these strict principles should himself have to complain, "The same war is being waged against me as was waged against Shakespeare and Molière, because my long and persevering studies are thrown in my teeth, and because, instead of receiving gratitude for having introduced to our public scenic beauties unknown before, these very things are pointed to as thefts and stigmatised as plagiarism." Too painful, is it not? But

Truth has such an air, and such a mien,
As to be loved needs only to be seen.

By the way Mr. Pope's celebrated

Vice is a monster of such hideous mien
That to be hated needs but to be seen.

seems to have something of the mien of this couplet of Mr. Dryden.

We must therefore end our essay without so much as having settled its beginning; indeed without considering a tithe of one's authorities or a hundredth of one's instances. Nevertheless as to one's own conviction, we are free to say that, *pace* Sir Joshua, M. Nodier *et al.*, we do not think real plagiarism to be universal or necessary. All similarity does not mean plagiarism or even imitation. Even Bulwer, who was accused, under circumstances at the least suspicious, of "taking" two entire novels, his *Harold* and the *Last Days of Pompeii* (Mr. Poe, by the by, who himself appropriated bodily Brown's *Conchologist's Manual*, takes exception to a much less exceptionable indebtedness in the last named, also)—even we say Bulwer's "Dream," strongly as it must remind one of Byron's ditto, was we know, at least, written in relation to a personal experience.

"Nature Crowned," a poem, in *English and American Poems*, by Mr. Albert J. Edmunds, issued in Philadelphia in 1888, has a strikingly bold and imaginative line:

Breaking here in foam of waters,
Breaking there in foam of stars.

From the circumstances of its publication, it seems improbable that this should have come under the purview of Mr. Lafcadio Hearn, who in his *Gleanings in Buddha Land*, published some ten years later, has:

Where surges billow unseen out of eternal
night to break in foam of stars.

We doubt if Mr. Anstey ever heard of, let alone saw, the old *American Whig Review*, nevertheless so fantastic an idea as that of his *Vice Versa* is to be found fully anticipated in its issue for August, 1852.

Sir Conan Doyle has not always been happy in escaping resemblance with preceding writers, but we do not think it probable that he took the conception of the most entertaining of detectives from *The Stage Coach Physiognomist*, a narrative in which the father of Miss Edgeworth develops one of the most salient features of the redoubted Holmes.

We do not remember that Scott acknowledges obligation to the Persiles and Sigismunda of *Cervantes* for the incident of the pole, string and bird in *Anne of Geierstein*, but we have as little notion that he plagiarised the former as we think that he stole his own name from a party who owned it before him, and, more by token, wrote verse too.

In short, while the minds of men are strictly catenated in matters of knowledge, it seems to us that in matters of literature their connection, while not less strict, is rather that of a series of tangents held by a centre-heart, soul, common mind of man, whatever you may call it. Had we but space we should like to illustrate this idea by tracing up, or down, some such secular thoughts, as "sleep brother to death," "Nessun maggior dolore," etc., etc.

Bunford Samuel.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

VERSE

Duffield and Company:

Early English Romances in Verse. Done into Modern English by Edith Rickert. Romances of Love.

Early English Romances in Verse. Done into Modern English by Edith Rickert. Romances of Friendship.

The latest additions to the New
Mediæval Library.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Blue and the Gray, and Other Verses.
By Francis M. Finch. With Preliminary
Word by Andrew D. White.

Containing about fifty short poems.
The title poem was first printed in the
Atlantic Monthly in September, 1867.
A brief sketch of the career of the late
Francis M. Finch is given by Mr. White.

Kyo Bun Kwan (Tokyo, Japan):

Films of Blue. By John Ingram Bryan.

A volume of lyrics embodying the author's poetic dreams and impressions during travels under many skies—Europe, America, Canada and the Far East.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Day Dreams of Greece. By Charles Wharton Stork.

Five poems founded on Greek mythology: "To Zeus," "The Sculpture of Melos," "Ganymede," "The Wanderings of Psyche," and "Philemon and Baucis."

Little, Brown and Company:

Our Benny. By Mary E. Waller.

A narrative poem founded on historical fact and dedicated to the people of Illinois and Kentucky in memory of Abraham Lincoln. The scene is a village in Vermont in the spring of 1865.

The McClure Company:

Nirvana Days. By Cale Young Rice.

Containing about fifty short poems classified as "Dramatic" and "More or Less Dramatic." Most of the poems are printed here for the first time. A few, however, have been reprinted from two of the author's earlier volumes which are now out of print.

ART, DRAMA

Duffield and Company:

The Merchant of Venice.

The Tempest.

Edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt. With Introduction by F. W. Clarke, M.A.

In the section of the Shakespeare Library known as the Old-Spelling Shakespeare, being the works of Shakespeare in the spelling of the best quarto and folio texts. This section will be complete in forty volumes.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

The Faith Healer. By William Vaughn Moody.

A play in four acts. The hero is a young man who, after leading a very simple life in the wilds of Mexico, finds he possesses some supernatural power and goes about performing many miracles of healing.

Sherman, French and Company:

A Motley Jest. Shakespearean Diversions. By Oscar Fay Adams.

Containing "A Shakespearean Fantasy," which is printed here for the first time, and "The Merchant of Venice—Act Sixth," which was first printed in the *Cornhill Booklet* for March, 1903.

Edward L. Wilson (New York):

Composition in Portraiture. By Sidney Allan (Sadakichi Hartmann).

Containing chapters on The Placing of the Head, The Profile View, The Full Face and Three-Quarter View, The Management of Hands, Standing Positions, Sitting Positions, Backgrounds, The Arrangement of Groups, Tone and Values, Light Effects. With one hundred and thirty-six illustrations and numerous diagrams.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHIES

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

The Ancestry of Abraham Lincoln. By J. Henry Lea and J. R. Hutchinson.

By the aid of a fortunate find in the records of the English Chancery Court the authors have been able to trace the English ancestry of President Lincoln four generations further back than it has ever been carried before, and have likewise brought out many new and important facts concerning his ancestors in this country. The volume is richly illustrated with views and old prints of scenes and buildings connected with the Lincoln family in England and this country, with facsimiles of documents, seals, autographs, etc., all reproduced in photogravure.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Lincoln's Birthday. A Comprehensive View of Lincoln as Given in the Most Noteworthy Essays, Orations and Poems, in Fiction and in Lincoln's Own Writings. Edited by Robert Haven Schauffler.

These are grouped under such headings as A Birdseye View of Lincoln, Early Life, Maturity, In the White House, Death of Lincoln, Tributes, The Whole Man, Lincoln's Place in History, Lincoln's Yarns and Sayings, From Lincoln's Speeches and Writings.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Abraham Lincoln. By Brand Whitlock.

In the series of Beacon Biographies of Eminent Americans, edited by W. A.

De Wolfe Howe. Prefacing this brief biography is a list of the important events in the life of Lincoln arranged in chronological order.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS,
PHILOSOPHY

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

A Standard Bible Dictionary. Edited by Melancthon W. Jacobus, D.D., Edward E. Nourse, D.D., and Andrew C. Zenos, D.D. In Association with American, British and German Scholars.

Designed as a comprehensive guide to the Holy Scriptures. It embraces the languages, literature, history, biography, manners and customs, and the theology of the Scriptures. It is intended (1) for the ministers and especially educated laymen who desire a usable book of Bible reference with up-to-date information; (2) intelligent and cultured lay workers who wish reliable statements on Bible subjects; (3) the theological student; (4) the superintendent of the Sunday-school and teachers associated with him; (5) the member of the adult Bible class; and (6) the general Bible reader to whom the Bible presents many things which need explanation. The illustrations comprise reproductions of archæological remains, sites of ancient cities and tombs, musical instruments, household utensils, agricultural implements, trappings, saddlery, pottery, etc. The volume contains about three hundred illustrations and eleven new maps in colour.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

The Holy Scriptures. With Commentary. Micah. By Max L. Margolis, Ph.D.

The first volume in a proposed series of Commentaries on the Books of Holy Scripture. Intended for the use of the pupil, the teacher and the general reader.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Self Help for Nervous Women. Familiar Talks on Economy in Nervous Expenditures. By John K. Mitchell, M.D.

Based on a series of articles which the author prepared for *Harper's Bazar* in 1901. Suggestions are given for the prevention and treatment of the several lesser degrees of general nervousness commonly called nervous prostration, or nervous exhaustion. The author points out the limitations and possibilities of self-help and gives advice for the friends and families of the nervous, showing how to deal with them and when to send for the doctor.

The Macmillan Company:

Peace and Happiness. By the Right Hon. Lord Avebury, P.C.

An analysis of the elements of human happiness. The author gives simple, sensible advice on such subjects as the proper treatment of the body and the mind, on education, on our attitude toward children, toward friends and enemies, on riches, on nature and religion and theology.

Socialism in Theory and Practice. By Morris Hillquit.

In defining socialism Mr. Hillquit writes: "Socialism is a criticism of modern social conditions, a theory of social progress, an ideal of social organisation, and a practical movement of the masses. To be fully understood it must be studied in all of these phases." In keeping with this conception of the movement of which he is so ardent a champion, he has set before the public a brief summary of the Socialist philosophy and a condensed account of the history, methods, and achievement of the cause for which he fights.

North American Review Publishing Company:

The Banking and Currency Problem in the United States. By Victor Morawetz.

The author takes up the problem of the National Monetary Commission, appointed by Congress, and discusses the means of providing a permanent safeguard against money stringencies and panics. He begins by pointing out that such financial disturbances do not occur in other countries. He advances the plan of co-operation between the banks and the treasury, which includes a note-redemption fund—to be elastic, regulating the uncovered volume of notes outstanding, thus giving stability to financial institutions generally.

A. M. Robertson:

The Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work. By David Starr Jordan and Vernon L. Kellogg.

Consisting of two papers written by scientific men in regard to the scientific character and value of the work carried on by Luther Burbank. These papers were originally published in scientific journals. The authors have both enjoyed the personal friendship of Luther Burbank, have visited his gardens, and have had special opportunities to become acquainted with his work. The titles of the papers are "Some Experiments of Luther Burbank" and "Scientific Aspects of Luther Burbank's Work."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Churches and the Wage Earners. A Study of the Cause and Cure of Their Separation. By C. Bertrand Thompson.

The author states that he has devoted his attention to a "specific, clear-cut problem—that of the gulf between the masses of the labouring people and the churches of to-day." The book consists of four parts, taking up the following subjects: (1) The Alienation of the Wage Earners from the Churches; Its Extent and Causes. (2) The Attitude of the Churches to the Workingmen and Its Results. (3) Christianity and Socialism. (4) The Remedy for the Evils of the Situation.

The Gospel and the Church. By Alfred Loisy. Translated by Christopher Home.

A new edition with an introduction by Rev. Newman Smyth, D.D., the author of *Passing Protestantism and Coming Catholicism*. The topics discussed are: The Sources of the Gospels, The Kingdom of Heaven, The Son of God, The Church, The Christian Dogma, and Catholic Worship.

A Working Theology. By Alexander MacColl.

Including the sum and substance of what may be called present-day needs in theology. Its nine chapters contain the affirmations of faith which are on the one hand essential and on the other sufficient for the body of doctrine of the orthodox laymen, revised and readjusted, as has been inevitable under the searching examination and criticism to which traditional dogmas have in recent years been subjected. These chapters treat of The Religious Attitude Toward the Newer Conception of Truth, God the Loving Father, Man the Erring Child, Divine Providence in the Play of Cosmic Processes, Prayer in a World of Law, Miracles in a Scientific Age, The Bible in the Light of Modern Revelation and Inspiration, The Sense of Sin in Modern Life, The Great Gospel of the Cross, Things to Come.

Sherman, French and Company:

The Passing of the Tariff. By Raymond L. Bridgman.

The book presents a view of the political, industrial and economic feeling in this country, bringing out the fact that a new situation has been developed radically different from that of even so late a date as the Wilson tariff. The book does not profess to cover the old and scientific ground so thoroughly covered by experts, but it does aim to show what forces now in operation are apparently sure to accomplish.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

New Ideals in Healing. By Ray Stannard Baker.

Mr. Baker first describes the exact nature of the "Emmanuel Movement" and the seemingly almost miraculous cures by such clergymen as Dr. Worcester. He then treats the reaching out of the medical profession toward the same goal of service, and brings to light many interesting facts. He shows how, on the one hand, the clergyman is recognising the fact that man has a body, and on the other hand, the doctor is recognising the fact that man has a soul.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Tunis, Kairouan and Carthage. Described and Illustrated with Forty-eight Paintings. By Graham Petrie, R.I.

A descriptive account of these North African towns. The author pictures the mosques, streets, cafés, markets and bazaars of the ancient Moslem cities and writes of the customs, occupations, habits and superstitions of their people. He also dwells on the ruins of Carthage and other classical cities of Tunisia, and the character and beauty of the surrounding landscape. In the illustrations, which are reproduced in colour from paintings, Mr. Petrie states that he has dealt more with the picturesque life of to-day in the Arab towns and villages than with the classical ruins of the past.

Harper and Brothers:

Sir Walter Raleigh. By Frederick A. Ober.

A new volume in the Heroes of American History series. It relates Raleigh's venturesome exploits as a soldier in France, the Netherlands and Ireland, his expeditions to America, and the experiences of his colonies, his part in fighting the Spanish Armada, his varied adventures in South America, his two famous imprisonments, his literary activities, and his tragic end.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Apprenticeship of Washington, and Other Sketches of Significant Colonial Personages. By George Hodges.

Dealing for the most part with the by-paths of Colonial history. Besides the title essay, there are sketches in regard to the Hanging of Mary Dyer, the Education of John Harvard, the Adventures of Miles Standish, and the Forefathers of Jamestown.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Tragedies of the Medici. By Edgumbe Staley.

The author states that until to-day no one has undertaken to write about the tragedies of the Medici, although when Alexander Dumas wrote his *Crimes of the Borgia* and other "Crimes" he fully intended to compile a companion volume treating of episodes in the great family of the Medici.

France of the French. By Edward Harrison Barker.

After thirty years spent in France the author has written a book of general information concerning the life and genius of the French people, with especial reference to contemporary France. Among the chapters are those on Family Life, Statesmen and Politicians, the Press, Science and Inventions, and Rural France. The volume is illustrated.

Italy. From the Alps to Naples. Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker.

An abridgment of the three more detailed volumes for Northern, Central and Southern Italy, but with numerous alterations and improvements, and is designed for the use of travellers who have only four or five weeks at their disposal, and intend to devote their time either to a rapid and comprehensive survey of the country or mainly to the attractions of Rome and Naples.

EDUCATIONAL

Henry Holt and Company:

Economics. Briefer Course. By Henry Rogers Seager.

Prepared especially as a briefer textbook for such technical and professional schools where the course in economics is shorter than the usual college course. "Although based on the author's larger *Introduction to Economics*, it is in essential respects an independent work. Not only are several topics there discussed entirely omitted, but the treatment of others is simplified as well as condensed. In general the qualities chiefly aimed at in the first, or theoretical, half of the book have been clearness and brevity, and those sought in the second, or practical, half, adequacy and up-to-dateness."

Enlarged Practice-Book in English Composition. By Alfred M. Hitchcock.

A new and enlarged edition, furnishing material for at least two years of study. The subject is covered in four parts: I. Exercises in Simple Composition; II. Dictionary and Grammar;

III. Rhetoric in Practice; IV. Versification.

The Macmillan Company:

A History of Education. Before the Middle Ages. By Frank Pierrepont Graves, Ph.D.

Professor Graves has traced the development of the ideals and aims which have dominated and shaped the education of the human race from the dawn of history down to the fall of the Roman power in the West. His aim has been "to present sufficient material to mark the most significant movements, and disclose the underlying principles without entering into unnecessary detail or dwelling upon matters but remotely related to the educational problems of to-day."

FICTION

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Explorer. By William Somerset Maughan.

The explorer is a wealthy Scotchman who, about to start on a trip to Africa, takes with him the brother of the girl to whom he is engaged. During their travels in Africa the young man is killed and his death is attributed to the explorer. The sister, believing him to be guilty, breaks the engagement. He is, however, vindicated and a reconciliation is finally brought about.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Vale of Shadows. By Alexander Erixon.

The story of a tangled love affair, which ends by the heroine, Laura Somers, sending Vincent, whom she loves, back to his wife, who had left him for some fancied unfaithfulness.

Marion. By Florence Taylor Haselden.

From a house in which Marion is treated almost as a servant by Mrs. Clyde, whom she has been taught to call aunt, Mr. Vernon, a wealthy neighbour, releases her. He adopts Marion as his daughter and at "The Oakes" surrounds her with every luxury. Owing to her position in his mother's house and to her ignorance of her own identity, Marion refuses to respond to Philip Clyde's earnest pleadings to become his wife. When dying Mrs. Clyde confesses her sin of years' standing and announces that Marion is really Mr. Vernon's granddaughter, who had been entrusted to her care when the mother died at sea. She found that by keeping the child herself, allowing the grandfather

to believe it, too, had died at sea, she could also keep a large sum of money, which would provide amply for herself and son. Philip, heartbroken by the knowledge of his mother's guilt, decides not to see Marion again. After two years, in which time Mr. Vernon has made many vain attempts to find Philip, he learns that he is in a mining camp in Arizona. A letter from Marion brings him to her at once, and the two marry and make their home at "The Oakes" with Mr. Vernon.

The Persecution of Stephen Strong. By Rev. C. E. Babcock, Ph.D.

In a series of letters addressed to his mother in heaven the persecuted minister pours out his sorrow and suffering.

Irene Liscomb. By Mrs. Mary E. Lamb.

A story of life in the South during the days of the Civil War.

The Century Company:

Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. By Jennette Lee.

Simeon Tetlow is the president of the R. & Q. Railroad. He is heartless and egotistic, and his whole interest in life is centred in the success of the railroad. His "shadow" is John Bennett, who acts as his secretary. The young man puts forth his best efforts to further the interests of Simeon Tetlow, and when his chief becomes broken down in health he is not only the ideal employé, but a devoted friend. He acts for the president of the railroad in all business matters and represents him on all occasions.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Helen Ayr. By Francis Sidney Hayward.

Described as "A story of a square deal."

B. W. Dodge and Company:

Priests of Progress. By G. Colmore.

An arraignment of vivisection. The author states that the scientific theories and methods described, discussed or alluded to in this book are real theories and real methods; that he has ascribed to the characters certain methods of investigation recounted in scientific journals by the men who have followed those methods. He also emphasises the fact that all his characters, without exception, as also their circumstances and surroundings, are essentially and entirely fictitious. He tells the story of the career of Sidney Gale, who starts his medical profession along orthodox lines. After he falls in love with the heroine, whose father is a staunch vivisectionist, he is for a time won over to his side. The girl, however, marries another

scientist, who is also a firm believer in vivisection. Gradually Sidney Gale, after long investigation and experiment, comes to see matters in a different light and is once and for all convinced that the vivisectionists are in the wrong and casts in his lot with the anti-vivisectionists. In contrast to the career of Sidney Gale, swayed from one opinion to another, is set forth that of Edgar Hall, who became a prominent member of his profession by pursuing his scientific researches along orthodox lines.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Old Jim Case of South Hollow. By Edward I. Rice.

In which Old Jim Case, the village oracle, relates to the audience which gathers about him each Saturday night in the "general store" his amusing experiences—"how he had a wild hunt for a 'coon; made a horse trade; lost a big trout; or about his only trip to the Metropolis, to which he always referred as 'the last time I was in New York.'"

Besides Old Jim Case there are many interesting characters in the book, such as Cal Hemingway, the proprietor of the general store; Hiram Wilcox, who knows everybody's business; Pop, the proud keeper of the village tavern; the Widow Witherby, the village gossip; Bennett, the old stage driver, who makes daily trips between South Hollow and Syracuse; Elder Armstrong, one of the pillars of the Church, and others.

In the Valley of the Shadows. By Thomas Lee Woolwine.

The scene is laid in the mountains of Tennessee and the story deals with the evils of family feuds. The Taylors and the Gentrys have lived for years in hatred of each other and gradually the families are killed off and there is only one surviving member in each. Here the feud dies out and a picturesque love affair takes its place.

Puck of Pook's Hill. By Rudyard Kipling.

A volume of Mr. Kipling's short stories which has recently been issued in the Pocket Edition of his works. The volumes are bound in a red flexible leather.

Duffield and Company:

Northanger Abbey.

Emma. Two volumes.

Persuasion.

Mansfield Park. Two volumes.

By Jane Austen.

Completing the new ten-volume edition of the works of Jane Austen. Each

volume is illustrated with ten reproductions after water colours by A. Wallis Mills.

The Magician. By W. Somerset Maugham.

The magician is Oliver Haddo, who has made a study of occultism. His greatest ambition is to follow in the steps of the magicians of the Middle Ages, who declared that they could create human beings. To this horrible experiment he sacrifices the life of his young wife, for according to the old magicians these beings must be fed upon human blood. Her friends discover the purpose of this man, whom they consider mad, but by the time they arrive at the house of the magician the crime has been committed.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Confessions of Seymour Vane. By Ellen Snow.

A series of letters written by Seymour Vane, a man apparently very much in love with his wife, to his friend Leila Carlton.

The Grafton Press:

The Dark Corner. By Zach McGhee.

The hero of the tale is Jim Thompson, who, in order to earn funds to fit himself for a lawyer, decides to teach school for a time. He secures a position at a military institute in the South. This he gives up when he becomes interested in the welfare of a certain section in the South known as "The Dark Corner" and inhabited by very poor white people. He takes charge of a school there and endeavours to bring some light and happiness into the lives of those ignorant people. With this object in view he renounces all idea of becoming a lawyer and gives up everything for the furtherance of the work he has undertaken.

Harper and Brothers:

The Spell. By William Dana Orcutt.

John Armstrong and his wife, Helen, decide to spend their honeymoon in Italy, and, in order that the husband may devote his time to the literary work in which he is deeply interested, they settle for a time at Florence. Here he carries on his research among the Old World classics in the Laurenzian Library. Among the friends that come to stay at the villa is Inez Thayer, Helen's college chum. She is a very intellectual young person and becomes greatly interested in the work John Armstrong has taken up and which fails to appeal to his wife. Inez goes with him to the

library each day and proves a valuable assistant in his work. They become constant companions, and one day Helen realises that Inez has fallen in love with her husband and believes that he prefers her highly intellectual friend to herself. She makes up her mind that the best thing to do is to give her husband his freedom. This she frankly offers him, and it is the means of bringing the man to his senses. He is greatly shocked at the idea, the spell is broken, and matters are amicably readjusted.

The Gorgeous Borgia. By Justin Huntly McCarthy.

A romantic story of the fifteenth century, the scene of which is set in Rome. It depicts the mad character of Roman life in this period. Disguising himself, Cæsar Borgia wins the love of a Roman maiden. She is of the rival house of Orsini and is the one elected to slay the tyrant. Not knowing that her lover is the tyrant in disguise, she takes him into her confidence and tells of her intention to end the life of the Borgia. She never commits the deed, however, for in a wild burst of passion he reveals his identity. When she goes back to her people it is in fear of the death which awaits her in punishment for her failure to carry out their plans. From this death she is saved and later returns to the Borgia and warns him to flee from his enemies.

Mad Barbara. By Warwick Deeping.

The plot of this story, which is set in England in the seventeenth century, centres about the murder of Sir Lionel Purcell. His death causes great commotion for the time being, but is shortly forgotten by all save his daughter Barbara. She vows to devote her life to revenging her father's death and to this end treasures a clasp of pearls which she finds in the dead man's hand, in the hope that some day she may discover the owner of the cloak from which it had been torn. Her mother, and also Sir Stephen Gore, who to all appearances had been her father's best friend, try in vain to persuade Barbara to enter into social life. Her interest is aroused only when Sir Stephen's son, Captain John Gore, appears. She is greatly attracted by him, but is heartbroken when she sees him wearing a cloak with clasps to match the one she has treasured for years. She soon learns that the young man had borrowed this cloak from his father and is overjoyed to find that after all her lover is not guilty. Immediately she makes her plans to revenge the murder and arms herself with a couple of pistols. She makes a vain attempt to kill Sir Stephen, after which he and the girl's mother declare Barbara to be

insane and have her placed in an old castle, where she is constantly ill-treated. Here she remains until rescued by her lover.

Little, Brown and Company:

But Still a Man. By Margaret L. Knapp.

The story takes its title from a line written by Pope, "A minister—but still, a man." The scene is a small village in Connecticut, where Gordon Dale, upon leaving the theological seminary, starts his work as a minister. The story deals with his efforts to make his work there a success. It tells of his defeats and victories and how he came to realise that the best results are to be attained through love rather than wisdom or even righteousness.

The Bridge Builders. By Anna Chapin Ray.

The plot of the story hinges on the building and collapse of the famous Quebec bridge. The book is dedicated to "those master builders who, their courage unshaken by disaster to the old bridge, are already looking forward to an active part in fashioning the new." The principal characters are Dorrance, a young American author; Asquith, a Quebec engineer, and Jessica West, a rich girl from the mining district of Arizona. Jessica witnesses the collapse of the great structure and risks her life to save that of the young engineer.

The Macmillan Company:

Jimbo. A Fantasy. By Algernon Blackwood.

This is described as a remarkable study of a child's mind during consciousness and also through a period of physical unconsciousness. Jimbo's father, annoyed at the lively imagination of his little son, employs a nursery-governess to "knock the nonsense out of" the boy preparatory to his going to school. The efforts of the well-meaning Miss Lake, however, have a very disastrous effect. The delightful atmosphere created by the child's imagination now becomes one of constant fear. All this brings on nervous prostration. Being near an empty house which Jimbo had peopled with the interesting creatures of his imagination, he is suddenly seized with fright, and dashing madly into a field near by, is tossed by a bull. Then the story goes on to describe the visions the little fellow has while lying in bed in a state of unconsciousness.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Black Cross. By Olive M. Briggs.

The death of the Grand Duke Stepan is decreed by a band of Nihilists be-

longing to a society known as "The Black Cross." It falls to the lot of the Countess Kaya to perform the deed of assassination. She meets the Grand Duke at a ball and shoots at him, killing him instantly, as she believes. She flees to Velasco, a famous violinist, whose aid she had already solicited. In order that she may travel as his wife and thus cross the frontier in safety, she requests that he marry her at once, promising to give him up as soon as she is out of danger. Together they make their escape from Russia by disguising themselves as gypsies and travelling in gypsy fashion. True to her promise, the Countess Kaya leaves the musician, despite his protests. His efforts to find her prove futile until one night in a theatre in Germany, where he is conducting the orchestra, he is surprised to find on the stage in the character of Brunnhilde the object of his long search. They recognise each other at once, but she still refuses to claim him, as she believes herself to be a murderess and under the curse of the "Black Cross." All her scruples disappear, however, when Velasco assures her that her shot had not proved fatal and that the Grand Duke Stepan is alive and in fact is in the audience.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

A Resemblance, and Other Stories. By Clare Benedict.

A collection of ten short stories, three of which have already appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, three in *Harper's* and one in the *Century*. The remaining three are published here for the first time.

Reid Publishing Company:

Satisfied at Last. By Martin Sindell.

Setting forth something of the doctrine of Christian Science. The principal character, Miss Maxfield, bereft of family and fortune, is suddenly thrown upon her own resources. She makes many mistakes and encounters many hardships, but is finally brought to a happy frame of mind through the teachings of Christian Science.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Climbing Courvatels. By Edward W. Townsend.

After a successful career in vaudeville, Dick and Betty Courtney, or the Courvatels as they were known in the profession, have great social aspirations and climb to the top of the ladder. They purchase a house in the country, where Dick plays the part of a gentleman farmer and where Betty makes her way

to an enviable position in an exclusive social set. Here she reigns supreme until the secret that they have carefully guarded, namely, their career as vaudeville performers, comes to light and Dick and Betty are forced to make their retreat, which they are not loathe to do, and return to a life more Bohemian and much more to their liking than their false social position.

JUVENILE

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Adventures Every Child Should Know. The Marvellous Adventures of Pinocchio. By Carlo Lorenzini. Edited by Mary E. Burt from an Original Translation by Augustus G. Caprani.

An interpretation of the life of a child with its crude ambitions, dangers, fears and delightful absurdities. Pinocchio, at "the wooden age," starts out like all boys and girls, good-hearted, heedless, trustful, innocent, a true child. He gets into every sort of a laughable scrape through his trustfulness, but because of his good heart he is at last changed from a wooden puppet to a real boy.

The Bishop and the Boogerman. By Joel Chandler Harris.

The story of a little Truly-girl who grew up, her Mysterious Companion, her crabbed old Uncle, the Whish-Whish woods, a very Civil Engineer, and Mr. Billy Sanders, the Sage of Shady Dale.

Duffield and Company:

An Evening with Shakespeare. An Entertainment of Readings, Tableaux and Songs Set to the Old Tunes. Arranged by T. Maskell Hardy.

In the series of The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young, based on Mary and Charles Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Janet and Her Phebe. By Clarissa Dixon.

Showing the warm friendship of two little girls in a Western town, who, owing to a quarrel between their fathers, were forbidden to speak to each other, and so decide by means of correspondence to keep up this friendship which is so dear to them and which continues through the many years that they are separated.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Reorganization of Our Colleges. By Clarence F. Birdseye.

An examination into the present conditions of the administrative and student life departments in our universities and colleges. It points out grave abuses which exist in practically all of the larger institutions, and it suggests a remedy which may be briefly summarised in the author's proposal to place college reorganisation under a separate administrative department, with the cordial co-operation of parents and business alumni. The subject is treated in four parts: Part I. Shall We Reorganise Our Colleges? Part II. The Student Life Department. Part III. The Separate Administrative Department. Part IV. The Summing Up.

F. H. Gilson Company:

The Book of Specimens of Stanhope Press.

The volume has been prepared with the idea of giving publishers an opportunity to become better acquainted with the book-making facilities of the Stanhope Press. Specimens are shown here of book type, pages, illustrations, paper, book cloth and leather.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Life of a Fossil Hunter. By Charles H. Sternberg. With an Introduction by Henry Fairfield Osborn.

In the American Nature Series. Group IV. An interesting autobiography of the oldest and best-known explorer in this field, recounting many adventures and unusual experiences in the West since 1867.

Salvage. By Owen Seaman.

A collection of some forty pieces, mostly humorous verse, and largely selected from the author's recent contributions to *Punch*.

Athletic Games in the Education of Women. By Gertrude Dudley and Frances A. Kellor.

Prepared for the use of educators, teachers, parents, social workers, as well as for players and others especially interested in games. The topics discussed are as follows: Part I. Citizenship and Social Education; Educational Value of Athletics; Instructors, Their Responsibility and Training. Part II. Athletics in Secondary Schools; Athletics in Universities and Colleges; Athletics in Political and Social Institutions. Part III.

General Suggestions for Games and Contests; Basket Ball; Indoor Baseball; Field Hockey.

Kyo-Bun-Kwan (Tokyo, Japan):

The Feeling for Nature in English Pastoral Poetry. By J. Ingram Bryan.

Among the chapters in this little volume are those on *The Nature of Pastoral Poetry*, *The Greek Sources of the English Pastoral*, *The Latin and Italian Sources of the English Pastoral*, *Nature in the Spenserian Pastoral*, *The Seventeenth Century Pastoral*, and *The Feeling for Nature and the Decline of the Pastoral*.

Longmans, Green and Company (for Columbia University):

New Hampshire as a Royal Province. By William Henry Fry. Ph.D.

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Volume XXIX. No. 2.

Sisyphus. By R. C. Trevelyan.

An operatic fable by the author of *The Birth of Parsifal*, etc.

The Poet Lore Company:

The Two Travellers. By Carlota Montenegro.

A book of fables, containing about forty-five in all.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Last Letters of Edgar Allan Poe. To Sarah Helen Whitman. Edited by James A. Harrison. In Commemoration of the Hundredth Anniversary of Poe's Birth, January 19, 1909. Published under the Auspices of the University of Virginia.

Some of the letters have not hitherto appeared in print, and are now presented through the courtesy of Miss Charlotte F. Dailey and Mrs. Henry R. Chace, who are in possession of the entire Poe-Whitman correspondence. In addition to the letters, the volume contains reprints of the request for the banns of marriage between Poe and Mrs. Whitman and a contract concerning this marriage transferring certain bank stocks.

The Century of the Child. By Ellen Key.

A new edition of a book which the publishers state has gone through more than twenty German editions and has been published in several European countries. The present translation is from the German version of Frances

Maro, which was revised by the author herself.

The Cambridge History of English Literature. Edited by A. W. Ward, Litt.D., F.B.A., and A. R. Waller, M.A. Vol. III. *Renaissance and Reformation.*

This work, which will be complete in fourteen volumes, will cover the whole course of English literature from the origins to the close of the Victorian age. Each division will be the work of a writer who has been accepted as an authority on the subject, while the editors will retain the responsibility for the character of the work as a whole. The list of contributors includes American as well as English and Continental scholars. Vol. I covers the period "From the Beginning to the Cycles of Romance" and Vol. II to "The End of the Middle Ages."

Samuel Butler. Characters and Passages from Note-Books. Edited by A. R. Waller, M.A.

In the series of Cambridge English Classics. The editor writes that the first portion of this volume (to p. 193) is reprinted from Thyer's Edition of *The Genuine Remains in Verse and Prose of Mr. Samuel Butler*, and that the rest of the volume (pp. 197-480) is now printed for the first time from the Butler MSS. in the British Museum.

The Lincoln Tribute Book. Appreciations by Statesmen, Men of Letters and Poets at Home and Abroad. Together with a Lincoln Centenary Medal, from the Second Design Made for the Occasion by Roiné. Edited by Horatio Sheafe Krans.

The volume contains a sketch of the artist, the history of the medal, a reproduction in silver of the medal itself, inserted in a heavy piece of cardboard, also many of the tributes offered to Abraham Lincoln, and half-tone reproductions of the Lincoln Centennial Medal also designed by M. Roiné.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Good Health and How We Won It. With an Account of the New Hygiene. By Upton Sinclair and Michael Williams.

Both authors suffered from ill health, and upon reading accounts of Horace Fletcher's work, became convinced that by persistent study and investigation they could bring about their recovery and return to good health. This book represents their experiences and the result of their investigations, which have brought renewed health and strength to both men. They have based their statements on the authority of Chesterton, Metchnikoff, Pawlow, Fletcher, Fisher, Cannon and other scientists.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of February and the 1st of March.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Supreme Test. Reynolds. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Seven Splendid Sinners. Trowbridge. (Brentano.) \$4.50.
2. As Others See Us. Brooke. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
3. Nietzsche. Mugge. (Brentano.) \$3.00.
4. Chapters of Opera. Krehbiel. (Holt.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dream Blocks. Higgins. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. An Annapolis Plebe. Beach. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

4. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Government of England. Lowell. (Macmillan.) \$4.00.
2. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. Problems of To-day. Carnegie. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.40.
4. Women, etc. Harvey. (Harper.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Eternal Boy. Johnson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. A Full Back Afloat. Dudley. (Lothrop.) \$1.25.
3. From Keel to Kite. Hornibrook. (Lothrop.) \$1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. A Chronicle of Friendships. Low. (Scribner.) \$3.00.
3. Camp-Fires on Desert and Lava. Hornaday. (Scribner.) \$3.00.
4. Short Life of Abraham Lincoln. Nicholay. (Century Co.) \$2.40.

JUVENILES

1. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Boys' Life of Lincoln. Nicolay. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Open House. Tompkins. (Baker, Taylor.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Bachelor Belles. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.00.
3. Love Lyrics. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Cupid's Almanac. Herford. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 90 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Uncle Remus Songs and Sayings. Harris. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
2. Diddie Dumps and Tot. Pynelle. (Harper.) 60 cents.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. Princess Zara. Beeckman. (Watt.) \$1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

Incomplete report.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Jemima Puddle-duck. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. The Good Wolf. Burnett. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.00.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.20.
3. An Immortal Soul. Mallock. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
2. Why Worry. Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
3. University Administration. Eliot. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. Wireless Telegraph Boy. Trowbridge. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
3. West Point Cadet. Malone. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Wild Geese. Weyman. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
6. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry. Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
2. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Death of Lincoln. Laughlin. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Reminiscences of Lady Churchill. Cornwallis West. (Century Co.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Six Girls Growing Older. Taggart. (Wilde.) \$1.50.
3. Eagle Badge. Day. (Harper.) \$1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
5. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
6. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.
3. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (The Book Supply Co.) \$1.50.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. Card Club Record. (Brewer, Barse & Co.) \$1.50.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Heart of the New Thought. Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Library Shelf.) \$1.50.

JUENILES

1. Billy Whisker's Vacation. Montgomery. (Brewer, Barse & Co.) 75 cents.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Story-Life of Lincoln. Whipple. (Winston.) \$1.75.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. Government of England. Lowell. (Macmillan.) \$4.00.

JUENILES

1. Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man. Morgan. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Williams of West Point. Camp. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Boy Forty-Niners. McNeil. (McClure.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Substance of Faith. Lodge. (Harper.) \$1.00.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Orphant Annie Book. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. Open House. Tompkins. (Baker & Taylor.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Holy Orders. Corelli. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Famous Stories by Sam Jones. Stuart. (Revell.) \$1.00.
2. Evangelistic Sermons in Outlines. Perren. (Revell.) \$1.20.
3. John Jasper. Hatcher. (Revell.) \$1.00.
4. Philosophy of Christian Experience. Clark. (Revell.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.20.
2. Betty Wales Series. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.00.
3. Rover Boys. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Health and Happiness. Fallows. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
4. On the Open Road. Trine. (Crowell.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Peter Pumpkin in Wonderland. Huntington. (Rand, McNally.) \$1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

4. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Princess Zara. Beeckman. (Watt.) \$1.50.
6. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Power of Silence. Dresser. (Putnam.) \$1.35.
3. Health and Happiness. Fallows. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. Abe Martin Almanac. Hubbard. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Spanish Main. Strang. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.20.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Bachelor Belles. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) \$3.00.
2. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
3. Cupid's Almanac. Herford. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 90 cents.
4. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Hollow Tree. Paine. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Elsie Dinsmore. Finley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Red Mouse.. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. The Toy Shop. Gerry. (Harper.) 50 cents.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Patty's Friends. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Comrades. Dixon. (Doub'eday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

2. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
4. Gypsy Smith. Autobiography. (Revell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Fritz. Daulton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Puddle Duck. Potter. (Moffat, Yard.) 50 cents.
3. Chronicles of the Little Tot. Cooke. (Dodge Pub. Co.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Testing of Diana Maliory. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. When the Tides Turn. Young. (Estes.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Richard Mansfield. Wilstach. (Scribner.) \$3.50.
3. Robert E. Lee, Southerner. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. Riddle of Personality. Bruce. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Moons Balbanca. Davis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.00.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Under the Great Bear. Monroe. (Harper.) \$1.25.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. With the Battle Fleet. Mathews. (Huebsch.) \$1.50.
3. The Right Man. Hooker. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
4. The Half-Way House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Money Changers. Sinclair. (Dodge.) \$1.50.
6. The Long Arm of Mannister. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

Incomplete report.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

2. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
5. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Hastings Bible Dictionary, Vol. I. Hastings. (Scribner.) \$5.00.
2. The Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Sun Bonnet Babies. Grover. (Rand, McNally.) 75 cents.
2. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. The Overall Boys. Grover. (Rand, McNally.) 75 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.20.
4. David Bran. Roberts. (Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.20.
6. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Chateau and Country Life in France. Waddington. (Scribner.) \$2.50.
4. Roman Holidays. Howell. (Harper.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

1. On the School Team. Earle. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Diary of a Birthday Doll. Dow. (Stern.) \$1.25.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Princess Zara. Beeckman. (Watt.) \$1.50.
3. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Camp-Fires on Desert and Lava. Hornaday. (Scribner.) \$3.00.
2. Story-Life of Lincoln. Whipple. (Winston.) \$1.75.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. Health, Strength and Happiness. Saleeby. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Tommy Trot's Visit to Santa Claus. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
3. Uncle Tom Andy Bill. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Over Bemerton's. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. Lincoln, the Boy and the Man. Morgan. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Boyhood of Lincoln. Atkinson. (McClure.) 50 cents.
4. The Sleeping Sentinel. Chittenden. (Harper.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Children's Stories That Never Grow Old. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
2. Tan and Teckle. Brybon. (Revell.) \$1.00.
3. Adventure in 1777. Mitchell. (Jacobs.) \$1.00.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
3. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.20.
6. Wild Geese. Weyman. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Abraham Lincoln. Morgan. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.
3. West Point Cadet. Malone. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. Binding of the Strong. Mason. (Revell.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Primary Election. Merriman. (U. of C.) \$1.25.
2. Industrial Insurance. Henderson. (U. of C.) \$2.00.
3. Mind and Work. Gulick. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. Church of To-day. Hooker. (Pilgrim Press.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Substitute. Camp. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Red Mouse. Osborné. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Indiscreet Letters from Peking. Weale. (Dodd, Mead.) \$2.00.
3. The Living Word. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Harry's Island. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. History of Minnesota. Folwell. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Lincoln, the Boy and the Man. Morgan. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

2. Tommy Trot's Visit to Santa Claus. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.20.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. A Wine of Wizardry. Sterling. (Robertson.) \$1.25.
3. World Almanac. (World Co.) 25 cents.
4. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Patty's Friend. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
2. Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. Hypnotic Therapeutics. Quackenbos. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Yale Cup. Dudley. (Lothrop.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
3. Story Life of Lincoln. Whipple. (Winston.) \$1.75.
4. Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
4. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Sidney at College. Ray. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

From the above list the six best selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d	" "	8
" " 3d	" "	7
" " 4th	" "	6
" " 5th	" "	5
" " 6th	" "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50 240
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50 191
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50 187
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50 165
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50 141
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50 88

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS COMPILED FROM APRIL LISTS

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST
<p>BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO</p>	<p>NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BAL- TIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASH- INGTON, AND WORCESTER</p>	<p>ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASH- VILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND</p>	<p>CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVEL- AND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, AND SAN FRANCISCO</p>
<p>Septimus 8 54-40 or Fight 8 The Red Mouse 7 The Trail of the Lonesome Pine 7 Peter 6 Comrades 5 Joshua Craig 4 The Red City 3 The Missioner 3 Lewis Rand 2 Anne of Green Gables 1</p>	<p>Septimus 10 54-40 or Fight 9 The Missioner 8 Peter 7 The Trail of the Lonesome Pine 6 The Red Mouse 5 The Message 5 Catherine's Child 4 Joshua Craig 4 Lewis Rand 3 Anne of Green Gables 3 Comrades 3 Tono Bungay 2 Princess Zara 2 Wild Geese 2 The Spell 2 The Eternal Boy 1 Simon Tetlow's Shadow 1 The Supreme Test 1 An Immortal Soul 1 David Bran 1 The Climber 1 The Red City 1 Over Bemerton's 1 The Bending of the Strong... 1</p>	<p>The Trail of the Lonesome Pine 5 54-40 or Fight 4 The Red Mouse 3 Peter 3 Lewis Rand 3 Comrades 3 Septimus 2 Open House 1 Flower of the Dust 1 Joshua Craig 1 Holy Orders 1 The Man from Brodney's... 1 Mr. Crewe's Career 1 The Testing of Diana Mallory 1 When the Tide Turns 1 The Right Man 1 Half-way House 1 The Money Changers 1 The Long Arm of Mannister. 1</p>	<p>Peter 9 The Trail of the Lonesome Pine 8 54-40 or Fight 7 The Red Mouse 5 Septimus 5 Lewis Rand 4 The Missioner 3 Comrades 3 Miss Minerva and William... 2 Catherine's Child 2 A Little Brother of the Rich. 1 The Shepherd of the Hills... 1 Anne of Green Gables 1 The Red City 1 Open House 1 Mr. Crewe's Career 1 Princess Zara 1 The Message 1 Together 1 The Man from Brodney's... 1 Joshua Craig 1 The Climber 1</p>

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY—Continued

SOME POPULAR JUVENILES

NORTH		EAST		SOUTH		WEST AND MIDDLE WEST	
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO		NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER		ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND		CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, AND SAN FRANCISCO	
Mary Ware The Hole Book Patty's Friends Fritzi Forward Pass		Betty Wales Mary Ware Forward Pass Anne of Green Gables From Keel to Kite		Uncle Remus's Songs and Sayings Elsie Dinsmore Mary Ware Under the Great Bear Betty Wales		Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz Hole Book Patty's Friend Mary Ware Forward Pass	

SOME OF THE BOOKS—NON FICTION—THAT HAVE BEEN CALLED FOR

NORTH		EAST		SOUTH		WEST AND MIDDLE WEST	
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO		NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER		ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND		CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, AND SAN FRANCISCO	
Alaska Spell of the Yukon Story-Life of Lincoln Religion and Medicine Life of Alice Freeman Palmer Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land The Perfect Tribute The Toy Shop Gypsy Smith Hypnotic Therapeutics		Seven Splendid Sinners As Others See Us Chapters of Opera Government of England Religion and Medicine Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land Orthodoxy Why Worry? University Administration The Death of Lincoln		Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land Bachelor Belles Love Lyrics Cupid's Almanac Richard Mansfield R. E. Lee, Southerner Riddle of Personality John Jasper Evangelistic Sermons in Outline Famous Stories of Sam Jones		The Perfect Tribute Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land Religion and Medicine Abe Martin's Almanac Health and Happiness Power of Silence Indiscreet Letters from Peking Why Worry? Bachelor Belles The Perfect Tribute	





"THE IMPOSING BATTLEMENT WITH ITS BUTTRESSES AND MASSIVE STEPS"

(See *The New Baedeker*, page 273.)

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

MAY, 1909

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

In the modern relations between the author and the publisher there are other points of contention besides the question of the division of the spoils.

An Author's Grievance

While there are, of course, exceptions, the general rule is that no author ever thinks that a publisher has done enough for his book, while every publisher cherishes a sneaking conviction that he has done too much. The high-water mark of protest was reached the other day. A certain author's book was published by a well-known firm who "pushed it hard." The result, however, was very disappointing to the author. He wrote the firm that he was very much dissatisfied and went on to say, "if your firm had published the Bible there would have been no Christian religion."

A very interesting book of its kind is *A Manual of American Literature*, written by Mr. Theodore Stanton in collaboration with several professors in Cornell University.

Two Literary Mysteries

This work is in reality one of the so-called "memorial volumes" included in the long famous Tauchnitz Collection. As Mr. Stanton explains in his preface, the Tauchnitz collection began to appear in 1841, when the late Baron Tauchnitz first issued a reprint of several British and American authors for the benefit of English-reading travellers upon the Continent. Goodness knows how many of our own dull days have been illumined and beguiled in dreary little

French and German and Italian inns by the paper-covered treasures which came from the press of Baron Tauchnitz! The weather might be rainy and the inn's best bedroom might be stuffy, and the table d'hôte might leave almost everything to be desired; yet one of these small Tauchnitz volumes and a package of cigarettes would make us oblivious of everything save the delightfully misprinted pages set up by German compositors whose knowledge of English was not very much helped by the efforts of a Teutonic proof-reader. It always rather irritated us to have the series known as a "Collection of *British Authors*," since even as early as 1843, Cooper and Irving had gained admittance to the list, while now the volumes by American authors number several hundred. However, Baron Tauchnitz the Second is trying to propitiate American readers by publishing the present volume which Mr. Stanton has prepared, and by including it in the general series, though it is also reprinted in this country by the Messrs. Putnam.

The book is not exactly a history of American literature, but rather a general account of American men of letters. Parts of it are so crowded with names as to be little more than catalogues; but on the whole, with its full index, it is a very useful compendium for reference. On page 212, we find something that interests us extremely. It is a paragraph which has to do with two anonymous novels. One of them is *Democracy* (1880), of which Mr. Stanton says that the author-

ship "has hitherto baffled the critics, and which the present writer can now announce definitely to have been the work of the historian, Henry Adams." It may seem odd, but we still should like to have Mr. Stanton give his authority for his statement. In parts of *Democracy - These*, which delineate the character and personality of "Jas. P. Ratchliffe, the unscrupulous 'Florida Giant'" with his ignorance of social forms, his blunted political morality, and at the same time his undoubted mental and physical power, we can perhaps detect something which might have come from the hand of Mr. Adams. Ratchliffe is a curious blend of Stephen A. Douglas, Oliver P. Morton and Simon Cameron, and the character is well and skilfully drawn. A very good also is the gobletting portrait of the incoming President whom his supporters call "Old Granny" and his enemies "Old Granny," while his wife always speaks of him by his Christian name as "Jacob." Clever, too, is the sketch of the wicked old Bulgarian diplomat Baron Jacobi, who maliciously crosses the path of Ratchliffe. The author of the book himself was undoubtedly malicious and took a malicious view of social and political life as it was in 1880. So far Mr. Adams might have written the book; but we doubt whether he could have made all his attractive people Southerners, relegating the New England element to the category of insipid, middle-class ninnyes. The authorship of the book, which made a sensation twenty-nine years ago, has often been ascribed to Mrs. Burton Harrison. She would undoubtedly have made the attractive people Southern, but she could not have written the rest of the novel, which really rises to a high level of corroding irony.



In the same paragraph Mr. Stanton makes the following remarks about John Hay and the book which has been for a long time credited to his pen.

John Hay, lawyer, journalist, diplomatist, and statesmen, was the author of a single novel, and his connection with that has been, up to the appearance of the present volume, only a conjecture. Prudence, however, obviously required that *The Bread-Winners* (1883) should

appear anonymously. As a politician, and as acting editor of the *Tribune*, Mr. Hay did not then wish to avow himself the author of a "frivolous novel"; besides, in the story he had spoken rather plainly about strikes and labour troubles. The story itself is well written, natural and for the most part true to life. Of the two love scenes, the proposal of Maud Matchin is more convincing than is Farnham's to Alice Belding. The plot is well worked out; our interest in the story for itself almost never flags.

So far Mr. Stanton. There can be no reasonable doubt that Mr. Hay was the author of *The Bread-Winners*, though there have been many claimants for the honour, such as it is. Mr. Hay never denied writing the book; and after his death the members of his family practically allowed the statement to be made that he had written it. Looking back upon the novel, however, after the interval of a quarter of a century, it does not seem to us to have justified the excitement which it caused at the time. It is only fairly good and is decidedly inferior to many socialistic and semi-political tales which have appeared since—notably those of Mr. William Allen White in *Strategems and Spoils*. It seems strange that at one time almost every one believed the author to have been Dr. Thomas Hunter of the New York Normal College. Just why Dr. Hunter was picked out as probably responsible for *The Bread-Winners*, no one was ever able to explain.



Beyond calling attention to the accompanying illustration, there is really nothing to be said about Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams's *Mr. Cleveland: A Personal Impression*.

The book is just what the picture will suggest to the mind of the reader. It is very delicately dedicated "To the one who knew him best."



Still we cannot refrain from a brief allusion to those pages which describe Mr. Cleveland's attitude toward Princeton University. He took the affairs of the little academic world very seriously,



MR. CLEVELAND AND HIS SON FRANCIS

Mr. Williams tells us, even to wanting Princeton to win every time in athletics. He really seemed to think himself highly honoured when asked to serve on the Board of Trustees, but did not enjoy being treated differently from "the rest of the boys," as he called his fellow-members of the Board. At the Commence-

ment exercises the president of the university used to seat Mr. Cleveland (looking gently resigned) at the right of the University throne—an ornate baldachino, which the unappreciative undergraduates term "the buggy." "I stuck it out while Patton was there," Mr. Cleveland remarked one day in his whimsically plain-



THOMAS MILLARD

Author of *America and the Far Eastern Question*



WILLIAM BRADLEY OTIS

Author of *American Verse 1625-1807*



J. C. SNAITH

Author of *Araminta*



SAMUEL M'COMB

Co-author of *Religion and Medicine*



Photograph by Hana, London

ANNE WARNER

tive voice; "but when Wilson came in I struck. I told him I wasn't going to do that any more—I wanted to sit with the rest of the boys," and he did thereafter.

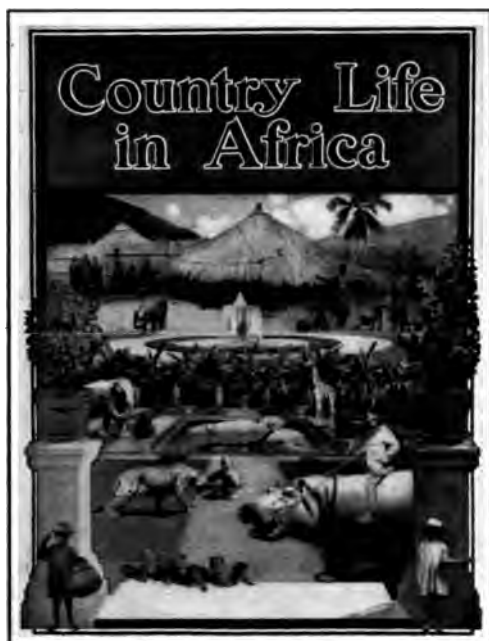
✻

Anne Warner, whose book *The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary* has been so popular both as a story and on the stage, began her literary career in 1901, and has since had nine books published, including three dealing with the experiences of "Susan Clegg." Anne Warner's home

was in St. Paul, Minn., until she took up her residence in Germany, where her

**Anne
Warner**

little daughter is being educated. She is a most prolific writer of short stories, and seldom does a month go by without two or three of her tales appearing in the magazines. Her collection of short stories published last autumn, entitled *An Original Gentleman*, is now in its fifth edition. Her new book published this spring is called *In a Mysterious Way*.



A few days before the new Contributing Editor of the *Outlook* departed for Africa for the purpose of equalling (perhaps even surpassing, who knows?) the exploits of the intrepid Tartarin of Tarascon, a breakfast was given to him by Mr. Robert Collier at which were present a number of men of conspicuous prominence in the publishing and magazine world. The souvenir of the breakfast took the form of a little portfolio entitled "Advance Sheets From Africa," consisting of parodies of certain periodicals reproduced with typographical and artistic exactness. The parodies were the work of Mr. Wallace Irwin and are of such an unusual order of excellence that they deserve the widest possible circle of readers. The table of contents reads as follows:

**Advance
Proofs from
Africa**

ON THE BOAT TO AFRICA
BY YOU KNOW WHO

EDITORIALS
NORMAN HAPGOOD

EDITORIAL
ARTHUR BRISBANE

HESPERIAN PRUNES
RICHARD WATSON GILDER

DAINTY HINTS FOR AFRICAN HUNTERS
EDWARD K. BOK, AFRICA

HOW I GAVE SOME SENSIBLE ADVICE TO
THEODORE ROOSEVELT
ALBERT SHAW

THEODORE, TRACER OF LOST ANIMALS
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

MY FIRST DAY IN AFRICA
THEODORE ROOSEVELT

COUNTRY LIFE IN AFRICA
COVER DESIGN

EVERYBODY'S
COVER DESIGN

FOUR SONGS

Big Game Teddy, the Dynamite Drop

My Castle on the River Nile

Under the Bamboo Tree

There'll Be a Hot Time in the Jungle To-Night



THE NEW YORK EVENING JUNGLE

NO. 282 TO 238 WILLIAM ST., NEW YORK, SATURDAY, MARCH 13, 1909.

Special Despatch from Africa

By

ARTHUR BRISBANE

He thinks He's
the Biggest Thing
in Africa

But He Ain't

Nature is getting ready for a Party in Africa to-day. A man is just entering the Jungle. His teeth are savagely displayed, his hollow-ground hunting glasses are blood-shot with the lust for killing. Over his right shoulder he carries an explosive steel tube, made in London

to suit his cruel tastes. This man thinks he is "hunting" tigers!! Wouldn't you think a great grown-up Statesman with a full set of teeth would KNOW better than that?

Wouldn't you THINK he would?

Wouldn't it JAR you!!!

This strutting biped with his \$47 killing-iron thinks he is the Lord of Creation. He imagines the fan-palms are waving their broad leaves to keep him cool. He thinks all the black tribes of Zulus and Ashantis along Zambesi Creek feel grateful to him, simply because he once entertained Booker T. Washington to Lunch. He dreams these vain dreams because he does not KNOW.

He does not KNOW that the VERY MONKEYS in the TREE-TOPS, his remote ancestors, are GIVING HIM THE COCOANUT LAUGH!

He does not KNOW that Africa still remembers the Brownsville affair, that the Jungle is full of his enemies, that even the lady-ostriches are laying for him.

HE DOES NOT KNOW THAT, AT THE VERY MOMENT HE STRUTS SO MAJESTICALLY THROUGH THE FOREST, A FUR-TIVE-EYED, BENCH-LEGGED, SPIKE-TOOTHED, ROYAL BENGAL TIGER IS "HUNTING" HIM.

If you should tell Mr. Roosevelt that Royal Bengal Tigers are to be found in that part of Africa he would doubtless call you a Nature Faker.

That is where the tiger has the better of Mr. Roosevelt. When he sees the tiger he will not believe it, and the sensible beast can thus enjoy a square meal while Mr. Roosevelt is still unconvinced.

If "A square deal for every man" is a good motto,

Isn't "A square meal for every tiger" an equally righteous maxim?

And so
Mr. Roosevelt
is
eaten up,
because
he did not KNOW
so much
as the
TIGER.

He did not KNOW
the
tiger was
there,
BUT
THE
TIGER
WAS
DEAD
SURE
OF
IT!!!!

But hold on, ignorant reader—don't think the Tiger's troubles are over when he catches Mr. Roosevelt. When a Tiger starts to gnaw Teddy he finds he has tackled a pretty serious food-problem. The savage brute might Swallow him Whole, but it would take a super-brute of a Tiger to FLETCHERIZE SUCH A MORSEL.

And after eating, that Tiger will depart in a considerably saddened condition, carrying around a PERMANENT LUMP IN HIS INTERIOR ECONOMY.

And that is where Teddy got it on the Tiger. The Tiger did not KNOW what he was eating, but Teddy was DEAD SURE OF IT!!!

We reproduce the editorial column of the New York *Evening Jungle* with regret that a reproduction of the full page, with its comic pictures and its advice from Ella Wheeler Wilcox, is not quite feasible. Of the parody of the Brisbane editorial we say unhesitatingly that it is by far the best parody of a widely parodied writer. Mr. Bok's page of hints for African hunters is another gem. He points out with great justice that many dainty hunters, used to cosy homes and refined surroundings, have objected to a certain air of disorder and untidiness found in almost every jungle. This, he maintains, is entirely unnecessary. A deft, homelike touch here and there will convert the wildest jungle into a thing of beauty and delight.

In camping for the night, hunting parties should choose a spot where the colours of the vegetation harmonise with their hunting costumes. A sheath-knife that can be turned into a manicure set will be found convenient. Many of our most fastidious hunters are now loading their rifles with sachet powder. Violet, heliotrope, and white rose may be bought by the pound or in 5, 10 and 25c. packets.

Of Harland's associate in that joyous literary enterprise Mr. James's recollection is no less lively, and his view of Aubrey Beardsley as an "illustrator" of anything save his own fancies has a gently ironic touch that the artist's friends will be the first to appreciate.

This young man, slender, pale, delicate, unmistakably intelligent, somehow invested the whole proposition with a detached, a slightly ironic and melancholy grace. I had met him before, on a single occasion, and had seen an example or two of his so curious and so disconcerting talent—my appreciation of which seems to me, however, as I look back, to have stopped quite short. The young *recueil* was to have pictures, yes, and they were to be as often as possible from Beardsley's hand; but they were to wear this unprecedented distinction, and were to scatter it all about them, that they should have nothing to do with the text—which put the whole matter on an ideal basis. To those who remember the short string of numbers of *The Yellow Book* the spasmodic independence of these contributions

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

THEODORE, TRACER OF LOST ANIMALS

Written in the Jungle for
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
By its Special Correspondent
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

MANUSCRIPT BY ADRI KAMASAKI



will still be present. They were, as illustrations, related surely to nothing else in the same pages—save once or twice, as I imperfectly recall, to some literary effort of Beardsley's own that matched them in perversity.

Reverting to Henry Harland, whose posthumous novel *The Royal End* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue. Of late there seems to have been a revival of interest in his work in connection with *The Yellow Book*, which caused so much discussion fourteen or fifteen years ago. But the most picturesque period of his life was unquestionably between 1883 and 1886, when he was in the office of the Surrogate of New York. He had a book in mind, but his hours at the office fully occupied the day. Through one winter, therefore, he treated himself with Balzacian severity, going to bed immediately after dinner, rising at two o'clock in the morning, and fortified with black coffee, and with a wet towel bound round his head, writing until it was time for breakfast. The result of this labour was *As It Was Written*, which was published in 1885 under the pseudonym of Sidney Luska.

[illegible]

Long before his position was conceded by the world at large Mr. James Huneker, whose new book, *The Egoists*, is reviewed elsewhere in this number, was recognised by his fellow-newspapermen as one of the ablest, most acute, and most sympathetic of American critical writers. Mr. Huneker began as a journalist when he was fifteen years of

James
Huneker

THE AMERICAN

REBUKE OF REBUKES

Vol. XXXIX.

NEW YORK, MARCH, 1909.

No. 3.

HOW I GAVE SOME SENSIBLE ADVICE TO THEODORE ROOSEVELT

BY ALBERT SHAW

(Special African Correspondent for the *Rebuke of Rebukes*.)

A. Interview with Theodore Roosevelt at the foot of Mt. Kilima Njaro. Fortunately I was able to correct several errors and to remind him of his lack of intelligence.

"It seems to me, Mr. Roosevelt," I began, "that any man who has been President of the United States for a term and three quarters ought to have experience enough to know that canned beans should not be carried on a hunting trip."

"Do you mean to infer—" began the distinguished tourist. "That you do not know beans?" I interpolated. "To a certain extent, yes. Certainly you do not know canned beans. Now, before you go any further with this expedition, let me inform you on the subject of the flora and fauna of Africa."

"But—" began the ex-President. "Don't interrupt, please," I said firmly. "Now, I see, you have in your kit of supplies a large number of rifles especially designed for hunting the African leopard. I am astonished at your ignorance. Every schoolboy—who reads the *Rebuke of Rebukes*—knows that the African leopard does not exist. The only species to be found in these parts is the *Mexadax ordinarius*, no near-leopard, a short and ugly variety. Another serious mistake you have made—"

Mr. Roosevelt abruptly interrupted my interview by raising his rifle and taking deliberate aim at a densely wooded spot in the brush from

which glared two large and angry eyes. The rash Mr. Roosevelt would doubtless have fired and spoiled everything had I not taken his gun away from him.

"Don't do this!" I said. "Don't you realize that it is extremely dangerous to fire at a lion when he is coming at you? The only improved, enlightened and scientific way to kill a lion is to wait till he attacks you, then turn him around and break his back. Moreover, in facing a lion it is well to remain cool and collected. Think of some important subject. Think of the editorial section of the *Rebuke of Rebukes*. You have agreed with many of my policies during your administration, Mr. Roosevelt. I have always been grateful to you for the help you gave me in building the Panama Canal and in assisting me to carry out my naval program. But don't you realize—"

At this point the lion began to advance, lashing his tail and roaring loudly enough to completely spoil my interview. Annoyed by this I handed Mr. Roosevelt his gun.

"You may fire now, if you wish," I said.

A sharp flash from the rifle, an angry bellow, and the tawny brute fell to the ground dead. When I examined the corpse I found a bullet-hole directly between the eyes.

"Didn't I tell you never to shoot a lion in the face?" I inquired. "If you are unable to take the advice of those older and wiser than you, you had better give up trying to be a successful ex-President."

Saying which I turned sharply on my heel.

By birth Mr. Huneker is a Philadelphian. One of his grandfathers was an Irishman, a poet, and also vice-president of the Fenian Brotherhood sometime in the early seventies; the other a Hungarian and a musician. Intended for the Jesuits, the author of *The Egoists* studied law, went to Paris, there studied the piano with the late Theodore Ritter, returned to New York and continued his musical studies with Rafael Joseffy, at the same time earning his living as a newspaper writer. For a long time he was the musical critic of the old *Recorder* and was for five years associated with Harry Neagle in the conduct and writing of the daily dramatic paper called *The Prompter*. After leaving the *Recorder* he was two years with the *Morning Advertiser*, when that newspaper was under the editorship of Mr. Foster Coates. In 1887 he joined the staff of the *Musical Courier*, and in that journal wrote the columns signed "Raconteur." After leaving the *Musical Courier* he became the dramatic editor of the *New York Sun*, a position which he held for several years.

The most striking fact in connection with the seven books which Mr. Huneker has published is the range of interest which they illustrate. The syndicate known as Andrew Lang is popularly supposed to be omniscient in matters literary; and there are Continental critics, like Georg Brandes (to whom is dedicated *The Egoists*), who have surveyed the field of European culture, taking in the literatures of France, Germany, England, Italy, Russia, and the rest, as a whole. But the American critic, not content with a field as broad as the modern world, has pursued his subject into the third dimension. In one of his short stories he has satirised himself in the person of his hero as a man who wrote of one art in terms of another; actually, he has written of each of the arts in terms of all the others. Probably both heredity and education have contributed to this development. As a boy he had three great interests—music, painting, and literature—and before he was twenty he was in Paris, living the life of the student of those days. There he saw Flaubert, De



JAMES HUNEKER

Goncourt, De Maupassant, Daudet, Swinburne, and frequented the cafés and studios of the Impressionists and all the other rebels and outlaws of art.

✱

There are two or three backgrounds of modern life that have been comparatively neglected in fiction. For example, the boarding-house, the family hotel—essentially a feature of New York—and the first cabin of the great transatlantic liner.

Transatlantic

Upon the last-named phase of life Mr. Richard Harding Davis and Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett have occasionally touched, and Mr. Kipling gave a very vivid picture of a ship smoking-room in the beginning of *Captains Courageous*, besides summing up the somewhat contemptuous attitude of the "dour Scotch Engineer" in McAndrews's:

Romance! Those first-class passengers they like it very well,
Printed an' bound in little books; but why don't poets tell?



CARMELITA BECKWITH

ADELE MARIE SHAW

The authors of *The Lady of the Dynamos*

1



GERTRUDE KING

Author of *The Landlubbers*

I'm sick of all their quirks and turns—the
 loves and doves they dream—
 Lord, send a man like Robbie Burns to sing
 the Song o' Steam.

✻

Not exactly fiction, but still entirely

thoroughly amusing from cover to cover,
 and under the fun there are keen obser-
 vation and a very sound philosophy—the
 philosophy of a man who has been
 crossing the Atlantic yearly for a quarter
 of a century with his eyes open. Mr.



ALAN DALE

adequate and satisfactory, is Mr. Alan Dale's *The Great Wet Way*, which is about as timely a book as could be recommended as a companion for a steamer chair on a contemplated transatlantic voyage. While the humour is not humour of the highest order, the book is

Dale complains that everybody seems to think that he is humorous, whereas he prefers being pathetic. This is a point upon which he fails to enlist our sympathy. *The Great Wet Way* discusses "The Queer Things We See," "The Room Mate," "Partaking of Nourish-

ment," "Who's Who on Board," "Mal de Mer," "Children on Board," "Flirtations," "Patriotism," "Tipping," "Nervous Passengers," "The Concert" and "The Custom House"—a fairly complete list.

When Thackeray was making his first visit to the United States he had occasion to travel one day from Boston to New York.

A New Twist

The train boy, not knowing who he was, approached him with a huge pile of "Thackeray's Novels." The



A GROUP AT PINEHURST. BOOTH TARKINGTON AND HARRY LEON WILSON IN THE CENTRE

humour of the situation appealed to the great man and he bought a copy of *A Shabby Genteel Story* and read it with a perfectly candid satisfaction. That episode of Thackeray and the train boy has been reproduced, we think, in several pictorial sketches. The situation has been used in connection with a great many authors since, and it has recently reappeared with a new twist with Mr. Booth Tarkington as the victim. According to

this latest story Mr. Tarkington was approached one day by a train boy holding out a copy of *The Guest of Quesnay*. "Buy Booth Tarkington's latest book, sir."

"No! I am Booth Tarkington myself."

"Then buy a copy of *Three Weeks*," persisted the boy. "You ain't Elinor Glyn, too, are you?"

We have been glancing over *Peace and Happiness*, by Lord Avebury (Sir John Lubbock). In a literary

Cheerfully Recommended

note the publishers call attention to the fact that of the author's former work, *The Pleasures of Life*, nearly three hundred thousand copies have been sold. This being the case, there is hope for *Peace and Happiness*. We cheerfully recommend it as a genuine masterpiece of platitude.

Victor Mapes, the author of *Partners Three*, is a nephew of the late Mary Mapes Dodge, the founder and lifelong editor of the *St. Nicholas Magazine*. He is now in his thirty-eighth year. At

the age of thirteen he began his literary career by launching a monthly paper called *The Cricket*. He entered Columbia University in the class of '91, and there became editor-in-chief of the leading college publication, *The Spectator*, and the class-book annual, *The Columbian*. He also won a prize offered by the University magazine for the best short story written by a college student or graduate in any part of the country. At college, however, Mapes's prominence was less due to literary work than to his prowess as an athlete. He was a member of the 'varsity baseball team and president of the baseball association, intercollegiate champion and record holder in the running broad jump and college champion in the 100- and 220-yard dashes. He was three times elected president of his class, was valedictorian at the graduation exercises, and was president of the Intercollegiate Athletic Association of all the colleges. Notwithstanding these various

activities, Mapes found time to win two prize scholarships—one in English and one in Chemistry.

After graduation he served for a year as a reporter on the *New York Sun* under

went to France. There he settled in the Latin Quarter and matriculated at the Sorbonne, where for four years he concentrated on the study of the drama and the technique of the modern French stage. He became a member of the famous French experimental theatre



ROBERT GRANT

Author of *The Chippendales*

Charles A. Dana and was rapidly advanced until he became one of the leading reporters. Having an ambition to learn the art of playwriting, and thinking Paris was the most favourable spot for this purpose, he resigned his position and

associations, Le Theatre Libre, L'Œuvre and Les Escholiers, who gave every month new plays of radical and startling tendencies.

Soon Mr. Mapes had progressed suffi-



EMILY POST

Emily Post, whose work during the present year is bringing her rapidly into the front rank as a writer of fiction, is at present making an extended trip through the far West, to gain a first-hand familiarity with what she terms the "dominant American type," from which, she thinks, springs most of the real strength of the country. Heretofore her travels, beginning in childhood, have taken her into Germany, France and Italy, in each of which countries she remained for extended periods, becoming adept in the languages and learning the real life of the people. But with the growth of her mental horizon, she has felt more and more that American writers should know and write of their own country. Her studies for John Derby, in *The Title Market*, the serial now running in *Everybody's Magazine*, brought her into close touch with the sulphur mines of Louisiana and the copper mines of Michigan, and later with the extraordinary conditions under which sulphur is produced in Sicily.



VICTOR MAPES

ciently to start the composition of a three-act play in French called *La Comtesse de Lisme*. Some friends of the author, without his knowledge, submitted it to the official reader of the Comédie Française. This official gave the play his approval and said he was willing to submit it to the governing committee, but told Mr. Mapes frankly that it might have to wait ten or twenty years before being produced owing to the many rules of precedence observed. He volunteered, however, to recommend the play to the Odéon, the second national theatre, where it might have more chance of a speedy presentation. He also advised Mapes to assume a French name. This was done, and in due time the play was accepted at the Odéon. When Mapes's true name and nationality became known, however, the director refused point blank to consider the question of production, since the theatre, being a national institution, could legitimately encourage only native art.

The reader of the Comédie Française advised Mapes to become a Frenchman. This procedure would require seven

years' residence in France and three years of military service. But the reader assured him that as long as he remained a foreigner his career would be blocked by national prejudice. Instead of following this suggestion, Mapes submitted the play to a new French theatre, the Theatre Mondain, where it was immediately accepted and where it ran successfully throughout the season. This was the first time that an English-speaking author ever wrote and produced in France an original French play.

While the play was still running Mapes returned to New York to pursue his work in his native land. Only five years later Richard Mansfield accepted a play. In the meantime, in order to become more familiar with the American stage, Mapes obtained a position at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, under Daniel Frohman. He began as a prompter, rose rapidly to the position of stage manager, then reader and producer and finally became general stage director of Frohman's famous stock company. He left this work to become dramatic critic in the *New York World*, where he remained



GEORGE C. HAZELTON

Author of *The Raven*



RUDYARD KIPLING CURLING IN LUCERNE

One of those significant but perfectly preposterous yarns which spring into existence and are passed about from time to time connects the name of Rudyard Kipling with *An Englishman's Home*, the play picturing the invasion of England by the forces of "the Empress of the North." According to the yarn the author is not Major Guy du Maurier, the son of the author of *Trilby*, as has been generally accepted, but Kipling himself



THE LATE ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE AND THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON IN THE GARDEN OF THE PINES AT PUTNEY

for two years. In 1902 James K. Hackett produced Mr. Mapes's play *Don Caesar's Return* with great success. This play ran for several hundred nights that season and the season following. Subsequently, Mr. Mapes has had produced seven more plays, among them *Captain Barrington*, *A Flower of Yeddo*, *Self-Defence*, *Gallops* (in collaboration), *The*

Under-Current and *The Detective*. In 1904 Mr. Mapes became the first manager of the new Globe Theatre in Boston. In 1906 he was chosen as director of the new theatre in Chicago, a subscription playhouse, where high-class plays of literary merit were presented at frequent intervals by a permanent company. The experiment was extremely interesting



ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

April 5, 1837

April 10, 1909



THE PINES, PUTNEY - FRONT VIEW

from an artistic point of view, but was not met with sufficient popular encouragement to warrant its continuation.

An Englishman's Home, as put on at the Criterion Theatre in this city, is less interesting as a play than as material for psychological study. Simply as a play, even though it is well acted, there is nothing to take it out of the category of ordinary purpose plays. Nevertheless, the fact remains that all England was profoundly impressed by it, to such an extent that it affected legislation and led to an increase of the British navy against the protest of economising statesmen. We have to bear this fact in mind when we look at the play as acted here. We must put ourselves in the place of the British public, and try to discern just why the drama proved so instantaneously effective. This is not so easy a matter as one might think. The Ger-

mans, taking advantage of a protracted period of fog and of a strike which paralyses the telegraphic service in Great Britain, have made a landing in force upon the coast of England; and before any one in authority is aware of it they have laid their strategic traps and have pushed their disciplined regiments inland. The scene of the play is in the house of an ordinary middle-class Englishman, one Brown, and the action all takes place in a single room of this dwelling. The Germans enter. A number of them are quartered in the house for a few hours, after their attack has been resisted by a body of flustered Volunteers. Brown shoots one of the invaders and is instantly given over to a firing party, taken out, and shot on his own lawn amid the screams of his daughter. This is where the play originally ended; but in response to public sentiment in England, the Germans are, as a climax, captured by a motley troop of Volunteers and marines. It is a rather tame paraphrase of that tremendous episode in Zola's prose-

epic, *La Débâcle*, where the civilian, Weiss, after killing many Bavarians at Bazeilles, is shot in the presence of his wife, who savagely gnaws the fingers of the Teuton who is holding her.



Now the first thing that strikes one in witnessing *An Englishman's Home* is the extraordinary parochial character of the English people in it. The younger members of Brown's family are either frivolous, or stupid, or utter sap-heads. They solve riddles propounded in the columns of *Tit-bits*. They are intensely interested in racing and in foot-ball. When they actually learn that England is invaded and that London is probably in the hands of the enemy, one of the youths—the most sap-headed of them all—merely chuckles because he thinks that now he may not have to go to the office for several days. When the Germans are in the house and all the members of the family are locked in their rooms, he continues his buffoonery as before. Even Brown himself, the sturdy old man, is not concerned about his country's fate. He is simply enraged because the invaders have cut up his lawn and trampled over his kitchen-garden. There is not a thrill of patriotic feeling in the whole play from beginning to end. One sees only the stodgy middle-class Briton and gets an impression of a world made up of bank-clerks, scribblers of newspaper poetry, and giggling girls. Where, then, one asks himself, lies the strong appeal which the play did actually make in England? We are inclined to think that this appeal lies precisely in what we have just narrated. The drama intimates, without actually saying so, that Englishmen have become degenerate, that they have lost their old-time courage and sturdiness, and that in consequence the heart of the nation is cankered at its core. Looked at from this point of view, the play must have been a blow in the face to every Englishman who cared for the old traditions; and in this way it aroused the *sæva indignatio* which swept over the ruling classes and forced Parliament to build more *Dreadnoughts*. There is a suggestion that the people are given up entirely

to athletic sports; and perhaps it is the memory of Kipling's palinodic line—

The flannelled fool at the wicket, the
muddled oaf at the goal—

which is responsible for the rumour that he, and not Major Du Maurier, is the author of the play. It is, indeed, a stinging arraignment of the great mass of Englishmen. Probably it is not a just arraignment; but there is doubtless enough truth in it to make the patriotic Briton wince.

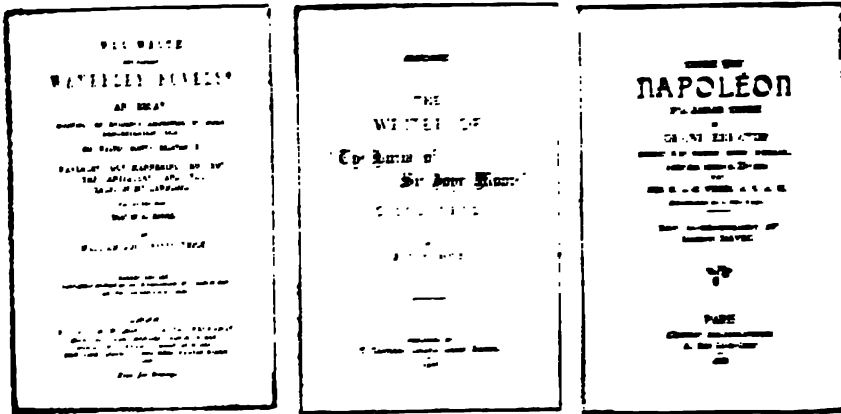


Looking at the stage management and other details, we might object, without being hypercritical, that it doesn't impress us very much to find the German army consisting of only five men. On the other hand, these five men could probably have knocked the spots out of the silly mob which is finally supposed to rout them. Otherwise, the realism of the second and third is extremely fine—the walls crumbling under the impact of shells, the ceiling riven apart and glaring with the conflagration overhead, while through the open window one sees the adjacent houses bursting into flames amid the dull rumbling of artillery and the fierce crackle of rifle-fire. If the play is to last much longer, we trust that the German army will be re-enforced, and that one of the British maidens will be replaced by some other actress who is not so obviously Semitic.



In a recent issue of the London *Sphere* Mr. Clement K. Shorter, whose *Napoleon and His Fellow Travellers* is reviewed elsewhere in this number, discusses what he calls "the quips and cranks of so-called literature." By this phrase he means certain books of an eccentric and controversial nature which have been written for the purpose of disproving what the world at large has taken for granted. He begins with a little volume by a man by the name of Fitzpatrick entitled *Who Wrote the Waverley Novels?* Mr. Fitzpatrick's contention was—and his opinion was taken rather seriously at the time—that Sir

"Quips and
Crank"

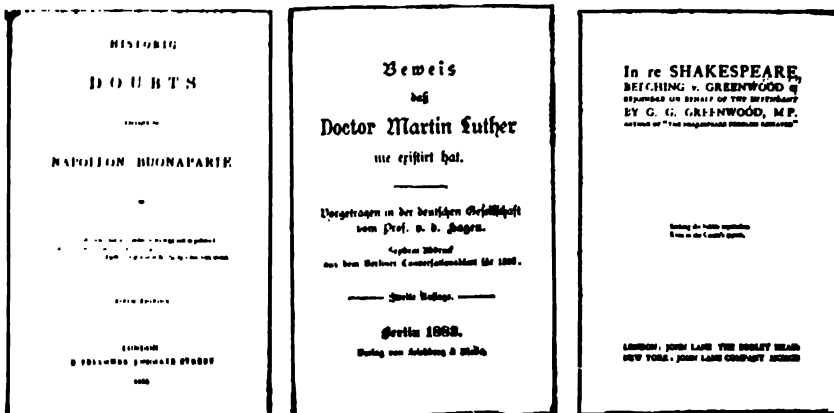


Walter Scott's brother, Thomas Scott, wrote *Waterley*. The man Scott went to Canada in 1819, and there in a letter in Lockhart's *Life* from Sir Walter suggesting that he wrote a novel. It is Mr. Fitzpatrick's argument that Sir Walter, having hopelessly broken down in his attempt at *Waterley*, although successful as a poet, persuaded his brother to write the book. The evidence that he adduces in support of this theory fill more than a hundred pages, and at least two other books were written in support of the curious contention. "No one, of course," says Mr. Shorter, "believes this nonsense now, but it had much the same currency in its day that the Shakespeare-Bacon craze has in ours."

that Martin Luther never existed at all, but was simply a myth. According to this he was made to be born on St. Martin's Day and hence the allegory of his name. He was born at Eisleben, which means "ice" and "life," into which fact also an allegorical meaning is read. Another book, recently published, attempts to prove that Charles Wolfe did not write *The Burial of Sir John Moore*. This volume has caused some little discussion in England, and Professor Skeat wrote a letter to the *London Daily Telegraph* giving a certain measure of countenance to the theory.

Two other books discussed by Mr. Shorter treat of Napoleon. The first of these is Archbishop Whately's *Historic Doubts About Napoleon Buonaparte*, which appeared originally in 1819, and

Then there was the book printed in Berlin in 1883 for the purpose of proving



which attempted to prove that Hume's doubts in regard to miracles had equal force with reference to the existence of Napoleon. A second book of the same character has very recently been issued in Paris. Its title is *Comme Quoi Napoléon N'a Jamais Existé*, and it is a piece of innocent fooling. It attempts to show that the Emperor was only an allegorical person, a sun myth. By the poets the sun is named Apollon. This means exterminator, and was given to the sun by the Greeks because of the evil that it did at the Siege of Troy, when a part of their army was destroyed by the heat. Napoleon's mother, Letitia, signifies the dawn, his four brothers the four seasons, all kings of the earth.



Two at least of the novels of the late Marion Crawford found curious vindications in real life. Many of our readers will remember *Paul Patoff*, which told of the disappearance of a man in

Constantinople, and the ultimately successful search of his friends. In the story Paul Griggs brings his influence to bear upon the private secretary of the Sultan, with the result that after a long and arduous search the missing man is found. About a year after the publication of *Paul Patoff* Mr. Marion Crawford, who is pretty generally known as the Paul Griggs of his books, had a friend visiting him at his house in Sorrento. The friend in question went thence to Constantinople, and soon afterward disappeared mysteriously. The story told in the novel was played out detail by detail. Mr. Crawford secured the assistance of the original of the Sultan's secretary in the book. They followed the same plan and had the same suspicions. There was but one difference. It was that in actual life the man was never found.



Another curious coincidence of a similar nature was in connection with *Pietre Ghisleri*, that fascinating romance of modern Roman life. When writing the book, Mr. Crawford was for a time dubious as to the manner in which Lord Herbert Arden's death should be brought

about. The device of the table napkins infected with the germs of scarlet fever, with which readers of the book are familiar, seemed to him to be somewhat unnatural and far-fetched.

Years after the writing of the novel Europe was startled with the case of a French physician living near Paris. This man was a bacteriologist of some note, and a man of attractive personality and some social importance. A time came, however, when strange rumours began to spread. He had been in the habit of entertaining his friends with great hospitality, but it was noticed that after each of his dinners some one guest would die of a virulent malady. In one case it was cholera, in another scarlet fever, in another small-pox. At last matters reached such a stage that the physician was arrested, but he shot himself before he could be brought to trial. At a subsequent investigation, however, his servant, who was implicated to a certain extent, confessed that his master, who had become a dangerous maniac, had been in the habit before each of his dinners of infecting with the bacilli of these diseases the food or the wine of some particular guest.



Miss Ellen Glasgow sailed early in April for England, having just finished reading the proofs of her new novel, *The Romance of a Plain Man*, which is to appear May 12th.

Miss Glasgow expects to remain abroad for some time, but she will not interrupt her work, which she usually carries on with great regularity. Indeed, a new novel is already in her mind and will doubtless begin to take form as soon as she is settled in some quiet place in rural England. Miss Glasgow is known as a slow but steady worker. The composition of *The Romance of a Plain Man* was begun nearly a year and a half ago and was only completed since the beginning of the year, although it is a story of but moderate length as novels go in these days of the resurrected three decker. "I never have more than one story in my mind at a time," she said recently with reference

Ellen
Glasgow

to the new book. "As soon as a book is finished, however, its completion seems to suggest a new idea and I am off at once on the next book without a moment's rest. Sometimes it is months before the new idea takes its final shape, but every one who has written will understand that these months involve some of the hardest work of composition. The actual writing is often easy compared with the struggle to get the idea right in the first place."

That a foreign environment and training have a distinct value in the development of style and technique in fiction-making is once more suggestively shown this season by the promising work of two new writers, Mrs. Helen Mackay and Miss Clare Benedict, whose first volumes of short stories, *Houses of Glass* and *A Resemblance*, are both reviewed in the present number of THE BOOKMAN. Mrs. Mackay, who was a Miss Edwards until her recent marriage to Mr. Archibald K. Mackay, is well known in the social circles of New York and in the fashionable colony of Lenox, Massachusetts, which she and her husband make their headquarters during the small portion of the year that they can give to America. Mr. Mackay's business connections oblige him to spend the greater part of his time in France and Italy; and the consequent intimate knowledge of Continental life and customs, as well as Continental methods in fiction, amply explains the very unusual quality of the short sketches of Parisian life gathered together under the title of *Houses of Glass*. It is an interesting fact that although this is Mrs. Mackay's first published volume in Eng-

lish, she has already brought out a collection of short stories written in Italian under the title of *Il Vagabondo*, which is now in its second edition.

In the case of Miss Benedict, heredity as well as environment may claim a share of the credit for the merit of the stories that make up the volume entitled *A Resemblance*. On the side of her mother, who was a Miss Woolson, of Cleveland, Ohio, she traces her descent directly to the family of Fenimore Cooper; and her present home when she is in America is the old Cooper estate at Cooperstown, N. Y. Furthermore, she is a niece of Constance Fenimore Woolson, whose *Jupiter Lights*, *Anne*, *For the Major* and numerous other novels, originally appearing in *Harper's Monthly*, were highly regarded by an earlier generation. Soon after the tragic death of her father in a railroad accident, when Miss Benedict was a child of four, she was taken to Europe by her widowed mother, and has since then spent the greater portion of each year abroad, dividing her time largely between Florence, Vienna, Munich, Paris and London, and seldom missing a season at Bayreuth. Miss Benedict is an accomplished linguist, a musician of considerable ability, and possesses an intimate knowledge of French, German and Italian literature. It was not until two years ago that her first stories were offered to the magazines, *Harper's* and the *Atlantic* being among the first to give her encouragement. The cordial recognition they have received has resulted in their republication in a single volume, which is named *A Resemblance*, from the title of the opening story.



THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I

Dr. James Schouler has been so good as to enlighten us regarding a problem to which we referred in the last issue of the Letter Box. He writes as follows:

I perceive in the Letter Box of your March number your good-natured response to my recent criticism upon a statement made in your pages. As you question in return the verbal propriety of an allusion in my *History* to Lee's "infatuous campaign" of 1863 (Vol. VI., page 351), I shall explain myself with equal courtesy and frankness.

No one had brought the passage earlier to my attention; and while I agree with you that the literal expression should be altered, I am not sure, at this distance of time, whether the fault rests originally with the author or with the printer. You are right in stating that "infatuous" is not to be found in the dictionary; and I certainly have no desire to coin a new adjective where either "infatuate" or "fatuous" would serve the purpose admirably. We are none of us above criticism which is justly and considerably applied.

Yours very truly,
JAMES SCHOULER.

We beg Dr. Schouler to accept the assurance of our most distinguished consideration.

II

Here is a question which the lady who propounds it evidently regards as a poser. We incidentally note with pleasure that she addresses us as "The Honourable Senior Editor." This is not quite so flattering as "Excellency" or "General," but still it shows that M. M. M. is one of the elect. Here is her letter in part. She makes some further remarks which we shall take up in another place:

If THE BOOKMAN has adopted the English spelling of "honour," "labour," and the rest, why should *honorific*, used in the Letter Box of the October number, be spelled without the *u*? I am always sorry to find THE BOOKMAN, and most especially the Senior Editor, inconsistent.

M. M. M.

Neither THE BOOKMAN nor the Senior Editor is inconsistent. "Honour" is spelled with a *u* because it is derived from the Norman-French *honneur*. On the other hand, *honorific* is so spelled because it comes directly from the Latin *honorificus*. We hope that the lady sees the nice distinction. But of course she does.

III

There is a reader in Augusta, Maine, who evidently has some esoteric faith in us, if we may judge from the following letter:

To the Editor of the Letter Box:

In spite of your frequent and whimsical desire to be wrong, I am convinced that when you give a serious answer to a serious question you can be absolutely impartial, no matter whether or not your own prejudices are concerned. Therefore, I ask you frankly whether you do not believe that the so-called Simplified Spelling is slowly making its way into general use. Please be honest in this matter and tell me what you really think.

We really think that the so-called Simplified Spelling is losing what little ground it had to lose in the beginning. For example, the backwoods newspapers which took it up as a fad and because they thought it was "scholarly" (save the mark!) have dropped it. Some great advertisers, such as Mr. John Wanamaker, for example, used the Simplified Spelling in their advertisements for a few weeks in order to attract attention, but they have also dropped it. President Roosevelt, who made himself ridiculous by trying to force cacography upon the Government, has in despair abandoned it. Even more significant, however, is a wail of woe emitted by the "Executive Committee" of the Simplified Spelling Board, in a circular letter which was addressed to American publishers on March 24th. This letter begins with the following sentences which are significant of much:

1 MADISON AVENUE,
NEW YORK, March 24, 1909.

DEAR SIRs: We take the liberty of urging upon American publishers an adherence, in

their publications, to what are conventionally known as "American" spellings, as *labor*, *humor*, *center*, *civilize*, *plow*, *check*, etc. We are sorry to see the substitution of the so-called "British" spellings of these words in some recent American books, in order, we are told, to avoid the necessity of making changes in plates for English markets. This is a step away from the simplification of spellings now much desired by many of the educated in this country, and by not a few in England.

This is obviously a confession both that the barbarous mode of spelling is being forgotten and that the spelling which it befits a gentleman to use is finding favour with those who never favoured it before. We commend these deductions to the consideration of our correspondent.

IV

A brief query comes to us typewritten on a slip of blue paper. We are compelled to think that the signature represents an assumed name:

DEAR BOOKMAN: Why is the Senior Editor so called, and has he ever been called anything else?

Now don't spit, or swear, or snort, or whine, or wheeze, or tear your hair, or turn the wulket, or dance, or sneeze, or bite, or do anything unseemly. Just answer the question. That's all you're called upon to do.

SOAP O'LOUGHLIN.

We don't know precisely what the wulket is, or we should probably turn it, if only for the sake of the experience. But as to the question which the saponaceous gentleman asks us, there is nothing in it to cause us any agitation. The Senior Editor is so called because he presided over the genesis of *THE BOOKMAN*—a moment at which the real story of our life began. He has always been called the Senior Editor (officially) even though contributors to the Letter Box, such as M. M. M., have given him by way of adornment other and more decorative titles. The Junior Editor is called the Junior Editor because he was thus named by the Senior Editor and because he is youthful, occasionally frivolous and irresponsible, while we are always grave, not to say austere.

V

A propos of the general question raised in the preceding letter, we mention with pleasure that we have received a picture post-card from our old friend, the gentleman from British Columbia. It represents the wreck of a railroad train "about seven miles from Mullan, Idaho." On the front is the following query, which we don't answer, because how can we tell what Kenneth Grahame had in his mind at any particular time?

Is it possible that Kenneth Grahame had the Junior Editor in mind when he constructed Mr. Mole—and is the editor of the Letter Box Mr. Badger?

G. FROM B. C.

VI

Why do people send us letters like the following, which comes from Atlanta, Georgia?

I have written twelve or fifteen short stories, 700, 1500, 2000 and 3000 words. I can now write one each week if you wish. Tell me if you would consider a Southern Writer.

I have not submitted any of my short stories to you. Will you tell me whether it would be worth my while or yours to do so?

We admire the literary speed of this gentleman, but we may say that we don't care to consider a Southern Writer as such, nor a Northern Writer as such, nor a Western Writer as such, nor an Eastern Writer as such. It is a matter of indifference to us whether a writer comes from the north-north-west or the south-south-east or whether he is a Fletcherite or a Pragmatist. It is the quality of his literary work that we are entirely concerned with. Therefore, how on earth can we tell whether it would be worth this gentleman's while to submit to us any of his short stories? It makes us just a bit irritable to have such questions asked of us.

VII

A subscriber in Cañon City, Colorado, asks us to publish a list of books of fiction which purport to be drawn from the events of the Revolutionary War. If we were to give a list in any way complete, it would swamp this magazine. There-

fore, we can mention only a few of the most important.

Winston Churchill, *Richard Carvel* (1899).

J. Fenimore Cooper, *Lionel Lincoln* (1825).

J. Fenimore Cooper, *The Spy* (1821).

J. Fenimore Cooper, *The Pilot* (1824).

P. L. Ford, *Janice Meredith* (1899).

Harold Frederic, *In the Valley* (1890).

S. O. Jewett, *The Tory Lover* (1901).

S. W. Mitchell, *Hugh Wynne* (1897).

Clinton Ross, *The Scarlet Coat* (1896).

W. G. Simms, *The Partisan* (1835).

R. N. Stephens, *The Continental Dragoon* (1901).

Mary I. Taylor, *A Yankee Volunteer* (1899).

D. P. Thompson, *The Rangers* (1851).

Maurice Thompson, *Alice of Old Vincennes* (1901).

We have selected these volumes as representing the different phases of the Revolutionary War which have chiefly appealed to writers of fiction.

VIII

From Lowell, Massachusetts, comes the following:

In the fourth paragraph of your Letter Box I recognized the "Commander's Statue" at once, but was puzzled and interested by your mention of "Balzac's Story of Don Juan." I thought I knew my Balzac, but I do not recall this.

We can only reply that the gentleman apparently does not know his Balzac so thoroughly as he might. The story may be found in any collection of Balzac's shorter tales, whether in French or in English.

IX

A lady of discrimination asks us whether we will not be so good as to add the expression "The story grips the reader" to the other banalities which we have consigned to our Inferno. We do so with great pleasure. Next month we shall present to our readers the Inferno stocked with new and unattractive commonplaces which we have been collecting for the past three months.

TOP NOTES AND BANK NOTES: THE EARNINGS OF THE OPERA SINGERS



HEN Barbaja was asked his private opinion of a singer he answered: "I have not yet consulted my books. I must see what the receipts average and I will answer your question to-morrow."

In spite of this cynical remark from an impresario famous a century ago, the obvious deduction that the salaries of singers depend to-day upon their drawing power alone is fallacious. There are only a few isolated phenomena, like Caruso, who can, in this country at least, pack the house: it is the *ensemble* which attracts—

and the opera. The salary depends upon many things: most essentially, the kind of voice and its quality, the style and variety of a *répertoire*, past experiences and geography. Barytones, for example, receive less than tenors and more than bassos. The pure tenor, like Bonci, is a *rara avis*; most of those now singing are high barytones with the notes "pushed up." The crested female voice earns more for its owner, also, than the contralto. This explains why mezzo-sopranos, like Fremstad, cultivate the upper register; the *répertoire* and salary is likewise increased. Elsas and Elizabeths can demand more than Ortruds and

Brangaenes. Though colorature until recently was more sought than the dramatic soprano, a pyrotechnic series of Violettas and Lucias is still capable of compelling the most favourable terms. The *matinée* grace of an Alvary and the form of a Garden are assets, too. And then the magic of a name, the lingering glory of past achievements, adds lustre and distinction to a company. These comments are naturally meant for the supreme artists of their class; but even the greatest personalities find their earning capacity dependent on *where* they sing. It is a well-established fact, in this connection, that singers receive one-third and sometimes one-half more here than abroad. The prices of admission are not correspondingly higher, but a cast of Caruso, Melba and Renaud, which last year excited Paris at triple prices, would be expected in this city at the usual rates. Abroad, too, most of the great opera-houses are endowed by the government, and the honour of singing at some is not overlooked by the singers in making a contract; here music is the playing of the social professionalist, and receives a practical endowment from that support. Yet in the case of the fabulous salaries thus made possible there is nothing exceptional; an examination into the earning ability of former song-birds shows much the same state of affairs. The great voice has always earned enormous sums, and the vocal velvet of the departed has likewise been measured for value by four or five digits. Temperament never clouded a business capacity which seems to have been the chronic habit of great singers. But it must be remembered, preparation is often hard, and long, and costly, and a voice a fragile thing after all—liable to break or lose its powers at any time. Still, in the great competitive bidding for the golden voice of to-day, it is interesting to keep this other fact in mind as a cursory glance over the financial record is made.

PRESENT-DAY CONTRACTS

Because of certain elements, the contracts of an Opera House with its singers present much more variety to-day than the usual agreements between a theatrical manager and his actors. In the first

place, while many singers fail "to make good"—even those who have had brilliant success abroad—it is seldom so large an organisation as the Metropolitan or Manhattan, for instance, will give place to a novice. The reputation of a singer precedes him, and though it be of little value before the ultimate test of our capricious audiences, it at least suggests a routine knowledge of certain operas and the rôles which lie within his voice. Since every singer must of necessity know certain familiar rôles, in his *début*, unlike the actor, he consequently does not have to consider the failure of his tried and time-proven vehicle, but only of his ability to interpret his part satisfactorily. Thus, in signing a contract, the chief uncertainty of an actor's life is eliminated. There are, as a result, certain rôles to be sung specified, and very often the more conspicuous stars are able to reserve for their exclusive use particular parts. Eames, as an example, has had, since Ternra's departure, a monopoly on *Tosca*, and the recent newspaper notoriety of Mary Garden, who threatened to resign unless exclusively given the rôles she created, is still a fresh topic. Some seasons ago, one soprano even tried to have the privilege of singing only when Jean de Reszké appeared, because her rôles were otherwise sung to empty houses. The important artists always have it specified in the contract in which rôle the *début* is to be made, and further, if a new part is learned or created, a certain definite number of appearances in that opera must be guaranteed. Many vocalists, especially the utility members of the organisation, are engaged at a lump sum of five to fifteen thousand for the season, to sing whenever cast; but the majority are paid by the performance, so many a week and so many a season. In view of the largely increased companies and *répertoires*, this accounts for the managerial value of Sunday concerts and out-of-town opera. In particular cases, as will be pointed out later, certain stars have the privilege of singing at concerts, etc., for their own emolument, while the voices of others are the exclusive property of the company, which, however, will "farm them out" and divide proceeds. There is always a

clause concerning illness that protects both singer and director—a missed performance either counting as an appearance or another opportunity be given to appear. As all the operas require costumes, the singers, unlike the actor, supply their own. Travelling expenses are always paid and, in some cases, hotel bills. There are frequently clauses as to “star” dressing-rooms and the usual concessions to the dignity of temperament. And again, singers are engaged “on approval”—with recompense and expenses of trip from other side guaranteed, but no stated contract.

These contracts are the evolution of two centuries of opera and are mentioned here to show the power of singers to force their various demands, before considering the more specific object of this paper: the past and present cash value of their voices.

STARS OF YESTERDAY

In the early days of the last century the opera favourites were recompensed in more subtle ways than by actual coin. It was no unusual thing for them to receive unheard-of presents and, indeed, many of the most splendid jewels of the day found themselves adorning the corsage of a favourite prima donna. The old *Memoirs* mention this outpouring as comprising “purses filled with gold,” “snuff-boxes studded with diamonds,” “houses with lawns attached,” etc. Sophie Arnould, of tragic history, was offered a pension of two thousand crowns by a duke, and eventually retired in 1798 on a pension of twenty-four hundred livres given by Fouché, who felt “a woman who had laboured twenty years to entertain the public deserved recompense.” Still earlier documents show that Anastasia Robinson, in 1714, received for the season one thousand pounds and “emoluments.” The character of these “emoluments” is not mentioned, but may be deduced. Margarita De L’Epine, a rival, retired in 1722 with a fortune of ten thousand pounds, after a successful career of twenty years. Keeping in mind the greater purchasing value of money in those days, these two will serve as a comparison with the greater singers of the next century.

From all accounts Malibran [Maria Garcia] must have been one of the loveliest singers who ever lived. Her genius was only equalled by her eccentricity. As the records of her contracts are obtainable, it may be illuminating to go somewhat into detail. When only seventeen (1825) she was engaged for six weeks at five hundred pounds. In 1826 she was signed by Laurent for a season at the Opera House, Paris, receiving eight hundred francs a performance and “a free benefit.” This same year the Duc d’Orleans gave her three hundred francs for a single private concert. A few years later she was engaged at the Theatre Italiens for eleven hundred and seventy-five francs a performance. Under Barbaja, at Rome, in 1832, she earned one thousand francs for each of twelve appearances, and the following autumn, at Bologna, she obtained fourteen hundred and forty pounds for eighteen nights. The next season, at the Drury Lane, London, her contract gave her one hundred and fifty guineas a performance and two benefits, which netted two thousand pounds, in addition. In May and June of the same year she sang twenty-eight times at the King’s Theatre for twenty-seven hundred and seventy-five pounds, and was also under contract to give one hundred and eighty-five performances at eighteen thousand pounds. This latter sum was the largest ever paid a singer to that day. She also sang twenty-six times at the Drury Lane and Covent Garden, three days a week, for a total of thirty-four hundred and sixty-three pounds. She died when she was only twenty-nine.

“THE SWEDISH NIGHTINGALE”

Jenny Lind, whose name has become a legend because of the unusual beauty of her personal character and her spectacular retirement from the public, kept a record of her own earnings. Her letters and diary are full, too, of interesting information concerning the method of the impresarios of her day. In her entire operatic career she sang only six hundred and seventy-seven times, and she probably would never have given it up for the concert platform were it not for the worries over the financial details of each contract. Chance discovered Jenny

Lind's voice: as is not generally known, she was a successful child actress. Her real future, however, was marked out for her from the first song interpolated by accident in a play. She was soon cast in operatic rôles, and at the Royal Theatre, Stockholm, in 1840, for sixty-nine performances received about one hundred pounds a year. In 1841, she studied with Signor Garcia, a brother of Malibran, and it is instructive to note she paid twenty francs an hour. In 1844, she refused an annual salary of about one thousand pounds, "with benefits," to stay permanently in Germany. She knew her voice belonged to the world. She sang five times in Vienna (1846) for fifty pounds a performance with extra benefit. It was in 1847 she made her second contract to appear in London, the first one with Bunn having caused her endless legal complications.

The Lumley contract was substantially as follows:

1. An honorarium of one hundred and twenty thousand francs for the season, reckoned from April 14 to August 20, 1847.
2. A furnished house, a carriage and a pair of horses, free of charge, for the season.
3. A further sum of twenty thousand francs, if Mlle. Lind wished to spend a month in Italy before her début, for the purpose of studying the language, or for rest.
4. Liberty to cancel the engagement if, after her first appearance, she felt dissatisfied at the measure of its success and wished to discontinue her performances.
5. Mlle. Lind was not to sing at concerts, public or private, for her own emolument.

In 1846, the now famous *diva* refused an unparalleled offer from the Czar to sing five months at St. Petersburg for a salary of fifty-six thousand francs per month, a sum equalling eleven thousand pounds. But it was her appearance in this country under P. T. Barnum's management, however, which has brought Jenny Lind's name near to us. She was to receive one thousand dollars a performance and all expenses for one hundred and fifty concerts to be given within one year. This was eventually changed, so that she received a half share of the profits whenever the receipts were above five thousand five hundred dollars. As the returns some-

times equalled fifteen thousand dollars, her share on the first six concerts alone was thirty thousand dollars. Incidentally it is recorded she gave away that sum in New York for charities. At the expiration of her contract with Barnum, she sang forty additional recitals on her own speculation. She appeared little after this and lived a retired life for nearly forty years.

GRISI, MARIO AND OTHERS

The romantic story of Grisi and Mario was not without its interesting financial side. It was a strange whim of Fate which drove these two great artists together never to part till death, for each seemed to complement the other: improvident Mario, "who could with a tenor note soothe the souls in purgatory," and the well-balanced woman, who later, at the Queen's suggestion, became his wife. It is on record that he gave away over forty thousand pounds in his career; so prodigal was he that at the end of Grisi's career (1866) they made a provincial tour together, and she alone was given three hundred pounds a week—with which she paid his needs. At the height of their fame they received, in 1854, for an American tour of seventy concerts, seventeen thousand pounds. Their manager acknowledged clearing twelve thousand pounds by the engagement. Titiens, another conspicuous figure in operatic history, in her heyday, received, in 1862, one hundred pounds a night; her concert tour in America brought her one hundred and sixty pounds a performance and one-half the receipts if they exceeded a certain sum. Alboni, some years previous, was given four thousand pounds for the season at Covent Garden.

ADELINA PATTI: THE MUSICAL MIRACLE

Adelina Patti never suffered from the financial timidity of a Jenny Lind. Not only was she a supreme vocalist, but, as Colonel Mapleson remarked, "no one ever approached her in the art of obtaining from a manager the greatest possible sum he could by any possibility contrive to pay." But the musical miracle was the spoiled darling of her day, and she never failed to obtain exactly what she

wanted. She was first engaged in London, in 1861, by Mapleson, to sing four nights "on approval," and, in case of success, to obtain forty pounds a week. This contract was not fulfilled, however, for being hard pressed financially, she had borrowed fifty pounds from a rival manager, and her receipt proved practically a contract. This was the beginning of a career so dazzling that its successive steps are simply a series of increasing banknotes. A few statements will suffice. In 1872 she obtained in London two hundred guineas a night, since she insisted on having more than Christine Nilsson, who was receiving two hundred pounds. She sang twice a week. Ten years later, she was given five thousand dollars a night! Her famous contract to sing in America provided that the money should be paid her at two o'clock on the day she sang, also a drawing-room and sleeping-car to be especially built for her with conservatory and fernery, etc. Further, there was to be deposited to her credit fifty thousand dollars for payment of the last ten performances—Patti's favourite device. She thus received about twenty times what Mario and Grisi got. Her private car, incidentally, cost sixty thousand dollars and contained a silver bath and gold keys to the doors—to say nothing of a two thousand dollar piano. Patti only gave to the manager her voice and her costumes. Her drawing capacity justified this: *Lucia*, as an example, was sung to an average of fourteen thousand dollars. *Traviata* drew more, since she sang more notes: it was a frequent occurrence among the poorer music lovers to buy a club ticket and each take turns at hearing her for twenty minutes; if one overstayed his time he paid for the entire ticket. Some mathematicians computed, by dividing number of notes sung by sum paid, that in *Semiramide* Patti received $42\frac{5}{8}$ cents for each note; this was found to be just $7\frac{1}{10}$ cents per note more than Rossini got for writing the whole opera. Interpretative art has always earned more than the creative, as this illustrates. During the "Patti epidemic" in San Francisco, she often sang to twenty-five thousand dollars. She herself received at about this time eight thousand dollars for each performance at the Cincinnati Music

Festival. In forming some estimate of the fortune she has earned it must be remembered, too, that she enjoyed over forty years of actual career. Her famous and habitual series of successive farewells alone were unparalleled money makers, and though her last disastrous visit to our shores was humiliating to a degree, she still draws whenever she sings in London; for her English people are always loyal to a personality—witness Albani also—no matter what substance remains of a golden memory.

PATTI'S CONTEMPORARIES

A curious story is told of Mme. Etelka Gerster, which serves to show in what demand a great voice always has been. When a young woman she was about to be married, but owing to the pressing needs of an impresario she agreed to sing a number of performances. Her *fiancé*, however, refused to postpone the marriage, and all the frantic manager could do was to pay the happy pair to delay the honeymoon. This was done a number of times; the manager being careful to put this extra sum under a separate head that "it might not be used as a precedent in connection with future engagements." A later record of Gerster's salary approaches Patti's, whom at one time she rivalled closely. The tragic breakdown of her voice in public is well remembered. She is now teaching singing at fancy prices. Christine Nilsson, so closely identified with the other two supreme sopranos, was paid enormous sums. In the early eighties she received for an American concert tour three hundred pounds a night for sixty appearances—with all her hotel bills "but not travelling." So great was her success that she subsequently received a bonus. About this time the famous tenor Campanini and the contralto Scalchi were offered by Abbey in America one thousand dollars a night. In 1886, Lilli Lehmann in three concerts in Milwaukee paid the fine of thirty-two hundred and fifty dollars imposed upon her by the Intendant of the Court Opera, for breaking her contract. She received about fifty pounds an appearance in Germany, and on her American operatic contract about one hundred and twenty pounds.

Jean de Reszké appeared first in New York at one thousand dollars a performance, and the last season, by reason of an agreement to have a percentage, earned about twenty-four hundred dollars an evening. He is now teaching in Paris at twenty-five dollars an hour.

STARS OF TO-DAY

It is practically impossible to be absolutely accurate concerning the salaries of singers now before the public. The data already mentioned has been drawn from reliable sources, but when one considers that opera singers care more for the reputation of their earning capacity than anything else, perhaps slight inaccuracies may be forgiven. The temperamental character of the great singers, too, has changed little and there is still the "double agreement"—the genuine contract and the other for the public's inspection.

Calvé, the imperishable Carmen, has received two thousand dollars a performance; Melba probably the same sum at Hammerstein's, though she averages over twelve hundred dollars; Sembrich, whose song recitals in New York alone net her five thousand dollars each, earns about one hundred thousand dollars a year in opera; Nordica, under Conried, received eleven hundred and fifty dollars an appearance, and from her earnings Emma Eames owns magnificent residences in Paris and Italy. Of the other great sopranos, Gadske, Fremstad, Destinn, Morena, Farrar and Garden obtain a thousand or over for each performance. Tetrazzini, who sings seldom in concerts, earns little less than one hundred thousand dollars a year—though a few seasons ago she was struggling in a cheap company in the West. Caruso gives his time exclusively to the Metropolitan Opera Company, and must divide with them whenever he appears in concert. His salary is spectacular and he is reported to sing at Atlanta this spring at five thousand dollars per concert. His recent illness has cost him a small fortune. Bonci, equally bound to the opera company, is in the hundred thousand class. Aside from the salaries for singing in opera, many of the artists, unlike Caruso, are free to appear elsewhere for their own benefit. It is

said Farrar, Campanari and Fremstad each earns over twenty thousand dollars this way. Scotti, Jörn, Rappold, Amato charge over five hundred dollars each appearance. Homer, the great contralto, sings in concert for eight hundred, and Gilibert, with his specialty of French songs, demands six hundred dollars. Goritz, Blass, Hinckley, Witherspoon and Martin obtain over three hundred dollars a concert. Burgstaller, a favourite interpreter of German *Lieder*, frequently added an extra twelve thousand dollars to his operatic salary. These are all salaries paid in America. Besides this, these singers all drew large royalties from the phonographic records made of their voices—the sums, in some cases, equalling ten thousand dollars a year.

Several collateral if detached facts in connection with this earning capacity may be stated to leaven these enormous prizes of a few careers. Fifty per cent. of the German musicians, for instance, receive less than two hundred and fifty dollars a year; twenty per cent. less than three hundred and seventy-five dollars, and ten per cent. about seven hundred and fifty dollars. There is, however, a pension attached to an engagement at a Court Theatre. There is little of an eleemosynary character in this country, though attempts are made to protect and help the chorus. This chorus earns between eighteen and twenty-five dollars a week—less than show girls. As a rule their voices contain beautiful notes and insurmountable flaws. For their five months' work, none the less, they earn nearly as much as the average doctor and school-teacher.

A word in conclusion may be added concerning the salaries of conductors. Maurice Grau once said that he thought the public never paid to see a man's back. It is suggestive to observe, though, that there has been a steady increase in their earnings: the great music-loving public recognising that, in spite of star casts and elaborate productions, the magic of a performance depends much upon the intelligence and temperament of its pivot. In 1858, Colonel Mapleson paid Vianesi eight pounds a month to conduct at the Drury Lane, London. Mercadante, of the San Carlo Opera House, Naples, re-

ceived five pounds a week. The span of a half century shows quite a change. Grau paid about twenty-five thousand dollars a season for the entire department: Luigi Mancinelli received twelve thousand dollars, and others, including Seidl and Hertz, the remaining thirteen thousand dollars. Hertz now earns about twelve thousand dollars for a season of five months. Campanini, the indefatigable, received about five thousand dollars a month. A few years before he was offered ten thousand dollars a season by Conried and refused to come unless given twelve thousand dollars. Felix Mottl, who agreed to conduct anything from *Carmen* to *Siegfried*, was among the first to obtain twenty-five thousand dollars a season. Toscanini and Mahler (who agreed to conduct only two operas a week) earned a like sum. Though not identified especially with opera, Herr Nikisch, of the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, receives twenty-five thousand

dollars a year; Wilhelm Gericke ten thousand dollars and Wasili Safonoff twenty thousand dollars.

The recent tours of composers conducting their own operas have met with little success in this country. Puccini's visit was purely personal; Saint-Saëns confined himself solely to concerts. The sincere and persistent Leoncavallo failed miserably. Mascagni, his rival, fared even worse: he was engaged in 1902 for fifteen weeks "to produce and himself conduct not more than eight performances of opera and concerts a week." He was to receive sixty thousand dollars in weekly payments of four thousand dollars. His experiences were disastrous, but, like most foreigners, he misjudged the standards to which we had become accustomed. It is not that the American understands music better than the others, but name magic is his disease, and if he does not actually appreciate the best, he wants to know he is getting it.

George Middleton.

TIN-TYPES OF FICTION

I—A LA WHARTON

* * * * *



YDIA sighed deep as the brougham - door snapped in well-bred pianissimo, and settled back upon the cushions with a feeling of relief so poignant as to be in itself almost a pang. No flushed faces, no hard glitter of jewels here—nor, thank God, that harder glitter of desirous eyes. She had an odd sense of safety, remoteness: as if she were back in Sotheby Castle . . . or, her second thought, and one that pleased her better, as if she lay at last beneath the protecting marble of Sotheby Church.

She had, we know, been under no illusions about marriage, about life, even from the start; Lady Glazemere had taken care of that. Yet how could any one have been prepared for such inepti-

tudes of fate as had actually, in the event, become her portion? It was all, she assured herself with a kind of unbelieving desperation, a fluke, an irony, a meaningless fiasco. She would not be bothered; she was, in effect, dead. And for a quarter-hour, at least (swiftly she reckoned it) no rude touch would be laid upon her to hale her back to life; or rather, as she reflected bitterly, to set her galvanically jiggling among those other dolls, male and female, who make up the thing known as society.

"To sleep: perchance to dream"; too well she knew how impossible, even for a quarter-hour, rest was become for her. . . . Even now, like a leer out of the dark, came the memory of the night at Littlehurst, the Vienna rencontre, the scene—so trivial it seemed at the time—in the billiard-room at Sotheby: all the too-familiar links in that chain of circumstance which had dragged her where she was. Yes, Chance, not Providence,

not even Fate, was, she now perceived, to be recognised as the bungling weaver of the shoddy fabric one called life. . . . Suppose, for example, Time—a few minutes, a minute only—had yielded opportunity for the necessary play of quibble and subterfuge on the occasion of the Littlehurst episode; could it have had its otherwise inevitable connotations in the eyes of Lord Arthur? Suppose, again, Lord Arthur's innuendo, with its chance patness, had not succeeded in stripping her, for the instant, bare before him, not a stitch of decorum, of decency even, left upon her. And then there was the Fanny affair! that most impossible contretemps at Kensington: one's worst enemy in one's set to meet one under such conditions—in such companionship. . . .

Damn Fanny!

The simple expletive soothed her, and, soothing, aroused. Was she, then, Lydia, to prove herself unsportsmanlike, a coward, what Ned called a "quitter"? Besides, she might easily recoup herself. What was the loss of a hundred guineas or so; had she not still her diamonds? Another rubber or two, prefaced by a glass of Pommery, a single little glass, and balanced with a cigarette, and they should see. . . .

She rapped sharply to the coachman, who had already made a chrysalis of himself with his furs, and was in the act of lifting the reins. It was half-past one and a cold, clear morning. Lydia paused on the curb, her head thrown back involuntarily, her ironical gaze fixed for an instant, as if in challenge, on the blazing stars.

"Back at six sharp," she called lightly in the direction of the impassive fur bundle on the box; and so swept onward and upward to Fanny.

II—HOPSMITHIAN FABLE

I happened to be riding in a diligence the first time I ever saw the good Dindin. You remember that diligence, the one with the bottle-nosed driver that runs between the Tuileries and the Champs Élysées. The vehicle was crowded when I got in, but everybody instinctively made place for me, so that I lost no time in setting up my combination easel, writing-

desk and draughting-board and getting to work. At the moment, if I recall it, I was busy with a Venetian sketch, the specifications for a new lighthouse at Jersey City, and a contract tale of pathos for "The Fast Set." Naturally, I lost nothing of what went on about me, and was amused at the attention, and, I could not help seeing, admiration, with which my travelling companions regarded me from the moment of my entrance. It was the usual diligence crowd—haunch of bourgeoisie, sauce Parisienne—the latter with boulevardier, grisette and militaire as its chief ingredients. Worthy people all, no doubt, and capable on acquaintance of entertaining a high regard for me. Some day I am going to tell you about them if you are good.

As for Dindin, he chanced to sit at my right elbow, a tall, thin, muscular fellow, hawk-nosed and bright of eye, a man you could not help liking. We took a fancy to each other then and there. Encouraged by my affability, in half a minute he was telling me the story of his life. I cannot give you the man; you would have to hear his voice, see the flash of his eye, the curl of his lip, the quick gesticulation of his lavender-gloved hands—all as I heard and saw them. But you shall have his story; it went something like this:

* * * * *

With the last words his intonation described a downward curve, and I more than fancied a sudden dimness in the black eye. The diligence came to a stop. Our hands met for an instant in a firm grasp; and so we parted.

Forever? By no means. Thrice since then have I and Dindin foregathered, who shall say by chance? . . . Once on the Nile; once in a shabby little out-of-the-way restaurant, Leeds Street, Soho; and once—well, where do you think?—on a bench in Central Park. Some day, no doubt, we are destined to meet again. Who knows where—on some sleepy Dutch canal or the topknot of the Jungfrau? Of one thing you may be sure, when that time comes, he will stride up to me, my friend Dindin, both arms outstretched, a look of delight, well-nigh adoration, on the hawk-features which are to others, I take it, forbidding enough.

We shall embrace, we shall talk our fill; and we shall be content.

III.—THE JACOBITE WAY

When first he heard the crude American voice of the judge rap out, or, shall we say, not too venturously, slobber out the on the whole expected—how could it be otherwise?—sentence, his instinct was, precisely, to laugh. Not that certain appropriated chambers of his cerebellum were not fitted out, yes, full to the brim with sollicitudes, compunctions: qualms, you understand, of the sort that make loafers of themselves upon the cross-roads corner where, for once in a way, the chariots of the mind and the, if I make myself clear, garbage-wagons of the flesh meet, even impinge, more or less lamentably, on the whole, one would say. But there was a thing about him that would have helped any one who knew him, who had really penetrated beneath the hairy cuticle of him, and who might have been gifted at this moment to pry out, wonderfully, from his face, with its brown impassiveness, the fact of that impulse, toward the end of perceiving it to be, if untimely, not unseemly, least of all hysterical or womanish. For he was of a humour; yes, no such person could, grossly, have failed to make out that of him; for that was to know him, that was, you comprehend, *him*. So, inevitably, it compensated at this hour, as it had so

often during that so animated, so rare experience of his, for whatever inconvenience of fact. So the nudity of his deed had decked itself to his consciousness with what softening and alleviation of colour, of light and shade. To have heaved a brick at his wife's head, not ineffectually: some such gross form the achievement, he observed, would have taken in the public mind. The public! When, he must have often considered during those months which interposed their inaction, their seclusion, between arrest and trial, when does the public ever get things right? When has it ever been aware of, he would not affront his intelligence by saying the nuance, the more delicate consideration, but the cloud which, patently, shuts out the sun at noonday? Here, now, was a case. They should not have his laughter; that was for him to hug, amorously, jealously, somewhere under his midriff. Suspension by the neck, then, was to be the end, the cure, beautifully, of his—but no! the thing will not, need not, utter itself. Let us who discern prove ourselves of a delicacy, of a reticence, of a taste not without resemblance, however remote, to his own. This tribute, this votive wreath, were, we must believe, that thing, utterly, he would have wished of us. Incidentally, no doubt, it would be to be noted. . . .

John Wolcott.

THE AUTHOR'S VADE MECUM



OR the benefit of novelists we have compiled the following invaluable list of stock phrases. No "best seller" is complete without them. We offer them only to such romancers as are regularly enrolled on our paid subscription list.

"But why do I tell you all this?" she murmured.

"General! The lad who wishes to see you says that his name is *Lafayette*."

He flicked his last louis on the red—and won!

June, with its roses has come again.

And so, they two, hand in hand, passed together into the scented and mysterious night.

"Brandy! Brandy! For God's sake, fetch brandy!"

The doctor looked down at the white face on the pillow. His eyes were grave; his lips were set.

"Remember, Chalkley! I am at home to no one."

In that brief moment his entire life passed in review before him.

But when, at last, the lights of the village came into view.

The hand of time had dealt lightly with that gentle face.

"It is enough for me, dear, that you are what you are; that you are simply you," she faltered.

He could be there in an hour. There might yet be time.

"Helen! You have been mad to-night."

She lifted the sleeping babe in her arms—a new mother-light dawning in her eyes.

"And now, as if even *that* were not enough, you follow me here to torment me and to witness my daygurr-raday-shum."

His child, he mused. His very own. Oh! the mystery and beauty of it all.

She breathed more freely. One danger had at least been passed.

He turned in dismay and beheld before him a majestic figure robed in red. He

gazed into a pair of searching eyes—they were the eyes of Cardinal Richelieu.

The girl's pure lips were lifted to his in sweet surrender.

"No! No! Not that! Anything, Harold, anything but that."

All eyes were fixed admiringly upon her as she swept majestically down the aisle.

And then, in the pale light of the garden, he drew her, unresisting, to his arms.

What, she wondered, was the secret of the strange power that this man exerted over her?

P. S. In the above list no mention has been made of such rusty and worn-out phrases as: (1) She threw herself on the bed and burst into a passionate flood of tears. (2) A dull, sickening thud. (3) A solitary horseman might have been seen. These expressions are obsolete and should be avoided by all self-respecting novelists.

Francis W. Crowninshield.

THE NEW BAEDER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

VIII—IN AND AROUND HARLEM



IGHT years ago, a gentleman who was much interested in literary associations wrote a book which described New York City as seen through the medium of fiction. It is a very interesting book and contains a large number of fascinating illustrations made by the author himself. But after all, one is struck by the fact that it has so much to do with the lower part of Manhattan Island—Printing House Square, State Street, Vesey Street, Mott Street, the Ghetto, South Fifth Avenue, Washington Square and Middle Broadway. Anything above Fifty ninth Street is regarded as wildly and strangely "uptown"—too remote, in fact, to have any really human interest.

The fiction-writers seem to have viewed the upper portions of New York very much as the French view all of the world which lies outside of France—lumping all foreign lands under the vaguely collective expression *Là-bas*.

A sort of an apology for this is given in the following sentences:*

Among the parts of New York which have been ignored in fiction, Harlem is strikingly prominent. Perhaps this is in a measure due to the swiftness of its growth and the constant changes in its architectural aspect and social conditions from year to year. The ubiquitous Mr. Fawcett has occasionally alluded to it. Mrs. Anna Katharine Greene has used it as the background of one or two

*New York in Fiction. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice. Pp. 191, 192. (New York, 1901.)

of her sensations, but it wholly lacks the charm of maturity which appeals to the literary temperament, and has, justly or unjustly, been regarded as dull and commonplace.

That is to say, all of New York below Harlem is replete with romantic interest; and, after you get past Harlem, there is an historic background upon which writers of fiction may project vivid pictures and scenes in which the actual is artfully blended with the imaginative. But Harlem, which lies between, has not "the maturity which appeals to the literary temperament." Now I may venture to claim a sufficiently intimate acquaintance with this writer to take liberties with his opinions. It is perfectly true, as he has said, that Harlem has not yet made its way into the field of fiction. No one has touched it with fancy or peopled it with the creations of an artistic brain. But this does not mean that Harlem is "dull and commonplace." It means only that it has not yet been discovered. Again, there are more kinds of "literary temperament" than one. I do not lay claim to the possession of that higher form of literary temperament which can take the realities of life and make them radiant with iridescent colour. But I do believe that I can see things as they are and record them with some fidelity. Be it mine, therefore, humbly to take the reader by the hand and lead him into Harlem. Let me be the first to chronicle the facts, and then perhaps others will come after me to touch the facts with fancy.

Indeed, the swiftness of Harlem's growth and "the constant changes in its architectural aspect and social conditions" so far from repelling a writer of novels and short tales, ought rather to attract him. Why should the mutations of Harlem—its kaleidoscopic variety—be less stirring to the imagination than the swift transformation scenes which Australia and California and the regions of the Yukon have witnessed in their time? If they inspired respectively the glowing genius of Charles Reade and the sentiment of Bret Harte and the vocabulary of Jack London, why should there not presently arise a novelist who will make us thrill in every nerve over the life that

is led in Harlem? Poetry has fallen into disrepute of late, but still, some hitherto mute, inglorious Kipling may soon find his voice and give us ballads of Little Coney Island, and Washerwoman's Row in the mood of Realism, or of the bastioned heights of Morningside in the spirit of Romanticism. For my part, I cannot understand why there may not be as much pathos and humour and tragedy in a Harlem flat as Balzac ever found within the walls of the Pension Vauquer.

All this is by way of prelude—perhaps a prelude painful in its prolixity. So let us put aside such profitless excogitation and proceed upon our little journey into Harlem. There are probably a million people in New York who have lived there all their lives, yet who could not inform you just where Harlem has its real beginning. Technically, it may be said to commence with Columbia's South Field and to extend northward until it meets the vast frog-peopled stretches of the Bronx. Yet you begin to feel the influence of Harlem before you actually come to it—a very subtle, indefinable sort of feeling, but one which, nevertheless, you will perceive, if your nature is at all sensitive to the influence of topography.

There are many ways of approaching Harlem; but the ideal way is to walk up West End Avenue, beginning in the middle Nineties. West End Avenue deserves an essay by itself; for it arouses in the mind innumerable speculations, and thoughts that are involved to a degree. To the outward eye it is a broad and well-kept avenue, lined with substantial and often handsome houses, all of them conspicuously new. The architecture is a bit flamboyant. There is much stone carving and fretted work, and many high-reared approaches of massive stone. The windows are of the best plate-glass and are immaculately neat. The *trottoir* is broad with ample flagstones. There is no avenue on Manhattan Island more congruous or more complete after its own fashion.

Yet, as you pass along its thoroughfare, getting glimpses of the Hudson in the distance, you have a strange uncanny feeling that this is not New York. It is much easier to note the difference than to assert just what it is.

I am inclined to think that here is in reality No-Man's Land and that it is populated by those who may be best described in the cryptic and yet expressive statement that "they don't *belong*." Certainly they don't belong to the old New York below them, and they are not of the old New Yorkers. On the other hand, West End Avenue is not Harlem, nor have its people become so remote from the lower portions of Manhattan as to be enrolled of right among the frankly emancipated citizens of Harlem. West End Avenue is probably a social Alsatia—not a swashbuckling, roaring, bohemian Alsatia, like that depicted by Sir Walter Scott; but rather a smug Alsatia into which families have crept as a place of refuge against the time when they really will "belong." It is only a speculation of mine, but I fancy that West End Avenue shelters many a household which had its beginnings far downtown, in the purlieus of Third Avenue with a gradual creeping up to Seventh Avenue and Eighth Avenue, each stage of advance being marked by an increase of the family treasure. At one end, we may see perhaps a small thread-and-needle shop, and then a somewhat larger establishment with strictly cash customers. The father is the proprietor. The sons are the floor-walkers. The mother and the daughters look after the accounts in some mysterious cage that is concealed from general view. Then there is a further stage of evolution which is marked by the possession of an "emporium" somewhere on Eighth Avenue or Columbus Avenue. There is much money made in this emporium, though its customers are individually unimportant. But now the mother and the daughters disappear from the establishment. It is the sons who take their place within the cage; while the father has an office in the upper regions, inaccessible to all save such as are particularly favoured.

By this time the family has severed all its old associations. It has carefully forgotten the friends of former days. The women, with the social ambition of their sex, are planning to emerge from their long obscurity into surroundings where they can begin, as it were, a new existence. It is for them and in order to sup-

ply this need of theirs, that the upper part of West End Avenue was built. Here they remain for a time in a state of semi-isolation. They have not yet taken root. They are learning and they are waiting. They have spent much money upon externals and they are hoping after a while to make that final leap which will give them an assured position, with new and thoroughly established friends and with the thousand ties which, like interlacing ivies, unite tall, firmly rooted trees. But in West End Avenue they know scarcely any one as yet. They are doubtful of their neighbours, for they believe these neighbours to be like unto themselves. They are called upon by the "pastor" of their place of worship, and they have small teas and minor social entertainments at which the guests are carefully selected; but they are very careful not to make mistakes. They aspire dumbly. They read *Town Topics* and the "society news" in the Sunday papers. They are not quite certain as to how they ought to treat the servants. But before them there gleams a faint mirage in which they see with fear and hopeful trembling the time when they will perhaps in reality "belong."

If there is something timid in the social expectancy of those who live within these houses in upper West End Avenue, their timidity is certainly balanced by the boldness of the artists who were allowed to embellish the architecture of the mansions themselves. Somewhere about One Hundredth Street you may note with interest the clash of two conflicting schools. One I may venture to call the Zoölogico-Mythical School of Art as applied to exterior decoration, and the other may be roughly styled the Modernised-Anachronistic-Classical School. The masters of these two schools met, as it were, in a struggle for artistic supremacy at a strategic point not far from the street which I have just mentioned. One of them was turned loose in one block, while the other was allowed to work his will in the block immediately above. One slashed in red sandstone, and the other in a sort of gray stone of which I do not know the name. The results are rare and wonderful. I imagine that the Zoölogico-Mythical artist had read four or five bestiaries of the thirteenth cen-



**"ANYHOW, THE FRONTS OF THE HOUSES WHICH HE ASSAILED ARE STUDED HEAVILY
WITH GRIFFINS"**



**"THEY JUT OUT FROM THE HIGH STONE STEPS AND SNARL AND GRIN AT YOU AS YOU GO BY.
THEY WOULD CONVERT ANY JOVIAL SOUL TO TOTAL ABSTINENCE IF
HE CAME UPON THEM IN A HURRY"**

tury, that he had then dipped into the famous *Physiologus* through the medium of a translation made in Hoboken, and that finally, after drinking six cocktails, he had plunged at the façades of these houses, determined to annihilate his Modernised-Anachronistic-Classical rival. Anyhow, the fronts of the houses which he assailed are studded heavily with griffins. At least, I suppose they are griffins. I never saw a griffin myself, but unless these lapidary monsters are griffins, they can't be anything at all. They jut out from the high stone steps and snarl and grin at you as you go by. They would convert any jovial soul to total abstinence if he were to come upon them in a hurry. There are griffins above and griffins below and curly-tailed griffins squatting in the middle. I hardly know how to express my admiration of them; so perhaps I had better give the untutored testimony of a small boy whom I discovered sauntering up the avenue while the griffins were being photographed for me. There is nothing like getting a first-hand impression from one who has not had his mind sophisticated by too much talk about

Art. So I gently propelled the small boy into the neighbourhood of the griffins, and after he had looked at them, I asked him what he thought of them. His opinion was brief but comprehensive. What he said was—

"Gee!"

I doubt whether Lessing or Furtwängler could really have expressed so much in many volumes.

However, I must confess that after wandering around these griffins for a certain length of time, they seem to me a bit too violent both in form and colour

to be perpetually pleasing. Therefore it is with satisfaction that I pass on to the Modernised-Anachronistic-Classical exhibition on the block above. The artist who is responsible for it showed a fine sense of self-restraint. His fancy—or perhaps I should rather say his cultivated taste—led him to express himself chiefly through the medium of medallions carved on the stone pillars which support the steps of the different houses that he adorned. Everywhere he is classical, whether he indulges in fruits or flowers,

or whether he plunges into mythology or into classical antiquity. His pomegranates are superb. They suggest to you at once enormous peanuts just emerging from the shell. I suppose that Alcinoüs in Phæacia had peanuts such as these. The fact that the pomegranates resemble peanuts, gives proof of the subtle way in which this master has imparted a modern, not to say an American, touch to the subjects which he has immortalised afresh. Take his medallions, for example. On one of them is the god Hermes with his winged cap. Yet to represent Hermes as Praxiteles represented him in classic Hellas

would have convicted the artist of a lack of progress. Shall a West End Avenue sculptor slavishly copy old Praxiteles? Is an American of the twentieth century willing to admit that he is not "up to date"? No, sir! Not on your life! Therefore, while he has given Hermes the winged *petasus*, he has likewise supplied him with a fine curly mustache which makes him resemble General George A. Custer as he appeared at the battle of the Little Big Horn. It was a daring thing to show Hermes with whiskers; yet as in the case of all great artistic efforts, this daring

HERMES WITH THE WHISKERS



ALEXANDER THE GREAT AT THE BATTLE OF GRAVELOTTE

has justified itself. So, too, coming down from mythology to history, we have another medallion which is evidently the head of Alexander the Great, though he wears a Prussian *Pickelhaube*. One is, therefore, to understand that this is Alexander the Great as he appeared at the battle of Gravelotte. You somehow conceive the notion that after the battle, Alexander went off to a secluded corner and regaled himself with *Leberwurst*.

It is not for me, however, with my

board plastered over with theatrical advertisements and posters exhibiting a young man pointing his finger directly at you, and telling you (in big letters) that "Your credit is good." It gives you a comfortable feeling to be assured in this public way that your credit is good; and so you pass up Broadway, *capite aperto*, with a jaunty air, until you cross an imaginary line and find yourself within the boundaries of Harlem.

It seems a pleasant place; for the river still meets your eye upon the left, and



"AN ACRE OF BILLBOARD PLASTERED OVER WITH THEATRICAL ADVERTISEMENTS AND POSTERS EXHIBITING A YOUNG MAN POINTING HIS FINGER AT YOU"

limited knowledge of Art, to describe even imperfectly all these masterpieces of genius. Let us hurry on and emerge from West End Avenue into upper Broadway. There is one corner that is gratefully French—with Archambauld's café fronted by trees in tubs; and on another the Hôtel Marseille—the last place for a really good dinner until you reach Clairmont. What a pity that in its white and green and cheerful restaurant they speak of the *maitre garçon* as "the Captain!" Here Broadway displays magnificent structures in the style of Renaissance, and also an acre of bill-

you pass a pile of stately buildings and turn into a grove where, in the early springtime, you may enjoy the scents of coming summer. This is no ordinary spot. Stroll across the turf and stand just within a noble gateway flanked by stone work. Through it you may see a very interesting structure across the street. It is an institution of learning, or at least it is affiliated with an institution of learning; and at its doors there enter or issue at certain hours of the day uncounted numbers of women who are working there upon almost every subject that you can conceive of. They are being



"MOST OF THEM LIVE IN A GREAT TOWERING MASS OF BUILDINGS MADE OF RED BRICK AND LIGHT STONE, AND BEARING THE NAMES OF THREE AMERICAN POETS"

educated in Education, in Pragmatism, and in Domestic Science—which sounds better than making beds and cooking—and some of them are attending courses on the Psychology of Sex. I believe that no woman is permitted to hear lectures on the Psychology of Sex unless she is thirty years of age, and this naturally makes the course what some of its members would style "exclusive." Yet the restriction seems a rather strange one; since if a woman who has reached the age of thirty cannot give points to any man on the Psychology of Sex, then it is quite certain that she will never know anything at all.

But just consider all these women who come streaming out multitudinously and in an infinite variety. There are tall women, and there are short women; there are stout women, and there are slender women; there are young women, and there are old women; there are women who have a purpose, and there are other women who think they have a purpose; and still more numerous are those who think that they think they have a purpose. Some of them wear

spectacles and twist their hair up into a little knot, while their skirts yawn in trying to meet their waists. Others are cut in two by blazing belts. Still others go hatlessly about. But they all have an eager and yet jaded look, because this work means much to them, or else they think it does, which is very much the same. Most of them live in a great towering mass of buildings made of red brick and light stone and bearing the names of three American poets. It is wonderful to think of so many women crowded into these sky-piercing structures—women in full measure, pressed down and running over. Some of them have come great distances to labour hard for a diploma, and not a few are staking on the effort the money which they have hoarded up for years and years. It is their presence which has made this part of Harlem leap with a sort of galvanic thrill of life. Not long ago there were open fields and craggy rocks and only a few squatters' huts in all this section. Now the great bastioned towers, filled with women, dominate the scene; while, as if by magic, there have sprung up tea-rooms, lunch-rooms, druggists' shops and



THE END OF HAIRPIN ALLEY

delicatessen places, and florists and manicures and tailors and vendors of stationery.

I should imagine that a single one of these repositories for note-books must make a fortune every year; for is not the note-book habit the one which every woman in the place acquires? They take notes hour after hour and week after week, chasing after the words of the instructor in a fever of excitement. These note-books are precious beyond description even though the notes may be hope-

and a man. They are walking idly in the shadows that are chequered by the moonlight. It is exceedingly bad form to listen to a conversation which is not meant for you, especially at such a time and place as this. Yet the behests of science urge you on, and you stealthily approach the slowly moving pair. She is perhaps a girl who has given some touches of adornment to her person. He is probably a man who looks as though his diet were composed entirely of breakfast foods.



THE BEGINNING OF HAIRPIN ALLEY

lessly incorrect. None the less, they are the outward and visible signs of what each girl or woman has accomplished. If you yourself believe that you know something of the Psychology of Sex, you might imagine that somewhere here the little god would chance to shoot an arrow. Perhaps this may be so. Select an early summer evening, when the soft wind from the river sighs through the tree-tops of the grove, and presently you will find the inevitable combination of a woman

Nevertheless they are man and woman, and Nature is very strong. The moon is shining overhead. They think they are quite alone. What are they murmuring together?

"I don't quite understand just what the continuity of the Ego depends upon. Do you, Mr. Briggs? I think that Professor Swabb said that there was needed a preliminary occultation of the—what did he say?"

"Well, I think he said that it wasn't a



"IN THE CHEMIST'S SHOP YOU MAY SEE DISPLAYED A SNOW-WHITE GOAT"

preliminary occultation but a sort of psychic—er—that is—well I don't quite remember, but it's in my note-book."

"Well, I don't remember either, so I think I must hurry home and see. It is really very late."

And so they part, each going to a note-book in a stuffy room, unconscious of all the beauty and the freedom of the glorious night and of the great vault of heaven, scintillant with its myriads of stars.

From the open door, eastward to the corner, and then north, hundreds of thousands of women's feet go back and forth each year. If you choose to walk along the pavement and there look down, you will find at least one hairpin every minute. For this is Hairpin Alley. It begins where I have indicated, continues around the corner where there stands a chemist's shop, and ends in the middle of a block where there are pillars and stairways of stone, and a great open double door which swallows up this tide of femininity. In the chemist's shop you may see displayed a snow-white goat. There was a time when Harlem was believed to be given up to goats entirely. Yet this stuffed animal in the chemist's window is labelled, "Nellie, the Last of the Harlem Goats."

It is at this corner that the hairpins lie

the thickest. Gather a handful, if you will, and lay them out before you and see what each can tell of her who wore and lost it.

One of them is long and straight, except for a sort of defiant twist in the middle. Its late wearer must be defiant, uncompromising and almost grim. She is taking education by the throat, so to speak, and forcing it to exude something that will be to her advantage. Elsewhere she is the sort of woman who blocks the approach to a ticket-office while she bullies the agent behind the wicket, or bursts in upon a waiting line, elbowing her way to a place that is not her own. What does she care for the amenities? If she ever heard of them she regards them as something only to be mocked at. She is a "strong-arm" woman with a raucous voice. Her tones are loud and harsh in public dining-rooms. The only thing for which she has a real respect is the note-book and the professor. She is tall and angular with a skirt of rusty black and some kind of a waist that is out of perpendicular. Her hair is grizzled, and from contact with it, this hairpin seems to be a little grizzled, too.

Then there is the smaller, straighter, smoother hairpin, bent somewhat outward by one who has thrust it into place

in a hasty, careless manner as though fearing lest she should be late to lectures. This one is a younger woman and she has the traces of what were once good looks; but her eyes are beginning to be dulled and her brain bemused by low living and a pathetic attempt at high thinking through the assistance of the note-book. There was a time when she was softer and gentler and when she might have really lived and loved. But her cheeks have grown hollow, her hair is in disorder. She thinks little of how she dresses, and she talks only in the vocabulary that one hears on Hairpin Alley.

A third and still more delicate bit of wire brings to mind a girl who is not yet thirty. Sometimes she looks over the greensward and up into the sky, and she still has dreams of other things than classrooms and syllabi and note-books. Her hands are rather pretty, even though they are grimed by her everlasting pencil-writing. Could some one catch her now and rescue her and tell her that "education" is mostly sham, she would be a grateful Andromeda to a valiant Perseus. But the toils are closing fast around her, and before long she will have crossed the line and will have taken her place definitely in the ranks of her unhappy sisters to whom Manual Training and Extension Teaching and Theoretical Philanthropy and Household Chemistry represent all the realities of life. She will never be a grim, gaunt grenadier like the first of those whom I have reconstructed for you. She will always be patient and pathetic—



"WASHERWOMAN'S ROW BRISTLES WITH FIRE-ESCAPES AND TIN SIGNS"

yes, infinitely pathetic, so that one could almost shed a tear over this expressive hairpin.

And then there is the little, slender hairpin—"invisible hairpins" I think they call them—with a ripple of curves on each side and a certain coquetry suggested by the very sight of it. The girl who dropped this does not care for "education." She may think she does, but she is grievously mistaken. She has a note-book like the rest, but she cannot make out the scribbles that she has made in it. She comes very likely from the South or from the West, and in her heart there bubbles up a rill of fun. She is



"IN ONE VACANT FIELD THERE IS A MIGHTY ROCK"



"THIS VAST DISTRICT IS THE BLOOMSBURY OR CLAPHAM JUNCTION, AND THE PEOPLE ARE THE PETITES GENS, OF NEW YORK"

here because some one has told her that she ought to be here; but she manages to extract amusement from her stay. Her head with its fluffy hair is rather empty of ideas; yet she chatters briskly; she eats *sondhis* in the druggist's where the goat looks from the window; and sometimes in the evening she sits for a few moments on the steps with a man—perhaps a real Man—who tells her pleasant

things and, when he leaves her, manages to hold her hand a trifle longer than is necessary. She does not tell him, nor does she tell any of her companions, that somewhere in the South or West there is another man who has a claim upon her. Up in the eighteenth floor of one of the great brick and white buildings, and tucked away carefully in a corner of her trunk is an engagement ring such as girls



"THE GREEN AND WHITE INSERTED GALLICISM OF ARCHAMBAULT'S"

wear in Kokomo or Milledgeville. On coming to New York she has discreetly drawn it from her finger and hidden it away. Why should she warn off the casual men who are attracted by her pretty face and who will take her out to see Grant's Tomb or to eat ice cream in some contiguous tea-room? She will go back to Kokomo or to Milledgeville at the end of the year with a demure look upon her face and the ring once more upon her finger; and great will be her prestige because of the period that she has spent in the vicinity of Hairpin Alley.

After you reach the termination of the Alley and look before you to the north there is nothing much that seems attractive. The broad street dips and then rises steeply, so that the cable-cars seem to be going up and down upon their noses. In one vacant field there is a mighty rock, on which perhaps the druggist's goat used to be seen; but beyond there is a dreary stretch of sordid avenue flaunting a wild and painful panorama of butchers' signs and barbers' poles and green-grocers' goods and the stock of fruiterers—Italian, Greek and German. Not far beyond is that ugly and anomalous cross-cut which is popularly known as Washerwoman's Row. It bristles with fire-escapes and tin signs, and asseverations of the virtues of Omega Oil. This is the Bowery of Harlem. Should we go still further, we should find that curious artery of trade and traffic and amusement which cuts across the upper town and which, if you walk its length, shows you a sort of composite of everything else which the metropolis contains—dilapidated dens, great shops, a row or two of trees, some theatres and then once more pure squalor. Come up here at night and you may witness the production of drama which is Harlemaesque and human, though it be nothing more. *Lottie the Poor Saleslady* and *Nellie the Beautiful Cloak-Model*—these plays get down to life not altogether as it is, but as it partly is and as it partly seems to be to the inhabitants of Harlem. Or, perhaps you can listen to *Carmen* and the tuneless Italian operas at a cost of fifty cents for the best seat in the house. These homes of Thespis are always crowded. Fat women are especially in evidence, and it

is far better to go there when the air is cool.

But we shall not pursue our wanderings so far. Let us turn aside from Hairpin Alley, and only a few steps will take us to one of the most beautiful places upon Manhattan Island—the heights of Morningside. Years and years ago, somewhere in the sixties, the omnipotent Tweed desired to do a favour to a friend, and so he gave this friend a contract to build a mighty wall along the bluffs of Morningside—then miles away from everything. Oddly enough, this friend was honest and he was an artist, too; and hence the imposing battlement with its buttresses and massive steps stand now, after the lapse of four decades, as strong and fine as when they first were reared. Leaning over the upper wall you may look down a precipitous decline and see a maze of leaves and opening blossoms and just beyond, far underneath, a stretch of greensward, the very sight of which will bring you rest and peace. If you look no further it seems as though the City—the great sordid, steaming, sweltering City—had vanished quite away. The liquid bird-notes trill in golden music through your ears, and you wonder that this place is scarcely known to those who live a mile or two below it.

But look still farther on, and you will see a mass of buildings jammed close together. Each one is cut up into little flats, where the dark rooms give upon dingy shafts, and where the whistle of the butcher-boy comes shrilly up through the dumb-waiter. Here is where a hundred thousand human beings herded together—respectable, but dwarfed in mind and soul by the *res angusta domi*. Their fathers and sons and brothers, and sometimes the daughters, too, spend their days toiling somewhere in the mysterious regions which are collectively called "downtown"; and these fathers and sons and brothers and daughters are they who crowd the subway trains and swarm upon the elevated roads and choke the surface-cars just twice in every twenty-four hours, going to work early in the morning and coming back limp and listless in the evening. This vast district is the Bloomsbury or Clapham Junction, and the people are the *petites gens*, of New York.

They are less happy than their British congeners because they do not have a little house for every family and a strip of green around it. They are huddled together in the everlasting flats; and the women go marketing and gossip with the janitor's wife and carry on their petty feuds with never a glimpse of the world which God intended to be theirs as well as everybody's. Some day this part of New York will yield many pages to the writer of good fiction. Its people and its life are like the people and the life which are drawn for us by Sir Walter Besant in one of his less read stories, where he describes for us what he chooses to call Clerkland.

"No one possesses a private carriage, not even the doctor; nobody keeps more than one servant; there are no dinner parties; a dress coat is absolutely not known; dinner is regarded, not as a function or religious ceremony—as it should be—but as a necessary operation, like stoking the engine—necessary but expensive even with the best management, and a thing to be jealously kept within limits. Yet, though there are no dress coats, think not that there is no society. There is a great deal of society. Young folks enjoy greater facilities for meeting each other than persons who obey a stricter law of convention and propriety. The girls get lots of pretty things to put on—as most pretty things, in fact, are cheap—though they have to make up these pretty things with their own pretty hands for their own pretty figures. As for getting engaged, they are all engaged sometimes half a dozen times over, but never more than once at a time, so lofty is the moral standard, before they finally settle down."

"The residents mostly know each other, either with familiarity and intimate friendship or with speaking acquaintance. And they know each others' private affairs: they know where every husband has his berth, and what is his salary, what his family; what his wife's method of household management, and, pretty nearly, the weekly bill of the butcher. It is not so much in a spirit of prying curiosity that this knowledge is sought—curiosity, doubtless, enters to a certain extent into the inquiry—we are but human—as in the desire to get, if possible, another wrinkle into the great and wonderful mystery of managing. For lo you! We who boast that we are men—men the creators,

men the inventors, men who carry along the world, men who discover, create, enlarge—we men have never imagined or devised anything that surpasses in ingenuity, wit, contrivance, and marvels of results, the great art of management invented by woman, and carried in this suburb to its utmost perfection. It is, indeed, a miracle.

"Understand that she who has to bring up a family of six on a small income of twelve hundred dollars, to educate them, to teach them manners, to make them appear in the streets neatly and (for the girls) prettily dressed, must forever be studying this wonderful art. She does not go out to spend; she stays at home to manage; she does not buy this or that as the whim seizes her, if she thinks that she wants it; she manages. That is to say, for the most part she does without—she waits. But consider when, at last, after patient waiting, she arrives at the power of getting a thing that is to add so much to the family comfort, she purchases it with a far fuller joy, a far deeper satisfaction, a far greater thankfulness than can ever be enjoyed by that unhappy Dives who only experiences a slight sense of something lacking before he orders and buys a thing. The matron who manages gets the full flavour and enjoyment of everything that she buys or possesses.

"To be able to buy so little! That seems to outsiders who need not consider a sixpence, or even a half-crown, a most unhappy thing. Not so. The unhappiness is in being unable to live up to your own standard of material comfort. As for what is unattainable, those who live here see it not—a lofty impenetrable, unsurmountable hedge hides from them the trees which bear the fruits which they cannot pluck and eat. Some of the younger sort peep over and yearn after them, but as for the elders, they are content; they live as they have always lived, under the law of management.

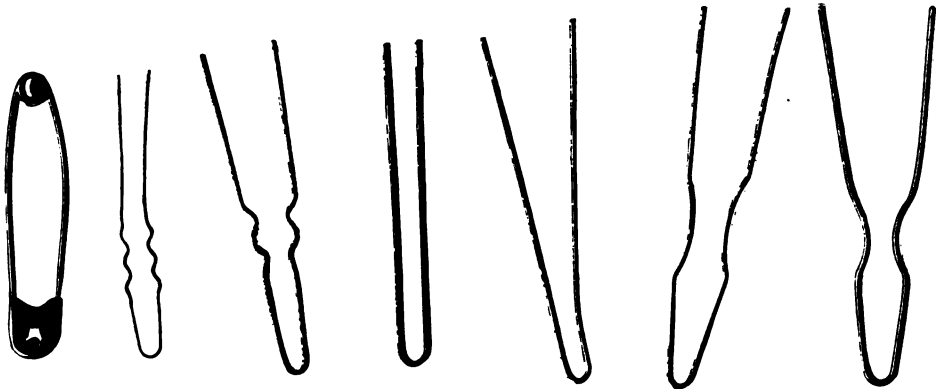
"It is not, indeed, an unhappy life, that of the *petites gens*—the folk of the very small income. They have to make their things last a long while; they hardly ever have as much dinner as they could put away, had they a free hand, so to speak. Anything that cannot be made at home wants money; therefore everything that can be made at home is made there. The clever husband, with his own hands and the family gimlet, executes the little repairs of the house and furniture. Sometimes, but not often, he is so clever that he can actually make things—cabinets, chests of drawers, pic-

ture frames, cupboards, seats and benches. His wife does the repairs of all the garments except the boots. To the philosopher it is difficult to understand why she has not long since resolved to mend the boots as well as the socks. The one servant does the washing. It is astonishing how much may be saved when husband and wife are thrifty, and know how to manage. Above all, and as the first consideration, one must not eat or drink too much; the children are expected to finish up the bread and butter, and not to ask for more. Everything is doled; the tea by half-spoonfuls; the milk drop by drop, as if it were a precious cordial; the butter is spread thin and the cheese is cut in bits the size of dice. Well, they have always been accustomed to pare and to save—it is their life: they are never able to buy—they must manage."

I have quoted this at length just to show how rich is the field which awaits the fiction writer who shall discover Harlem and get a close and intimate acquaintance with all its phases. There

is so much more to move one in these narrow lives than in the swagger of the romantic hero or the monotonous luxury of the millionaire. I feel myself that I could write a "best seller" about life in Harlem—but, of course, every one thinks that a "best seller" is easy to be written.

Nevertheless, the time will come when some one will do what Neith Boyce nearly did in her story of *A Provident Woman*, and make one feel the almost cruel power of the simple verities where men and women gather. To the coming writer of the Harlem novel, I freely present these scrappy notes, which have done scant justice to the great treasure-house which waits for a despoiler—the sandstone griffins of West End Avenue, the green and white inserted Gallicism of Archambault's, the withering womanhood of Hairpin Alley, the life that seethes in a multitude of little flats, and the romantic beauty of the sparkling river on the west and of the misty green of Morningside.



"FOR THIS IS 'HAIRPIN ALLEY'"

VOX AMORIS

I heard love singing in the dawn,
With lips made red where sleep had lain,
His cheeks were fresher than a rose
That lifts its face against the rain.

We met again at twilight time;
His eyes had grown more sad and sweet,
He bore his arrows wearily,
And dust was clinging to his feet—
But lo, his voice had changed no whit,
I knew him by the sound of it.

Sara Teasdale.



ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY GORDON CRAIG, ENGLAND

THE RETURN OF WOOD ENGRAVING



ON a journey through a book," said Walter Crane, "it is pleasant to reach the basis of a picture or an ornament, to sit awhile under the palms, to let our thoughts unburdened stray, to drink of other intellectual waters, and to see the ideas we have been pursuing, perchance, reflected in them. Thus we end as we begin, with images."

It would be an exaggeration to say that only the earlier wood-cut methods of

producing book decorations and book illustrations are preferable to all modern perfected methods of illustrative reproduction. However, work produced in the earlier manner has so distinct a charm of its own that there is room, perhaps, for a little circle of pre-Bewickites, if one may christen the phrase.

There scarcely exists a more intimate form of art, fraught, as wood-engraving truly is, with the joy of doing things for the sake of art's own reward. Still the wood-cut may be looked upon as unworthily old-fashioned if it happens to



THE BATH. BY LÉON RUFFE, FRANCE



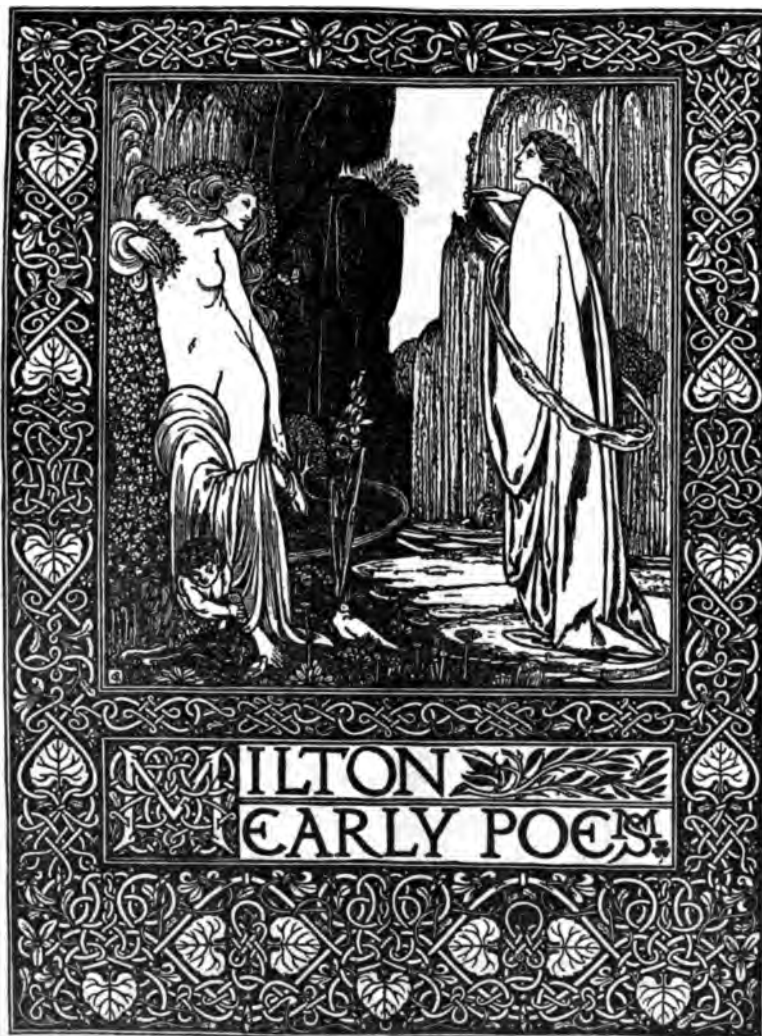
"LA PÉNICHE." WOODCUT BY PAUL COLLIN, FRANCE

be lacking in that æsthetic accompaniment of qualities that draw our hearts to the work of the Italians of the Quattrocento, or, again, to Albrecht Dürer and others who have made wood-engraving worthy a high place in intellectual estimation. A few years ago its entire direction was that of decline and mediocrity, vainly attempting to hide, as so often is the case, under the bursting bushel of technical dexterity.

The Pre-Raphaelite painters caught the spark in designing for wood-cuts, but, alas! for many years few have followed their impulses. Indeed it is to be won-

dered at that artists should have come to neglect for so long a time this mode of expression, which is one of the most satisfying in the category of the arts.

To-day it is a pleasure to chronicle a distinct revival in wood-engraving, following the hopeful indications the past handful of years has thrown out to us from Germany, France, and England. Now Italy, Austria, Russia, Spain, and even the Scandinavian countries are giving serious attention to this art. That is to say, master-artists are turning to it not so much as a means of livelihood, for it is nothing of the sort, at least to the





"EVENING." WOODCUT BY A. DE KAROLIS, ITALY



"THE SHEEP." WOODCUT BY PAUL COLLIN, FRANCE



"THE DUTCH MILL." WOODCUT BY LOUISE GLAZIER, ENGLAND



"MADONNA AND CHILD." WOODCUT BY LOUISE
GLAZIER, ENGLAND



"MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY." WOODCUT
BY LOUISE GLAZIER, ENGLAND



"WITTENBERG." ENGRAVED BY GORDON CRAIG, ENGLAND



"MADONNA, CHILD, AND ANGELS." WOODCUT BY A. DE KAROLIS, ITALY



"THE BARN." WOODCUT BY PAUL COLLIN, FRANCE



"THE VILLAGE." WOODCUT BY PAUL COLLIN, FRANCE

extent that painting is, but they are turning to it as a media of expressing with undeviating force certain art ideas, thus producing veritable little *billets* for their journeys through the delectable Land of Ideals.

Surely it profits us to peep back through the windows of time to the days of the early illustrators, and well may the spirits of the Seven Little Masters rejoice that the Children of Those Days That Were To Come have not forgotten their heritage, and no longer neglect the tools of a simple craft that shall interpret for the future, just as it is again interpreting to the present some of the most delightful ideas that dwell in the minds of artists to-day, art-ideas that no other medium records, which otherwise would be lost to all time.

We must not look upon the wood-cut simply as an illustration, but as an interpretation, frankly disclosing so much of high interest to those appreciative of higher things.

The writer has selected at random

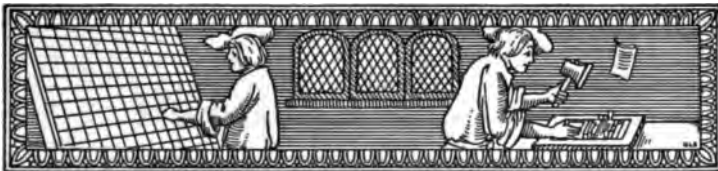
from his portfolio a little collection of impressions from wood blocks by young artists of various lands, artists who are striving to reproduce the impress of their art-personalities. It is not the purpose



FRAGMENT FROM BOTTICELLI'S "TOBILOLO." WOODCUT BY A. SPADINI, ITALY

here to trace the history of wood-engraving or to present a *critique* of the work of its followers, but to call attention to wood-engraving's re-birth, which deserves broad encouragement.

Gardner Teall.



FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD— AN ESTIMATE

I. HIS LITERARY CREED

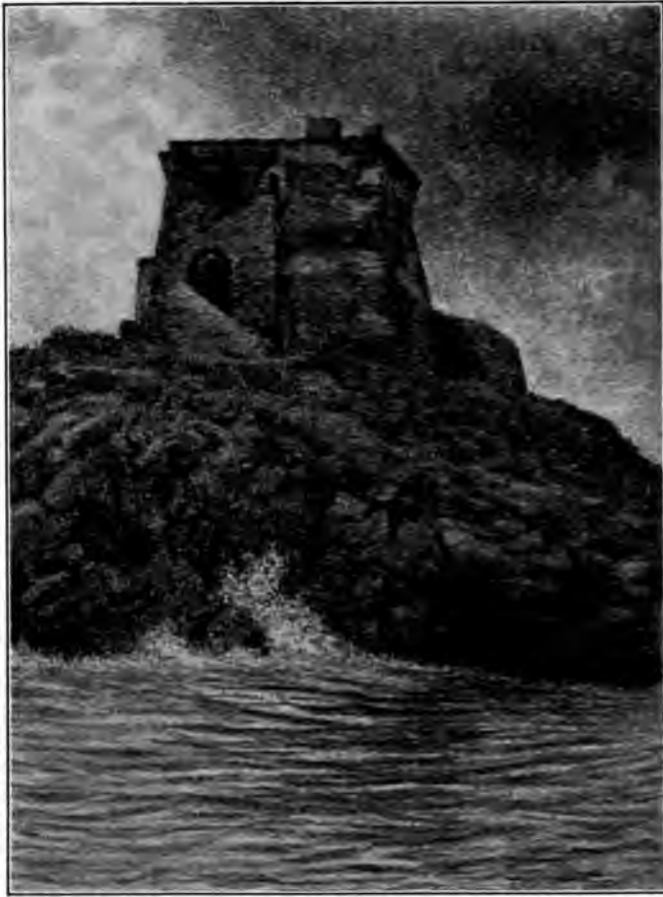


HERE is a peculiar satisfaction in undertaking a critical study of Mr. Marion Crawford for a series of articles which by their very title avow the intention of viewing the novelist primarily in his capacity of story-teller. While it is quite true that an interesting plot is the indispensable corner-stone of successful fiction, yet many of the greatest novels are not those in which the story-teller's art has reached its highest development—they are great because they are not only stories, but a great deal else besides: fearless paintings of existing conditions; trenchant criticisms of life. And conversely, many a novel faulty in structure, false in colouring, exaggerated in action to the point of melodrama, have been vitalised by that magic instinct of the born story-teller, that inimitable gift of making miracles seem plausible, and convincing you that impossibilities could have happened simply by telling you with assured audacity that they really did happen. Consequently, to approach a novelist primarily on the story-telling side is neither a direct road to discovering his permanent place in fiction nor a barrier to such discovery. It simply determines the initial point of view, saves the trouble of many explanations and saving clauses, and often makes possible a greater indulgence for shortcomings, a more cordial recognition of merit. In the case of Mr. Crawford the advantages of this standpoint are sufficiently obvious. Whatever position may be assigned to him now or hereafter in English letters, it must be conceded that he is first, last and always a prince of story-tellers, whose title was inborn and not acquired. Just a quarter of a century ago, when *Mr. Isaacs* unexpectedly caught the attention of a volatile reading public, there were those who predicted,

in view of its oddity of theme and treatment, that the newly discovered author would never again repeat his initial success, that Mr. Crawford would remain in the class of authors of one book. Yet any one with a well-developed critical sense must have seen in *Mr. Isaacs*, beneath its Oriental colouring and its mystical atmosphere, the first flowings of that strong, steady, inexhaustible current of narration which has held its even way through upward of twoscore volumes, not one of which deserves the stigma of mediocrity, while just a few possess a quality entitling them to a higher recognition than they have yet received.

There is yet another reason for preferring to treat of Mr. Crawford primarily as a story-teller, and that is that it is the point of view from which he himself would choose to be treated. The first axiom of all impartial and helpful criticism is that an author's work should be judged in the light of what he has intended to do. Most novelists of real importance have sooner or later expressed in print their theories of the art they practised, but few have done so with the terse clearness, the uncompromising conviction that characterise Mr. Crawford's suggestive little monograph upon *The Novel—What It Is*. To the critic it is a most helpful little volume, not for a better understanding of what constitutes a novel—since there are a score of points on which one is inclined to take issue with the author—but for a better understanding of Mr. Crawford himself. Indeed, it is scarcely too much to say that it is a convenient key to every one of his merits and defects. And for that reason it seems wise to examine it somewhat carefully, to quote from it rather freely, and to get quite clearly before us just what his theories of fiction are and why those theories do not always bear the fruit which he expected to obtain from them.

In the first place, then, the novel is defined by Mr. Crawford as a "market-



"THE ANCIENT TOWER." MARION CRAWFORD'S WORKSHOP

The workshop of the late Marion Crawford was in an ancient ruin on the Calabrian coast, eighty or ninety miles south of his Sorrento home. The ruin is one of the watch-towers erected centuries ago by Charles V against Saracenic invasion. The walls are eight feet thick. Mr. Crawford discovered the tower when he was cruising in his yacht, the *Alda*, which was once the New York pilot boat *Esra Nye*. He bought the tower for fifty years at the price of \$25 per year.

able commodity," of the class collectively termed "intellectual artistic luxuries." In other words, the first object of the novel is "to amuse and interest the reader," and a novelist is at all times under an implied contract with the prospective purchasers to give them the entertainment they are looking for and to attempt nothing more serious than entertainment. It is not surprising, therefore, that he has no tolerance whatever for the purpose novel, not merely because "in art of all kinds the moral lesson is a mistake," but for the more specific reason that the purpose novel is "a simple fraud, . . . an odious

attempt to lecture people who hate lectures, to preach at people who prefer their own church, and to teach people who think they know enough already." The novel is nothing more nor less than "a pocket theatre," the novelist nothing more than "a public amuser."

It is good to make people laugh; it is sometimes salutary to make them shed tears; it is best of all to make our readers think—not too serious thoughts, nor such as require an intimate knowledge of science and philosophy to be called thoughts at all—but to think, and, thinking, to see before



THE BAY OF NAPLES FROM MARION CRAWFORD'S HOME

them characters whom they might really like to resemble, acting in scenes in which they themselves would like to take part.

Mr. Crawford need not have added to the above paragraph a single word regarding his attitude toward romance and realism; for it is obvious that the novelist who recognises that his chief duty is to entertain, and who deliberately purposes to leave out of his books all characters whom his readers would not like to resemble and all scenes in which his readers would not care to play a part, must of necessity have scant sympathy for the realistic school, or small use for the definition of the novel as "a cross-section of life." What he does have to say upon this subject is exactly in accord with what one would expect him to say. Zola he concedes somewhat reluctantly to have been a great man, "mightily coarse to no purpose, but great, nevertheless, a Nero of fiction." But "Zola's shadow, seen through the veil of the English realistic novel, is a monstrosity not to be tolerated." The fact that "in our

Anglo-Saxon system the young girl is everywhere" seems to him in itself a sufficient reason why we should "temper the wind of our realism to the sensitive innocence of the ubiquitous shorn lamb." And after defining the realistic school as that which "purposes to show men what they are," and the romantic school as the one which "tries to show men what they should be," he frankly declares that for his part he believes that "more good can be done by showing men what they may be, ought to be, or can be than by describing their greatest weaknesses with the highest art."

There is just one more paragraph which deserves to be emphasised, because it touches quite unconsciously upon the source of the real weakness not only of Mr. Crawford's novels, but of the romantic school as a whole:

Practically, what we call a romantic life is one full of romantic incidents which come unsought, as the natural consequence and result of a man's or a woman's character. It is therefore necessarily an exceptional

life, and as such should have an exceptional interest for the majority.

Now there cannot be any question that the theory contained in this paragraph is admirable; the trouble is that as a working formula it almost never succeeds. Even in Mr. Crawford's own novels, admirable as they are—for he understands beyond question the technique of his craft—it would puzzle the critic to point out any one romantic life made up solely of incidents which have "come unsought, as the natural consequence and result of the man's character." The hidden flaw in all romantic fiction is due to the fact that the incidents which come unsought, as the result of character, rarely show the romantic quality which a Scott, a Dumas, a Stevenson demands. The novelist may take the greatest pains in his selection of exceptional types of men and women, and may show equal care in bringing them together under exceptional conditions; nevertheless, in nine cases out of ten, if he leaves them alone to follow consistently their natural bent; if he does not actively intervene and force them to say "no" or to say "yes"; if he does not check and harass and complicate their actions by the intervention of blind, illogical fate in the shape of disaster, disease and death, he will find them naturally and quietly doing the normal and obvious thing, and frustrating his hope of providing that exceptional interest which is demanded by the majority. In *Mr. Isaacs*, perhaps quite as consistently as in any of his later books, Mr. Crawford evolved a long series of highly romantic happenings directly from the peculiar temperament of his hero; yet take away the element of chance—the accidental blow on the head received by Isaacs in the game of polo, the coincidence which made Miss Westonhaugh's brother the unknown benefactor of Isaacs in his days of poverty, and finally the girl's illness and death from jungle fever—and the story would necessarily have had a radically different and more prosaic ending. In *Saracinesca* and *Sant' Ilario*, the most admirably real of all Mr. Crawford's Italian stories, the fact remains that the vital issues of the plot arise, in the one case, out of a purely chance identity of names between two

distant cousins, and in the other, from an almost incredible series of coincidences—a lost pin, a stolen envelope, a forged letter. Now, in romantic fiction there is no logical objection to the use of chance, accident, fate, call it what you will. The mistake lies in trying to write romance in accordance with a realistic formula, and to convince the reader that sane men and women did strange, unlikely deeds as the direct result of their own characters.

II. HIS NOVELS

Mr. Crawford, however, in a measure disarms criticism by confessing genially that he is himself "the last of literary sinners." His creed, so far as he has one, slips on and off easily, like a well-worn glove. In theory, as we have seen, he is a romanticist; in practice he is in turn realist, psychologist, mystic, whatever for the moment suits his need or appeals to his instinct of born story-teller. His stage-setting, his local colour are painted in from life with scrupulous fidelity; a Balzac or a Zola could not be more faithful to reality in matters of topography. You may at any time, if you please, trace the peregrinations of Count Skariatine through the back alleys of Munich, or Paul Patoff through the labyrinthine paths of Constantinople. And his people are as real as his streets and houses. The whole world knows that his Mr. Isaacs was drawn direct from life, the original being a certain Mr. Jacobs, a trader in rare jewels, who later came into note through his dispute with the Nizam of Deccan over the price of the Great Empress diamond. Talk with Mr. Crawford about his other characters and you will learn that there is nothing exceptional in the case of Mr. Isaacs. He will tell you with a quiet smile that the men and women who throng the pages of his *Saracinesca* trilogy are all real people, whom he has for the most part known and liked well; that Corona is still living; that Spica is a composite portrait of a cadaverous Pole and a famous Neapolitan duellist, who died a couple of years ago; that Count Skariatine, the crazed nobleman in *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*, was in reality a German count, who once a week, just as in the story, left his work-

bench in the little tobacco shop and sat at home waiting in vain for a summons to the Bavarian Court; that Vjera, the Russian girl who sold her hair to pay the count's debt of honour, was also a reality; and that even Fischlowitz's dingy tobacco shop, with the absurd mechanical figure of a Viennese *Gigerl* in the window, existed in Munich exactly as Mr. Crawford drew it, and was in fact the shop where he went day after day to buy his cigarettes.

His method, then, may be summed up somewhat after this fashion: he begins by taking a real stage-setting, some one of the many corners of the world of which his cosmopolitan experience has given him intimate knowledge; he brings upon the stage a group of real people of strong and interesting personality, whom he has personally studied in real life, idealising them to suit his purpose, yet not so much as to mar the illusion of reality. And having up to this point held himself in check, he now gives free rein to his imagination, and puts these thoroughly real people through a series of highly romantic adventures, forcing them to think and say and do many things which our sober second judgment tells us they never would have said or thought or done—and yet, with his inborn power of story-telling, convincing us for the time being that it all must have happened exactly as he says it did.

It would be futile to attempt to survey in detail any large number of Mr. Crawford's twoscore novels, nor would any very useful purpose be served were it practical to do so. There is a surprisingly large proportion of his books which a critic may quite safely ignore—books which one and all maintain an even quality of interest, yet add nothing to our estimate of him as a man or artist. As is well-nigh inevitable in a novelist who never allows himself to forget that "novel writing is a business," and who has the technique of construction down almost to a mechanical perfection, the difference between his earlier and later books is mainly a loss of spontaneity and an increased conventionality in plot and character. Mr. Crawford has not "written himself out," to use the phrase which he has declared is so terrible for any author

to hear; nor is it likely that he ever will write himself out. His average standard to-day is far nearer to that of his best work than that of Mr. Howells, let us say, comes to *Silas Lapham*—nearer, indeed, than many another novelist whom the world has chosen to honour could come to his own best achievement after a quarter of a century of unremittent toil. It is nevertheless a fact that the volumes which one feels inclined to single out for specific discussion all belong to the first decade of Mr. Crawford's literary activity.

Mr. Isaacs, of course, must remain one of the volumes which will be read as long as Mr. Crawford continues to be remembered. Crude though it may be in construction, and uneven in style, it nevertheless remains a rather remarkable achievement, one of those rare first efforts that are nothing short of a sheer stroke of genius. It is usually an unwise experiment to read over in maturity a story which gave keen pleasure in early youth; yet if the present writer may be allowed to cite his own personal experience, *Mr. Isaacs* is one of the books that stand the test surprisingly well. Mr. Crawford himself admits that he was most fortunate in having begun his literary career with this particular book; theosophy was in the air, Kipling had not yet pre-empted the field of India for fiction, and there was, moreover, a certain mingling of poetry and cynicism, of mature experience and youthful enthusiasm, that went well with the strange theme and the vivid colouring. And one may seriously question whether any single volume written by Marion Crawford in the height of his powers could have duplicated the success of *Mr. Isaacs* if put forth as the first novel of an unknown author.

Dr. Claudius, which followed *Mr. Isaacs* within the year, may well be passed over with the comment that for a book so badly handicapped the wonder was that it succeeded at all. As has very truly been said, "a learned Heidelberg Phil.D., however sentimental and yellow-bearded, is a less attractive conception than a youthful and pure-blooded Iranian adventurer, whose glowing eyes outshine his jewels." Yet but for the caprice of fate it might have been known to

the world as Mr. Crawford's first book, for it had been in the hands of the publishers many months before *Mr. Isaacs* was issued. Of the books which followed, at an average rate of two volumes

a year, *A Roman Singer* was notable for that extreme simplicity of style which has since become one of Mr. Crawford's most effective assets; *Marzio's Crucifix*, as representing a long step forward in



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FRANCIS MARION CRAWFORD

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the technique of unity of plot; *Kahled*, as the most effective and artistic of all the author's purely fanciful efforts. But the volumes which it seems worth while to single out for more detailed comment are *The Three Fates*, *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*, and the *Saracinesca* trilogy.

It is a curious and unexplained fact that when the topic of Mr. Crawford's novels comes up in a company of fairly well-read men and women, and they have all expressed a more or less intelligent opinion about *The Ralstons* and *Don Orsino* and *Fair Margaret*, if you then make mention of *The Three Fates* you are likely to find that no one present has read the book nor one in ten even heard of it. Yet it is easily the best of Mr. Crawford's American stories; it is simply not in the same class with *Katharine Lauderdale* and *Marion Darche*. The people in it are all thoroughly alive; at times they tempt one to say that they are the most intensely alive of any characters Mr. Crawford has ever drawn. The principal character is a young and struggling author making the rounds of New York publishing houses and striving to win a hearing for his first novel. It takes no very profound intuition to guess that there is a modicum of autobiography worked into the pages of *The Three Fates*, and its author makes no attempt to deny it. If you ask Mr. Crawford which of his American stories he personally likes best, this is the one that he will name, adding with a reminiscent sigh of mingled satisfaction and regret, "The fact is, I put a great deal of myself into *The Three Fates*."

The personal touch is, of course, an all-sufficient reason to explain the author's preference, but a critic's choice should rest on sounder basis. And in this case that basis is to be found in the rather exceptional study it contains of some phases of love, where both the man and the woman are quite young. The emotions of maturer men and women are comparatively easy to chronicle; they know life too well to jeopardise their happiness with imaginary ills. But the very young are prone to magnify their troubles and their grievances, to torture themselves over trivial faults and absurd

scruples, which are, of course, for the time being as vital and momentous to them as the profounder trials of maturer years. And the task of interpreting these youthful crises with sympathetic understanding and just a touch of indulgent irony is one which just a few novelists successfully achieve. One recalls especially certain chapters in William Black's *Madcap Violet* and Mr. Howells's *April Hopes*; and to these may be added *The Three Fates*. Like so many of Mr. Crawford's earlier volumes, the construction is faulty. There is no clear-cut central theme. The most that can be said for the plot is that the author has sought to show how a young man of a keenly sensitive artistic temperament may, in those vital formative years when his life's career is just opening before him, find his ideals of women so subtly and yet so radically modified that in a comparatively brief space he has found himself able to love tenderly and sincerely three different women, and to receive from each in turn a permanent impression, a modification of his character which time will only strengthen. And yet, as the first and the second successively withdraw themselves from his life, he knows that there can be no going back, even should they so elect; they have been very dear to him, they have each played the part of one of the Fates in his life, yet there is no resurrection for the emotions which are dead. And at the end of the story the man, sobered by sorrow and toil and hard-won achievement even more than by the sudden and unforeseen responsibility of great wealth, hesitates to put to the test the last of his three Fates. He knows that this time there is no question of a transitory passion, but rather the deep, lasting love of mature manhood; this third woman means so much in his life that even her friendship is a precious thing, which he fears to jeopardise by speaking prematurely. This dénouement of *The Three Fates* is one of the most artistic and felicitous single touches to be found in Mr. Crawford's writings. We know that the third and greatest opportunity is merely deferred, not lost; yet the contrast between the boy's precipitancy and the man's delay is the best measure of

the difference in kind as well as degree between the earlier and later love.

It is customary to regard the cycle of Italian novels, beginning with the *Saracinesca* trilogy and continued in *Corleone* and *Tarquisara*, as the strongest and most finished work that the author of *A Roman Singer* has produced. This, however, is not the view held by those critics who have made the most careful study of his novels; nor is it the view held by Mr. Crawford himself. Indeed, he has sometimes expressed a doubt whether on the whole his Italian stories have not been more of a detriment to him than a help. The public seemed to expect them of him, he explains, and so confined his activity to that particular field when he would much rather have directed it elsewhere. Of these Italian books as a whole it may be said that they have at least the merit of presenting to English readers a comprehensive picture of social life in Italy such as cannot be found elsewhere in English fiction. The fact that Mr. Crawford was born in Rome and spent much of his early life there, and that later he deliberately elected to make Italy his permanent home, placed him in a position to write from the standpoint of a native. In fact, he is on firmer ground and writes with a more assured knowledge when the scene is laid in Rome than when the action takes place in Boston or New York. Nevertheless, while they are his most ambitious efforts, even the best of them, even *Saracinesca* and *Sant' Ilario*, have not the artistic charm and unity possessed by several slighter works. And the reason is not hard to find. *Saracinesca* and its sequels belong to the type best defined as the Epic Novel, the type wherein a great social movement, a moral or political revolution drawing to a climax, serves as the background of the story, while the destiny of some special group, some single family, some individual man or woman, closely interwoven with the progress of the general movement, forms the central thread of the plot, the focus of interest. At first sight *Saracinesca* seems to fulfil the conditions of the Epic Novel. The setting is Rome, on the eve of the downfall of the Pope's temporal power and the achievement of a united

Italy; and the central thread concerns itself with the fortunes of a single family, the *Saracinesca*, proud, conservative, loyal adherents of the Church. Yet when we study the book's construction a little closer we realise that the relation between the general and the specific theme is of the most perfunctory sort. The historical background is admirable as a piece of verbal painting; it shows on the surface the days of careful study which its author acknowledges that he wrought into its construction. But it fails to be, properly speaking, an Epic Novel, because there is no close and necessary connection between the historical movement then going on in Italy and the private drama of the *Saracinesca* family. Take any one of the big, unmistakably epic novels, whether it be *Uncle Tom's Cabin* or Zola's *L'Assommoir*, the epic of slavery or of intemperance; you will find the central theme inseparably interwoven with the general—the fate of Uncle Tom symbolic of the slave system, the fate of Gervaise symbolic of the demon of alcohol. In *Saracinesca* and *Sant' Ilario* there is no such close connection, no central symbol; nor did Mr. Crawford intend that there should be. For the symbolic novel is next of kin to the purpose novel; it teaches and preaches and does other kindred things which conflict with the creed which Mr. Crawford professes. Nevertheless, oddly enough, *Don Orsino*, much inferior to its predecessors in human interest, is in point of structure much more logical and correct. In fact, it may be called an epic of the era of disastrous building speculation in Rome; and the fact that Don Orsino's fortunes were closely entangled in the general panic which resulted gives us the connection between the general and the special *motif* which this form of novel demands.

In point of form, however, Mr. Crawford has never done anything more perfect than *A Cigarette Maker's Romance*. In dimensions it is a rather long novellette; in structure it obeys the rules of the short story rather than those of the novel. It contains no superfluous character or incident, and its time of action is confined within a space of thirty-six hours. It seems worth while, even at the

risk of repeating what must already be familiar to a majority of Mr. Crawford's readers, to run over briefly the substance of this little masterpiece. Count Skariatine, a Russian of noble birth who has quarrelled with his father and been disinherited, is eking out a pitiful living by rolling cigarettes for a thrifty Munich tobacconist. Disappointment and privation have so preyed upon his mind that he has become affected with a periodic delusion that a letter has come from Russia restoring him to his lost position and that messengers from his family will visit him on the morrow. Once a week, under the spell of this delusion, he absents himself from the tobacco shop and waits in confidence all day, only to awaken when the clock tolls midnight to a shuddering realisation of his abnormal condition. On the particular night when the story opens Count Skariatine's periodic delusion is just coming upon him. Once again he tells his employer the familiar story of the letter from Russia, the friends who will come to-morrow, the necessity of his bidding the tobacconist good-bye. The tobacconist's wife, who refuses to believe any part of the count's story, or even that he is a count at all, rudely breaks in upon him with a claim for money, the value of a stolen mechanical figure, a Viennese *Gigerl*, for the loss of which the count was in reality not responsible. Incensed, however, by the woman's attitude and relying upon the visionary fortune which he expects upon the morrow, Count Skariatine rashly gives his word of honour that the value of the *Gigerl* shall be paid within twenty-four hours. The next day runs its usual course, and the evening finds the count slowly struggling to a consciousness that not only have his friends failed to come, but that he has pledged his honour to pay a sum of money which he does not possess, and has no hope of raising in time, and that he is not willing to live dishonoured. The rest of the story tells how Vjera, the humble Russian girl who day after day has rolled cigarettes side by side with the count and learned to love him with dumb hopelessness, discovers his desperate need and comes to his aid; how the count, under the spell of his temporary insanity, declares his love for her

and makes extravagant promises of the wonderful things he will do for her as soon as his estates are restored to him; how she raises the money needed to save his honour, and how finally, when on the morrow the count returns as usual to his bench, and the friends he has so long awaited actually do arrive and bring him word that he is sole heir to his father's wealth, he presents to them the humble little cigarette-maker as the future Countess Skariatine:

I had contracted a debt of honour, and I had nothing wherewith to pay it. There was but an hour left—an hour, and then my life and my honour would have gone together. . . . She saved me, gentlemen; she cut off her beautiful hair from her head and sold it for me. But that is not the reason why she is to be my wife. There is a better reason than that. I love her, gentlemen, with all my heart and soul, and she has told me that she loves me.

It is in passages such as this that we get the key to Mr. Crawford's perennial hold upon the hearts of his readers. His real strength lies not in his mastery of technique or his originality of plot, but in his ability to picture for us honest gentlemen and noble women, whom we are the better for having known if only through the medium of the printed page. If there is room for choice, his men are better than his women, more finely drawn, with subtler understanding. There is a long list of them whom you cannot forget even if you would—even in *Saracinesca* alone there are a whole group whom it is a joy to remember: old Saracinesca, with his chronic fondness for quarrelling with his well-loved son; the melancholy Spica, whose fame in duels made him a *memento mori* wherever he went; even Astrardente, the worn-out old dandy, shows at the last certain fine instincts which make us glad of the privilege of having known him. It is doubtful whether any of the novelists who are writing to-day have given the world so many characters whom the average reader remembers with pleasure and recalls years afterward by name.

What place will be ultimately assigned to Mr. Crawford in the history of fiction it is somewhat early to predict. Except-

ing as a conservative force, it is doubtful whether he has influenced the development of the modern novel in any important degree. Yet few novelists of the present day have been more widely read or have had a more salutary influence in fostering a taste for what is clean and pure and high-minded in literature and in life. He occupies a position somewhat apart from the general trend of fiction, and for that reason is somewhat difficult to class. Almost any comparison that one ventures to make is sure to strike a majority of readers as odd and unjustified. Recently one of the English reviews spoke of him as approaching most nearly to Trollope and Mrs. Oliphant, a

curious partnership, which the writer wisely did not try to justify. In purpose and ideals, as well as in the uniformly readable quality of his books, he suggests a certain kinship with the late William Black, yet of the two Mr. Crawford is undeniably the finer artist, as well as the better story-teller, with a far better chance of being remembered by a later generation. And whatever position is ultimately assigned to him, one thing is certain: that the general tendency of academic criticism will be to do him ampler justice and concede to him a higher meed of praise than he has hitherto received.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

“DIAMOND CUT PASTE”

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

BOOK II—A WEEK'S CHRONICLE

CHAPTER II



JANE hesitated, with her foot on the motor step, her innocent, prominent eyes fixed on Coralie's hat, which was an inspiration of Virot's for discreet impudence and morning simplicity—a twist of black and white straw with one turquoise-blue rose.

“Do you think I might go home and put on my pink toque first? I only wore this black hat this morning because mamma doesn't like me in colours.”

Coralie shuddered. She knew Jane's pink toques; and her love of decking herself with incongruous finery, necessarily cheap since Lord Challoner had other views on the destiny of her pin-money.

“I picked it up in the Edgware Road,” went on Aunt Jane. “It has a large gold butterfly in front. They said it was a French model.”

“Well, you know, I *really* think I

wouldn't,” said Mrs. Jamieson, with great earnestness. “That black lace veil adds so much mystery to your appearance. The pink toque might look frivolous, almost a little earthly—you know what I mean?”

Disappointment wrote itself on Jane's meek visage, but she submitted. Only, as she sat down in the car beside her, Coralie could hear her, as she hugged herself, murmur the remark—irrelevant to any one who had not the key to her rambling ideas:

“But they say he's such a handsome young man.”

The den of the occult one in Bond Street was dim, and Eastern of the Tottenham Court Road; with Japanese bead hangings before the windows and a strenuous atmosphere of joss-stick.

The unwholesome page who introduced them paused and surveyed them blankly.

“'Ave you an appointment?”

It was conveyed to him, with some difficulty, that an appointment had not

been made; but that they urgently trusted Mr. Chiaro Scuro could find time to see them. There was no gleam of enthusiasm, even of interest, in the page's prawn-like regard.

"'Ave you paid yer fee? It's two guineas the first visit."

Jane was seized with a tremor. It was characteristic of her, of her slipshod life-conduct, that she had entirely omitted to think of this important item. She fumbled in the recesses of a dilapidated bead bag—it seemed to contain chiefly keys—and produced a few shillings and some coppers.

"Why—don't you worry, aunt," said her obliging niece, after a moment of amused contemplation.

She nipped the two gold and two silver pieces out of the little chain purse that hung at her waist. And the page, with the first sign of alacrity he had shown since their arrival, ran to fetch a salver, which he genteelly extended to receive the coin.

He then disappeared, and Jane turned a pleading glance upon Coralie.

"My dear, I'll pay you back, of course," she faltered.

Coralie, who knew the exact sum poor Lady Challoner was allowed to spend out of (her own) two thousand a year, and what strict account was demanded of the meagre allotment, nodded brightly back:

"Why. I rather think this is my show."

She set her aunt's hat straight with a little gesture that was like a caress; noting the while, with mixed compassion and mirth, how Jane's sandy locks were beginning to stray down her cheeks again, as if endowed with some wayward life of their own.

"Of all the hopeless, poor dears!" she thought.

The occult one himself was, true to his reputation, a handsome man. His clear, English countenance had been artificially bronzed and his pale grey eyes looked out of this dark setting with unmistakably weird effect—the eyes of the "seer," his devotees were wont enthusiastically to aver. At their first glance Lady Challoner was seized with the most agreeable and agitating sensation in her

spine. After that, not if he had been washed white before her very nose, would her faith have wavered.

As for Coralie, she thought those singular pale orbs in the dark countenance the most alert and acute she had ever seen, in England at least. For the rest, he wore a becoming saffron-hued turban and a robe-like garment of sombre red, gathered about his slim middle by a gold-embroidered sash.

After surveying his two clients for a second in deep silence, he bowed; allowed his gaze to become abstracted for an appreciable spell on some distant mystic horizon, then, bringing it swiftly back upon the young and pretty woman, pointed his forefinger at her:

"You wish to consult me?" he said, in tones which again titillated Jane's spinal cord.

"Shot number one, wrong!" said the little American to herself.

"Why, no, professor," she responded, in cheerful business-like tones. "I'm just accompanying this lady."

Chiaro Scuro's light eyes fixed themselves now upon Jane, with a distinct lack of enthusiasm.

"Will you come with me now into the inner room?" he said fatally. Then he wheeled back on Coralie. "But my message is for you," he announced.

Coralie guessed he was a bright man.

"Come with me," said Jane, releasing herself from her own embrace, to give a timid clutch at her companion.

"Nay, madam," said the seer; "I must be alone with each subject. Those who come to my call—" here he broke off, for Coralie was undulating and blinking at him in her bewildering way.

"Oh, but professor, I'll be as quiet as a little mouse; I can't think that any of the dear spirits will mind me. I promise not to say a teeny, weeny, little word. Do let me!"

The wizard's professional gravity gave way before an irrepressible smile that showed white teeth, flashing uncannily.

"Come in also then," he said. Then his acumen spoke once more. "They are calling you—and the call is irresistible. You will have to receive your message."

The inner den was still more stuffy

with incense; and being hung round with black velveteen, carpeted with black cloth, and devoid of all furniture but a table covered with a black table-cloth, and two black chairs, presented a truly impressive appearance. Coralie trusted there was ventilation somewhere, but she did not perceive it. A single but powerful electric lamp hung from the ceiling, artfully shaded so as to concentrate its radiance on the table, heightening the impression of surrounding gloom.

Chiaro Scuro carried in a chair from the next room with an air that robbed the action of all triviality; set it with a gallant flourish for Coralie well within the circle of light, waved Lady Challoner majestically into the second seat and himself took the third. Then he whisked the black table-cloth away, and a large crystal, reposing on a slender silver shaft, seemed to rise by supernatural agency from the centre of the table, throwing back the light with such brilliancy as to dazzle the two women.

Coralie, who had a positive intelligence, and was warily and amusedly on the lookout for the charlatanism which she was convinced underlay every commercial psychic manifestation, could not but admit that it was well done, and the wizard worthy of Bond Street. She was also conscious that between the concentrated radiance of the ball, and the gaze of the pale eyes relentlessly fixed upon her, she might very well herself fall into a state of hypnotism if she did not strenuously re-act against it. The scent of the joss-stick was overpowering, and the enveloping blackness seemed to press upon her with almost physical weight. She slipped off her gloves and pinched her little hands under the rim of the table.

"Say, Mr. Scuro, do the spirits object so much as all that to a little fresh air?"

Into the seer's inspired eyes sprang a quick, vindictive look. But he rose, nevertheless, and pulled a cord; there was the sound of a sliding window, and the hangings behind him began to balloon and sway in ghostly fashion, while a draught of clean breeze came gratefully to Coralie's nostrils. She was saved, but Jane was long past any such help—she was swimming in abandoned

will-surrender, as completely at the charlatan's mercy as a cork at the mercy of the waves.

"I wish to see your hands first," said the necromancer to her, with great severity. "Both hands, please."

Jane, detaching them reluctantly from her sides, laid them tremblingly out for inspection.

"Dear me, dear me," she fluttered. "I ought to explain that I am not really here for myself. Do tell him, dear, what we want to consult him about. Oh, dear, dear, I do hope he's not going to see anything dreadful about dear Gertrude!"

"Fact is, professor," began the good-natured Coralie, "this lady is in some anxiety——"

"Hush!" said the man of mystery; he raised one hand and his eyeballs became fixed, to Jane's gasping admiration. Then he bent over the outstretched palms and, after staring at them for a while, announced in a changed voice, that sent a cold shiver through one listener, and struck the other as a real, smart piece of business:

"You are here about a woman. Some one dear to you." The white eyes in the dark face were now searching Jane's changing countenance. "One who is dear to you, very dear to you . . . bound by ties of blood. Her name begins—begins with—G and ends with E."

"Coralie," interpolated Jane in strangled tones. "this is too marvelous!"

The interview now proceeded briskly. Chiaro Scuro only interrupting the flow of language, which he gave out as though he were the mouthpiece of an unheard voice, to bestow an apparently abstracted attention on Lady Challoner's frequent interruptions.

Coralie sat, happy in her little current of fresh air, more entertained even than she had anticipated.

The wizard began to trace the lines in Jane's palms with one finger. Coralie noticed that his own hands were limber and quick in their movements, as might be those of a conjuror.

"You are impulsive, highly sensitive, deeply affectionate. Those you are fond of, you are very, very fond of. You like colour; you have remarkable taste."

"Dear me, dear me, yes, I think that's true. I do think this is wonderful."

"You are sensitive. You have had many disappointments."

"Oh, dear me, dear me! Yes, indeed."

"You are married." His eyes flashed from the wedding ring to the old maidish, oddly attired figure. "You have no children. Your wedded life is not altogether happy."

"Dear me, oh, dear me!" sighed Lady Challoner.

"But the trouble that is now about you is not connected with your own household — it is connected with a — a sister."

"How marvellous!"

Chiaro Scuro drew an imperceptible breath of relief.

"I now look into the crystal. Will you encircle the crystal with your hand and think of your sister?"

There was a breathless spell.

"Your sister's peace of mind is threatened. I see a figure, the figure of a woman."

"He sees her," whispered the irrepressible Jane.

"I see the figure of a man."

"Is he tall, and good-looking, with grey, curly hair?"

"He is."

"Oh, it's Reginald! Oh, dear, and I always thought him such a good husband!"

"Your sister's domestic happiness is threatened by a woman." The weird eyes rested for an imperceptible moment upon Lady Challoner's flat chest, where among many rags and tags of lace and ribband, a little watch, enamelled with a countess's coronet, fluttered with each heaving breath. "Your sister moves in a high class of society. Her husband is a peer" — Jane's countenance fell. "If not a peer, a man of distinguished position" — Jane revived. "In a very distinguished position." Jane positively sparkled. "Though not a peer yet, he will be made so one day."

"Dear me, dear me—oh, I am so glad! That's very likely. Don't you think so, Coralie? And it shows there won't be any scandal . . . Lord Esdale!" murmured Jane to herself. "Lord Esdale—it would sound quite charming."

"There is a black cloud hanging over

your sister's life. She has an enemy—a woman. This woman . . . is not to be trusted. Let your sister beware how she receives her under her roof . . ."

"Coralie!" gasped Lady Challoner.

"The letter E has a dominating influence on her life. . . ."

"Marvellous!" Then Jane began to mutter to herself after her fashion: "Emerald, Emerald!"

"Your sister's husband is attracted, greatly attracted. He is in danger, in great danger; but—yes, the clouds are gathering, I can see but faintly—yet there is a gleam behind them. Hush, there is a name in my ear . . . I must listen to that voice. It says Emily, Emily! Your sister must beware of Emily."

"Emerald!" cried the believing Jane, anxious to set the spirit right. "You must mean Emerald. . . ."

"No," said the necromancer firmly, "Emily! But—" He stared intently again into the crystal, "let her beware of emeralds too. The stone is destined to be of great influence in her life." Then, with a sudden accent of exultation: "I see your sister," he cried, "she is walking in a room full of sunshine—"

"How wonderful! Yes, that room on the rose garden is always a blaze of sunshine— How wonderful!"

"She is not in London—she is in the country. There is light about her—about her head—she moves in light."

"It's the tiara!" burst from Jane in a triumphant crow.

The mystery-monger leaned back in his chair with an air of exhaustion.

"I can hear no more, I can see no more, I am—I am weary."

Jane broke into incoherent thanks and exclamations. She rose and hugged herself as she had never hugged herself before. She felt extraordinarily elated and important; life had a new interest for her.

"When may I come again?" she asked greedily, as her babble lost itself in an inextricable phrase.

"Come on Friday—Friday will be a day when the spirits will be benign to you." Then, with one of his lightning movements, with outflung finger, the friend of the shades turned upon Coralie,

who was rising (with an irrepressible little yawn). "As for you, beware of Tuesdays—Tuesdays and wheels—that is my message for you!"

As he bowed them, with a grave Eastern bend of his turbaned head, into the front room again, striking a gong to summon the pale page in buttons from the passage, Coralie saw how the beads of perspiration stood on the brown forehead.

"Poor wretch," she thought, "he works hard for his guineas." But she was conscious that the situation had lost something of its spice for her. "I shall never be able to motor comfortably again on a Tuesday." She gave a wriggle of impatience at herself and the whole folly as she sat down in the car.

Chiaro Scuro stood behind the bead hangings and watched the smart little motor carry its occupants from the door. Then, whistling a refrain from *The Gay Gordons*, he stepped jauntily into another room—which wore a most material appearance of cheerfulness, bad art and good business—picked up *Who's Who* and a *Peerage* from the highly veneered American bureau, and, flinging himself into a rocking-chair, began to turn over the pages rapidly with his deft conjuror's fingers. Starting with Esdale, he soon had ample information at his command, of which, after jotting down the Friday appointment, he began to make copious notes in a ledger of a very private appearance.

It was only half-past twelve when they emerged from their *séance*; and Coralie, sniffing the warm air, suggested a spin round the park. But Jane had other views for the spending of the hour intervening before lunch. She wanted to go home and initiate Coralie into the marvels of automatic writing. She felt sure that the mystic world was strongly about her after their wonderful experience; that now or never was the moment for communication with it.

Coralie could not disappoint her; indeed, this forlorn, prematurely aged creature was as pathetic and appealing as any child. With a reluctant sigh she gave orders to be driven to Harley Street, that being the cheerful quarter

where Lord Challoner's cheerful residence was situate.

Challoner House achieved a triumph of grime as it presented its large flat front amid the aggressive brightness of its medical neighbours. There is something about the shine of a doctor's letter-box, the starchy whiteness of his lace curtains, the mahogany varnish of his hall door that grins at you with the ghastly mirth of the dentist's specimen set of teeth.

But Lord Challoner had no reason to regard cheeriness and cleanliness as lucrative. His great gloomy mansion was tended by as few servants as possible; his windows may have been cleaned, occasionally—daylight being cheaper than artificial illumination; but within the memory of man, no painter or paperhanger had been seen inside those precincts.

Coralie had had brief but sufficient acquaintance with the house and its owner; acquaintance which had left indelible impression. She remembered Ringwood, the antique, bibulous butler, whom Lord Challoner retained in his service because—on account of this obvious propensity—he could get him at such reduced wages. For the counterpart of which reason Ringwood remained with his lordship.

"I take good care," said the nobleman, "that he doesn't drink my spirits and wines." And in a moment of complete expansion, he had been known to remark: "The man eats a deal less than one of your blamed healthy, sober fellows."

Lady Challoner liked Ringwood, who was, she said, very kind to her. And, in his own way, it was true that he had a compassionate regard for his mistress, though she had an absent way of calling him "Ringworm" which drove him alternately almost to tears or to apoplectic rage, according as his last potation had left him maudlin or morose.

Except for a certain quavering of the legs and the beacon of his nose, Ringwood was gloomily sober that morning. He became almost sepulchral when he realised that there would be one extra for lunch. But Jane was too much oc-

cupied with her new idea to pay any attention to this omen. She hurried Coralie through the dank hall, up the mouldy stairs, haunted by perceptible ghosts of departed mutton and ineradicable cabbage, to the room derisively known as her ladyship's boudoir.

Coralie thought that the seer's den had been frivolous compared to this apartment, with its flock paper that had once been chocolate brown and was now every shade of decomposed hue; with its great blank window, dirt-en-crusted, looking over a blank wall—and therefore unshaded by any protective drapery. It had a Brussels carpet, purchased at the time of Jane's marriage, which, with its fearsome terra-cotta and putty design, "rose up out of all the dinginess and slapped you in the face," as Coralie described it. To add a last and almost fantastic touch—a row of silhouettes in court plaster, of bygone Challoner relatives, and of daguerreotypes with livid blue sheen had been hung around the room, by a hand that disdained symmetry.

The American shivered as the door closed her in; but Jane was in a fever of joyous impatience and would permit of no dallying before setting to business.

She produced some loose sheets of paper from a pile, part of which was already covered with the most fantastic squirls.

"Now, dear Coralie, you see I take the pencil in my left hand, and you place your fingers upon my wrist. I feel sure you are a medium—dear me, isn't it interesting? You see I couldn't write like this, if I tried. So it must be supernatural agency, as Sophy Carmichael says. . . . Oh, they're coming, they're coming! Don't you feel them?"

Jane's lean form began to twitch in an alarming manner, but her countenance was beatific. The fingers clutching the pencil jerked, and the pencil executed a flourish distantly resembling a cocoon.

"Now we must ask it questions," panted Jane.

"Ask who?" demanded Coralie, her lip tilted with astonishment, regardless of grammar.

"It," answered Jane solemnly. "It—my spirit, my earth spirit. Ask, ask: 'Are you there?'"

"Are you there?" said the other obediently.

Afterwards she gave a full description of the scene to her husband:

"I declare one would never have believed it, if one had not been there; I really do think there was some little devil making fun of poor old Jane. The questions she made me ask, and the things that that pencil wrote; and, oh my, its handwriting and spelling! A tipsy fly would have been ashamed of them!—'Are you there?' I asked.—'Yes,' wrote the thing.—'Who are you?' (That was my own question, I thought I'd just like to know.) It was not going, however, to give itself away so easy.—'I have many names.'—Yes, it wrote that; it took us about five minutes to make it out. It got so cross in the end that it nearly drove the pencil through the paper. (No, Ernest, it wasn't Jane; it was 'It.' It had a very nasty temper.)—'When did we meet?' asks Aunt J.—'Hundreds of years ago.'—'And what was she then?' (That was *my* question.)—'A Merovingian.' It broke the point of the pencil over that and it cost us a sheet of paper. (Do you see dear Jane as Merovingian?)—'What were you?'—'A Frankish chief.'—'What was your name?'—'Caractacus.' (Oh, you may laugh, Ernest, but it *really* seemed to know!)—'Did we meet and love?' sighs Aunt Jane with her head on one side.—'Yes,' writes the thing very clearly.—'Ask if I was his wife?' she whispered to me. The thing wrote '*No*.' (Well, of course, I had to find out more.)—'What was she?' What do you think it wrote?"

Here Coralie fell into one of her helpless gurgles of laughter; and it was some time before she could bring out the words:

"'Light o' love!'—It did, it did. . . . It wrote it quite clearly. Oh, you should have seen Jane's face—horror struggling with a lawless joy.—'Was Aunt Jane just the same as she is now?' I asked.—'Yes,' it wrote.—(Oh my, your relatives are funny, Ernest!) 'Would you mind, dear Coralie,' she murmured

to me then, 'asking him what I wore in those days?' And the pencil set off at a hand gallop:—"Skin," spells out Jane and nearly faints. Well, I had to tell her it was all right and that it was really skins, and that she was probably a deal more covered than when she last went to Court—or I don't think she'd ever had any dealings with that spirit again. She was *reel* disappointed, though. She doesn't see herself in skins, poor old darling!—"There's just one more question I want to put," she went on after a while: 'Did I know Challoner in that previous state of existence?' Well, the pencil got in such a rage as you never saw, and It wrote 'No, no, no,' and tore the paper right across. 'Oh my dear, Caractacus is jealous,' says your aunt all of a flutter. 'I'm afraid he doesn't like Challoner, dear Coralie.' 'Don't you like Uncle Challoner?' I ask. And Caractacus answers 'Dam.—D A M—dam. He didn't put an *n* to it, but it read just as emphatic—O my goodness, poor Aunt J., she was in a regular taking!—"My dear," she said to me, 'I'm afraid this is becoming quite improper. . . .' Aunt Jane and Caractacus! Oh, oh—oh! what a morning I've had!"

The gong rolled through Challoner House as if the call to luncheon was the call to Judgment. And Coralie, accompanying her relative down to the dining-room, felt as if she were being lowered into the family vault.

Lord Challoner was a small man, with a bald, wrinkled head, and two tufts of yellow-grey hair brushed fiercely upward from his ears. His eyebrows, on the other hand, were bushy enough to have furnished quite a respectable *toupee*. Beneath them, his little fierce eyes moved with something of the restless cunning of a boar. His thin lips closed like a trap over a complete and dazzlingly improbable set of teeth. He was clad in garments of an antique cut, with a high collar widely open in front and springing up in two aggressive points, between which the narrow chin lay embedded. Scrupulously neat, in person and garb, he diffused a strong smell of the common yel-

low soap which his economy and his taste preferred.

When Jane had crowned her weak-minded career by marrying "Stingy Challoner," she had done so in defiance of any likelihood of happiness, but with the full approbation of her mother. To that type of her period and class an earl was an earl; and what could poor Jane expect but to be married for her money?

It is doubtful indeed whether Lady Challoner ever regretted the step; snubbed to the earth as she was by her lord—who despised her too much to consider her worth anger—condemned to an atmosphere of gloom and penury, there was yet a freedom, a sense of dignity in her married state and position which she had lacked under the equally contemptuous, if opulent, sway of her mother. So long as she did not outturn her allowance, which with poor Jane, however, was sometimes the case, so long as some act of hers did not involve the spending of an extra penny, she did as she liked. And not five years of scornful comment, or still more scornful silence on her husband's part, had robbed her of her confiding ways.

She knew better, however, than to confide the occupations of the morning, especially that part of them which had cost two guineas of good money, to Lord Challoner; but she slipped into her seat at table with a deprecating, not to say guilty, air, which certainly would have roused his curiosity if he had cared enough about her to indulge in it.

"How do you do, Uncle Challoner?" said Coralie.

"Hallo, hallo!" said the peer, stopping in the trot with which he had entered the dining-room, to glare at her with small, angry eyes. "I didn't know . . . Jane, you never informed me you had issued an invitation.—Who's this? Who's this?"

While Jane hugged herself and babbled of dear Coralie, dear Coralie introduced herself with distinguished composure.

"Humph—you call yourself my niece, do you? Do you expect me to kiss you?"

The horrible china teeth here displayed themselves. It was just possible that Lord Challoner intended a joke.

"Oh, no, if you please, Uncle Challoner!" said Mrs. Jamieson in her most delicate and ladylike tone, and undulated into her seat.

The dining-room was a vast apartment, and the mausoleum effect grew every moment stronger upon Coralie. The mahogany sideboard was shaped like a huge sarcophagus; a couple of cellarettes that flanked it on either side were like small sarcophagi; two wooden urns might have held ashes of some past Challoners for aught she knew. There were wax candles, saffron with age, in tall, black, brass candlesticks on the mantelpiece, which itself jutted forward like a monument and was of monumental granite. Over this hung the hatchment of the last Earl—according to the present Earl's hilarious fancy. In specially jocose moments he would make allusions to the day when it would be refurbished in his or Jane's honour.

It is needless to say that Jane was allowed no authority in housekeeping matters. Every meal therefore was a fresh triumph for the old nobleman's ingenious economy. Coralie started a little to find a massive silver dish containing a small brown mess protruded under her nose by Ringwood.

"Rabbit 'ash—mem?"

Coralie looked at it doubtfully, and Ringwood—an expression of sympathy creeping over his melancholy red-nosed visage—bent and whispered in her ear:

"There's a couple of pork resoles—but I would 'ardly recommend them, mem."

"Anything wrong, anything wrong?" cried my lord, who, being somewhat deaf, could not endure *sotto-voce* conversation.

"Oh, no, Uncle Challoner," said Coralie, with sickly mendacity—she was hungry after her long morning. She helped herself gingerly to a minute portion of the brown mess, and trusted in potatoes.

"What will you drink—eh?"

"Oh—water, please," said Coralie prudently. She was anxious to divert

attention from the subject of her food, as she toyed with the terror on her plate. It was like a dog's dinner she told herself. "How well you are looking, Uncle Challoner," she went on.

Indeed, considering his choice of food, Lord Challoner was looking remarkably healthy, in a wizened way.

This innocent remark, however, aroused an acrimony for which she was not prepared.

"Well?—Well? I am this moment suffering from ten, distinct, mortal diseases, young woman; any one of which may carry me off, at any moment. How can I possibly look well?—Ask Jane there. Isn't she planning her widow's weeds already, eh?"

"Dear me, dear me!"—Jane started from her absent rapture. "What did you say, dear Caractacus?"

"What's that?" said her lord, with the sudden, acute hearing of the deaf.

"Rabbit 'ash or pork resoles," interposed Ringwood, with evidently benevolent intention.

"'Ash?" Jane was flustered. "'Ash—I mean sole, Ringworm."

"Soles?" repeated Ringwood, touched on his sore point. "There ain't no soles." His lips curled with withering sarcasm. "It's *resoles*, my lady." ("As if there was ever any soles in this 'ouse," he commented later to the cook.)

Coralie succumbed at last to laughter. Lord Challoner surveyed her a moment or two in silence.

"Very funny, ain't it?" he remarked then acidly.

"Well" (it was thus Coralie finished recounting her experience to her sympathetic husband) "it just took away the rest of my appetite, which was rather lucky, for after the dog's dinner there was a suet dumpling. It was half-past two o'clock before I got out of that vault. My, Ernest, I felt I'd been through just a *reel ordeel*; that I'd die if I didn't have some sustenance. As I popped into the car, I gasped, 'Jules.' And once at Jules's, '*Soignez-moi un petit déjeuner*,' I said to the head-waiter. That's a very nice man, Ernest; he did *soigné* me. I don't know I ever enjoyed a meal more—if only you'd been with me, my old darling!" she added apologetically.

CHAPTER III

Norah had been allowed to be present when the doctor was informed of the true story touching the thermometer. Indeed, Lady Gertrude had bidden the young lady narrate the facts herself; and the young lady had found it a chastening experience. Somehow the doctor failed to grasp the humour of the situation; and he likewise contrived to make the perpetrator of the joke feel as if she had done something not only unkind, but foolish.

When he had departed, Norah turned for sympathy to her mother and found her grave; with a look in her eyes as if she were sorry for her daughter—not for her unpleasant half-hour, but because she had so richly deserved it.

Thinking back upon the afternoon, in the solitude of her own room, Norah thought there had been some such expression in Enniscorthy's glance; he, too, so ready for mirth at her smallest pleasantry, had not seemed to find food for it in her most recent and successful demonstration. Upon this realisation there had come a storm of tears; and thereafter, the banded hair and the subdued aspect.

Now, toward eleven o'clock the next morning, Gertrude Esdale, a cool and charming figure in her tan-coloured tussore gown and burnt-straw garden hat, was passing through the hall on her way to the roses, when a letter, addressed in Norah's hand, caught her eye. It lay on the hall-table, ready for post. She bent over it, and became lost in a muse of anxious complexion. "*The Earl of Enniscorthy*." What was the child writing to him about? How did matters stand between them? She could not forget yesterday's impressions: Norah's cry of "Good-bye, dear, dear Enn," and his silence, his unresponsiveness, his departure without a farewell look! She turned the letter over in her hand, one moment deliberating whether she should not take it back to the writer and demand to see the contents. The next instant, she repudiated the thought. She would neither force her child's confidence, nor make the grievous mistake of attaching importance to an episode which, at Norah's age, it

was most desirable should make no mark upon her mind. She must devise some other course of action to encompass the natural cessation of an intimacy which might be fraught with danger.

As she took up her basket and scissors again, there came a curious opportunity to her resolution. The tread of a slowly ridden horse approached and dropped into silence before the wide-open hall door, and, looking toward the brilliant square of sunlight, she saw, outlined against it, the silhouette of rider and steed. The slight, alert silhouette could only belong to Enniscorthy.

She came forward to meet him, and as he swung himself out of the saddle and turned to her, she saw, with a leap of the heart, that he carried a large bunch of white roses. The first words, however, dispelled the joyful allusion; the mother's heart sank with a feeling of disappointment she had hardly ever known for herself; the flowers were not for her child.

"Seems rather ridiculous," the young man was saying, blushing to the roots of his hair—he was always a little shy of his Cousin Gertrude—"to be bringing roses to this house, don't you know. But I thought Fräulein might like them. She was rather seedy yesterday, I'm afraid . . . and I'm afraid we teased her."

Lady Gertrude, folding her serene lips more closely than usual, regarded him a while in silence before replying. He met her glance unflinchingly, though the colour rose higher on his smooth face. Then she gave a faint sigh:

"Norah teased her, you mean. She is very sorry for it now. And we must not forget that she is still a complete child, in spite of her inches. The flowers are a kind thought, Enniscorthy—and Fräulein will be delighted. She is better, though we are keeping her in bed."

She took the roses from him; and as he turned back and placed a hand on his saddle, arrested him:

"No, don't go now. I will ring for them to take your horse round. I should like to have a talk with you, since you are here."

"Why, certainly, Cousin Gertrude," answered the boy in his courteous way. But there was an air of slight perturbation

tion about him, as he followed her into the dim, cool spaces of the hall.

Lady Gertrude, with her usual deliberation, despatched the roses to their destination. Then she invited the young man to accompany her into the garden. "The morning is too lovely to be wasted indoors."

The blazing sunshine that poured down on the rosary drove them into the shadowed way that led toward the Home, Park of Windsor. Lady Gertrude spoke of trivial things; but her companion was sensitive enough to feel some purpose under these preliminaries. And, characteristically, himself began the attack upon the subject that, as he suspected, lay between them.

"I know I ought not to have taken Norah off in the motor yesterday. I hope you are not angry with her—it was all my fault."

Lady Gertrude paused in her walk. He faced her; and, again, her searching glance met his honest eyes. He was not blushing now. He looked self-possessed and detached, as he stood, a ray of sunshine tipping with pale gold the thick, close-cut hair. He was far too self-possessed and detached, for Lady Gertrude's wishes; her heart hardened against him.

"No, my dear boy," she said, "you shouldn't have run away with my little girl yesterday. Young as you both are, you and she will have to learn that your days of playing truant are over—Norah is seventeen, Enniscorthy, and people are already beginning to attach importance to what you do."

The blood ran to his cheek at that, but his eye never wavered. He repeated his apology with a variation:

"I'm awfully sorry."

"Oh, don't imagine that I am angry! There is nothing to be angry about. It's quite a natural thing in our eyes that you should take your cousin about—you are playmates, almost brother and sister in each other's eyes."

She was looking at him as if she would read into his very soul. He made no reply whatsoever. His glance shifted from hers to stare into the glade. No line of his clear young face wavered. She, who had hoped for some sign of emotion upon this statement,

was conscious of a sinking heart. Mother, before aught else in this world, she felt for her daughter a keenness of disappointment that she could scarcely ever have felt for herself.

"He does not care for her," she thought; "and my little girl—cares."

The summer midday silence lay over the wood; like a sigh a wandering breeze set now and again the leafy forest breast a-heaving, scarcely enough, however, to alter the shadows drawn on the wide, sunny patches between the great beech-trees. There were white and lilac blossoms on trailing brambles; and an elder tree was starred with milky flowers that sent out an aromatic pungency to mix with the indescribable sweetness of the beech leaves in the sun.

Enniscorthy began to whistle under his breath.

"I say, isn't it a jolly day!"

Lady Gertrude walked on a few steps; she knew that an inadmissible discomposure was writing itself upon her countenance. More than anything she had ever wanted, she wanted her daughter's future happiness. She wanted it ensured by position, fortune and good fellowship; and there was no one more likely to bring her child these desirable things than the young man at her side. But, apart from this, she had the most passionate anxiety to keep the girl from the blight of an early disillusion, and in spite of her watchfulness, her untiring maternal thought, such a catastrophe seemed imminent. A sense of helpless anger took possession of her; the old bitter resentment over the eternal inequality of man and woman. Yonder smooth-faced, slim boy, with his indifferent eyes, held the happiness, the fate of her child in his hands, merely because of his manhood's prerogative of choice; and she, because of her womanhood, must smile and hide, give no glimpse of her desire, her anxiety; even as by-and-bye her little Norah must smile and hide and feign indifference. The deeper the wound, the more gaily it must be veiled—because they were—women; because he was—man!

The while he stepped, softly whis-

ting. But diplomacy is the weapon of the weaker creature; and Gertrude Esdale was a born diplomatist. She had failed to make her young cousin speak his mind, she had failed to strike one spark of lover's fire from him; she now, out of her knowledge of masculine nature, cast her last dart.

"It is understood, then," she said suddenly, facing him with a pleasant smile, "though we know there is no more reason why Norah should not run about with you than if you were her brother, the world does not know it; and as we don't want all the merry wives of Windsor to say you are engaged, you will please, my dear Enniscorthy, find another young lady for your motor drives."

"Oh, I say!" said Enniscorthy.

But he smiled back as he spoke, and searching as her eye was, beyond a mild, almost jocular air of protest, she could discover in him no symptom of dismay. She continued:

"You may say we can laugh at gossip. A man can. A girl cannot. To us, of course, the idea of an engagement between cousins, such children as you are, would seem the utmost absurdity. I have always disliked the idea of marriage between cousins," she pursued in a dreamy tone which was the perfection of artfulness.

"Look here, Cousin Gertrude, you've got a trailer after you. I'll stamp on it, you walk on. Oh, no, I say, that won't do! Stand still, and I'll get the beggar off without tearing your frills. What a bore it must be to have such a lot of lace about one."

His face was scarlet as he rose from his task. Easily explained, no doubt, by his stooping attitude on so hot a day.

Lady Gertrude went pensively across the brilliant, shadeless sward between the roses, into the house. She had gained not an atom of satisfaction, had scored no point, reached no conclusion. Nevertheless she had flung a seed into the furrow of masculine perverseness; it might fructify. Tell a man you prefer his not doing a thing—and raise the desire.

When they reached the hall she

picked up Norah's letter from the table and handed it to him.

"If this is to make a new assignation," she said with a laugh, pointing the double meaning of her concluding words, "I hope, Enniscorthy, that you will be on duty, or otherwise engaged, that day."

He held the envelope between his fingers, a moment or two before answering.

"Am I not to see Norah any more, then?" he asked in a somewhat low voice.

"Oh, my dear boy, of course; we all hope to see you, a great deal of you. More especially now that your uncle has returned. He will be sorry to have missed you this morning. Will you not dine to-night?"

He stood a second longer in thought, then slipped the letter unopened into his pocket.

"Right! Thanks awfully!" he cried cheerfully. "No, don't trouble to ring, I'll run around to the stables and pick up my gee. Good-bye!"

"I gave Enniscorthy your letter myself."

"What?" cried Norah, springing up from the table where she had been yawning over a German exercise. "What, is Enn here?"

"He has been and gone."

"What! Gone without seeing me? Why did nobody tell me?"

"He did not ask to see you, Norah."

"I don't believe it. What did he come for then?" The green eyes shot fury.

"He brought some roses."

"What's been done with them?"

"They were not for you."

"Not for me!" Norah's voice rose into incredulous shrillness.

"They were for Fräulein, my dear."

The tears rushed into the same green eyes, and Lady Gertrude's heart ached.

"For Fräulein! How idiotic!" cried the girl, winking and forcing the trembling corners of her mutinous mouth into a smile of derision.

Lady Gertrude knew that this was not the moment for softness.

"You must really try and remember, Norah, that your cousin cannot be per-

petually at your beck and call now that he has duties and responsibilities of his own. He is very good-natured to you. But he is not a school-boy any more. I think," she added more gently, "that your cousin's conscience smote him for the trick that you both played on Fräulein yesterday."

"He had nothing to say to it," said Norah, who spoke in a strangled voice, bending over her copybook, and elaborately dotting and crossing letters even where no dots or crosses should be. Then she raised her head and tossed her red plait. "I don't care," she said.

"Well," said Lady Gertrude, smiling, "the matter may now be allowed to drop, I think. Enniscorthy will dine to-night; try and behave a little more decorously when you meet."

She closed the schoolroom door before waiting for a reply, but not before she had time to see the flush of joy on her daughter's face. A deep sigh escaped her. Every fibre of her motherhood seemed in pain. How much was her girl to suffer before they reached the end of this episode?

It was only when she passed the open door of one of the guest-chambers and saw the maids busy within, that she remembered her expected visitor and her own conjugal problem.

A small smile crept upon her lips. The phrase with which a languid friend of hers used to epitomise existence returned to her mind:

"Life is such a wear!"

She echoed it now fervently, with a difference.

"Men are such a wear!"

(To be continued)

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

CLEMENT SHORTER'S "NAPOLEON AND HIS FELLOW-TRAVELLERS"*

One would suppose that after the minute researches of a thousand students of Napoleonic history, led by the indefatigable Frédéric Masson, there would be nothing left for any one to drag into the light of day with reference to the mighty Corsican. None the less, Mr. Clement Shorter has given us a book which, like Lord Rosebery's, deals with a single episode of the Emperor's career. This book, which is entitled *Napoleon and His Fellow-Travellers*, describes the voyage which the fallen chief made in the British ship *Northumberland* from Plymouth to St. Helena. Mr. Shorter has gathered together some very rare letters and privately printed documents written by those who accompanied Na-

poleon on this voyage. Thus we have the narrative of Mr. George Home taken from his *Memoirs* and written when Home was a midshipman. There is also a letter—a very blunt and British letter—by Captain Charles Ross who commanded the *Northumberland*. Then we have a very interesting series of conversations with Napoleon from the pen of the Hon. W. H. Lyttleton who merely spent a day upon the ship, but whose knowledge of French enabled him to converse with Napoleon when the latter happened to be in a mood which disposed him to chat. These conversations are extremely valuable. Mr. Shorter says that only half a dozen copies of them are now extant. Finally there is the story of Dr. William Warden, a surgeon on the vessel, while appendices contain the off-hand story of an English schoolboy, one John Smart of Brixham, in addition to extracts from a journal by a naval lieutenant, and some reminiscences by Sir George Bingham, who accompanied Na-

**Napoleon and His Fellow-Travellers*. By Clement Shorter. New York: Cassell and Company.

poleon to St. Helena, but who never published anything on the subject during his lifetime. Here we have, therefore, glimpses of the great Emperor given by men of different stations and different temperaments; and, taken together, they are of great value. Perhaps the most amusing is the short letter written by Captain Ross. Ross knew no French, and, therefore, he understood nothing of what Napoleon said. He was also deeply imbued with British prejudices, and he speaks of Napoleon as "Boney." Here is his description of the illustrious prisoner, set down in his own manner:

I felt very much disappointed, as I believe everybody else did, in his appearance, as I have never seen a picture of him that conveys any likeness to what he really is. He appears by no means that active man he is said to be. He is fat, rather what we call pot-bellied, and although his leg is well shaped, it is rather clumsy, and his walk appears rather affected, something between a waddle and a swagger—but probably not being used to the motion of a ship might have given him that appearance. He is very sallow and quite light *Grey Eyes*; rather thin, greasy-looking brown hair, and altogether a very nasty, priest-like looking fellow. He was dressed in a dark green coat with gold epaulettes, white waistcoat and breeches, silk stockings and shoes and buckles, which has been his constant dress. He wears two or three orders, but one of them is a very large Star of the Legion of Honour.

With this description it is worth while to compare that given by Dr. Warden, an honest soul, who reminds one of Sherlock Holmes's *confrère*, the good Watson:

His face was pale, and his beard of an unshaven appearance. Indeed, his general aspect justified the conjecture that he had not passed the preceding night in sound repose. His forehead is thinly covered with dark hair, as well as the top of his head, which is large, and has a singular flatness; what hair he has behind is bushy, and I could not discern the slightest mixture of white in it. His eyes, which are grey, are in continual motion, and hurry rapidly to the various objects around him. His teeth are regular and good; his neck is short, but his

shoulders of the finest proportion. The rest of his figure, though a little blended with the Dutch fulness, is of a very handsome form.

Captain Ross, like all the other writers, seemed impressed by the fact that from his own suite Napoleon still received the deference due to an Emperor.

None of his own people ever appeared covered before him—nor do they now. They always style him "Sire" or "Your Majesty."

The bluff Ross adds, with apparent satisfaction:

John Bull was not quite so civil, as he never got more from us than any other general officer would. Indeed, he was received on board with the same salute—that of a Captain's Guard and three ruffles of the drum—as a General should be.

Of more real interest, however, than any of these narratives is Mr. Shorter's introduction in which he criticises the existing biographies of Napoleon. He recognises the brilliancy of Lord Rosebery's fascinating book, *The Last Phase*; yet he very properly regards it as fundamentally written around the memoirs of Gourgaud and as being unfair to other diarists. Mr. Shorter thinks that, as a rule, all English biographies are worthless; and he singles out for especial censure Sir John Seeley's history as being "utterly wrong-headed." The volume devoted to Napoleon in the *Cambridge Modern History* is marred by irrelevancy, "blind partisanship and a total lack of any sense of proportion." The latest life, that by Dr. John Holland Rose, is said to "echo the average British Philistine's view of Napoleon." Nevertheless, Mr. Shorter calls it "the only real biography of Napoleon in the English language that we may take seriously to-day." He evidently has not given much careful study to any American historians, for he lumps Johnson, "Tom" Watson and Professor Sloane together. It is a wonder that he did not drag in Miss Ida Tarbell and J. S. C. Abbott. Surely he cannot have read with care the monumental history by Professor Sloane, which represents years of careful research among the original sources of Napoleonic history. He seems never to

have heard of Mr. J. C. Ropes. What appeals to us most, however, in this introduction, is the following statement and implied promise:

Some years before Lord Rosebery gave us that interesting book, *Napoleon: the Last Phase*, it had been my ambition to write an account of the fallen Emperor's six years of exile at St. Helena, under the title of *Nepoleon and His Fellow-Prisoners*. . . . Lord Rosebery's remarkable critical summary of the episode made me, however, recognise the desirability of allowing my little volume to rest unwritten for a few years longer.

We trust that these years will be very few, since a book on this subject from Mr. Shorter's hand would be immensely readable. He is in thorough sympathy with Napoleon and makes the claim that his own countrymen were averse to renewing the gigantic war after Napoleon's return from Elba. He recalls the significant fact, which many have forgotten, that when the British regiments returned home after their victory at Waterloo they were actually hissed and hooted by the mob in some of the towns through which they passed. Mr. Shorter is also fair enough to set forth again the circumstance that out of the seventy thousand troops whom Wellington commanded at Waterloo, only twenty-four thousand were British subjects—the rest being Dutch, German and Belgians in addition to other soldiers, so that five languages were spoken in the army. Mr. Shorter justly says:

We who are Englishmen are well entitled to glory in our share of the fight, in the bravery of our soldiers; for it was the culminating point in a great career that we have here, and we and our great general destroyed the victor of Arcola and of Lodi, of Austerlitz and of Jena. Yet it was a triumph of reaction, all the same, of Metternich and the Bourbons and the Russian Tsar; and the chains were welded more firmly upon the English labourer and the Irish peasant.

We repeat the expression of our hope that Mr. Shorter will not too long delay his projected volume. It is certain to be original and it will thus be a welcome

addition to the existing mass of Napoleonic literature.

Harry Thurston Peck.

II

HALL CAINE'S "MY STORY"*

It is a philosophical Hall Caine, considerably different from the disputatious Hall Caine of generally accepted belief, who introduces himself in the last chapter of *My Story*. What, after all, is the use of quarrelling with the critics, he says in acknowledging that some of the letters that he has sent to the newspapers have been intemperate and indiscreet. Still he intimates that they might have been more intemperate and indiscreet by telling of two of his friends who quarrelled in their attempt to collaborate. "But see what insulting letters you send me," said one. "You should see the letters I don't send you," retorted the other. Which anecdote is obviously a protest of his own moderation on the part of Mr. Caine. Yet now that he has come to five and fifty years he has reached the conclusion that it is best to leave adverse critics to themselves, holding that the most pathetic incident in literary history is that of Gogol, the father of Russian fiction, "going about in his last days from country house to country house with a carpet-bag full of adverse notices of his great novel, *Dead Souls*, reading them again and again, exhibiting them to his friends, complaining of them, railing against them, permitting them to suck his life-blood like so many literary leeches, until they killed him in his misery and shame. The shocking waste of Gogol's valuable life becomes hideously apparent when one says to one's self, '*Dead Souls* is here still, but where are the adverse notices, and, in the name of heaven, what were they?'"

To those who have been accepting Mr. Caine at the appraisal of his hostile critics, regarding him entirely in the light of a persistent self-exploiter, *My Story* will recall a novelist of considerable though uneven powers, and a literary workman whose fortune it has been to know some of the most interesting of the

**My Story*. By Hall Caine. New York; D. Appleton and Company.

English men of letters of his time. Dickens died when Hall Caine was a boy in his teens, yet he seems almost to have been in personal touch with Dickens through his intimate friendship with Wilkie Collins, who was Dickens's associate and collaborator. Rossetti he knew well and for many years, and a full third of this book is devoted to the life story of that gifted and unhappy man. He was one of Ruskin's staunch supporters at a time when it was the fashion for the newspapers to deride Ruskin's idea of political economy as something too puerile for serious treatment, and Ruskin repaid his youthful championship with years of appreciation. Blackmore and Robert Buchanan were his close personal friends. Even in his youth, as the London representative of the *Liverpool Mercury*, he had the opportunity of forming the most interesting literary acquaintances. At the table of Theodore Watts Dunton he met Swinburne; under the wing of Lord Houghton he met Lord Coleridge; at the house of Coleridge he met Matthew Arnold and Robert Browning.

One of the best of Hall Caine's friendships was that with Wilkie Collins, which grew out of the latter's appreciation of *The Decmster*. Collins wrote to Caine, praising the book, but pointing out the need of more contrast and sunshine. "Look at two of the greatest of tragic stories, *Hamlet* and *The Bride of Lammermoor*, and see how Shakespeare and Scott take every opportunity of presenting contrasts and brightening the picture at the right place." Soon Caine went to visit his critic.

I found him in the heart of London, for he was then living in Gloucester Place. The house was large and rather dingy. The walls were panelled, the stairs were of stone, the hall was cold, and the whole house cheerless. The door had been answered by a man-servant, whose nervousness and diffidence told a long story in advance of the habits of close retirement observed by the master I had come to see. On the walls of the room that I was shown into hung pictures of the greatest interest. There was an etching of Dickens, that I had never seen anywhere else, showing a healthier and handsomer face than the one

familiar to the public, without any signs either of the days of "Hungerford Market" or of the death's hand that lay heavy on it at the last. Then there was a portrait of Collins himself in the earliest years of his manhood, boyish, even girlish, almost childlike in its simple expression, and with the forehead that belonged to Collins alone—round, protrusive, and overhanging heavily. There was another portrait of the author by Millais, and a photograph by Sarony of New York, representing Collins when the boyish face was half-hidden by an abundant beard, and the youthful head had grown leonine.

Collins, like so many other English imaginative writers, was addicted to the use of drugs. Caine tells of calling upon him one day in 1888 to discuss a knotty point. Collins complained that his brain was not very clear, and turning to a closet he took out a wine-glass and what appeared to be a bottle of medicine. "I'm going to show you one of the secrets of my prison-house," he said with a smile, and then he poured from the bottle a full wine-glass of a liquid resembling port wine. "Do you see that?" he asked. "It's laudanum." And straightway he drank it off.

"Good heavens, Wilkie Collins!" I said, "how long have you taken that drug?"

"Twenty years," he answered.

"More than once a day?"

"Oh, yes, much more. Don't be alarmed. Remember that De Quincey used to drink laudanum out of a jug."

Then he told me a story, too long to repeat, of how a man-servant of his had killed himself by taking less than half of one of his doses.

"Why do you take it?" I asked.

"To stimulate the brain and steady the nerves."

"And you think it does that?"

"Undoubtedly," and laughing a little at my consternation, he turned back to the difficult subject I had come to discuss. "I'll see it clearer now. Let us begin again," he said.

Collins further justified his habit by saying that laudanum had the same stimulating and steadying effect on Bulwer Lytton. Yet when Caine asked him whether he would advise him (Caine) to resort to the drug, Collins changed colour slightly and said "No."

Blackmore in the eyes of Hall Caine

was not naturally a story-teller, though a splendid recorder of stories. He invented very little and depended largely on fact and memory. He told Caine that for almost everything he had written he had the authority of some original. John Ridd had his counterpart in life, and Blackmore's old father, a clergyman of the old type, often served his son as a model. Lorna Doone, Caine regarded as coming more directly out of her creator's heart. But as a rule he seldom trusted himself in the invention of incident. It was much the same with George Eliot, and the success of these two proved that it is possible to write great novels without being by natural gift a story-teller at all. Blackmore became a novelist by pressure of circumstances.

After leaving the university he was for a while a tutor, and then entered the chambers of a conveyancer named Warner, and was called to the Bar. But no practice came to him, and he began to write—on classical subjects first, by the choice of his mind, for he was an excellent Greek scholar. Nobody wanted his scholarship, however, and he began to ask himself what the public really did want. His first attempts at popularity were in the way of the drama, and he wrote on a Scandinavian subject a play which was never produced. It had a powerful dramatic incident and some excellent dialogue, but no motive and no structure. Failing to interest the actors, he went next to the public direct with an essay in fiction. Here his success was better, although not quick, and culminated in the great triumph of *Lorna Doone*.

A strange figure in the London world of letters was Robert Buchanan, that robust Ishmaelite whose article on "The Fleshly School of Poetry" had brought so much pain to Rossetti, William Morris and Swinburne. Caine first met him about two months after Rossetti's death, and a few days later Buchanan wrote a letter explaining the motive which had led him to make his attack.

In perfect frankness, let me say a few words concerning our old quarrel. While admitting freely that my article in the *Contemporary Review* was unjust to Rossetti's claims as a poet, I have ever held, and still hold, that it contained nothing to warrant the manner in which it was received by the poet and his

circle. At the time it was written the newspapers were full of panegyric; mine was a mere drop of gall in an ocean of *eau sucrée*. That it could have had on any man the effect you describe I can scarcely believe; indeed, I think that no living man had so little to complain of as Rossetti on the score of criticism. Well, my protest was received in a way which turned irritation into wrath, wrath into violence; and then ensued the paper war which lasted for years. If you compare what I have written of Rossetti with what his admirers have written of myself, I think you will admit that there has been some cause for *me* to complain, to shun society, to feel bitter against the world; but, happily, I have a thick epidermis, and the courage of an approving conscience.

In view of the magnificent manner in which Hall Caine lives in the days of his affluence, here indicated by the several illustrations showing Greeba Castle, the novelist's home in the Isle of Man, the pages telling of his early years of struggle and the earnings of his first books have a particular significance. For his first story he received one hundred pounds for serial rights and afterward seventy-five pounds for the copyright out and out. For his second book he fared but little better, and for his third, the first novel of Manx life, *The Deemster*, which contained the work of a laborious year plus the Manx lore acquired during the eighteen years of his youth, he received one hundred and fifty pounds in all. "I had been writing for ten years, and had published at least five novels, every one of them considered a success, before I had made a penny beyond what was necessary to meet the most modest of daily needs."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

III

H. A. BRUCE'S "AMERICAN EXPANSION"*

The story of our expansion has been told many times, both "by parcels" and "intently." Mr. Addington Bruce has no special gifts or advantages, so far as appears, for telling it over again. His notion, as one gathers it from his preface and from the body of his text, is to elicit

*The Romance of American Expansion. By H. Addington Bruce. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

the "romance" of it by exhibiting the picturesqueness of the personalities engaged in the various stages and steps of it. That is what a Carlyle, for example, in his place, would have done, and done memorably and strikingly. Sure enough, *vixerunt fortes* beyond and even within living memory, John Charles Frémont, for example, as well as Daniel Boone and George Rogers Clark, who were generations earlier concerned in *The Winning of the West*, as our ex-President picturesquely puts it. Mr. Bruce's intentions are thus far honourable, but not perfectly executed. What good does it do anybody, for example, to read of Daniel Boone:

He was cradled to the whispering of the forest trees and the singing of the birds that flitted through their branches; and from the moment that he was old enough to walk, the forest never called to him in vain. As a boy it was his delight to wander from the open fields, past the cordon of blackened stumps that marked the edge of the primeval depths, there to study the ways of nature and lay the foundations of his after mastery of woodcraft.

That is fine writing, if you like, even "romance" of the opera kind, if you like. But evidently it does not get us "any for-rader." As Dr. Johnson remarked to the young man who ventured upon the assertion that "we had an excellent sermon this morning": "That may be, sir; but it is impossible that you should know it."

Or take this about young Thomas Jefferson:

From the wilderness which stretched for miles about the little clearing he drew in with his first breath sentiments of freedom and liberality. As he grew older and roamed through the forest, gun in hand, these sentiments were deepened by contemplation of the open and untrammelled ways of nature. He perceived, too, in the broad vistas of woodland, valley, mountain range and stream a perpetual symbol of the vastness and grandeur and opportunities of the land in which he lived.

Again the irrepressible inquiry, "How can he possibly know?" A great many boys grew up among the surroundings of the youth of Jefferson, and a great many

other boys among those of Daniel Boone, without being moved to negotiate purchases of Louisiana, or to become pioneers of Kentucky. All this talk, well meant though it may be "to add verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing narrative," is in fact superfluous and negligible. The reader who reads either for amusement or instruction has to demand, "I prythee, now, deliver them like a man of this world."

Almost the worst of it is that our Ancient Pistol really has "tidings" and could tell a straight and interesting story, if he were not obsessed with the delusion that it was incumbent upon him to disfigure it with this glamour which is no glamour of sham romance. He has read up the various "expansions" apparently with fidelity. His last chapter, which is bibliographical, exhibits not only the extent of his researches, but the really critical spirit that has presided over them, and that, if he had given it a fair chance, would have made his book really worth reading. The expansions to which we were born and which we have achieved, as it seems from a new perusal of the story, were alike thrust upon us. That is a fact which goes far toward invalidating the criticisms of our "anti-Imperialists" about the latest of the expansions. The fact that John Hay's attractive and illuminating "Letters" are announced on the title-page as "printed but not published," while it precludes criticism, does not, one hopes, preclude citation. In one of them there is this allusion to the leading journalistic anti-Imperialist of 1900, whose initial "G" is a quite transparent mask for the late editor of the *Evening Post*:

He says McKinley and I are "the most dangerous scoundrels by whom any country was ever beset." It always amuses a weak altruist like me to hear myself called a dangerous scoundrel, and so I am grateful to G.

Our latest expansion was such a stroke of "manifest destiny," was so plainly and suddenly thrust upon us, that it had no pioneers. And the pioneers are, of course, the picturesque characters of "empire building." It makes a great difference whether you pursue an elephant

to his jungle, or suddenly find him on your hands, as the ex-President who is about to alternate the latter figurative with the former literal predicament is in the way to discover. The picturesqueness of Mr. Bruce's account of the pioneers is much enhanced by the actual portraits, as good and authentic, apparently, as could be found, from Daniel Boone to John Charles Frémont. This last portrait, by the way, as the major-general's uniform would suffice to show, is by no means the "Pathfinder" of 1842, but the ambitious and insubordinate soldier of twenty years later who was one of the most irritating in Lincoln's crown of thorns, but at either period one of the handsomest and most ingratiating of men. Text, illustrations and all, Mr. Bruce's volume is worth looking through. It does include a concise and popular and well-informed account of its subject, though that fact is obscured by the fine writing which some friendly blue pencil ought remorselessly to have deleted.

Montgomery Schuyler.

IV

ROBERT GRANT'S "THE CHIPPENDALES"*

The Chippendales, like other novels by Judge Grant, leaves one a little uncertain as to how its author should be taken: as an ingenuous and rather garrulous chronicler of the commonplaces of contemporary modern American life or as a subtle though circumstantial commentator thereupon—a satirist who chooses the mask of simplicity. By simplicity I do not mean directness. This writer circumnavigates every situation, every phase of every situation, with much verbal troubling of the waters, a continual and rather clumsy flap and splash of words in the raw. It is as hard for him to be done with a scene or an episode as it is for Mr. James; and yet he has no finesse of style. On the contrary, he expresses himself often with a crudity almost rustic. "In the state of mind Priscilla was in, he impressed her as being one of the sanest and most pleasant-looking young

men she had ever beheld." Is this the speech of a learned judge or the dialect of a country newspaper?

On the other hand, nothing is clearer than that the story as a whole has a kind of solidity and effectiveness. This is no more due to novelty of plot than to happiness of style. The action is extremely slow, and the things that happen are perfectly obvious. In fact, the book is hardly as much novel as a study of Boston in the last two decades of the nineteenth century. Judge Grant of course knows his ground here most intimately, and there is perhaps no aspect of the city's life during the period in question upon which he fails to touch—the life of "Brahmin" Boston, that is, for it is the older flower of Boston civilisation which primarily concerns us. At least, we are encouraged to see everything from the point of view of those who dwell on the "water side of Beacon Street," or, at worst, on the "sunny side of Commonwealth Avenue." Our vision is limited chiefly to that of Mrs. (Chippendale) Sumner: "Bounded on the north by Harvard College, on the east by the dome of the State House and by Boston Common, on the south by the Boston Art Museum, and on the west by Mt. Auburn cemetery. And latterly might be added, on the north, northeast by the Associated Charities, and on the south, southwest by the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Whatever affected these landmarks stirred her deeply, for they seemed to her to represent individually and to embody collectively the spirit of enlightened human progress."

The Chippendales, in short, embody that old Boston respectability and culture which have been so rudely challenged during the past two or three decades. Enlightened human progress has been construed otherwise by the nation at large, and even the proud citadel on Beacon Hill has not been inviolate of change. The survival of the ancient spirit in the younger generation is here represented in Henry Chippendale Sumner; the spirit of change, the commercial and utilitarian spirit, by one Hugh Blaisdell, an alien by birth and instinct. Blaisdell comes to Boston in the early eighties, a self-sufficient and

*The Chippendales. By Robert Grant. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

self-seeking but hearty and amiable youth, bent upon making his fortune. A letter of introduction gives him an opening in the office of a State Street broker, where he soon makes himself invaluable. He advances by strides, and is presently in a position of influence as regards all questions of public improvement; or, according to Henry Sumner, of public demoralisation. Sumner, the champion of conservatism and idealism, is doomed to oppose Blaisdell at all points—for the most part in vain. However, he has his victories, as in the famous "Bacchante" controversy and in carrying off the girl of Blaisdell's (second) choice. But in spite of him Blaisdell's subway undermines the common, and Blaisdell's skyscrapers profane the classic outline of Beacon Hill. Blaisdell thinks Sumner a fool for refusing to change his name in order to inherit half a million; and Sumner thinks Blaisdell an unmitigated rascal because neither his motives nor his methods square with Sumner's own standard of absolute rectitude. And of course neither is right.

The elder Chippendales are an interesting series of survivals; but the family has its own representative of the modern idea. A State Street place coveted by Blaisdell on his first arrival in Boston, is held for this Chauncey Chippendale because (by a play of doubtful scrupulousness) he has won a football game for Harvard against Yale. He becomes Blaisdell's chief rival, but the outsider revenges himself against Chauncey and the whole race of Chippendales by reducing him to second place in State Street and by marrying his sister. The conclusion reached by Judge Grant at the end of his six hundred pages is that "the type for which Henry Sumner stands is waning fast before the pressure of foreign and visible forces." Boston is now "an already cosmopolitan city, proud of its traditions and its glory. Richer than ever in the fruits of its industry and thrift, seething—still seething—with all the problems of the universe, will it hold its distinction as a moulder of thought and a quickener of conscience when Henry and his like slumber with the mastodon and the buffalo? That is for posterity to answer. Or, if you are impatient to

know, ask Blaisdell. He can tell you anything."

H. W. Boynton.

V

MR. CHAMBERS'S "SPECIAL MESSENGER"*

When a novelist has reached the point where he can produce a story by formula he has found the paradise of all writers. Henceforth writing is no longer a matter of intellectual exertion, but of purely mechanical ingenuity. Every craftsman will admire the ease with which in his latest book Mr. Chambers demonstrates his right to this post-graduate degree of the complete fictionist. In all his stories hitherto there has been something of the amateur, some element of the unexpected, the incalculable, that has kept the reader now and then in a state of feverish expectancy lest the thing shall not turn out exactly as it seems bound to do. There have even been times when his characters threatened actually to run away with him and work out their own individual destinies, regardless of his manipulation. One remembers Malcourt, the polished villain of *The Firing Line*, who after a thoroughly villainesque and uninteresting beginning turns out to be something very like a real hero, and threatens to push his pasteboard rival, the nominal hero, clean off the stage. Such are the effects of human frailty in the novelist's trade, often demanding his constant vigilance and proving that his practice has not yet reached the precision of exact science.

But none of this amiable imperfection mars the symmetry of *Special Messenger*. Here we have the Chambers formula—perhaps more accurately the Chambers formulæ—perfectly adjusted, all its parts moving with the precision of machinery, so that there is never a click or jar as the wheels go round, keyed up to so many revolutions per chapter. It is the perfection of method. The product is the model of all Chambers stories, a sort of archetype or abstract Chambers-story-in-itself. Given this pattern and a factory equipped with modern appliances, the outcome of years of experience, and one

*Special Messenger. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

can picture Mr. Chambers turning out standardised novels in such quantities as the market demand will absorb.

Of course, he does not actually give away the secret, in spite of this naked exhibition of the model. The brand is sufficiently protected from infringement. But envious competitors can study the mechanism with profit. The essential parts are readily named. Most important, naturally, is the heroine. With an assurance which less practised novelists can only admire, Mr. Chambers has dared to make her a spy in the War of the Rebellion. Any minor novelist will tell you that the Civil War romance, with its inevitable complication of love between a gallant Northern soldier and a Southern girl or *vice versa*, was done to death years ago. But Mr. Chambers is above such counsels of caution. He believes with Mr. Chesterton that there is always romance in the world; and his *Special Messenger* is the embodiment of all the virtues of romance. But—and here is the significant difference—though her setting is the Civil War, her "tone" is that of the year 1909. Not the simple virtues of '63 for our jaded palates! Celia is beautiful and brave; she is also a bit morbid and complex of soul; she has a feminine love of finery and comforts, but she incurs danger with the reckless daring of a boy, not the desperate valour of a woman. Both her patriotism and her religion are tinged with cynicism. She is a lovely maiden, but she is capable of cold-bloodedly tempting a man to dishonour and kill himself to save her life. No, she is not the Civil War heroine we have known; she is merely the protagonist of Mr. Chambers's society novels set to *The Star Spangled Banner*.

After all, it is scarcely worth while to proceed further with the enumeration of essentials. The heroine is everything. Given her charming person, her qualities, her necessary stage settings and accessories, the rest may be worked out in a series of mathematical equations. The stories—for the book is a small sheaf of short stories, not a novel—are built in the regular style of such things, and from the usual materials. Mr. Chambers even descends to the clumsy expedient of resurrecting a dead man, as if by an after-

thought, to provide a suitable hero to pair with the heroine. It is an insignificant defect. The author's eyes, and the reader's, are on Celia, who turns up in each chapter in a new disguise, facing some fresh danger, carrying out her rôle with her slightly *blasé*, weary air. With regard to her person Mr. Chambers has no mock-modest reticence. He dwells on her slim neck, her white arms, her small, firm hands, the delicate curve of the slender hips, her finely rounded ankles. At the slightest provocation the *Special Messenger* strips her fine silk stockings from her feet and divests herself of her garments to don a calico gown and slip her bare, white feet into coarse shoes. Once or twice she takes a surreptitious early morning plunge in a wooded stream, and emerges like a Diana. These are the great moments of the story. By them, if in no other way, the happy reader will recognise the kinship of this volume with the sensuously moral tales of the Smarter Set with which of late Mr. Chambers has regaled us.

Ward Clark.

VI

WALLACE IRWIN'S "JAPANESE SCHOOLBOY"*

It is one thing to read the letters of Hashimura Togo at intervals in *Collier's Weekly* and another thing to read them all together in a book. They are much better in a book because there are more of them. Their humour stands the test of continuous reading and survives the passing events that furnished the subjects. They belong to humorous literature as distinct from humorous journalism. We have a good deal of delectable humorous journalism in the Chicago papers, in the New York *Sun*, in the *Emporia Gazette* and the *Atchison Globe*, but it is a long, long time between true satirists. There will never be another Dooley. There will never be another Togo. The next satirist, who will be due in about ten years, will have difficulty in finding a voice and a lingo equal to those

*Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy ("Hashimura Togo"). By Wallace Irwin. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

of Mr. Dooley and Mr. Togo as a vehicle for comment upon current events and the old, old human foibles.

Several funny things have happened to add to the joy of true admirers of Togo. When the letters were appearing in *Collier's*, we had the pleasure of reading the kicks from subscribers who did not think Togo amusing. There are people just like that in America, which takes great pride in its national sense of humour. Editors in various parts of the country, following the lead of *Collier's* shrewd and dissembling advertisements on the editorial page, joined the solemn discussion of Mr. Irwin's faithfulness to Japanese English as she is wrote. Then the Letters had to be reviewed in the *Nation*, and *Nation* reviews are often funny to the reader who happens to know the book upon which the court is sitting. The *Nation* critic, with what Togo would call "Mrs. Humpty Ward expression," traced the descent of Mr. Irwin's epistles from the *Lettres Persanes* of Montesquieu and Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*; good criticism is based upon a Wide Knowledge of Literature. In this case the erudition of the *Nation* critic failed, for students of comparative humour who have received a Ph.D. from Columbia know that Mr. Irwin's literary ancestors are Puljab, the Hindoo Jester, and Nils Jorgesson, who wrote *Letters from a Cake of Ice* in the thirteenth century. Professor Rudolf Thiermeyer has attempted to show that Jorgesson's work was of the twelfth century (see *Historiographisches Zeitschriftzusammenkeit*, Vol. 834, page 16), but his conclusions are not generally accepted by the leading scholars of Bryn Mawr and Miss Fitting's School for Young Ladies.

Mr. Irwin's satires, of course, have nothing to do with Japan or the Oriental point of view. His forerunners are A. Ward and Hosea Bigelow. The point of view is that of an American living anywhere between Portland, Oregon, and Portland, Maine. The dialect is a private formula which Mr. Irwin invented, just as Lowell invented for Hosea Bigelow a dialect which was never spoken in New England and never written by anybody else. The use of a dialect is two-

fold. It allows delightfully idiotic word play; Mr. Irwin's substitutes for the words "say" and "reply" ought to please George Meredith: "she defy," "I collapse," "abrupt he," "devote Frank," "simplify Nogi," "I snub for scorn." The second and deeper use of dialect is that it enables the satirist to take a common idea and make it sound fresh by the strangeness of the words. Anti-noise crusaders can argue with us about the wicked waste and insanity of the Fourth of July and leave us unconvinced, unpersuaded; we forget all about it until the morning of the Fourth. But one cannot forget the cold facts and good sense wrapped up by Mr. Irwin in this queer American-made kimona:

Mr. Editor, by most nearly genuine statistick \$3,000,000 are burned off of America by each annual July 4th. This are sufficient to build 1 of them battleships what Congress feel too poor to vote. Six hundred persons is entirely killed by this yearly bang-up. Such a number would make a very nice crew for such a battleship. They might sail it & never enjoy death until old age do it.

The educational uses of a queer style were understood by the great Victorian joker whom everybody took seriously for a long time, Thomas Carlyle. He compels the reader to attend to an idea that has been buried in the Bible or in sober political discourses by arraying it in an outlandish garb of capitals, italics and mad-house punctuation. But let anybody else try to imitate the style and see how impossible it is in other hands than those that made it. The invention of a pointed, grotesque language or the discovery of an omnibus caption under which any idea may be conveyed is only half the game. The discoverer must have ideas to fill the vehicle. The wittiest Irishman in Ireland cannot write Dooley. Only Mr. P. F. Dunne, a wise thinker, a keen observer of American life, can do the trick. The Togo mask would be a lifeless thing with two blank staring holes if Mr. Irwin's eyes ceased to twinkle through it.

The finest work in the Letters, to my mind, is the humorous verse. It is a new kind of comic poetry worthy the author of the outrageously well-constructed

Love Sonnets of a Hoodlum. "Them poem that sound delicious in Japanese are better in English than any other funny poem in America since Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox become Hearst editor. 'International Cement' is the best thing that was written on the squabble over the 'Olympus Games.' And this on the honourable insects is profound as 'transferred from Japanese poetry'":

If Grasshop Bugs was morely scarce to see
And human persons was not used to its
Remarkabilious ways, all-world might be
Admiring of his limbs the way they fits.

But Grasshop Bugs has got around so thick
That persons sweep them up in pans and
pails,
And Poets, while them lovelus Grasshops kick,
Are somewheres else admiring Nightingales.

John Macy.

DELIBERATION AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*



HERE are many things in the construction of a novel about which it is fairly safe to dogmatise; but the question of rapidity of narration is not one of these. Whether a story shall proceed with a certain sustained breathlessness of movement; whether it shall drag with a slowness akin to tediousness; or whether it shall choose a safe and leisurely middle ground are questions which depend upon the personality of the author far more than upon the structure of the story which he proposes to write. It is well, however, to note at the outset of this discussion that the term "rapidity of narration" is not to be taken in too literal a sense. It often happens that a paragraph of narrative which gives an effect of great swiftness of action and brevity of expression may occupy by actual count more lines than a

**Araminta.* By J. C. Snaith. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

Fraternity. By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The Glory of the Conquered. By Susan Glaspell. New York: The Frederick Stokes Company.

The House With No Address. By E. Nesbit. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Katrine. By Elinor Macartney Lane. New York: Harper and Brothers.

A Resemblance and Other Stories. By Clare Benedict. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Houses of Glass. By Helen Mackay. New York: Duffield and Company.

description of the same scene by some other writer who happens to affect a slow and deliberate style. One has only to recall the time-honoured example of Alexander Pope's classic couplet—

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight
to throw,
The line, too, labours and the words move
slow;

Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending grass and skims
along the main.

to realise that the effects of speed and of deliberation may be obtained in lines that metrically occupy precisely the same length of time, while, by actual count, those giving the effect of swiftness require a greater number of syllables. And this same fact holds true equally in prose. Your deliberate story-teller, taking his own good time, telling his story in his own preferred way, may usually be trusted to reach the heart of it quicker and also to have worked up to his climax more effectively and, by actual count, with fewer words than the novelist who from the opening sentence gives you the effect of trying to make a record for verbal speeding. In the art of narration a straight line is not necessarily the shortest distance between two points, whatever it may be in geometry. A few timely curves and angles in the shape of needful and enlightening digressions may prove later

on to have been serviceable short cuts that have saved much valuable time.

In literature and in life also an apparent frantic haste is by no means synonymous with rapid and effective accomplishment. Now and then one meets a man who apparently does not know what the word "hurry" means. Whenever you meet him by appointment or otherwise in his office, at luncheon or in the street he will give you the impression that he has infinite time at your disposal. In conversation, in gesture, in his very gait when he walks, there is the same suggestion of leisurely repose. It is only afterward that you realise that in some subtle, unexplained way that man brought the interview to a close at the precise moment at which he had prearranged to close it; and that he had succeeded in saying more in his own leisurely way and also in making you say more of really definite import than another man all business and alertness and with one eye on the clock might achieve in twice the time.

There are certain books that bear a rather close resemblance to this particular type of leisurely man. To those of us who read as much for the enjoyment of niceties in style and technique as for the excitement of an ingenious plot, a book of this type comes as a grateful relief from the prevailing type of modern novel, which starts in a canter and ends in a steeple chase. Unfortunately for the gentle art of novel making, the spirit of "hustle" which is the prevailing vice of the age has spread its contagion from reality into romance. The older story writers were at liberty to take their own good time, strike their own special gait, pose cheerily along for one, two or three chapters before they deigned to make quite clear what the proposed story was to be about. But the modern reader will have none of this. There must be an abundance of brisk and stirring conversation on the opening page; and he even feels himself somewhat aggrieved if there is not a fair epitome of the plot ingeniously packed away in the opening sentence.

It is this demand for terseness, rapid action and the suggestion of breathless haste that has gradually and inexorably brought about a new type of fiction in

America—a type which is a little difficult to define briefly and which, nevertheless, is quite familiar to every reader of the fiction magazines that are known to pay the highest prices for their stories and to have the widest circulation. To stigmatise this type of story "journalistic" is an injustice, for the term unfairly belittles the really admirable technique that so many of our younger writers have acquired. And yet the one quality they all have in common, the one quality that distinguishes them from the novelists of an earlier generation and to some extent from the British novelists of to-day, is the trick of seeing a story from the point of view of the trained newspaper man—the trick of scenting its news value, of catching the public eye in the opening sentence, of putting in just enough spice of sensationalism to hold for an hour the wandering attention of the average modern mind constantly harassed by a thousand other interests. The younger generation of American novelists have had a hard problem to solve and just a few of them are solving it not badly, yet it may be said in all seriousness that the line along which they are working is not that which will produce work of the first order; it is not from this school that we may ever look for a legitimate successor to that long line that embodies the best traditions of the English novel—the line which begins with Richardson and Fielding, Jane Austen, Thackeray and George Eliot and is still represented to-day by Meredith and Hardy. Fortunately, there are still in England a number of writers who have not yet caught the contagion of haste; writers who refuse to be hurried into the heart of their story and reserve the right to lean back in their easy chairs and expound their story with easy geniality, serene in the conviction that those who care to read them at all are glad to listen to them for their own sakes and not merely from an impatience to learn whether Arabella marries Clarence on page 249 or Algernon on page 250.

Now, of course, in this whole question of speed of narration one's individual preferences depend largely upon an author's personality as well as his method; often, too, it narrows down to a question of

degree rather than of kind. You may approve the deliberate method of narration and yet find the interminable novels of Fielding frankly boresome; or, on the other hand, you may approve of terseness and rapid movement and yet decidedly object to the gatling-gun effect of the rapid-fire dialogue of an up-to-date popular novel. The first requisite, of course, that a novelist of the first rank must have is a certain charm of personality. He must make his readers love him less for what he says than because it is he who has said it—and what is more, has said it in an inimitable way. Possessing this quality, an author may safely amble on at what gait he will, serene in the assurance that when he lingers the public will gratefully linger with him, that when he quickens his stride they will be equally content to pant happily along beside him.

This whole question of deliberation in fiction was suggested by the various and contradictory opinions that one hears privately expressed by readers of *Araminta*, that new and quite remarkable volume with which Mr. J. C. Snaith has fulfilled the splendid promise already shown in *Broke of Covenden* and *William Jordan, Jr.* Three more completely distinct and sustained moods were probably never shown before by the same author in three successive volumes. *Broke of Covenden* was more than ironical; it was sardonic. *William Jordan, Jr.*, was strangely, almost morbidly neuropathic. *Araminta*, in sharpest contrast to both of these, is purely comedy—the high-class comedy of manners that traces its ancestry straight back through Thackeray to the fountain head of the best English fiction. And it has in common with these earlier models not only their purpose and their spirit, but to a certain extent their method, also, their careful workmanship, their refusal to be hurried or to slur over any details that they regard as of value to the complete understanding of character or of situation. And this is why you will hear on one hand the most unstinted and enthusiastic praise of *Araminta*; and on the other, complaints that it moves too slowly, that there are repetitions in it, that the whole story as a

story could have been told in half the space. Well, of course it could. So, for that matter, could *Vanity Fair*, only in that case it would no longer be *Vanity Fair*, but just an average mediocre story with the inimitable touch, the distinctive flavour all gone. We are all devoutly grateful to Thackeray even for his most pronounced mannerisms which dogmatic critics assure us to be bad technique. Let us also thank Heaven in the rush of the twentieth century for an occasional William de Morgan or John Galsworthy, or J. C. Snaith, who likewise refuses to be hurried out of his natural and leisurely gait.

But, for the very reason that the quality of *Araminta* is so largely a matter of method, it is a peculiarly difficult book to do full justice to within the limits of a brief review. The central idea is not new; it dates back to Maria Edgeworth's *Belinda*, and there may be earlier examples which escape the present reviewer's memory. When Miss Edgeworth conceived the idea of bringing Belinda Portman from her native town on a protracted visit in a fashionable London household, plunging her into the social whirl of a London season and incidentally affording her a chance to establish herself for life by a prudent marriage, she was really employing a formula that under various modifications has since formed the basis of scores of English novels, not excepting the diverting history of Becky Sharp herself. Such also is the briefest possible way of stating the formula of *Araminta*. The formidable old Countess of Crewkerne, noting a falling off in the number of friends who attend upon her days of state, remembers in her old age the existence of a niece, the child of a misguided sister who had had the bad taste to marry a country clergyman and bury herself alive in Slocum Magna. Accordingly, *Araminta* is sent for; and presently she arrives, a tall young goddess with glorious eyes and hair, a ludicrous drawl and a deliciously frank habit of assuring every one that her name "is *Araminta*, but that they call her Goose, because she is rather a Sil-lay." Now it happens that in the household of the hawk-like old Countess of Crewkerne there is a wonderful old portrait of one

of Araminta's ancestresses, painted by Gainsborough—it also happens that but for a slight addition of gold in the hair, the Gainsborough portrait might have been a picture of Araminta herself. There are two elderly beaux, the Earl of Cheriton and George Betterton, who has the advantage of being a duke, both of whom are on terms of intimacy with the old Countess, and whom she proceeds to play off against each other as rivals for the hand of the Slocum Magna niece. But unfortunately for her plans, Cheriton takes it into his head to have a copy of the famous Gainsborough portrait made by a penniless but good-looking young artist, who, discovering Araminta's resemblance to the Gainsborough, decides to copy her instead, and the rest of the story may be briefly epitomised as a comedy of *The Girl, The Young Artist and The Two Old Beaux*; while the end shows that however much of a Sil-lay Araminta may have been at first, she eventually outgrew the tendency. There is no other contemporary novel with which this new volume of Mr. Snaith's may be compared. The quality and temper of its satire upon the London social life of to-day may most fairly be likened to that of the cartoons which the late George du Maurier used to contribute week after week to the pages of *Punch*. And one cannot read Araminta without thinking what an incomparable illustrator of this volume Du Maurier might have been, and how admirably he could have caught the spirit of it.

We are fortunate this month in having also a new volume from Mr. John Galsworthy, entitled *Fraternity*. Mr. Galsworthy does not write comedy; he takes life somewhat too seriously for that.

His new volume deals thoughtfully and realistically—in the best sense of the word realism—with the world old question, "Am I My Brother's Keeper?" Structurally, the book is a remarkable piece of technique. It would be difficult to find anywhere another volume producing with such admirable economy of means a like effect of the complexity and turmoil of modern life. It is a story of London of to-day, dealing especially with

the problem of the "submerged tenth," the responsibility of every man and woman for the welfare of those poorer than themselves, and the various means by which help may be most effectively given. You get an impression of the crowded misery of the slums, the ceaseless surge and rush of London streets, the gay whirl of fashionable life, teas and receptions and house-parties, and yet, if you take the trouble to count them up, you will find that there are just fourteen characters with speaking parts, the seven members of the Dallison family on the one hand, the seven inmates of a wretched tenement on the other. There is some fine symbolism in the characters and the relationships of these fourteen people. The two Dallison brothers, Stephen and Hilary, chose for their wives two sisters, daughters of the aged, visionary, half-crazed Professor Stone. Yet no two brothers, no two sisters were ever more fundamentally unlike. Clearly, Mr. Galsworthy would say, blood relationship has nothing whatever to do with the sort of fraternity that he would preach. Furthermore, while all the other characters have a great deal to say theoretically about the ways in which the wrongs of the world should be righted, old Mr. Stone, the visionary prophet-like fanatic, is the only one who in a practical way succeeds in doing any real good without at the same time innocently doing harm. We are all so bound together by mutual ties, Mr. Galsworthy seems to say, that we cannot break the established routine to help Peter without robbing Paul; we cannot, nine-tenths of the time, obey the conventions of our world, and then for one-tenth disregard them that good may come of it. And he chooses for his central thread the well-intentioned impulse of Hilary Dallison to befriend a penniless girl, who for a time sat as model for a picture his wife was painting. His interest in the girl is quite harmless; but on the one side the wife is jealous, friends gossip and sneer; on the other side, there are men in the girl's own class who misconstrue his motives, the girl herself falls in love with him, and a long train of disasters are set in motion entailing crime, misery, and the death of at least one innocent person, all because a

kind-hearted man chooses to buy shoes, stockings and a new dress for a shivering and friendless girl, and the permanent estrangement and separation of the man and his wife winds up the mordant irony of this powerful and thoughtful volume.

Another careful and impressive story, *The Glory of the Conquered*, comes to us from a new American writer, Miss Susan Glasspell, who bids fair to be one of the important discoveries of the year. For a first attempt, the book is distinctly remarkable. One regrets that it is marred by a most unsatisfactory and disproportioned ending. This, however, is partly a matter of taste, partly a question of our own inability to understand just what the author was trying to do. Here, however, is the substance of the story, so that each reader may judge for himself. Ernestine Stanley, whose young life has been spoiled by the constant strife between her artist mother and her father, who is wholly given over to science, eventually does what she has always vowed she would not do—repeats her mother's blunder, and marries Karl Hubers, a professor of bacteriology. Ernestine herself is a painter of much promise, and has already had a triumph in the Paris Salon. Karl, although proud of his wife, and ambitious for her, cannot understand the artistic temperament, for he is a man of science to his finger tips, ready to give his life's blood for his work, finding the great joy of living all centred in the wonderful discovery in tuberculosis treatment that he is just on the threshold of completing. And then one day in an unguarded moment, while handling certain germ cultures in his laboratory, he makes the fatal blunder of passing his hand across his eyes. Within twenty-four hours his eyes are acutely inflamed; a day later his suspicions become a horrible conviction; within a week or two he is blind. His great work is at an end. In the prime of manhood, at the outset of his career, all his store of acquired learning has become so much rubbish, his usefulness to the world is over. He takes his affliction morbidly to heart, broods constantly, grows irritable and bitter, loses strength and energy day by day. But

Ernestine does not propose to see her husband so easily conquered. To her, there is a double victory in triumphing over such an obstacle as this. Her own career as an artist she puts aside; she goes to her husband's colleagues in the University and asks them how long it would take her, a woman with no scientific training, but with only indomitable energy, and a great love, to fit herself to carry on her husband's work under his direction, serving only as his eyes and hands, while he should give the brain. And the sceptical doctors to whom she appeals, after vainly trying to dissuade her, find themselves won over by her earnestness, her self-sacrifice, her untiring industry. In a surprisingly brief time, when measured by months, she has made herself over. It is as though art for her had never existed; she has forced herself to live and breathe and think in terms of science; she has achieved discoveries in the laboratory that have won the applause of her teachers. And all this time the blind husband at home knows nothing of her work, has no suspicion of the surprise she has in store for him. But on the very day that her studies are over, and she has become duly accredited by the University and ready to enter upon the great work she suffers a temporary breakdown that necessitates a change of air and a brief rest. All this is structurally admirable, quite in line with what would be expected, well-nigh inevitable. But here the book seems to fall off badly and without excuse. The blind husband is stricken with appendicitis, is operated upon in great haste and lives just long enough to open his eyes once more when the wife arrives at his bedside and desperately strives to hold him back to life by pouring her secret into his dying ear. There was, of course, no logical reason why the man should die. But if his death seemed to the author to be the most satisfactory outcome of an involved situation, there were a dozen deaths that would have been structurally more plausible and convincing than that by appendicitis. He might, for instance, have insisted upon returning to his laboratory, and there in his blindness have infected himself with some disease. He might, in his efforts to move around un-

aided, have stumbled and fallen headlong down the stairs. He might simply have lost his grip on life and faded away, succumbing to the first trifling cold or sore throat. He might have taken the matter into his own hands, and committed suicide. Appendicitis, of course, strikes blindly, and where least expected; but it is in no sense a logical sequence to blindness. And in a book otherwise technically well constructed, this lack of logic is an irritating and serious defect. Furthermore, instead of stopping here, the book is rounded out with a sort of epilogue, depicting Ernestine at first utterly crushed, then gradually awakening from her lethargy to a consciousness that she has a solemn duty before her, and eventually departing to Paris to take up once more her own work as an artist. Now, if the idea were simply that by making herself a famous painter, she would be doing that which would best please the dead husband, and that by thus influencing her he was indirectly achieving glory, although conquered by Death, then the book might have ended satisfactorily with the vague suggestion of the wonderful stride she was making in her art, and the hint of a magnificent future before her. But instead of this, it closes with her return to her home and to the University, and her exhibition of her great work, which proves to be a portrait of her dead husband painted from memory, "as it was just before he went into the silence." And those who had known him, and with the brutal thoughtlessness of modern life, had already half forgotten to hail it as a masterpiece, a thing that no painter had ever before "painted the kind of light which could make a blind man see. For he was blind—the picture told that, but it seemed no one had ever had light quite as understandingly as he had it there." These lines are quoted in the hope that they may convey more meaning to some readers than they do to the present reviewer. Frankly, while the attempted symbolism of the last chapter is obvious enough, it must be regarded as a distinct anticlimax to a book that otherwise is the best American novel of the month.

The House with no Address, by E. Nesbit, is a curiously melodramatic vol-

ume to come from the author of *The Incomplete Amorist*. The significance of

the title finds its explanation in the peculiarly secluded house in which the heroine, who is a professional dancer, hides herself away from a too inquisitive public, some importunate lovers, and an ex-husband, the house in question being situated in the middle of a group of London houses, with its only windows opening on an inner court, its only entrance through an underground passage from a garage a block away, and its existence utterly unknown even to the London police. The excitement of the story, however, culminates not in the discovery of the house, but in the ghastly scene of a Salome dance, in which the property head of John the Baptist has been smuggled away, and in its place there is handed to the heroine the freshly cut and still dripping head of her own husband, and she finishes the dance without discovering the substitution. As a sheer study in horror, the thing is well done, but it is not the sort of book that can be commended either as good art or healthful reading. E. Nesbit is worthy of better things.

Katrine, the last book we are destined to have from the pen of the late Elinor Macartney Lane, also deals with a heroine of the footlights. But it may be commended as a pleasantly readable and quite harmless little volume, although not for a moment to be ranked in the same class with this author's *Nancy Stair*. There is nothing especially novel about a singer's possessing all the requisites of great art, excepting temperament and finally having temperament bestowed upon her through a great sorrow; there is nothing very original in having two men love the same girl whether she is a singer or not, and in having their rivalry take the form of a bitter financial feud, each attempting to ruin the other in order to put him out of the running; and lastly, when the *Katrine* of the title rôle discovers that the man of her own choice loves her after all, she is by no means the first woman to avail herself of a rejected

suitors' generosity to save her lover, nor the first to choose deliberately to disappoint a Metropolitan audience rather than defer a honeymoon. Nevertheless, although not precisely new, the book, as already said, is distinctly readable.

A Resemblance and Other Stories, by Clare Benedict, is a group of short stories reprinted for the most part from *The Atlantic*, *Harper's* and *The Century*, and all of them are characterised by the best form of that leisurely quality which in the present article has been called deliberation. There is quite a range of subjects in these admirable stories. There is, for instance, the story of the psychological effect of the tragedy of *Macbeth* upon a man and woman who have never before seen the play and who have gone this particular night, seeking forgetfulness and relief from a haunting remorse, because they, too, feel that they have been responsible for the death of a fellow-creature. Then there is the story called "The End of *Donnelly*," a triangular situation in which the wife of one of the two men has written a story called *Donnelly*, a story of a woman who is wavering on the brink of an elopement. According to her first draft of the story, it is to end badly, the heroine is to go with her lover, but she is revising this version because her husband disapproves of it, and in spite of the fact that the other man who secretly loves her insists that it is the only really artistic ending. Both husband and lover know that as the story ends so will the real story of the woman who is writing it; and in their struggle to make her decide their respective ways, they know that they are fighting a bitter duel for the possession of the woman herself. But best of all is the story entitled, "His Comrade," which tells how a girl's devotion preserves the sanity of the man she loves. The man is killing himself with overwork; he is writing a preposterous symbolic drama, called *The Epic of Neurosis*, in which the characters are all victims of nervous prostration, and the heroine ends by going mad. The man can talk of nothing else than his play, and night after night the girl

listens, but with glowing anxiety, for she sees the direction in which he is drifting. Then comes his first bad breakdown; and the doctor tells her plainly that the case is hopeless unless the man can be made to forget his play, to take long walks every night, with pauses now and then for a wholesome glass of milk, plenty of fresh air, simple amusement, freedom from worry,—but, of course, this is all impossible because the young man lives without relatives in a cheap boarding-house, and there is no one to look out for him, no one to care. It happens, however, that the girl cares, cares a great deal; and because she cares she finds a way. She tells that young man that she, too, is not well, that she has been to the same nerve specialist and has heard dreadful things. She says that she cannot sleep at night, that she cannot put out of her mind one persistent, haunting, fixed idea, a hideous idea, the idea that she is the woman of his play, the woman who went mad. The specialist has said that only one thing will cure her, long walks at night, a glass or two of fresh milk, plenty of innocent amusement, freedom from care and worry, but there is no hope, she cannot go alone and there is no one to go with her. Then the young man has a happy inspiration, he will go with her, he says, though he hates to neglect his play; he will drink milk with her, though he does not like milk; they will have plenty of light amusement and fun and freedom from care, and when she is cured they will be married. And the plan works beautifully, and for two long months they take their nightly walk, the man happy in the belief that he is curing her, and she not quite daring to be happy in the hope that she is curing him. And in the end when the nerve specialist, who has been taken into her confidence, solemnly pronounces them both quite cured, one's only regret is that the man is not allowed to hear the doctor's privately expressed opinion, that she is the most wonderful nurse in cases of neurosis that he has ever had. Miss Benedict unquestionably has great ability as a writer of delicate psychological problems. What she lacks in technique is sure to come with practice, while she starts with the possession of a quality which subtler and more finished

writers, such as Mrs. Wharton, might well envy, the quality of heart.

Another collection of short stories which ought to delight the connoisseur of

"Houses of Glass"

fine workmanship is also by a woman who signs herself Helen Mackay, and is entitled *Houses of Glass*. The volume, both in form and contents, is really quite a delight. It is in paper cover, quite in accord with the French model, the name of the author stands above that of the book upon the title page; there is the typical, broad French margin, the typical French absence of quotation marks, the dainty French marginal illustrations, and the equally characteristic table of contents at the end. And when you come to read the contents, made up of stories of Paris, the illusion that you have a French book in your hand is still sustained. Frankly, they are wonderfully well done, these short sketches in the Maupassant manner—although, of course, they are not quite Maupassant in quality, in spite of the easy and fulsome flattery they have already received in certain newspaper reviews. But in spirit and in technique they are admirable, and the woman who could write them deserves to be carefully watched for future work. Here, for instance, is a typical little sketch picturing a young and rather foolish little American bride, who in a spirit of bravado has gone to an apartment belonging to the Duc d'Alonsart:

"Then, if you did not mean that by coming here like this to meet me," said d'Alonsart, "what did you mean?"

He stood between Laura and the door of a pretty little salon.

She leaned against the wall, farthest from him, afraid for the first time in her twenty years.

The Duke realises that the little American has been merely foolish, but he resents her having made him foolish also and decides to teach her a rather severe lesson. He forces her to sit down at the table, take pen and paper, and write as follows to her husband:

"Dear Bob: I am in an apartment of the Duc d'Alonsart in the Rue de la Boétie. I do not know what d'Alonsart is going to do with me, but I am afraid to go back to you. Perhaps you will come here for me. D'Alonsart hopes that you will. He would like to tell you some things, but he says you need not hurry, because he is going to teach me a lesson."

"Sign it," said d'Alonsart.

"He will kill you," she cried; "he will come here and kill you."

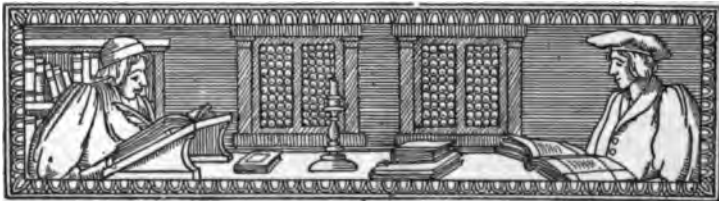
"There are two more short notes for you to write," said d'Alonsart, taking no notice of what she had said, "one to your friend, Miss Molly, and one to a lady, commonly called La Glorieuse. Address that to Beaulieu. To her you need only write a line; say, 'I wonder how you began?' To Miss Molly at Cannes, the letter must be a little longer; tell her that those other women are not so very different, after all, you find, and that . . . Dear me, how ugly you are when you cry! I really cannot endure it, you may leave the last two letters until later."

But, of course, the Duke's mood changes, and equally, of course, he does not send the letters. "You thought I would send it? he asks her, you poor, silly, bad child!"

He put it into her hand.

"Take it," he said; "tear it or burn it, you will have to remember it always, every wretched word of it. Now go. For me, I do not care ever to see you again."

Frederic Taber Cooper.



THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

The Essex Book and Print Club (Salem, Mass.):

New England's Plantation. With The Sea Journal and Other Writings. By Rev. Francis Higginson, First Minister of the Plantation at Salem in the Massachusetts Bay Colony.

This was published in London, early in 1630, and gives an account of the colony established by Endecott in 1628 at Neihum-kek, now Salem. It is a facsimile of the rare first edition from a copy in the John Carter Brown Library. There is also a reprint of the third edition, which has much additional matter, from a copy in the Library of the Massachusetts Historical Society. The sea journal of the voyage to New England in 1629, copied from the manuscript now preserved by the Massachusetts Historical Society, is included, together with other writings of Higginson.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Shelburne Essays. By Paul Elmer More. Sixth Series. (Studies of Religious Dualism.)

This series includes ten essays, all of which will appeal to those with a keen interest in life and human nature. They are chiefly concerned with religion and philosophy. The titles are: "The Forest Philosophy of India," "The Bhagavad Gitā," "Saint Augustine," "Pascal," "Sir Thomas Browne," "Bunyan," "Rousseau," "Socrates," "The Apology," and "Plato."

The Torch Press (Cedar Rapids, Iowa):

Selections from Fielding.

Wise sayings and favourite passages from the works of Henry Fielding, including his essay on conversation.

VERSE

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Port o' Dreams, and Other Poems. By Edith Pratt Dickens.

A collection of about fifty short poems on various themes.

A. M. Robertson:

A Wine of Wizardry, and Other Poems. By George Sterling.

Besides the title poem, the collection includes about thirty miscellaneous poems.

ART, DRAMA

Brown Brothers (Philadelphia, Pa.):

Swanwhite. By August Strindberg. Translated by Francis J. Ziegler.

A Fairy Drama.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Merry Wives of Windsor.

All's Well That Ends Well.

Measure for Measure.

By William Shakespeare. Edited, with Notes, Glossary, Lists of Variorum Readings, and Selected Criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

This edition goes back to, and reproduces, the famous First Folio text of 1623, the one which gives Shakespeare in the original spelling and punctuation.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Shakespeare and His Critics. By Charles F. Johnson, Litt.D.

In this work it has been the author's purpose "to give an outline of the attitude of the English and American literary world toward the plays of William Shakespeare from the seventeenth century to the present time." Dr. Johnson is Professor Emeritus of English Literature at Trinity College, Hartford.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Great Masters of Dutch and Flemish Painting. By W. Bode. Translated by Margaret L. Clarke.

A new volume in the Library of Art Series. It has been translated from the second revised edition of Dr. Bode's original German work. In this volume the author treats Landscape Painting in Holland, Dutch Still Life, Dutch Genre Pictures, Rembrandt, Van Rijn, Frans Hals, Adriaen Brouwer, Rubens, and Van Dyke. There are thirty-nine reproductions of characteristic paintings.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Mr. Cleveland. A Personal Impression. By Jesse Lynch Williams.

An appreciation of Mr. Grover Cleveland, not as a public personage and a great statesman, but as a retired President and a private citizen, written by one who was privileged to count him as a friend and neighbour. Mr. Williams gives many anecdotes and incidents in Mr. Cleveland's life at Princeton, New Jersey.

The Outing Publishing Company:

Why We Love Lincoln. By James Creelman.

A presentation of the human side of the great American. Mr. Creelman sees, in true perspective, the greatness of Lincoln's character and work—"the divine end" to which all his actions moved.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Sisters of Napoleon: Elisa, Pauline, and Caroline Bonaparte. After the Testimony

of Their Contemporaries. By Joseph Turquan. Translated and edited by W. R. H. Trowbridge.

An account of the lives of Elisa, Pauline and Caroline Bonaparte, and their influence on Napoleon's career.

The Torch Press:

The Life and Times of Anne Royall. By Sarah Harvey Porter, M.A.

Miss Porter has given the biographical facts of Anne Royall's adventurous, and in many ways remarkable, life. Her life-span stretched from George III to the political rise of Abraham Lincoln inclusive. She lived in a most interesting and important formative period of United States history, and during a time when exciting questions, such as "Anti-Masonry," "The United States Bank Fight," "The New West," etc., were burning topics before the country.

Bronson Alcott. By F. B. Sanborn.

An account of his life at Alcott House, England, and Fruitlands, New England.

Hawthorne and His Friends. By F. B. Sanborn.

Reminiscence and Tribute.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

The Ball Publishing Company:

Fabian Essays in Socialism. By G. Bernard Shaw, Sidney Webb, William Clarke, Sydney Oliver, Annie Besant, Graham Wallas, and Hubert Bland. Edited by G. Bernard Shaw.

A new edition with a preface by G. Bernard Shaw. The introductory chapter relates to the Fabian Society and Its Work. Following this are essays entitled: "Economic," "Historic," "Industrial," "Moral" (The Basis of Socialism), "Property Under Socialism," "Industry Under Socialism" (The Organisation of Society), "Transition," "The Outlook" (The Transition to Social Democracy).

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The A B C of Taxation. By C. B. Fillerbrown.

The author, who is president of the Massachusetts Single Tax League, has prepared this volume as a guide to enlighten the true principle of Taxation to the landlord, the rent-payer, and the student of economics. He has divided the essays into four groups: Part I, The A B C of Taxation; Part II, Three Boston Object Lessons in Taxation; Part III, Private Property in Land, and Other Essays and Addresses; Part IV, Appendix, which includes articles on "Ethics of the Single Tax," "Its Breadth and Catholicity," "Tolstoy and Henry George," "A Protest Against

Unjust Taxation," "Agreement in Political Economy," etc.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Some Assurances of Immortality. By John B. N. Berry.

In this little volume are discussed such topics as "Who and What is God?" "Where is the Soul?" "Man's Immortality," "Spiritism," "Materialisation," "Faith," "Intuition and Conscience," "Prayer," "Love."

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. Volume II, Basilea-Chambers. Edited by Samuel Macaulay Jackson, D.D., LL.D. (Editor-in-Chief), with the Assistance of Charles Colebrook Sherman and George William Gilmore, M.A. (Associate Editors), and a Number of Department Editors.

This work is based on the third edition of the Realencyklopædia founded by J. J. Herzog, and edited by Albert Hauck. It embraces biblical, historical, doctrinal, and practical theology, and biblical, theological, and ecclesiastical biography from the earliest times to the present day. The purpose of this work is to place in the hands of clerical and lay students of all classes and degrees of learning the fruits of modern interpretation. The work will be complete in twelve volumes.

Parsimony in Nutrition. By Sir James Crichton-Browne.

In this volume Sir James Crichton-Browne, the eminent English authority, discusses the timely topic of what and how much the normal human being ought to eat. His main theme is the recent theories put forth by Mr. Horace Fletcher and Professor Chittendon, of Yale, with whom he is not in agreement. Frugality in nutrition, to his mind, is utterly opposed to the experience of the human race.

The Macmillan Company:

Modern Thought and the Crisis in Belief. By R. M. Wenley, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Michigan.

In the plainest fashion Professor Wenley states the most recent conclusions of scientific research as they bear on religion, the findings of history as applied to the Old Testament, the results of the histo-critical method of studying the New Testament. The eight chapters in this volume are known as The Baldwin Lectures, 1909. The titles are "Sheaves on the Threshing-Floor," "The Waters of Meribah," "Breaches of the House," "Humiliation in the Midst," "The Pre-established Discord," "The Adjournment of Well-Being," "The Penumbra of Belief," and "The Valley of Blessing."

The Government of European Cities. By William Bennett Munro. Ph.D., LL.B.

The author, a Professor of Government in Harvard University, purposes to explain, in a general way, the structure and functions of city government in France, Germany and England, contrasting these wherever they can appropriately be compared, with the structure and functions of city government in the United States. He describes who the city authorities are, how they are chosen, what they do, and how they do it, devoting considerable attention to the relations of the civic and State authorities in each of these countries.

What Is Pragmatism? By James Bissett Pratt, Ph.D.

Throughout the book the author's first endeavour has been to give a just and sympathetic presentation of the chief doctrines of Pragmatism, and then to analyse each of them in turn so that its exact meaning may become perfectly clear even to the non-technical reader. Finally he has sought to show the bearings of these pragmatic principles upon the great questions of the nature of man and the religious view of the universe. The reader is thus enabled to see exactly what this new philosophy means and what it involves, to understand the position of its opponents, and to judge for himself between them.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Nervousness. A Brief and Popular Review of the Moral Treatment of Disordered Nerves. By Alfred T. Schofield, M.D., M.R.C.S.E.

The author's point is the modern truism that "a disease due to the imagination is not necessarily an imaginary disease," but may be a very real and even a very painful disease, and he rapidly reviews the whole field of the disordered nerves of to-day, their causes, their manifestations, and their cure.

Privately Published (San Jose, Cal.):

The Life and Death of Diet. By Dr. Axel Emil Gibson.

Treated in three parts: "The Meaning of Health," "Modes of Self-Destruction," "Modes of Reconstruction."

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Emmanuel Movement in a New England Town. A Systematic Account of Experiments and Reflections Designed to Determine the Proper Relationship Between the Minister and the Doctor in the Light of Modern Needs. By Lyman P. Powell.

Dr. Powell treats of his own experiences in Christian healing, illustrated fully by the history of many cases of various diseases, nervous and other. The book has a double appeal—to the

general public who are interested in learning about the Emmanuel methods for the sake of putting them in practice or from a general interest in the subject, and to the clergyman or other person, who desires to help the sick in accordance with the Emmanuel precedents. Mr. Powell opens his book with a brief and lucid statement of the aims and methods, and limitations and actual accomplishment of the movement inaugurated by the Rev. Dr. Elwood Worcester of Boston.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Christian Doctrine of God. By William Newton Clarke, D.D.

A new volume in the International Theological Library. It is an attempt to present the Christian conception of God, His character and His relations, especially His relations with men. Professor Clarke shows the view of God for which Christianity stands responsible, the doctrines grounded in Christian revelation, developed in history and then restated once more in the presence of modern knowledge.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

D. Appleton and Company:

New Light on Ancient Egypt. By G. Maspero. Translated from the French by Elizabeth Lee.

In which is set forth, in a manner designed to interest the general public, a record of the progress of Egyptology from 1893 to 1907. The author states that he has drawn his material from everything that can be discussed with educated people without demanding anything more than a little attention: excavations, religion, literature, history, and popular customs. The volume is illustrated.

Cassell and Company, Ltd.:

Every-day Japan. Written After Twenty-five Years' Residence and Work in the Country. By Arthur Lloyd, M.A. Introduction by Count Hayashi.

An account of Japan as seen by the author during the course of his busy life there. Count Hayashi expresses the opinion that this volume, the work of one who has been a resident of the country for a quarter of a century, with every opportunity for study and observation, will be very helpful to those readers who are desirous of forming a sound and correct judgment on the problems that are arising, and that may arise in the Far East. The book is illustrated with eight plates in colour and ninety-six reproductions from photographs.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Wild Life on the Rockies. By Enos A. Mills.

Telling of the exciting adventures with snowslides, wild beasts, and wild weather; of the forests and the animal life of the Rockies; of the beauties of the mountains themselves and the delights of camping among them. One of the chapters gives the authentic and interesting autobiography of a thousand-year-old pine which Mr. Mills deciphered from a careful dissection of its fallen trunk; another tells of the habits of the beaver and his usefulness in regulating the flow of rivers. The book is illustrated from photographs by Mr. Mills.

Through Welsh Doorways. By Jeannette Marks.

Short stories depicting the quaint and picturesque life of the people of Wales and including much of the folklore of the country. The stories are by one who has spent much time in remote parts of Wales and knows the country and the life of its people with peculiar intimacy.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

A British Officer in the Balkans. By Major Percy E. Henderson. ("Selim") Late of the Indian Army.

The account of a journey through Dalmatia, Montenegro, Turkey in Austria, Magyarland, Bosnia, and Herzegovina.

Among the Wild Tribes of the Afghan Frontier. A Record of Sixteen Years' Close Intercourse with the Natives of the Indian Marches. By T. L. Pennell, M.D., B.Sc., F.R.C.S. With an Introduction by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, V.C., K.G.

The author is a medical missionary in charge of a medical mission station at Bannu, in the Northwest Frontier of India. Mr. Roberts, in his introduction, writes that Dr. Pennell's mission has been to preach, to heal, and to save, and that in his long and intimate intercourse with the tribesmen, as recounted in these pages, he throws many new and interesting sidelights on the domestic and social, as well as the moral and religious aspects of their lives and characters. The proceeds of the sale of this book are to be devoted to the building of a hospital and carrying on the medical mission work at Thal.

Behind the Veil in Persia and Turkish Arabia. By M. E. Hume-Griffith.

An account of an Englishwoman's eight years' residence among the women of the East. With narratives of experiences in both countries.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Mexican Trails. A Record of Travel in Mexico, 1904-07, and a Glimpse at the Life of the Mexican Indian. By Stanton Davis Kirkham,

An account of what is loveliest, most

picturesque, and most interesting, historically, and from other points of view in Mexico. It is a result of a three years' residence in the country, and of long horseback tours over a large part of the Republic. There are twenty-five full-page illustrations.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

France Since Waterloo. By W. Grinton Berry, M.A.

A sketch of French history during the confused and troubled period of the nineteenth century, and an interesting picture of conditions in France at the present moment. In the preface the author says: "I have been particularly careful not to overload the narrative with details, while at the same time I have endeavoured to set forth accurately the facts necessary for the understanding of what has really happened in France since Waterloo."

EDUCATIONAL

D. Appleton and Company:

Modern Educators and Their Ideals. By Tadasu Misawa, Ph.D.

A volume which will appeal to parents interested in the education of their children, as well as teachers and students of pedagogy. The author's aim is "to give a general idea of the educational views of great philosophers and reformers in modern times, which form the basis for the present-day education in its ideals and practice."

Ginn and Company:

Plant Study. With Directions for Laboratory and Field Work. By W. H. D. Meier.

The book is divided into pages devoted to a study of the fundamental principles of plant forms and their classification, with space left for drawings. Extra ruled sheets are provided for notes. There are also pages for the description, classification, and preservation of specimens. The pages are set in the new patent Biflex Binder.

Government Printing Office (Washington, D. C.):

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1908. Volume I.

Treating of the educational history of the year which the report covers, with reference not only to our own country but also the Spanish-American countries, Great Britain and Ireland, France, and Central Europe. Volume II will consist chiefly of statistical matter.

Henry Holt and Company:

German Stories. Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by George M. Baker, Ph.D.

Containing eight short stories.

Teachers College, Columbia University:

English Grammar Schools in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth. By A. Monroe Stowe.

With chapters on Foundation and Support, Government of the Grammar Schools, The Teaching Staff of the Grammar School, Grammar School Curricula, Grammar School Pupils.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

The Raven. The Love Story of Edgar Allan Poe. ('Twixt Fact and Fancy.) By George Hazelton.

Mr. Hazelton has based his story on Poe's life as the adopted son of John Allan, of Richmond; his weird, beautiful wooing of Virginia Clemm; his madness at her death; his love for Helen Whitman; and his tragic end.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Trolley Folly. By Henry Wallace Phillips.

Eleven short stories. The first is one in which Jimmie, a street railway motor-man, inherits five thousand dollars. Tired of running his car along the same line every day, Jimmie suggests to the conductor that they take the old car and run it to suit themselves, along any roads they take a fancy to, casually remarking that "if we get our jobs excused away from us, we c'n lean up against that five thousand until we are rested." They carry out their plan, which ends rather disastrously for the car.

Infatuation. By Lloyd Osbourne.

Phyllis Ladd, the daughter of a wealthy man in a small Western town, is invited by an aunt to spend a season at Washington, the aunt's purpose being to see that Phyllis should marry some one high up in the social ranks at the capital. In a short time her engagement to one of the elite of Washington is announced. But, much to the annoyance of the aunt, Phyllis decides that J. Whitlock Pastor is not the man she wants to marry and does not hesitate to break the engagement. Her engagement to the Baron von Piller meets a like fate. She then returns to Carthage and resumes her duties in her father's home. After attending the *matinée* a couple of times and enjoying the play in which Cyril Adair is the star, and with whom she is infatuated, she and the actor become friends. Several clandestine meetings take place, which are discovered by the girl's father, and then their elopement follows. From her life of ease and luxury Phyllis's love carries her into one of trial and poverty. After a long struggle she is rewarded by seeing her husband develop into the man she would have him, and becoming one of the leaders of his profession, all of

which is crowned by a reconciliation with Phyllis's father.

The Century Company:

Old Lady Number 31. By Louise Forsslund.

The devoted old couple, Abe and Angy, unable to maintain themselves longer upon their own resources, decide to sell their belongings at auction, hoping to realise two hundred dollars, an amount sufficient to insure for one a place in the Old Ladies' Home, and for the other a place in the Old Men's Home. When the reckoning came, however, there was but one hundred dollars and two cents. After much discussion, each wanting to be the one to make the sacrifice, it was decided that Angy should go to the Home, and that Abe would have to enter the County Poorhouse. Sorrowfully old Abe escorts Angy to the Home, and while the fond couple are bidding each other good-bye, the thirty inmates are deciding to take the old man too. Without realising exactly how it happened he finds himself the guest of thirty "women-folks" and had no doubt that he should be called "Old Gal Thirty-one." They, however, adopt him as Brother Abe, and the story goes on to tell of the peaceful life at the Home, and how, when the old couple come into a small fortune derived from the sale of some mining stock, long considered worthless, they decide to turn the money over to the directors of the Home and to continue their lives there instead of going back to a lonely life in their old place.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

The Preshus Child. By Belle Travers McCahan.

Mr. Harlan and his grandson Harold are passengers on a train on which it is found that a little baby has been mysteriously left. Unwilling to see the little thing left unprotected, Mr. Harlan makes himself her guardian. She is sent to the country and placed under the care of Aunt Barbara and her brother Simeon. Here the Preshus Child, as they have nicknamed the baby, leads a very happy life, and it is not until she has grown to womanhood that she discovers that she really belongs to a fine Southern family. At the death of his grandfather Harold finds that the Preshus Child, whom up to that time he had never met, becomes his ward. When they do meet, it is to fall in love, and although Harold has rather a hard fight, owing to the girl's pride, he eventually wins her.

Lady Dean's Daughter, or The Confession of a Dying Woman. By J. Noot.

A tale of a wife's horrible plans for revenge upon a husband who had de-

serted her owing to a misunderstanding, and how they reacted upon five lives, and wrecked them.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Climbing Doom. By Laurence Ditto Young.

A German scientist, *en route* for South America for the purpose of exploring some mines believed to contain valuable minerals, is joined by a party of Americans. After landing at Caldera they meet a native, whom they engage in conversation. The scientist finds that the native has in his possession an emerald of great value, which he takes from him in exchange for a goat. Renza tells him that the stone came from a place up in the mountains called the Cloud City. He also warns the party that in order to reach it they must go through the Pass of the Climbing Doom, out of which he declared no man ever came alive. They decide to take the risk and start out on their uncertain journey. As they made their way through the Pass they found the place strewn with the skeletons of those who had perished there by what the scientist discovered to be the poisonous sting of the Andean Rock Ant which infested the place. They escaped by keeping fires burning constantly, and finally reached the end of the Pass only to be taken prisoners and thus led into the Cloud City. Here they met with strange people and strange adventures.

The Lonesome Trail. By B. M. Bower. (B. M. Sinclair.)

Consisting of seven short stories dealing with the wild life in the far West. Besides the title story the volume includes "First Aid to Cupid," "When the Cook Fell Ill," "The Lamb," "The Spirit of the Range," "The Reveler," and "The Unheavenly Twins."

The City of Splendid Night. By John W. Harding.

A tale depicting various phases of life in New York. The chief theme is the process through which one of the characters, a young author, and his wife, from whom he had been separated for years, are reunited.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of March and the 1st of April.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. The Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.

3. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Romance of the French Revolution. Lenotre. (Brentano.) \$6.00.
2. Greatness and Decline of Rome. Ferrero. (Putnam.) \$12.50.
3. Man Eaters of Tsavo. Patterson. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
4. Manners for the Metropolis. Crowninshield. (Appleton.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Substitute. Camp. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Royal End. Harland. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Kingsmead. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Mr. Cleveland. Williams. (Dodd, Mead.) 50 cents.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
3. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Peace and Happiness. Avebury. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. My Story. Hall Caine. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
3. New Light on Ancient Egypt. Maspero. (Appleton.) \$4.00.
4. Christian Science. Haldeman. (Revell.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Eternal Boy. Johnson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

2. Bridge Builders. Ray. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Sunnyfield. Sill. (Harper.) \$1.25.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Open House. Tompkins. (Baker, Taylor.) \$1.50.
2. The Explorer. Maugham. (Baker, Taylor.) \$1.50.
3. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Twilight Consciousness. Daniel. (Huddleston.) \$1.50.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Peter Rabbit. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Princess Zara. Beeckman. (Watt.) \$1.50.
5. The Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Famous Hymns. Sutherland. (Stokes.) \$1.20.
3. Robert E. Lee. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. The Gift of Influence. Black. (Revell.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Heroes Every Child Should Know. Mabie. (Doubleday, Page.) 90 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Princess Zara. Beeckman. (Watt.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
3. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.20.
4. Three Brothers. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Cy. Whittaker's Place. Lincoln. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Friendly Craft. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
2. Lincoln, the Boy and the Man. Morgan. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. As Others See Us. Brooks. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. A Full-back Afloat. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Clansman. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
6. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
6. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. Card Club Record. (Brewer, Barse.) \$1.00.
3. Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples, Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Billy Whisker's Vacation. Montgomery. (Brewer, Barse.) 75 cents.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday. Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. The Faith Healer. Moody. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.00.
4. Conquest of the Great Northwest. Laut. (Outing.) \$5.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. The Gentlest Art. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. The Story Life of Lincoln. Whipple. (Winston.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. The House that Glue Built. Williams. (Stokes.) \$1.00.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Patty Fairfield. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. The Web of the Golden Spider. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Sheldon Univ. Press.) 15 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. An Old-Fashioned Girl. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. At Large. Benson. (Putnam.) \$1.50.
2. Jesus and the Gospels. Denney. (Armstrong.) \$2.00.
3. Beliefs of Unbelief. Fitchett. (Eaton & Mains.) \$1.25.
4. The Atonement. Stalker. (Armstrong.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Wind in the Willows. Grahame. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Loaded Dice. Clark. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Actress. Hale. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
5. The Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
6. Infatuation. Osbourne. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. The Gentlest Art. Lucas. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. The Knack of It. Loomis. (Revell.) \$1.00.
4. The Power of Silence. Dresser. (Putnam.) \$1.35.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Raggedy Man. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. English Literature. Garnett and Gosse. (Grosset & Dunlap.) \$12.00.
2. Dictionary of the Bible. Hastings. (Scribner.) \$5.00.
3. Beauties of Friendship. Woollard. (Goldsmith-Woollard.) 50 cents.
4. The Young King. Wilde. (Mosher.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.00.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. In the Valley of the Shadows. Woolwine. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. Mission Tales. Forbes. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Master of the Inn. Herrick. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
2. California Fruits. Wickson. (Knickerbocker.) \$3.00.
3. The Faith Healer. Moody. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.00.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Bear Family at Home. Wilbur. (Neuner Co.) \$1.00.
3. Harper's Electricity Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) \$1.75.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

6. Friendship Village. Gale. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
2. True Manhood. Gibbons. (McClurg.) 50 cents.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. Carl Schurz Reminiscences. (Doubleday, Page.) \$9.00.

JUVENILES

1. Sunnyfield. Sill. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Life of Abraham Lincoln. Moore. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
3. The Iole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
2. The Delafield Affair. Kelly. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Gypsy Smith's Life. (Revell.) \$1.00.
2. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Speaking Voice. Everts. (Harper.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Fritz. Daulton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Princess and Curdie. MacDonald. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Princess Zara. Beeckman. (Watt.) \$1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Open House. Tompkins. (Baker & Taylor.) \$1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill. Cornwallis-West. (Century Co.) \$3.50.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. Every Man a King. Morden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
4. Varieties of Religious Experience. James. (Longmans.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. The Faith Healer. Moody. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.00.
3. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Self-Help for Nervous Women. Mitchell. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. How It Is Done. Williams. (Nelson.) \$1.25.
3. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Kincaid's Battery. Cable. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Wind in the Willows. Grahame. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Making the Most of Ourselves. Wilson. (McClurg.) \$1.00.
3. The Riddle of Personality. Bruce. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. Future Life. Elbe. (McClurg.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Under the Great Bear. Munroe. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Five Little Peppers in the Little Brown House. Finlay. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

6. *The Red Mouse*. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. *Religion and Medicine*. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. *54-40 or Fight*. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
 2. *The Man in Lower Ten*. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
 3. *The Red Mouse*. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
 4. *Miss Minerva and William Green Hill*. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
 5. *Septimus*. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
 6. *Loaded Dice*. Clark. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. *The Story Life of Lincoln*. Whipple. (Winston.) \$1.75.
 2. *The Resurrection*. Orr. (Jennings & Graham.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. *Friendship Village*. Gale. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
 2. *The Motor Boys in Strange Waters*. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
 3. *Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz*. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. *Peter*. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
 2. *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
 3. *The Missioner*. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
 4. *Septimus*. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
 5. *The Red City*. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
 6. *The Message*. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. *Religion and Medicine*. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
 2. *As The Hague Ordains*. Scidmore. (Holt.) \$1.50.
 3. *Why Worry?* Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
 4. *Story of My Life*. Terry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$3.50.

JUVENILES

1. *Anne of Green Gables*. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
 2. *Mary Ware*. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
 3. *Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man*. Morgan. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. *Septimus*. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
 2. *The Perfume of the Lady in Black*. Leroux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

3. *Catherine's Child*. Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.20.

4. *Wind in the Willows*. Grahame. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

5. *The Other Man's Wife*. Richardson. (Kennerley.) \$1.50.

6. *David Bran*. Roberts. (Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. *Greatness and Decline of Rome*. Ferrero. (Putnam.) \$12.50.
 2. *Man Eaters of Tsavo*. Patterson. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
 3. *Servant in the House*. Kennedy. (Harper.) \$1.25.
 4. *Opera Goer's Complete Guide*. Melitz. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. *Princess Zara*. Beeckman. (Watt.) \$1.50.
 2. *The Man in Lower Ten*. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
 3. *The Ring and the Man*. Brady. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
 4. *The Web of the Golden Spider*. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
 5. *The Bronze Bell*. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
 6. *The Journal of a Neglected Wife*. Urner. (Dodge.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. *Electrical Engineer's Pocket-Book*. Foster. (Van Nostrand.) \$5.00.
 2. *Mr. Cleveland*. Williams. (Dodd, Mead.) 50 cents.
 3. *Nervousness*. Schofield. (Moffat, Yard.) 50 cents.
 4. *Mechanical Engineer's Pocket-Book*. Kent. (Wiley.) \$5.00.

JUVENILES

1. *The Hole Book*. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.00.
 2. *Boy Forty-Niners*. McNeil. (McClure.) \$1.50.
 3. *Defending His Flag*. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

FICTION

1. *The Man in Lower Ten*. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
 2. *A Prince of Dreamers*. Steel. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
 3. *Loaded Dice*. Clark. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
 4. *King of Arcadia*. Lynde. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
 5. *Improper Prue*. Manning. (Dodge.) \$1.50.
 6. *54-40 or Fight*. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. *Religion and Medicine*. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. King of Arcadia. Lynde. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Teacher. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. Later Years of Catherine De Medici. Sichel. (Dutton.) \$3.00.
3. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. Heretics. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Eagle Badge. Day. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Full Cup. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Gill's Dictionary of Chinook. Gill. (Gill.) 50 cents.
2. Lincoln and the Sleeping Sentinel. Chittenden. (Harper.) 50 cents.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Bridge Builders. Ray. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Loaded Dice. Clark. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
5. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Le College sur la Colline. D'Arles. (de Rudeval.) 50 cents.

2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. New Ideals in Healing. Baker. (Stokes.) 85 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Little Miss Evangeline. Raymond. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. Wreck of Ocean Queen. Otis. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Four Boys in Land of Cotton. Tomlinson. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Wild Geese. Weyman. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. De Quibus. Taylor. (Bell Book and Stationery Co.) \$1.50.
3. Self-Help for Nervous Women. Mitchell. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
4. Royall's Reminiscences. Royall. (Neale.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Araminta. Snaith. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
5. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Scientific Nutrition Simplified. Brown. (Stokes.) 75 cents.
2. The Church of To-day. Crooker. (Pilgrim Press.) 75 cents.
3. Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man. Morgan. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. Jermina Puddle Duck. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
3. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Loaded Dice. Clark. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Art of Living in Good Health. Sager. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
3. Health and Happiness. Fellows. (McClurg.) \$1.25.
4. The Speaking Voice. Everts. (Harper.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. A Full Back Afloat. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Web of the Golden Spider. Bartlett. (Small, Maynard.) \$1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
6. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Gypsy Smith's Life. (Revell.) \$1.00.
2. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Minnesota. Folwell. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Tommy Trot's Visit to Santa Claus. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. Catherine's Child. Pasture. (Dutton.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.
2. Luther Burbank's Work. Jordan. (Robertson.) \$1.75.
3. Wine of Wizardry. Sterling. (Robertson.) \$1.25.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Patty's Friend. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
2. Government of England. Lowell. (Macmillan.) \$4.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. Egypt. Cromer. (Macmillan.) \$6.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Yale Cup. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) \$2.50.
3. Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
4. Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man. Morgan. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.
3. Peter Rabbit. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Ibsen Plays.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Mof-fat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. Longfellow's Poems.
4. Works of Maeterlinck.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Harry's Island. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Briggs.) \$1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Frowde.) \$1.25.
3. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
4. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
5. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
6. Waters of Jordan. Vachell. (Briggs.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Sir Isaac Brack. Nursey. (Briggs.) 85 cents.
2. My African Journey. Churchill. (Hodder & Houghton.) \$1.50.
3. Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist. Chapman. (Appleton.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Story of Thyryza. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
2. Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scripture. Haldeman. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. Hand Book of Birds. Chapman. (Appleton.) \$3.00.
4. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. House that Glue Built. Williams. (Stokes.) \$1.00.
3. Hans Brinker. Dodge. (Burt.) \$1.00.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Loaded Dice. Clark. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Mof-fat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. A Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.
4. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Betty Wales. B.A. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Sidney at College. Ray. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d " "	8
" " 3d " "	7
" " 4th " "	6
" " 5th " "	5
" " 6th " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50	235
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50	176
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50	164
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50	149
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50	102
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50	89

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS COMPILED FROM MAY LISTS

NORTH			EAST			SOUTH			WEST AND MIDDLE WEST		
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO			NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BAL- TIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASH- INGTON, AND WORCESTER			ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASH- VILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND			CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVE- LAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO		
Peter	NO. LISTS	8	The Man in Lower Ten.....	NO. LISTS	8	54-40 or Fight.....	NO. LISTS	8	The Trail of the Lonesome	NO. LISTS	9
The Trail of the Lonesome		8	Septimus	6	Peter	Septimus		4	Pine		8
54-40 or Fight.....		8	Peter	5	Perfume of the Lady in Black 5	Katrine		4	Septimus		7
Septimus		7	Katrine	5	Katrine	The Trail of the Lonesome		4	Peter		7
The Red Mouse.....		4	54-40 or Fight.....	5	54-40 or Fight.....	Pine		4	Loaded Dice.....		3
Joshua Craig.....		4	The Bronze Bell.....	4	The Bronze Bell.....	Comrades		3	The Man from Brodney's.....		2
The Climber.....		4	Special Messenger.....	3	Special Messenger.....	The Red Mouse.....		2	Miss Minerva.....		2
Comrades		3	Loaded Dice.....	3	Loaded Dice.....	Miss Minerva.....		2	Joshua Craig.....		2
Katrine		2	The Story of Thyrsa.....	3	The Story of Thyrsa.....	The Lady of the Decoration..		2	The Man from Brodney's.....		2
The Man in Lower Ten.....		2	Tono Bungay.....	2	Tono Bungay.....	The Man in Lower Ten.....		2	The Message.....		2
The Missioner.....		2	The Message.....	2	The Message.....	The Bronze Bell.....		2	The Red Mouse.....		2
The Clansman.....		1	The Red Mouse.....	2	The Red Mouse.....	Open House.....		1	The Man in Lower Ten.....		2
Tono Bungay		1	Princess Zara.....	2	Princess Zara.....	The Explorer.....		1	A Little Brother of the Rich		1
The King of Arcadia.....		1	Anne of Green Gables.....	2	Anne of Green Gables.....	The Spell.....		1	Comrades		1
The Message.....		1	Catherine's Child.....	2	Catherine's Child.....	Joshua Craig.....		1	Katrine		1
The Bronze Bell.....		1	Simeon Tetlow's Shadow.....	2	Simeon Tetlow's Shadow.....	The Princess Zara.....		1	Simeon Tetlow's Shadow.....		1
Friendship Village.....		1	Trail of the Lonesome Pine... 2		Trail of the Lonesome Pine... 2	Lewis Rand.....		1	The Web of the Golden Spider		1
Waters of Jordan.....		1	The Royal End.....	1	The Royal End.....	The Circular Staircase.....		1	The Actress.....		1
Princess Zara.....		1	The Chippendales.....	1	The Chippendales.....	Kincaid's Battery.....		1	The Perfume of the Lady in		1
Open House.....		1	Kingsmead	1	Kingsmead	Special Messenger.....		1	Black		1
The Music Master.....		1	Araminta	1	Araminta	Wild Geese.....		1	Infatuation		1
The Message.....		1	The King of Arcadia.....	1	The King of Arcadia.....	The Missioner.....		1	The Snell		1
The Web of the Golden Spider		1	Journal of a Neglected Wife	1	Journal of a Neglected Wife	In the Valley of the Shadow..		1	The Missioner.....		1
Lewis Rand.....		1	The Web of the Golden Spider	1	The Web of the Golden Spider	Mission Tales.....		1	Mission Tales.....		1
The Red City.....		1	A Prince of Dreamers.....	1	A Prince of Dreamers.....	The Master of the Inn.....		1	The Master of the Inn.....		1
			The Climber	1	The Climber	The Lure of the Mask.....		1	The Lure of the Mask.....		1
			The Ring and the Man.....	1	The Ring and the Man.....	Anne of Green Gables.....		1	Anne of Green Gables.....		1
			Three Brothers.....	1	Three Brothers.....	The Climber.....		1	The Climber.....		1
			The Spell.....	1	The Spell.....	Catherine's Child.....		1	Catherine's Child.....		1
			David Bran.....	1	David Bran.....						
			Lewis Rand.....	1	Lewis Rand.....						

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY—Continued

SOME POPULAR JUVENILES

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO	NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BAL- TIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASH- INGTON, AND WORCESTER	ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASH- VILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND	CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVEL- AND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, AND SAN FRANCISCO
The Hole Book Anne of Green Gables Life of Lincoln Sunnyfield Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz	Mary Ware Betty Wales Forward Pass The Hole Book Anne of Green Gables	The Hole Book Wind in the Willows Under the Great Bear Mary Ware Peter Rabbit	Mary Ware Patty's Friend The Hole Book The House that Glue Built Forward Pass

SOME OF THE BOOKS—NON FICTION—THAT HAVE BEEN CALLED FOR

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO	NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BAL- TIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASH- INGTON, AND WORCESTER	ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASH- VILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND	CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVEL- LAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO
Religion and Medicine Gypsy Smith's Life The Teacher Alaska Life of Sir Isaac Brack The Spell of the Yukon	Mr. Cleveland A Perfect Tribute Greatness and Decline of Rome My Story Religion and Medicine Alice Freeman Palmer	Religion and Medicine Care and Feeding of Children At Large Twilight Consciousness Making the Most of Ourselves De Quibus	The Perfect Tribute Religion and Medicine Gardening in California Art of Living in Good Health Orthodoxy Alice Freeman Palmer



UNCONVENTIONAL
PORTRAITS

IRVING
BACHELLER

Author of *The Hand-made Gentleman*



BEATA BEATRIX

The model was Dante Rossetti's wife, who committed suicide. The favourite Swinburnian type of woman

(See article *Swinburne and the Swinburnians*)

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

JUNE, 1909

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The digression on the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy in Mark Twain's *Autobiography* has appeared in a separate volume under the title *Is Shakespeare Dead?* As a Baconian plea it is, we believe, quite unique, for it can be read through cheerfully in an hour. Shakespeare, he says, belongs in the list of notorious historical "claimants" with Satan, Mrs. Eddy, Arthur Orton, Louis XVII. and the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan. Out of the five or six facts known concerning him the "Stratfordolaters" have built "an Eiffel Tower of artificialities sky-high."

It is the very way Professor Osborn and I built the colossal skeleton brontosaurus that stands fifty-seven feet long and sixteen feet high in the Natural History Museum, the awe and admiration of all the world, the stateliest skeleton that exists on the planet. We had nine bones, and we built the rest of him out of plaster of paris. We ran short of plaster of paris, or we'd have built a brontosaurus that could sit down beside the Stratford Shakespeare, and none but an expert could tell which was biggest and contained most plaster.

But he is not so "soft" as to suppose that he will ever convince any one that Shakespeare did not write the Plays.

It took several thousand years to convince our fine race—including every splendid intellect in it—that there is no such thing as a witch; it has taken several thousand years to

convince that same fine race—including every splendid intellect in it—that there is no such person as Satan; it has taken several centuries to remove perdition from the Protestant Church's programme of post mortem entertainments; it has taken a weary long time to persuade American Presbyterians to give up infant damnation and try to bear it as best they can; and it looks as if their Scotch brethren will still be burning babies in everlasting fires when Shakespeare comes down from his perch. . . . I feel that our fetish is safe for three centuries yet. The bust, too—there in the Stratford Church. The precious bust, the priceless bust, the calm bust, the serene bust, the emotionless bust, with the dandy mustache, and the putty face, unseamed of care—the face which has looked passionlessly down upon the awed pilgrim for a hundred and fifty years and will still look down upon the awed pilgrim three hundred more, with the deep, deep, deep, subtle, subtle, subtle expression of a bladder.

Speaking of depth and subtlety, one might suppose that Mark Twain of all men would be the least likely to be accused of these qualities. Yet a writer for the Boston *Evening Transcript* finds them "between the lines" of this very volume. It is, he says, utterly ironical from beginning to end.

If there were ever any doubt that Mark Twain is a humourist, that doubt is now dispelled. He has written a book on the immortal Shakespeare controversy, and he labels it with the query, "Is Shakespeare Dead?" In it he strains the rhetorical figure of irony al-



JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

The author of *Cy Whitaker's Place*

most to the breaking point, but of his ironical mood there can be no question. He would not be Mark Twain, were he serious, and being Mark Twain he knows that the greater the solemnity he assumes the greater the force of his humour. Therefore he is in no danger of being hailed as a great anti-Shakespeare apostle.

✻

If Mark Twain remarked that it was a fine day, this acute mind would know that it was raining. He would not be Mark Twain if he said it was raining when it really was. That is what makes the lot of humourists so lonesome. They find so many of their fellow-men, like this *Transcript* writer, armed against them in constant fear of being "taken in." All the wit and eloquence Mark Twain can muster are here enlisted on behalf of the Baconians. Every joke is at the expense of those whom he calls the "Shakespearoids." If in ridiculing them he really means to ridicule the Baconians, that is a joke so deep that it lies strictly

between him and his Maker. But we are not trying to convince the *Transcript* man, to whom humourists naturally seem the most abstruse of specialists. We merely wonder if he knows that when Mark Twain wrote *Following the Equator*, he was clandestinely deriding the North Pole. And does he perceive in the famous couplet—

Fitz Willieboy was so blasé

He burned a *Transcript* up one day—

the bitter, though veiled, taunt at the New York *Evening Journal*?

✻

It must be embarrassing to a humourist to be put down so much deeper than he really is. Till some ten years ago Mark Twain escaped the least suspicion of profundity. Then Mr. Howells, we believe, proclaimed him a great philosopher, and reviewers of a thoughtful cast have since been busy with his deeper truths. The same thing has happened recently to Mr. Dooley, beneath whose cheerful nonsense



LLOYD OSBOURNE

The author of *Infatuation*



THE COVER OF THE ENGLISH EDITION OF "THE METROPOLIS"

there is, they say, an "undercurrent of profound philosophy." And there are signs to-day that even Mr. Wallace Irwin will be made to yield an inner meaning that is very deep and dull. When a humourist is willing graciously to meet us on an equal footing, why this mad wish to put him in a hole? At the risk of throwing many persons out of employment, we say, let the buried treasures of our humorous writers be forever unexhumed. If they are wise without knowing it, let us not know it, too; tell them no more about their meanings than they have told themselves.

✱

Two or three years ago we reproduced the cover of the French edition of Mr. Upton Sinclair's *The Metropolis*, which was served up to Gallic readers under the delightful title of *The Poisoners of Chicago*. It was a decidedly gruesome affair, quite in keeping with the most repellant chapters of a not over-pleasant

book. It recalled Mr. Wallace Irwin's significant lines:

"Enough, enough! suppress the stuff,"
Quoth Upton of Sinclair,
"I would a bitter tale unfold
Of Sausage and Despair.
My hero is a foreigner,
A stranger yet to soap,
His name Bzzzzisqtyozistnob
(Pronounced Bzzuzzixstnope).

"The pigs were squealing lustily
As knives thrust home to kill.
Our hero stood knee-deep in blood
And ran a sausage-mill,
When suddenly his foot it slipped
And on the wheels he fell;
The sausage-grinder gave a twist,
As with a horrid yell——"

✱

As a companion to the reproduction of the cover of *The Poisoners of Chicago* we present a reproduction of the cover (front and back) of the English edition of *The Metropolis*, Mr. Sinclair's later



JACQUES FUTRELLE
Author of *Elusive Isabel*

book. It represents the Goddess of Liberty in apparent flirtation with a very sinister minion of His Satanic Majesty.

✻

Several years ago a book appeared which received an unusual amount of attention from discriminating readers. It was entitled *Truth Dexter*, and the author's name was given as Sidney McCall.

It was surmised that this was a pseud-

**Sidney
McCall**

onym, and that the author was a woman, but it was a long time before the fact was made generally public that Sidney McCall was Mary McNeill Fenollosa, the wife of Professor Ernest Francisco Fenollosa, one of the greatest authorities on Oriental Art.

✻

Both of Sidney McCall's parents were writers, and her father was a poet of ability and a lover and keen student of nature. The spirit of romance and mys-



MARY MC NEILL FENOLLOSA

ticism drew her strongly, and when little more than a girl she went to live in Japan, at about the time that Lafcadio Hearn (later her dear and valued friend) was beginning his wonderful studies of that country. She eagerly studied and absorbed the atmosphere of Japan, and under the careful guidance of her husband she came to know all that was characteristic and best of Japanese spirit and tradition and life. *Truth Dexter* was written to relieve the homesickness which she was never quite able to overcome. Later,

when she returned to the South, her regret and longing for her home in Tokio led her to write the Japanese story, *The Breath of the Gods*. This novel embodied her impressions of the situation in Japan and Russia, just before the crisis, and the unusual knowledge the book displayed of things Japanese aided the critics materially in the work of identification. They selected first one, then another well-known person, such as Professor Percival Lowell, the Hon. John Long, and finally Professor Fenollosa himself.



THE LATE AUGUSTA EVANS WILSON

With the death the other day of Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson was severed one of the last links binding the reading public of to-day with the reading public of the years of the War of Secession. A good many hearts must have beaten a little faster in remembering *St. Elmo* and what it meant at a certain age. That book remains an early chapter in the code of life. It should be read before one has come to twenty years or not read at all. In the literary development of tens of

thousands of young Americans *St. Elmo* has marked a stage. If one cannot look to a time when one thought of the book as one of the grandest of all novels something surely has been missed. Oh, those days in the April of life when we thrilled at the story of St. Elmo Murray's sinister and unhappy past and were moved to amazement and admiration by the erudition of Edna Earl! We can't thrill that way any more. The sardonic bitterness of the American Edward Rochester strikes us as a dreadful pose, and we have come to regard the American Jane

Eyre as entitled to a conspicuous place as a public nuisance among the heroines of fiction. But if we have gained something, we have lost something, too. Than *St. Elmo* there never was a book more open to ridicule. And yet when the inclination to ridicule comes we pause, half ashamed. For under all the pedantry, the pompous phraseology, the spurious learning we feel that there was a real story to tell, and that not a line of it was written that was not inspired by sincerity, generosity and a belief in lofty ideals. *St. Elmo* is a paradox. It is utterly ridiculous, and at the same time an admirable book—which, with the possible exception of Harriet Beecher Stowe's *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and General Wallace's *Ben Hur*, has probably been more widely read than any other novel by an American author.



Mrs. Wilson's last novel, *A Speckled Bird*, was published six or seven years ago. It was preceded by sixteen years by *At the Mercy of Tiberius*, which Mrs. Wilson, as well as the reading public, long regarded as her last book. Her first novel was *Inez*, which appeared in 1855 and had no great success. Four years later she went to New York, carrying with her the manuscript of *Beulah*. Mr. Derby, in his *Fifty Years Among Books, Authors and Publishers*, told of her visit to his office. She was accompanied by her cousin, a nervous and fiery young Georgian, who spent his time during the interview between author and publisher apparently examining the backs of the books lining the room. He afterward confessed to Mr. Derby that he had been listening very attentively, and that he had made up his mind, in case of a rejection, to hurl one of the volumes at the publisher's head. Mr. Derby's only comment on the unusual situation is that "Colonel Jones was a most estimable man, devotedly attached to his cousin."



Beulah was a success from the beginning. By the time its successor, *Macaria*, was finished, the Civil War had broken out, seriously interfering with the publication of books of fiction. *Macaria* was printed on coarse brown paper by a Rich-

mond publisher. The copyright was entered according to the Confederate States of America, and the book dedicated "to the brave soldiers of the Southern army," and was a great favourite in camp and hospital. When Richmond fell the publishers owed Miss Evans a considerable amount in Confederate money, which, of course, she never received. *Macaria* was seized and destroyed by some Federal general who commanded in Kentucky and Tennessee, and who burned all the copies—Confederate edition—that he could find. A Northern edition was brought out without the knowledge of the author and had a considerable sale. Coming to New York after the close of the war, and believing herself to be in abject poverty, Miss Evans learned for the first time that she had a considerable amount subject to her order for copyright on the book.



St. Elmo appeared in 1866 and was the literary sensation of the country. Towns, steamboats and hotels were named after it, and even "St. Elmo punch" became a popular beverage throughout the South. The book was dedicated to Mr. Derby. *St. Elmo* was followed by *Vashti* and *Infelice*, the latter appearing in 1875. Although when judged by the standards of to-day Mrs. Wilson was not an enormous money winner by her pen, the royalties from her books must have yielded her more than \$200,000.



At last O. Henry, hitherto the most elusive of our popular writers, has been cornered and has submitted to an interview for publication. Formerly all that the public generally knew of him was confined to the meagre details in the biographical books of reference, the fact that his real name was Sidney Porter and that he had passed through all the down-at-the-heel occupations—tramp, prospector, sheep herder, book agent, cowboy, tin-type man, drug clerk and hack newspaper writer. Now, from an article by Mr. H. P. Steger, we learn something of the personal O. Henry. Sidney Porter

The Personal O. Henry

was born in Greensboro, N. C., in 1867. When still very young he went to Texas and lived for nearly three years on the ranch of Lee Hall, the ranger. He was already planning to write, and he secured a position with the *Post*, a daily newspaper of Houston. After a year there he went to Austin, and for \$250 purchased Brann's *Iconoclast* from the owner. Brann went to Waco, Texas, and a few months later asked Porter to give him back the title, for he wished to re-establish his paper. Mr. Porter consented and rechristened his own paper the *Rolling Stone*. The Waco *Iconoclast* achieved brilliant but unfortunate distinction, for Brann was finally killed in a street duel. The *Rolling Stone* had a brief life.

About this time a friend, to whom every one who has read *Cabbages and Kings* owes a debt of gratitude, induced Sidney Porter to join him in a trip to Central America for the purpose of going into the fruit business. The two did not make much business headway, but Mr. Porter knocked about to good effect among the refugees and consuls—the Frank Goodwins, Johnny Atwoods, and Beelzebub Blythes of Coralio. Drifting back to Texas, he found a brief position in a drug store. Thence he went to New Orleans, where he stumbled upon his pen name. It came about in this way. When he was in New Orleans, one day, he said to a friend, "I am going to send out some stories. I don't know whether they are any good or not, so I want an alias. Help me pick one." He suggested we get a newspaper and pick a name from the first list of notables we found. In the description of a fashionable ball my eye lighted on the name Henry. "That'll do for a last name," said I. "Now for a first name. I want something short." "Why not a plain initial?" asked my friend. "Good!" I replied, "and the easiest of all to make is O."

A newspaper once wrote to Mr. Porter and asked him what the "O" stood for. He replied, "O stands for Olivier, the French for Oliver." Accordingly several of his stories appeared in that paper

under the name of Olivier Henry. After drifting about the country he finally came to New York about eight years ago. A magazine editor wrote him saying that if he would come the magazine would agree to take annually \$1200 worth of stories at the rate of \$100 a story. That was at a time when his name had no market value. Since then his prices have gone up. He now receives \$750 for a story that he would have been glad to take \$75 for in the old days. Editors he considers to be just like other merchants—they want to buy at lowest prices. "A few years ago," he says, "I was selling stories to a certain magazine at the rate of five cents a word. I thought there was a chance that I might get more, so I boldly asked the editor for ten cents a word. 'All right,' said he, 'I'll pay it.' He was just waiting to be asked."

His wanderings have influenced his work, or rather his stories have grown out of his impressions of his various environments. Thus Central America was the scene of *Cabbages and Kings*. In Texas he found the background for the tales gathered together in *The Heart of the West*. *The Gentle Grafters* had no definite home, although Mr. Jefferson Peters would not have conceded himself to be a stranger in any place of this broad land. *The Four Million*, *The Voice of the City*, *The Trimmed Lamp* and the new book, *Roads of Destiny*, are distinctively books of New York. Yet for all that O. Henry holds that the influence of place is insignificant.

"People say I know New York well," he says. "Just change Twenty-third Street in one of my New York stories to Main Street, rub out the Flatiron Building and put in the Town Hall. Then the story will fit just as truly elsewhere. At least, I hope this is the case with what I write. So long as your story is true to life, the mere change of local colour will set it in the East, West, South or North. The characters in the *Arabian Nights* parade up and down Broadway at mid-day, or Main Street, in Dallas, Texas."

Like Rudyard Kipling, the late Marion Crawford began to know type in an Indian newspaper office. That Marion Crawford may be a good school; it certainly was a hard one, and Crawford paid an earnest tribute to the truth of the descriptions of *The Man Who Would Be King*. He was on the point of enlisting as a trooper in an English cavalry regiment when a place was offered him on the *Allahabad Herald*. There he sat in a sub-editor's chair, scorched under that terrible Indian sun, and gathered the material that went to make *Mr. Isaacs*. The history of the conception and construction of this, his first story, is familiar. While it was in no sense the work of a finished maker of prose fiction, its originality, its romance and its spontaneity—a spontaneity which, it must be said, is lacking in many of his later and better balanced novels—gives it a place among his very best productions.

With the appearance of the first of his novels dealing with Roman society, Marion Crawford ceased to belong to American letters. Rome was the city of his choice. The Italian atmosphere always invigorated him. He was more at ease when making his characters move along the Via di Tordinona than when Beacon Street or Gramercy Park was the scene of action. It was at times difficult to say to what literature he belonged. His cosmopolitanism was so marked. This cosmopolitanism had its advantages as well as its disadvantages. His experience had been so rich, he had met so many different men and women in different lands, the range of his reading and study had been so wide that there seemed to be but little danger of his ever writing himself out. He was avowedly a disciple of no school, professing to believe that the novel should combine romance and reality in just proportions. But the fact was that it was by the mere accidents of birth and environment that he was not one of the most violent and enthusiastic of partisans. As a Frenchman of the literary movement of 1830 he would have worn waistcoats more gorgeous than those of Theophile Gautier, and been among the

loudest in cheering the representation of *Hernani* in shouting the glory of Hugo.

Mr. Crawford once said that he had written one of his longest novels in six weeks, and, moreover, this novel was written out in his own hand, within that space of time. Much of the manuscript was so minutely written as to be almost impossible to decipher except by the strongest eyes. When a glass was used upon it, however, it was found that every letter was perfectly formed; and among the friends to whom his manuscripts were shown it became a matter of remark that the more closely a manuscript was written the better and more interesting it turned out to be. This remark, however, was unfortunate, as it led to the inference that he worked hastily, and used his great talent chiefly with a view to its immediate reward. Those who knew him well, and had watched his career since his first success, know that such an inference would be unjust to his high sense of responsibility toward himself and the public. He had many natural gifts, but he had also the patience and power of concentration which are often lacking in gifted natures. His observation was always, and almost unconsciously, keen, and his desire to learn unbounded. As he used to say, "I like to know how things are done," and he could do many different things himself. Readers of *Casa Braccio* (which he thought his best book) may remember that one of the minor characters, an old cobbler, is described in a manner which shows intimate acquaintance with his trade. That was easy to do, because when Crawford was preparing for Cambridge at Hatfield Regis, the "Lonely Parish," one of his friends had been the village shoemaker, and he made a pair of shoes "just to learn how." He also joined the local bellringers, and became familiar with their complicated system of peals and chimes. The description of silver chiselling in *Marsio's Crucifix* is also the result of actual experience, for he once worked at this branch of art, and if he had gone on could have supported himself by it. Like many left-handed men, he was skillful in the use of tools, and his capacity as a practical mechanic

was tested when he put a complete system of American plumbing into his villa at Sorrento, assisted by a couple of workmen who had never seen such appliances and could only solder a joint.

❖

One of Mr. Crawford's talents was a special facility for acquiring languages. Having been born and partly brought up in Italy, he naturally spoke Italian in most of its many dialects perfectly, and he also had the frequent experience of being taken for a German in Germany and a Frenchman in France. At one time he spent a winter at Prague, in order to obtain local colour and atmosphere for one of his novels, and in the short space of eight weeks he had acquired enough of the difficult Bohemian language to make himself easily understood wherever he went, and to gather material from those who spoke no other tongue. But although he knew many languages well, he did not pick them up carelessly; a grammar and dictionary always aided the service of his quick ear and iron memory. His knowledge of Sanskrit, Hindustani and Urdu was not of much use to him after his early manhood, but in Greek and Latin he found his familiar friends until the very end. Latin, either classic or mediæval, was almost as simple to him as English, and only a few months ago, as an amusement for his leisure, he read everything of Pindar's that survives, "because some of it was pretty tough Greek."

❖

Mr. Crawford's characteristic thoroughness was shown in the way he took his pleasure. Always a lover of the sea, and an expert sailor of that swift but dangerous craft, the Italian felucca, he could not afford a yacht, but happening to be in America when the sailing pilot-boats were replaced by steamers, he bought one for a song and set to work to make himself proficient in navigation, of which he already knew something. In a short time he passed his examination before the United States Marine Board and the Association of American Shipmasters and obtained a master's certificate, entitling him to command any sailing vessel on the high seas. Then, with a young

Scandinavian mate and a very small crew, he sailed his forty-ton schooner, rechristened the "Alda" (which means "deep-sea wave" in Icelandic) back to the Mediterranean. They touched at the Azores, and his scratch crew came on board again fighting drunk, but the mate was a good man with his hands, and Crawford had been the best boxer in the University when he was at Cambridge, so, as he expressed it, "we got under weigh after a few lively minutes."

❖

High up on the wall of an old tavern in Seventh Street, near Market Street,

Philadelphia, there has been hanging for many years a curious portrait of Walt Whitman as Falstaff. It is one of the

very few caricatures of the "good great poet," for Whitman's face did not lend itself readily to caricature. The portrait is one of a group of well-known men—mostly Philadelphians—including Matthew S. Quay, John Wanamaker and Grover Cleveland, who, at the time the group was hung, had just taken his seat as President of the United States. Most of the other portraits were reproduced some years ago; Walt Whitman, being merely a man of letters, was not thought worthy of such an honour. It is here presented, we believe, for the first time. The artist, Snow, was a well-known caricaturist of Philadelphia a quarter of a century ago.

❖

A year or two ago we called attention to the very unusual run of *The Lady of the Decoration* in the

"Anne of Green Gables" "best selling lists" at the end of THE BOOKMAN.

A more recent book, which has been showing striking vitality is Miss Montgomery's *Anne of Green Gables*, which, while it has not appeared often among the six best sellers, has attracted attention by the persistence with which it has been knocking at the door. It is the only book still a contender in the race for popularity that dates back to the end of last summer. One secret of this success is that it has an appeal both as fiction for adults and as a juvenile.



"Fill me a bottle of sack."

Henry IV. Act IV. Sc. 1.

WALT WHITMAN AS FALSTAFF



THE LATE PETER FENELON COLLIER

In our issues for February and March we printed the Princess Karadja's "Towards the Light," which created such a stir when it originally appeared in Sweden, and which has since been translated into nearly every language of Europe. The author of the poem, which has just been brought out in book form, is the daughter of a Swedish senator. Before she was twenty she was married

to His Excellency Prince Karadja Pasha, Turkish Envoy to the Swedish Court. The position occupied at the various European courts by the young bride has been, for a number of years, an eminent one. She was Doyenne of the Corps Diplomatique at The Hague. She accompanied her husband on his special Embassy to Copenhagen and attended the brilliant festivities at King Christian's Jubilee. Her first literary work was *Etincelles*, a volume of French epigrams,

which appeared when she was only twenty-three. It is now out of print, but at one time enjoyed considerable popularity. Abdul-Hamed, lately Sultan of Turkey, read it, and as a mark of appreciation bestowed upon the Princess the Order of Chefekat. For some years Prince and Princess Karadja lived in London, where they "rubbed elbows" with all that was best and wittiest of the English world of letters and art. Prince Karadja's health, however, began to fail, and therefore they left England to reside in a beautiful old castle in the mountains of Belgium. At the age of twenty-six the Princess became a widow, and since she has been devoting all her time to the education of her children, a son and a daughter, and to literary work. One of her dramas has been played successfully at a number of Continental theatres.

Miss Virginia Tracy, whose clever volume of short stories *Merely Players* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is thoroughly a product of the life of which she writes. Of a theatrical family on both sides, her earliest impressions were of the stage world and of its kindly but volatile people; and she herself, after being trained in the Chicago Dramatic Conservatory, embarked upon a theatrical career, during which she played many parts under many different managements. Finally her health failed her and she was no longer able to act. But the hold of the footlights was still strong upon her, and she concluded that as she was forced to give up active service, the next best thing was to write about the men and women of her profession. For two or

**Virginia
Tracy**



THE PRINCESS KARADJA

three years before her breakdown she had been sending manuscripts about to the magazines with almost invariable ill luck, and she was in the depths of discouragement when one day there came a letter from one of the editors of *Collier's Weekly* asking her for a story. She



VIRGINIA TRACY AS LUCILE IN MONBARS

sent "A Votary in Motley," the second story in *Merely Players*. *Collier's* took it and paid her what she had asked and half as much again. Since then *Collier's* has printed most of her work; although "The Candle's Flame" appeared in *Scribner's* and "They Also Served" in *Lippincott's*.

Miss Tracy began her dramatic career in a play called *The Volunteer*, which she describes as "terrible, but at least under the management of the late James A. Hearn." Since she has played under Felix Morris, Charles Frohman, Robert Mantell and Mrs. Leslie Carter. Her last regular engagement was in New York with David Higgins in *Up York State*; but lately she has begun playing in summer stocks—notably with a famous stock company in Denver, which is the scene of "The Professionals." Miss Tracy's enthusiasm for her profession is unbounded. To her the stage offers everything that can be found in any world, and in addition the accentuation, the intensification of certain very valuable emotions of human experience.



Mr. Percy Brebner, whose novel *The Royal Ward* appeared a few weeks ago,

**Percy
Brebner**

is probably best known in this country on account of *Vayenne* and *Princess Maritza*. Before he was twenty he wrote a five-act tragedy and a novel which eventually appeared under the title *The Dunthorpes of Westleigh*. But his practical father saw nothing in literature as a profession and placed his son with a well-known firm on the London Stock Exchange, where he stayed for several years. During this period his literary work was done in odd hours and published under the pseudonym Christian Leys. Finally he took up technical editorial work relating to hospitals and charities, and although he no longer has time to undertake such editing, he still writes on philanthropic subjects. His work has been translated into French and Italian.



The late John Davidson, who was probably most widely known by his

**John
Davidson's
"Perfervid"**

"The Ballad of a Nun," was born at Barrhead, Renfrewshire, Scotland, April 11, 1857. His father was an Evangelical Union minister, and his mother was the daughter of the parish schoolmaster at Elgin. His early childhood was spent



EUGENE PAUL METOUR
Author of In the Wake of the Green Banner



F. M. CHAPMAN
Author of Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist



PERCY BREBNER
Author of A Royal Ward



FREDERIC P. LADD
Author of One Fair Daughter

in Glasgow, where his father was for two years colleague to Dr. James Morison. At fifteen he became a pupil teacher at Greenock, and until 1889 he was engaged in teaching in various towns of Scotland. Then he went to London to try a literary career. One of his first books was *Perfervid*, which had a curious history. It was written at Crieff and was originally entitled *Like Father, Like Son*. It was returned from the publishers with the comment that the title was already copyrighted. It was rechristened *Bred in the Bone* and again sent forth. Back it came with the remark that Mr. James Payn had already written a novel of that name. "In despair," said Mr. Davidson, "I chose the utterly impossible title of *Perfervid*, and one consequence is that the book has never had a large sale.

✻

Privy Councillor Ernst von Wilden-



ANNIE FELLOWS JOHNSTON

Miss Johnston's *Mary Ware* has been one of the conspicuously successful "juveniles" of the season.



GEORGE H. BRENNAN

Mr. Brennan's *Bill Truettell*, a book dealing with theatrical life, has of late been having considerable success. The story deals with the palmy days of the Shakespearian drama in the "one-night" stands.

bruch, whose death occurred in Berlin a few weeks ago, was for many years a conspicuous figure in modern German public life. He was a sort of Colossus of Rhodes bridging in his own personality the gulf between Bohemia and the land of Established Convention. For the literary element he represented Society; for Society he represented Literature. And he was liked and respected by both parties. Born of a family of means and position, the early part of Wildenbruch's life belonged to the usual social routine of an army and diplomatic career. It was much later when he turned to letters. And the fact that he always remained the German nobleman was a reason why the outer world knows so little of a name which stands very high in the roll call of German dramatists, poets and novelists. There is a rumour raising its head now and then, of a morganatic connection with some royal family; hints of relationship by birth, which are sometimes used to explain the favour shown Councillor

von Wildenbruch by the reigning family from the very beginning of his career. However that may be, the kindly, courteous personality of the poet would easily be sufficient of itself to win him favour at Court. Not to mention the fact that he brought a very real talent to the task of glorifying German history, and incidentally the Hohenzollern family. The series of historical dramas with which his name is most often connected are regular features of every governmental theatre throughout Germany, and are particularly well treated in Berlin. But every now and then Wildenbruch would forsake history, and shock his court friends, while delighting literary Bohemia, by writing a play, or a novel with a decidedly radical intention, however the ultimate result might be. For achievement did not always follow intention. Ernst von Wildenbruch was a very busy man, for he found time amid the routine of diplomatic work and Court life to



FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a review of this author's unusual book, *The Glass House*.

write a very respectable number of dramas, novels, short stories and poems.



A GROUP AT BEYREUTH

From left to right, Dr. Karl Muck, late conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and conductor in the Wagner Festival at Beyreuth, Mrs. Orcutt, and William Dana Orcutt. A review of Mr. Orcutt's *The Spell* will be found elsewhere in this issue. The above picture was taken at Dr. Muck's villa in Beyreuth.

And he was not an old man, as men go nowadays, when he died, for he had not yet reached sixty-five.

■

An illustration of Wildenbruch's attitude toward literature is furnished by the experience of a play-broker who approached him with regard to the pur-

chase, by an American playwright of name, of the plot of one of his modern dramas. Councillor von Wildenbruch at first understood that it was a question of translating the drama for production in America. His first and most insistent question was as to the identity and reputation of the translator. He brought out specimens of work done in the transla-



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS MR. AND MRS. WILLIAMSON AND PARTY NEAR MÉNTONE

After having made use of various parts of France, Spain, Italy, Austria, and South-eastern Europe as backgrounds for their books, Mr. and Mrs. Williamson, in their latest romance, *Set in Silver*, have turned to England. Next year they intend to take a long motor journey in California for the purpose of gathering material for a book which will probably be called *Set in Gold*.

tion into English of his historical dramas, and lost himself in the discussion of the question of translating in general. He was quite lacking in interest as to the money side of the matter. "Any arrangement you care to make will suit me, but I must know who the translator is to be, and see a specimen of his work, before I can give my consent at all to the business." When later news came that it was to be merely a matter of selling the right to a certain plot, which was then to be made the basis of a new American play, Wildenbruch at first could not understand it at all. When he did grasp the situation, he indignantly refused to have anything to do with it. He simply could not understand this method of writing plays. To him the drama was an art. There was no pose about this, it was absolute sincerity. And the fact that the middleman in this case was a woman, and the further fact that Wildenbruch was a charming gentleman of courtly manners, was probably the reason why his indignation did not take more violent form. It was unmistakable, however. For the benefit of those who may be interested, we can add that the matter was finally arranged through Mr. von Wildenbruch's literary agent, and that the American play based on his idea was a notable failure.

At last the creator of *Maurin des Maures*—the new Tartarin—has become a member of the French Academy. At its sitting held April 2d he and René Doumic were elected to the seats left vacant by François Coppée and Gaston Bossier. Eight ballots were cast, and from the third to the eighth Jean Aicard headed the list. On the third ballot one vote was cast for M. Pons, the restaurant keeper who writes verses and would become one of the immortels.

Jean Aicard was born at Toulon in 1848, the son of a collaborator on the famous Leroux dictionary. His poetry, his romances and his stage plays have long been recognised in a manner that

TOWN HALL TO-NIGHT !!

Grand, Unparalleled, Mammoth Production of the Soul Stirring Tragi-Comedy Drama,

Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Disarranged, Revamped, Half-soled, and Otherwise Assaulted Without Special Permission by

Sewell Ford and Joseph C. Lincoln.

Presented by an All Star

CAST OF CHARACTERS

UNCLE TOM.....Mr. Lincoln
PHINEAS FLETCHER.....Mr. Wells
MARKS, the Lawyer.....Mr. Ford
SIMON LEGREE.....Mr. Haskell
LITTLE EVA.....Mr. Harding
ELIZA.....Mr. Williamson
AUNT OPHELIA.....Mr. Doubrava
TOPSY.....Mr. Banta
Slaves, Field Hands, Jubilee Singers, Cotton Pickers, Slave Buyers,
Etc. Etc. Etc. by the main strength of the company.

SYNOPSIS

ACT I.

Scene 1: Front yard of Mr. St. Clair's cotton plantation, on the Ohio river (N. B. St. Clair is supposed to have died before the action begins—he's lucky.)

Song of the Slaves: "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground." OPHELIA, the plotter—The Scheming Lawyer—The Grasping Ice Man—The Touching Scene between UNCLE TOM and LITTLE EVA. The Plotters Plot! The brutal Slave Auction!! Sold Again!!! The Runaways!! The Hounds!!! The Pursuit!!!

Between Scene 1 and 2 Curtain will close for a moment.

Scene 2: Banks of the Ohio River during a cold snap (afterward predicted by DeVoe.)

The Thrilling Blood Curdling, Hair Raising, Feet Freezing ESCAPE across the tossing tumult of tumbling, torrent torn ICE!!! LOW!! LOST!! SAVED!! SAVED!!!

How'd you like to be the Ice Man?

ACT II.

Scene 1: The outside exterior of UNCLE TOM'S CABIN (N. B. The Wash Basin used in this scene is of real TIN.)

Back to the Old Kentucky Home once more. The Sleeping Beauty. The Bitter Cry for Poultry. TOPSY a la Cart. UNCLE TOM in Shackles! LITTLE EVA, the Prodigious Prodigy, introducing her paralyzing Performance, "Palpitating Poems that Pay." The Evolution of ELIZA! The Fealty of OPHELIA! UNCLE TOM in a tight Box!! LEGREE!!! BING!!!!

EPILOGUE

Spoken by

LITTLE EVA

to be followed by the

GRAND MOVING MUSICAL TABLEAU

entitled

THE FINAL BLOW

SCENERY, Hand Painted from Life, by Messrs. Wells and Williamson
ELECTRICIAN,.....Mr. H. B. Doubrava
COSTUMES.....from Garret & Altie
JEWELS,.....loaned by the Ahkond of Swat
CUSTODIAN OF PROPERTIES,.....Mr. Louis P. Lord
DOGS.....from the Deerfoot Kennels
STAGE MANAGER.....Mr. Wells
PROMPTER (See if you recognise his voice) Mr. Rathbone Williams
ACCIDENTAL MUSIC.....Mr. Montalvo and Dr. Goodrich
VOCAL SELECTION.....Mrs. Coleman
STAGE CARPENTERS, Messrs. Harding, Jacobson and Doubrava
WIGS,.....by A. Kyrie Hare
Gentlemen's Smoking Room, in Central Avenue Station.

LADIES HATS!!

All Ladies' of ninety one (91) and over, are permitted to obstruct the View of others by wearing their Peach Baskets during the performance
Order Carriages for 10:30.

Kindly omit Fruit and Vegetables—Floral Offerings may be handed to the Ushers.

PROGRAMME OF A BURLESQUE OF "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN," WRITTEN BY SEWELL FORD AND JOSEPH C. LINCOLN, THE AUTHOR OF "CY WHITAKER'S PLACE."



JEAN AICARD, THE NEW ACADEMICIAN

was indicative of the renown which was bound to come ultimately. M. Aicard has written since his twentieth year. His first volume of verse, *Jeune Croyance*, bears the date of 1867. Silvain, at the Theatre Français first produced *Père Lebonnard*, which was afterward presented by Novelli in Italy. Of Ancord's romances, *L'Ibis Bleu*, *Le Pays d'Amour*, *Le Roi de la Camargue* and *Maurin des Maures* are the best known, the two latter being idyls of the author's beloved Provence. Jean Aicard before becoming an Académicien had the satisfaction of seeing several of his efforts "crowned" by that august body; he obtained, in 1883, the Prix de Poesie, and in 1893 became president of the Société des Gens de Lettres.

It has been the good fortune of Mr. R. L. Goldberg, the cartoonist of the New York *Evening Mail*, to hit upon a little phase of life that won immediate and wide popularity. This is the series of "Foolish Questions," which has been gathered together and issued in book form from the press of Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company. Mr. Goldberg is by birth a Californian and is still in his twenties. He began drawing before he

began to read. His father was not in sympathy, however, with an artistic career, and so Goldberg entered the University of California to study to be a mining engineer. After leaving the university he found a position in the San Francisco City Hall as assistant to the city engineer, but tiring of this, he turned to journalism and obtained a place as cartoonist on the San Francisco *Chronicle*. From the *Chronicle* he went to the *Bulletin*, where his work attracted attention from the first.

In connection with his literary letter in the London *Sphere* of May 1st, Mr. Clement K. Shorter reproduces the title pages of some of the rare books of the late Mr. Swinburne. We see Mr. Swinburne's first work, *The Queen-*

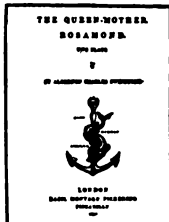
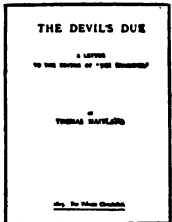
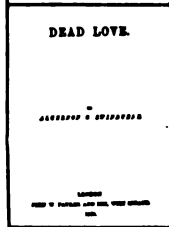
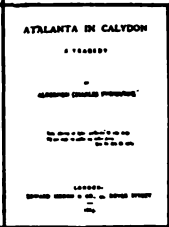
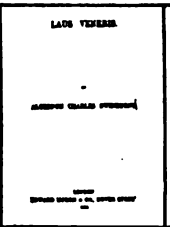
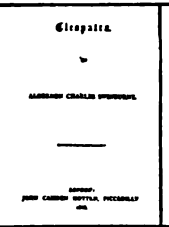
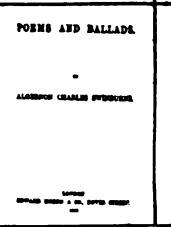
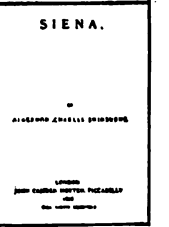


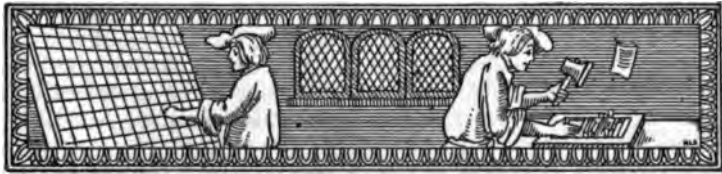
R. L. GOLDBERG CARICATURED BY HIMSELF

Mother and *Rosamond*, a modest book in green cloth. There are copies of this book in which that title-page is cancelled, but in the present form it has often brought from £40 to £60, and a few weeks ago a copy with a presentation inscription, "To Dante Gabriel Rossetti," was sold by auction for over £100. The next volume, *Dead Love*, is a mere pamphlet of fifteen pages of prose. It was issued in 1864 in brick-red-coloured paper wrappers. There is a copy in the British Museum. This story—a very morbid one—had previously appeared in *Once a Week* in 1862. It has not been reprinted in any of Mr. Swinburne's volumes.

Only a hundred copies of the first edition were printed of *Laus Veneris*, in 1866, a thin octavo volume of twenty-eight pages, for which £30 or more has frequently been paid. From Mr. Meredith's

letter to the *Times* the other day we learn Mr. Swinburne wrote this poem six years before it was published. Mr. Meredith recalled in that letter that Mr. Swinburne wrote some of this poem in Surrey soon after he had discovered Fitzgerald's verses. *Cleopatra* is peculiarly scarce. It was issued by Hotten in 1866. Only five copies are known to be in existence. The next book is the first series of *Poems and Ballads*, a little volume in green cloth. Of *Siena* only six copies were printed, of which five can now be traced, one of which was recently sold for £50. The book is dated 1868. The last of these rare publications—that entitled *The Devil's Due*—is a privately printed letter from Mr. Swinburne, who uses the pseudonym of "Thomas Maitland," to the editor of *The Examiner*. This pseudonym was the one employed by Robert Buchanan in writing his fierce review, "The Fleshly School of Poetry."



THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX



THESE days of spring always give us a somewhat irresponsible feeling. To be sure, from the office windows there are visible no apple-blossoms swaying in the wind, no stretches of green turf, no sinuous brown road winding over rustic bridges up into the heights of distant hills. Nevertheless we know where all these things are to be found, and it irks our soul to be looking out upon a small strip of asphalt pavement or down into a waste-paper basket.

Ver novum! Ver iam canorum!

Spring, in fact, is thrilling through us, and the Junior Editor is quite as restless as we are at having to stay indoors. His notion, however, of getting out into the open is related strictly and exclusively to his automobile. By the way, he has just bought a new and larger one, and at the present moment he is floating in a sea of tissue-paper maps, planning for us what he calls "a nice little run" of a hundred miles or so. It is good of him, but we have been out with him before. We know what these nice little runs all mean. No talk; precious little to eat; illimitable dust; and nervous prostration.

Consequently, this time we are contriving a small counterplot against *him*. As he never reads the Letter Box, we don't mind telling our readers precisely what is going to happen. We intend to put on a meek look and then say to the Junior Editor that, as we have many times been out with him in his way, it is only fair that he should go out once with us in our way. He cannot possibly refuse; and therefore, on some of these glorious mornings, just at the time when the sun is beginning to flush in the eastern sky, the two of us will set out on staunch, enduring saddle-horses, cantering briskly into some quiet country road, on and on and on, sniffing the fragrance of the early morning, as it is blown over five hundred miles of flowers and blossoming trees and new-mown meadows. The sun, as it rises higher, will smite us hotly in the face. We shall go into bridle-paths and

splash through brooks, and penetrate the recesses of green forests—places where no automobile can ever enter. And there will be no stench of gasoline. The Junior Editor will not have to get down and lie upon his stomach every once in so often and crawl in the dust like an angleworm, to tinker a machine with wrenches, and to squirt oil around its internal mechanism. But we shall go on, mile after mile, with talk and song, and the spring of a good horse underneath; and presently, at noon-time, we shall bait the animals and drink out of two great tankards and dispose of a trifle in the way of cold meats with plenty of mustard, and such other simple fare as a country inn affords.

Then, mounting once more, we shall walk and trot and gallop and canter until the fortieth milestone finds us at the end of our day's exhilaration, glowing with a sort of inspiration both physical and mental which was never vouchsafed to any master of a motor-car. A prolonged and profuse splashing in the bath-tub, a change of garments, and then a meal—O Heavens, what a meal!—with the keenest appetite for everything that can be had. Then drowsiness—delicious, indescribable—while the fumes of good tobacco curl slowly up around our heads. Finally, as dear old Pepys would say, "And so to bed," to slide, like Kim, into a thousand miles of sleep.

This is what we are planning for the Junior Editor. Meanwhile, to write paragraphs and to review books and to read proofs—all these things seem like chewing sawdust. We have grown stale, and we need to get out into God's glorious world where the tinkle of brooks and the sighing of the wind are heard in place of the clang of the trolley, and the hideous hoot of the motor-car. There is only one thing that we can do at the present time which does not go against the grain and which is pleasurable; and that is to open the well-worn lid of the Letter Box and have some conference with our intimate friends—friends who are no less intimate because we have never seen them. We should like to have them feel the same exhilaration that we have im-

aged for ourselves, or at any rate to make them reasonably happy.

I

One of them, at least, is quite unhappy; and he is the gentleman who wrote to us from Lowell, Massachusetts, about Balzac's story of "Don Juan." He has not been able to find that story in a list of Balzac's works published in English, and purporting to be complete; and what is more, he thinks that we answered him with something like discourtesy. This really grieves us. For not to any one would we willingly be discourteous; and so, if anything we wrote has so appeared to him, we beg him to accept our most sincere apologies. But, as to the story of "Don Juan," he can find it, with Balzac's introduction to it, in William Wilson's *Shorter Stories from Balzac*, published in this city by Messrs. A. Lovell and Company, No. 3 East Fourteenth Street.

II

The following letter came to us immediately after the appearance of our last number:

To the Editor of the Letter Box.

DEAR SIR: As the anonymous articles published under the title of "The New Baedeker" in THE BOOKMAN are always delightful reading, the more perturbed do I find myself when their author, who seems to be fairly well informed on most subjects, at the end of "In and Around Harlem" places a safety-pin amongst hairpins when he wishes to illustrate "Hairpin Alley." The Senior Editor has solved so many problems that I dare to hope he will explain this one. Is it a case of Homer nodding? Or is it merely that *le roi s'amuse*? Last and worst of all, do you think it possible that the writer slipped his trolley? If that be so, then we must all exclaim "Gee!" with the small boy, in surprise, but in profound sorrow.

Verily, it has given me a turn.

A PURE WHITE SOUL.

We cannot be responsible for the vagaries of the person who writes articles under the head of "The New Baedeker"; but we fancy that it is a case of *le roi s'amuse*. He probably threw in the

safety-pin for good measure, or else he may have wished to hint that far more mysterious things than hairpins can be gathered in the Alley.

III

The following letter from an expert on cantaloupes, written from Branley, California, will be primarily of interest to Mr. Thomas Dixon, Jr., and secondarily to his readers:*

Thomas Dixon's *Comrades* has finally penetrated to this corner of the country, 200 feet below sea level. As this is the centre of a vast cantaloupe acreage, one very flagrant error in the tale impresses us. The socialistic community, supposedly located on an island off the Pacific coast, made a "big killing" raising cantaloupes. We are told that they netted \$100 per acre. The figure is conservative enough according to our experience. But how were the melons shipped? By picking them green and shipping them in refrigerator cars the same day we are barely able successfully to market our crop. If the leader of the colony had no more business sense than to raise a large acreage of cantaloupes on an island it is not surprising that the socialistic experiment failed.

Yours for common sense even in contemporary fiction (a vain hope),

R. H.

IV

A letter which raises a grammatical question comes from a lady in Norfolk, Virginia.

Kindly inform me through your valuable columns what is the rule as to when to add "s" and when "es" in forming the plural of nouns ending in *o*, such as *canto*, *hobo*, *domino*, *cargo*, *hero*, *limbo*, *lingo*, *flamingo*, *mango*, *shako*, *calico*, *echo*, *manifesto*, *mulatto*, *negro*, *potato*, *volcano*, *tomato*, *mosquito*.

Of course some of these are easy, but others are difficult; and what is the rule? Neither the Standard Dictionary nor Webster's gives the plurals; and I cannot find in any grammar a rule laid down for guidance in forming them.

M. L. H.

There is no hard-and-fast rule about the formation of plurals of nouns ending in *o*. The English language is too flexible and is derived from too many sources to admit of entire consistency either in its word-formation or in its spelling. A good general rule, however is that laid down in the late Professor G. R. Carpenter's *English Grammar*, p. 56 (New York, 1907). According to this, nouns in *o* which have been long established in the language—such as "cargo," "negro," "hero," "volcano," "potato," "tomato," "calico," "echo," etc., form their plurals in *es*. Those, however, which seem to us most like foreign or cant words—and they are such in reality—form their plurals by adding *s*. Under this head would come "piano," "soprano," "canto," "manifesto," etc. This is as much of a rule as can be safely given.

V

Somebody up in Bridgeport, Connecticut, who doesn't know that we employ the English spelling (which is also the most dignified American spelling) hurls at us the following letter concerning an article which we published last year. Perhaps we ought to have printed it before, but it is exactly as good now as it was then.

You are a cursed, presumptuous magazine—you BOOKMAN!

When we first read that query of yours, "Can You Spell?" we had no idea of the personal insult hidden behind it. After taking the stuff down from dictation, and finding no less than five orthographical differences between our written and your printed page, we rise to a proper sense of our outraged dignity. Who are you, anyhow, that you should presume to essay the first lithic projection—you, who invariably fail when you attempt to spell such common words as "emphasize," "civilization," "organized," "idealize," "crystallizable" (this last lapse occurring in the very test-article referred to)?

And, in case you are not sufficiently depressed and efficiently suppressed by this array of evidence, we will scathingly remark in closing that we do not believe even Mr. Howells could, as you state, "emboider" with

his ingenuous fancy an emanation of intellect.

Take that!

A. P.

VI

A lady in Chanute, Kansas, has something on her mind. Perhaps we should not think it necessary to publish this letter of hers were it not so typical of thousands of others which are sent to every editor. Here it is:

I am writing you to-day to ask for information. How can I do acceptable magazine work? My whole soul is set on literature, so strong that I cannot shake it off. I have written several stories, and one novel, which seemed to me to be exceedingly excellent, although perhaps I am no judge; you can see that yourself for a person to criticise her own work is worthless from a point of view. These I have submitted to various editors about the country, but they are invariably returned, and I know they are better than Miss Jean Libbey's or May Agnes Fleming's works. Now do aid me in my dilemma, as I am in despair, because the future is as dim and blank like an impenetrable veil no idea of mine can penetrate.

We might answer this at great length, and yet it is just as easy to answer it in comparatively few words. We advise this lady to keep on sending her work to editors, and if it is really good there will come a time when it will not be returned. Her standard does not seem to be a high one, since she measures her writing by the criterion of Miss Laura Jean Libbey. Therefore she ought ultimately to obtain some sort of success. But when she says, "How can I do acceptable magazine work?" we can only answer, "Blest if we know!" The word "acceptable" is so large a word. What is acceptable in the office of one magazine is considered preposterous in that of another, just as one man's meat is another man's poison. It all comes to this: Persevere and keep on writing, or else be brave and stop writing altogether.

VII

A genius in Kansas City, Missouri, addresses to us some meditations on genius

in general, not without reference to his own work. What he says may interest our readers:

My new book, *Threads from Three Lives*, is not wrapped in the swaddling clothes of outside appearances. Will this bar it from a review in your valuable magazine? Critics of now are bemoaning the fact that there are no geniuses left in the world, but my humble opinion is that they never look for them outside of the above-mentioned environments, and the geniuses haven't the price of good appearance, and those who haven't the price haven't the genius. God never created a genius without stamping his soul with a knowledge of his power. What a travesty it seems that he must spend his life in trying to tell the world what he knew in the beginning! As an item of interest my book has been going the rounds of the leading press, but is only now being sent out for review. The *New York World*, *Globe Democrat*, *Post Dispatch*, *Chi.* and Boston papers have said favourable things enough to sell the first edition. I hope you will review it.

This gentleman's letter excites our curiosity; and we rather think that we should like to review his book—not because it has been noticed in "*Chi.*" and in Boston—but because a work of genius written by one who is defiantly conscious of his genius does not often come into our hands. Why not send us a copy of this work? We are not particular about the swaddling clothes.

VIII

A correspondent in Brooklyn reminds us gently that last month, in giving a list of novels based on events of the Revolutionary War, we omitted the story entitled *A Princess and Another*, by Stephen Jenkins. We certainly did omit it, and we omitted about a hundred other books of fiction relating to the Revolutionary War, not being able to turn this magazine into a book-list. However, we cheerfully add *A Princess and Another* to the books already mentioned and express our thanks for the suggestion.

IX

From Hartford, Connecticut, comes the following letter:

Can you give me any information about a poem which was recently published in several papers, entitled "Men Who Follow the Sea," the first verse of which reads as follows:

Shanghaied in San Francisco

And we fetched up in Bombay,
They set us afloat on an old Leith boat,
That steered like a stack of hay.

We panted in the tropics

When the pitch boiled up on deck,
We have saved our hides, and little besides—

Evidently the last line of this verse is missing. The poem is credited to "Taiwa" from *Nomads*. I assume that the name "Taiwa" is a *nom de guerre* and that *Nomads* refers to some paper or magazine. Can you give me any information with reference to the poem, the author or the paper? Your reply will be appreciated.

Will any of our readers lend us their aid in answering this question? Nothing more intensely Kiplingesque can be imagined than the verses quoted by our correspondent and possibly they are really Kipling's, like "The Foreloper" which we published last February, having rescued it from a long oblivion.

X

A correspondent in the pungent town of Hartshorne, Oklahoma, inquires where she can procure a copy of Helen Green's book entitled *One Night Stands*. We advise her to address Brentano's at Fifth Avenue and Twenty-seventh Street, New York City, whence emanated the book which first made Helen Green famous. But we have never seen a copy of *One Night Stands*; and we are a little inclined to think that it is mythic—a sort of bibliographical Mrs. Harris.

XI

We come now to the Inferno; and first of all it is only fair to explain that we are not strictly responsible for all the locutions used in the various sections of this magazine. Within the department of the Letter Box we have intrenched ourselves like a feudal baron in his stronghold, with drawbridge up and portcullis down.

Whatever we say here we may be called upon to answer for; but elsewhere, other contributors and sometimes the Junior Editor, get away from us. Thus a Catholic clergyman writes us from Dubuque, Iowa, calling our attention with some glee to the fact that Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper, and also a writer under "Chronicle and Comment" have used the fatuous expression "along these lines." Dr. Cooper probably did it just casually, and we may let it go at that. We can apply psychology to the Junior Editor's case, knowing that, like most automobilists, in passing through towns he runs his machine along the trolley-tracks. Hence he often moves and thinks "along these lines."

There are other correspondents who mistake entirely the purpose of the *Inferno*. We do not mean to include in it ordinary barbarisms and vulgarisms which may be heard in the mouths of the πολλοί; but rather in the main those trite and bromidian phrases which are sometimes used by persons who really ought to know better. In other words, our criterion is not one of pedantry, but of taste. Thus, for example, it would be perfectly good English to speak of "victuals" instead of "food." Indeed, "victuals" has a Latin ancestry and therefore ought to be the more dignified word of the two; only, as a matter of fact, it isn't. There is nothing linguistically vicious in saying "along these lines"; only the phrase has become utterly *banal*, and when coupled with an adjective it is distinctly ludicrous. Thus, we lately received an advertisement of a piano manufacturer announcing that it was his intention to sell his instruments "along dignified lines"! The *Evening Post* of this city, which surely ought to know better, some time ago published an account of an organisation which was to be conducted "along Christian lines"; and in its narrative of the return of the American battle-fleet from Japan it remarked that the sailors were preparing to celebrate the Christmas holidays "along joyous lines." All these things are distinctly funny, and when you heard them or read them where you expect to find, not only accurate English, but English which conforms to the canons of good taste, you

are rather sorry for the persons who have fallen into such unpleasant pitfalls.

It is precisely because the *Inferno* contains only the blunders of the cultivated that we have had to reject a large number of suggestions which have been made to us. Sometimes we are really very much in doubt. For instance, Mr. Ellis Parker Butler sent us a picture post-card the other day, having on the back a most pleasing picture of Flushing Bay on Long Island. On the front he briefly asks:

If not already there, won't you put "took up the cudgels in defense of" into your *Inferno*? It has recently disfigured the first page of the Saturday Review of Books in the *New York Times*.

Now we are undecided as to whether this expression has yet become absolutely infernal. It certainly will be so before long; yet, as we are in doubt, we are inclined to keep it out of the list for the present. By the way, Mr. Butler has added to our variegated assortment of titles by addressing us as "The Most Reverend Senior Editor." We appreciate this ecclesiastical preferment, and also the picture of Flushing Bay. If Flushing Bay really looks as well in nature as it does upon the post-card, we are going down there some time and drop in unexpectedly upon the author of *Pigs is Pigs*.

Well! Here is the *Inferno*, revised and amplified up to the present time.

THE BOOKMAN'S INFERNO

"Along these lines."

"Automobile."

"Brainy."

"Bright" (for "clever" or "brilliant").

"Clubman."

"Dandy" (as an adjective).

"Exclusive" (as a social term).

"Fictionist."

"Genteel."

"Gentlemanly."

"He (she, it) struck a new note."

"In touch with" (except as a technical term in military or naval discourse).

"Locate" (as an intransitive verb).

"Lunch."

"Nom de plume."

"Parlour."

"Phone," for "telephone," either as noun or verb.

"Pleased to meet you."

"Prince Albert coat."

"Residential district."

"Smart" (for "clever").

"Social standing."

"Stylish."

"Sur le tapis."

"The Four Hundred."

"The story grips the reader."

"Thinker."

"Up to date."

"Vest."

In the next issue of the Letter Box we shall give our readers full particulars of how we fared with the Junior Editor, and whether we actually pulled off our plot against him.

SOME SPRINGTIME VERSE*



THE consecutive reading of a dozen volumes of new-made verse tends to produce a certain amazement of the critical faculty. Are these diverse productions, equally various in subject and in style, all of them poems? And what is a poem, after all? Certainly the present authors evince for the most part a modest avoidance of that ancient title, preferring such vaguer terms as *Star-Glow and Song*, *Artemision*, and *Films of Blue*. Yet these

very disclaimers only emphasise the question; for the search after some broad principle whereby all may be fairly judged forces one back upon sundry rather trite and general considerations. Probably every one would agree, without troubling about definitions of poetry, that it concerns itself primarily with our feelings about things. It deals with the Trojan War as embodying the wrath of Achilles; with a mountain daisy as an object of tenderness; with the mediæval vision of the next world as compact of a horror, a hope and a joy. To any high poetry thought and imagination are indeed essential. By them a poem may be great; but it is not by them that it is a poem. "The Ring and the Book" is huge with organisms of thought, vivid with luminous imagining; yet its poetry inheres less in these than in the desolate holiness of Pompilia, in the hateful agony of Guido. It is a poem because it makes you feel; and "Auld Lang Syne," without other merit, is a poem for the same reason. So by thinking mightily about the French Revolution you may write such an essay as Carlyle's, or through imagination of its men and deeds tell another *Tale of Two Cities*; but if you express in words how it felt to be there, you will have made another "Mar-seillaise." Poetry is thus the part of literature which lies nearest to the pure and abstract emotion of Music; but poetic emotion is always concrete: not merely Regret nor Awe nor Hilarity, but regret

**Artemision*; *Idylls and Songs*. By Maurice Hewlett. New York: Charles Scribner & Sons.

**Artemis to Actæon, and Other Verse*. By Edith Wharton. New York: Charles Scribner & Sons.

**Nirvana Days*. By Cale Young Rice. New York: McClure.

**Carmina*. By T. A. Daly. New York: John Lane and Company.

**Salvage*. By Owen Seaman. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

**Star-Glow and Song*. By Charles Buxton Going. New York: Harper and Brothers.

**The Blue and the Gray; and Other Verses*. By Francis M. Finch. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

**When Lincoln Died, and Other Poems*. By Edward William Thomson. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

**Our Benny*. By Mary E. Waller. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

**The Port O' Dreams, and Other Poems*. By Edith Pratt Dickins. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

**Songs from The Garden of Kama*. By Laurence Hope. New York: John Lane and Company.

**A Wine of Wizardry, and Other Poems*. By George Sterling. San Francisco: A. M. Robertson.

for the days that are no more, awe of the ungovernable sea, the hilarity of jolly good ale. And its province is the range of all that man may feel between the sanctuary and the supper-table. There is nothing in life about which poetry may not be made, nor anything which cannot be unpoetic; for the question is not of the object, but of what some one has felt about it that others may feel with him. One would not casually consider apple pie a theme to inflame the lyric muse. But if Eugene Field's "Apple Pie and Cheese" be not a poem, it will be hard to find it another name; as hard, perhaps, as to discover the poetic quality in the supernal matter of Southey's "Vision of Judgment." The poet, therefore, is simply a human being who, feeling keenly some of the things that quicken the pulse of humanity, has the art to express them in words. To this his mind and his imagination are subordinate. He is a heart made audible; and he uses language less as a character to convey thought or a symbol to suggest imagery than as a spell to evoke emotion.

From this, doubtless, comes the need for the sacramental magic of rhythm, for the arabesque patterns of metrical form. And all great poets, far from finding these restrictions burdensome, have delighted in them as opportunities and explored them with a passionate curiosity. It is the little people with nothing much to say who must impatiently devise new forms of expression. A beginner upon the violin does not set about improving the shape of the instrument; and we should make small account of spelling reform if it were urged only by illiterates. The wild and careless technique of much contemporary verse results from the influence of those eccentric giants, Browning and Whitman. But these men were the reverse of careless; each wrought laboriously in a grotesque medium suited only to his own grotesque personality. There are always a few fine left-handed pitchers; but the majority will continue to pitch with the right hand notwithstanding; and although Siegfried must forge his own sword, most heroes and all lesser men do better with weapons of ordinary making. Of the next poet

who shall arise as great as Browning we can predict with certainty only one thing: that he will not write in the least like Browning; for Browning's peculiar technique results not from his greatness, but from his peculiarity.

And, indeed, poetry is the most personal, and in a certain sense the sincerest, of the arts. For its material is human emotion; and what a man feels, that he is. The relation of Whistler's private idiosyncrasies to his painting, although discernable, is neither complete nor obvious; whereas the human faults and virtues of Byron or Wordsworth or Burns, the limitations of Swinburne or Lydia Sigourney, are wholly and precisely reflected in their poems. We study the biographies of favourite poets only to learn in detail how life happened to persons whom we already intimately know. This is nowadays commonly denied in that heresy of Bohemianism which makes the name of poet almost a term of contempt in the mouths of ordinary men; but its proof is a simple matter of history. A little person can write only little poems; and the popular vision of a pale fool with loose hair and morals is a very little poet indeed. Truly there is no telling how much poetry this poison has destroyed unborn: for while it may be long before a man's deeds react upon his mind, yet he cannot live a day without blunting or deepening some sensibility; and the currency of emotion no mental skill may counterfeit. We cannot alter ourselves without altering the stuff of which our dreams are made.

Familiarity with the prose works for which Mr. Maurice Hewlett is already

honoured would lead one to expect in any writing of his a keen and delicate sense of words, an ear sensitive to the melody

of language and a sharp sincerity of emotion. And these expectations are well satisfied in his new volume of verse, *Artemision*. Some of the shorter lyrics especially are instinct with a fresh and simple sharpness; they strike at the heart, and their power is the power of the artist who knows the overtones of a word, of the man who feels his saying.

Heaven kissed Earth, and loved her
 Face to face in the wild
 Still deeps of a night,
 Once in June. O Child,
 Thou, pledge of delight,
 Thou wert born of that night,
 Spirit of Earth, the joy
 Of whoso loveth cool rain
 And summer heats, and the pain,
 Of frosts, and spring's onset mild:
 Thou art Earth's quick-born child!

It is to be regretted that these sweet, sudden songs are so small a proportion of the volume; for almost their only failing is the absence of the author's personal tone. This is a strange thing to miss in Mr. Hewlett, whose prose style is so strongly individual. But the songs, beautiful as they are, might have been written by any one who could write well enough; and the rest of the book is still less characteristic. The sonnet-sequence, "Hymnia's Wreath," is overloaded in phrase and rather reminiscent of Rossetti; and the three longer "Idylls" have little of Mr. Hewlett in them except their ideas. They are not even good narrative; for the story is often buried under descriptive details, and the style and verse are those of William Morris without Morris's languid clarity of outline. The last of them, "Latmos," begins by objecting to Keats's interpretation of the Endymion myth, and then goes on to interpret it as an idyll of calf-love. Artemis merely wishes to run races and to romp with a childish playfellow; but Endymion clumsily languishes with love of her; and she, perceiving this, brushes him aside. It is possible that Keats and the other Greeks better understood the Virginity whom they worshipped.

The title-poem of Mrs. Wharton's *Artemis to Actæon* takes a very different

view but equally modern
 "Artemis to
 Actæon" goddess. Her Artemis slays
 Actæon not in anger, but
 in grace, recognising in

him who dared to look upon her a soul too great for the little uses of the world, worthy of that immortality which is death. Now, there are two ways of handling mythological material: one may simply retell the old stories vividly, for

the sheer beauty that is in them; or one may seek out some latent meaning, some new idea whereof the myth will form a fitting incarnation. The trouble with these present examples of the second method is that they do violence to the spirit of the myth. The vigorous and original mentality which has done so much for Mrs. Wharton as a novelist stands somewhat in her light as a poet. It is not that a poem can be too intellectual, but that it must not be more intellectual than emotional; and Mrs. Wharton's thought sometimes absorbs her feeling and leaves her language dry.

Orpheus the Harper, coming to the gate
 Where the implacable dim warder sate,
 Besought for parley with a shade within,
 Dearer to him than life itself had been,
 Sweeter than sunlight on Illyrian sea . . .

Compare with this the opening of Mr. Stephen Phillips's "Christ in Hades":

Keen as a blinded man at dawn awake
 Smells in the dark the cold odor of earth—
 Eastward he turns his eyes, and over him
 A dreadful freshness exquisitely breathes—

This is the magic; the other is only well written; thought, not felt. But the most of Mrs. Wharton's book is far better. It is a delight to follow the steady and sonorous lines of her blank verse and to note how thoroughly she has assimilated the craftsmanship of her models. Tennyson and Mr. Phillips have given her style, Browning has taught her monologue and Rossetti sonnet-form; yet there is not an imitative line in her book. She has made her learning her own; and there is far more personality in her poems than in Mr. Hewlett's. "Margaret of Cortona" is perhaps the best of them. In her girlhood a man took Margaret out of the slums, made her a woman and wise. He dying, she took the veil, and in time became a saint; and the poem is her confession.

Judge Thou alone between this priest and me;
 Nay, rather, Lord, between my past and present,

Thy Margaret and that other's—whose she is
 By right of salvage—and whose call should follow

Thine? Silent still— Or his who stooped to her,

And drew her to Thee by the bands of love?
Not Thine? Then his?

Ah, Christ—the thorn-crowned Head
Bends . . . bends again . . . down on your
knees, Fra Paolo!
If his, then Thine!

Kneel, priest, for this is heaven . . .

Mrs. Wharton is at her best in the dramatic monologue, both because of her power of characterisation and because blank verse is her readiest medium. Rhyme often troubles her; and some of her sonnets, though well versified, are abstract and confused in expression. She was not born a poet; but this volume shows well how high in poetry a thoroughly cultured prose artist may attain. It is a noble and worthy piece of work, of which at least no living poet need be ashamed.

Nirvana Days, by Cale Young Rice, is, as its title implies, tintured throughout with the philosophy of Buddhism. Now Buddhism is in its nature fundamentally antithetical to poetry; for an attitude of mind which regards emotion as evil, personality as a punishment, and the concrete semblances of this world as illusion can hardly harmonise with lyric passion. There can be no poetry of the impersonal; but the stern presence of inevitable Karma, the shifting vision of metempsychosis, are in themselves poetic ideas; and the author is most a poet when he is farthest from Nirvana, dreaming of sensuous old places in Italy or Japan, or declaiming indignantly against the Night Riders. His worst fault is that he has not learned his craft. His style in the quieter pieces is uneven and unimpressive, and under excitement degenerates into rant. He deals in amorphous vers-libre, rhymes rather mechanically, and has an unfortunate habit of dividing an indivisible phrase between two lines, so that his lines often appear measured off with a rule.

My gondola is a black sea-swan,
And gains to the lagoon,
Where samphire and sea-lavender
Around me float or softly stir,
And far-off Venice still lifts her
Fair witchery to the moon,

While all that wonder e'er gave birth
Seems out of beauty hewn.

The poem just quoted, "Serenata Magica," together with "The Image Painter," "The Song of a Nature-Worshipper" and "Quest and Requital," fairly represent the best in the volume. The verses on the Night Riders evince a sincere and honourable anger which they fail entirely to express, by reason of the author's lack of word-sense; and the same lack makes thoroughly unconvincing such violent imaginings as "Written in Hell" and "On Ballyteague Bay."

Poetry is to her tributary, light verse, as beauty to prettiness. The lowlier art substitutes cleverness for thought, fancy for imagination, and for emotion, sentiment. Now it is better to appreciate a

dandelion for what it is than to complain that it is not a rose. But within the limits of the lesser form we naturally demand a greater measure of perfection; though the headless Victory be admirable, a headless Billiken would be preposterous. Mr. T. A. Daly has written a volume of clever and pleasantly sentimental sketches, chiefly in Irish and Italian dialect, whose only drawback is that it depends a little too much on its cleverness. One enjoys the fluent ease of the writing, the neatness with which every point is brought out, and the sympathetic humour of it all; but it seems a little too neat to be true; more like a clever imitation than like a genuine interpreting of Mick or Dago. Bret Harte's western verses may be (and very probably are) quite inaccurate, but they ring true; and that is the important thing. The sympathy of Mr. Daly's Italian lyrics even—and they are the best of his book—is not often wistful enough to be real. The occasional exceptions, like "Leetla Joe" and "The Mourner," make one wish there were more of them;

and the dedicatory sonnet, "To a Tenant," would honour a richer offering. For Mr. Owen Seaman's *Salvage* from the weekly cargoes of *Punch* there is less to be said. It is satirical and society-

"Carmina"

"Nirvana
Days"

"Salvage"

verse after the manner of Calverley—and rather a long way after. A gentle but constant smile is its highest tribute. It is, as Mr. Seaman remarks, a dreadful thing to have to be funny once a week; and it is with a very kindly regret that one discovers in his good-natured jollities a dangerous resemblance to that scourge of Christendom, pedestrian humour.

Mr. Charles Buxton Going's collection *Star-Glow and Song*, is a very hard book to criticise. It is easy to say that it is good average magazine-poetry, workmanlike, earnest, and uninspired; but that sounds like faint praise; and the book deserves no condemnation. In its two hundred pages there is not a banal thought nor a slovenly line. A steady twilight of honest feeling quiets and cherishes all; it is modest in phrase and metre, with no straining a small voice after high notes; and if it shows no strong personality, no sacred passion, at least its emotions are thereby the more common to us all. For one sculptor, we have need of many capable hewers of stone; and there is room enough on the lower slopes of Parnassus for work like this:

White rose of bridal, dainty as my dear,
Pure as her thoughts, and as her body
tender,
When she shall clasp you, when she holds you
near,
Whisper my love that there is naught of fear,
Naught of regret, in love's complete sur-
render.

White is her heart's dear haven, and thou,
sweet rose,
Resting so near, so white, shalt be its
warder.
Close thou the way to all that could affright—
Open the door to love alone this night—
And unto me, for love and I will guard her!

Yes, it is obvious enough; commonplace in the saying, if you will; but it is very human. This is the useful art of poetry. It has its place; and it is sometimes the humbler poet for whom we listen when the day is done.

Of similar rank and of strikingly different character is the posthumous volume of Francis M. Finch, whose title-poem, "The Blue and the Gray," has become one of the lesser classics of the Civil War.

Amid the mass of contemporary work these verses of less than half a century ago stand out as a curious object-lesson of the changing times wherein we have been changed. With their subdued colouring, their declamatory style, formal even in its informality, and their rigid simplicity of verse-form, they belong to a period in American letters already old-fashioned—the period of the great New Englanders. English literature as a whole has changed comparatively little in this time; but in our own magazines of the war period one finds work so strangely unlike that of to-day that it seems to belong to another age; and nowhere is the contrast sharper than in our poetry. The fact is that American poetry, which had always been from fifty to a hundred years behind the British in development, has suddenly caught up with it. Longfellow and Holmes were contemporary with Tennyson; but Longfellow belongs to the school of 1820 and Holmes almost to the eighteenth century; whereas the difference between our present work and that of our cousins is only that ours is not nearly so good. In tone and type it is precisely the same; and though it is weak enough measured by absolute standards, yet it is vastly better than our magazine verse of a generation since. Our great poets have not appeared; but the ground is prepared for them.

Mr. Edward William Thomson is a person worth knowing; and the value of his *When Lincoln Died* and *Other Poems* is that he has so thoroughly transfused it with his own large and tonic personality. When he tells of seeing Lincoln, you feel that he not merely beheld him in the flesh, but looked upon the hero out of eyes and a heart that could really see. His war-stories have the colloquial realism of an eye-witness; they are full of trampled mud, fence-rail fires,

"The Blue
and the
Gray"

"Star-Glow
and Song"

"When
Lincoln
Died"

sweating horses, and humorously plain speech. It is good to hear him understanding Canada through visions of her incongruous past. But unfortunately, half the book is after the style and manner of Browning, and the remaining half has no style at all. Mr. Thomson does his Brownings well; not merely imitatively, making it yield up its powers of realism and homeliness; but it will not do. The quaint garb will fit no man but its maker. And after all, there is nothing in the book that might not as well or better have been written in prose. It is not poetry, because it is primarily of the mind, primarily intelligent. But the intelligence behind it is so good, so human, so honestly and humorously wise, that there is a success in its failure. It is good to hear a true man speak, even though he be vainly trying to sing.

The first glance at a baby-blue volume ornamented with a sprig of willow and the appealing title *Our Benny* awakens somewhat mingled emotions; but these are presently blent in one grand pæan of thankfulness to Providence for that it has inspired so marvellous and perfect a thing. It is a narrative poem, conceived in a style and metre bearing some morganatic relation to the Hexameters of Longfellow; founded upon the incident of the soldier-boy who, caught asleep on sentry-duty, was pardoned by Lincoln and afterward died gloriously in battle, and dedicated "to the people of Illinois and Kentucky, in memory of Abraham Lincoln." Benny himself does not appear; the tale deals rather with his dear ones at home. Granther and his widowed daughter Hannah, Benny's mother, are discovered philosophising in the ancestral kitchen in Vermont. Granther presently remarks:

Surely to-night brings a letter; I'm thinkin'
he'll have much to tell us
News from headquarters direct, an' perhaps
of the inauguration.
Likely enough our good parson an', mebbe the
teacher'll drop in here.

Right he is. Agatha, the sweet rustic maiden who is to marry Benny when the cruel war is over, dances in waving the

letter and so garrulous with glee that Granther gently rebukes her:

Agatha, ever your tongue like a mill-clapper
runneth unceasin'.

Agatha subsides; the letter is read with acclamations. Granther goes out to do his chores:

He was wearied with all the unwonted
Fusion of thought and of feeling occasioned
by Benny's first letter.

* * * * *
Out in the barn and the barnyard the octo-
genarian pothered,

until the predicted arrival of the parson and the dominie. Follow excerpts from the letter, and much rural philosophy, in the course of which the dominie pays a noble tribute to scholarship:

Twirling the key on his watch-chain, the sym-
bol of Phi Beta Kappa,
Thoughtful he grew, as he added: This key
stands for power through attainment;
Made for a lock that will open the door to
earnest endeavor.

The visitors depart. Agatha, of course, goes through the Evangeline bedroom scene, falling prayerfully asleep with Benny's letter clasped to her bosom. But Hannah lies awake in maternal meditation, until the parson suddenly appears outside her window with a telegram (35 paid):

Ben to be shot—found asleep on his sentry—
must notify Hannah.

The scene shifts to Washington, whither family and friends hasten to plead for Benny's life. Lincoln hears them—

Listening with head as with heart, he grasped
the entire situation

* * * * *
While, in a voice that was tender as ever a
woman's, he gave back

Benny to Hannah! "Your son shall live, as I
hope, to rejoice

Mother and countrymen both, through patriot
love and devotion."

He does, but at length he falls bravely, with his face to the foe. The parson breaks the news to mother Hannah. Benny's body is brought back to be buried in the old country churchyard. And, in an Æschylean catastrophe, the

news of Lincoln's death comes to the little group even while they are laying Benny in his final resting place. As the notes of this new Idyll peal upward to Elysium, we may imagine Homer and Vergil embracing in silence, Longfellow murmuring through his tears, "If you wish a thing to be well done, you must do it yourself; you must not leave it to others," and the gentle ghost of Goethe hiding his face in his hands. *Our Benny* is a text-book of how not to tell a story, how not to write a poem; and it contains perhaps the most unspeakable Hexametre in the English language—

Heated seven times by the tempering fires of
experience dire.

Edith Pratt Dickins, author of *The Port o' Dreams and Other Poems*, is not

"The
Port o'
Dreams"

a great person; she has neither the mind nor the imagination for rising to the height of great arguments, and her technique fails her except in the simplest measures. But through her little book there runs a thin vein of pure gold. Gettysburg, the desolation of Hagar, an Arab dying of thirst in the desert—these themes are beyond her. But the familiar loveliness of earth, the spirit of the passing months, the dear commonplaces of ordinary loving, the momentary holiness of reverie, are her own to feel and to express. Such things as "The Queen's Garden" and "Songs of Dreams" are worth many volumes of arid intellection and confused endeavour after passion. They are little, but they are wren-songs of real poetry, and very lovely. Let us be grateful for them.

There is no need to characterise the work of Laurence Hope; it is already

"The
Garden of
Kama"

known. It is not, of course, of the smallest importance whether her Oriental atmosphere and detail are in fact accurate and correct, any more than it matters whether the Celtic Revival school reproduce correctly the spirit of old Celtic literature. As they have brought into our poetry a certain gloaming of old beauty for which the word Celtic may stand as a symbol, so she has made a new har-

mony out of those overtones which we hear in the word Oriental. She holds the gorgeous East in fee; and through her we hear our own dreams of it—of fierce joys and pains, a swarming vividness of life, a fate cruelly smiling, death-cries trodden under the feet of interminable generations and sultry fevers of desire. It is a new dream, intensely modern and a little unhealthy; but it has a tone and a colour of its own, and it will find its place in our literature and live there. The *Songs from the Garden of Kama* have been beautifully reprinted in a volume which has that character of its own that a real book ought to have; and the photographic illustrations avoid the incongruous obtrusiveness of most illustrations to poems and contribute something to the local colour of the volume. Like the poems themselves, they make India curiously real.

Perhaps the volume which makes most promise of bigger work to come is that

"A Wine of
Wizardry"

of Mr. George Sterling. Stevenson once said that a young man had better begin the profession of letters by learning to string words together beautifully; then, if he should later have great things to say, he would have the means of saying them. Mr. Sterling has naturally an ear and a gift of striking phrase; and he has developed these into some power of verse and the foundations of a style. He feels life vividly, though with a certain carelessness of simple and common things which may be a sign of aspiration; for while a man is still Endymion to each new moon, he is not yet ready to appreciate a blade of grass. Mr. Sterling is thus by way of being able to express whatever may be given to him. As yet, his work has embodied no very important ideas, and his style, therefore, as a powerful creature unyoked, shows a tendency to prance wantonly, rising at times into a plangent fanfare of declamation or lapsing into languorous dalliance of delicious words. His title-poem, "A Wine of Wizardry," which has already been unreasonably praised, sins notably in both respects, and illustrates, moreover, another of his faults, the tendency to loose incoherence of structure in his longer

poems. It is probably the worst thing in the book. Among the best is the sonnet to Romance:

Thou passest, and we know thee not, Romance!

Thy gaze is backward, and thy heart is fed
With murmurs and with music of the dead.
Alas, our battle! for the rays that glance
On thy dethroning sword and haughty lance
Are of forgotten suns and stars long fled;
Thou weavest phantom roses for thy head,
And ghostly queens in thy dominion dance.

Would we might follow thy returning wings,
And in thy farthest haven beach our prow—
Thy dragons conquered and thine oceans
crossed—

And find thee standing on the dust of kings,
A lion at thy side, and on thy brow
The light of sunsets wonderful and lost!

Rhetoric, perhaps; but how many living Americans can be so successfully rhetorical? And "Tasso to Leonora"

shows a power of lyric monologue still more potential.

Never had lover's dusk such moon as thou!
Never had moon adoring such as mine!
For at thy spirit in her majesty
Mine own is greatly humbled, and forgets
Its haughtiness, forsaking at thy feet
Song's archangelic panoply of light,
And sits a child before thee, and is glad.
Yea, though I deem the silences of love
More beautiful than music, or the hush
Of ocean twilights, yet my soul to thine
Swoons deaf and blind, with living lips that
ache
And cry to thee its joy and wonderment.

The man who can write like this may go far, if his nature grows into a message to humanity; or, if he purveys the blossom for the fruit, or has already reached his uttermost, may degenerate into a mere maker of pleasant noises. It is too soon to be sure of a new poet; time will show.

Brian Hooker.

THE JUGGLER

Come, children, come as I call,
And over the play-stead gleam!
I stand by the middle wall
To waken your wildest dream.
Now fathers, your babies fetch,
With your pennies, or two, or ten.
Yea, pity a juggling wretch.
Ye are all of ye juggling men!

Now the balls fly,
Thither and nigh,
Purple and yellow,
Come, little fellow,
Come, little maid,
Be not afraid!
Dirks in the air,
Far away! There!
How did they go,
Whether or no?

THE JUGGLER

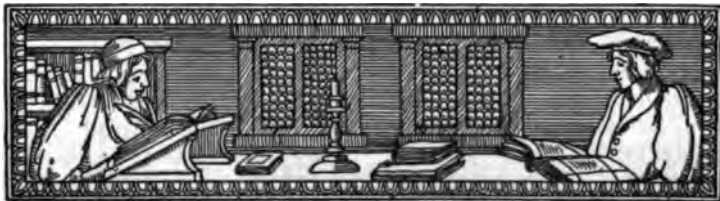
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How shall they come,
Silver and dumb?
Out of his cap!
Out of her lap!

For one he tosses a truth,
And one he tosses a lie.
Some juggle with laws, forsooth,
And some with calumny.
And one hath a trick-tra-la
He juggles upon his pen.
Ye call him a poet. Ha!
Ye are all of ye juggling men!

Now the balls fly,
Thither and nigh,
Purple and yellow.
Come, little fellow,
Come, little maid,
Be not afraid!
Out of her breast
Birds shall fly west,
Birds shall fly north.
Hither they forth
Out of her hair
Into the air,
Into the skies
Out of her eyes!

My bonnet of bells I doff,
Ye mimics of men and maids!
I must shoulder my shams, and off
To the valley of evening shades.
I must leave the children's land.
Pennies? Pennies again?
Now thanks to the little hand!
Ye are all of ye juggling men!
Agnes Lee.



SWINBURNE AND THE SWIN- BURNIANS

SWINBURNE, like Shelley, was, in a sense, a child of rebellion and revolt. Each poet was born and passed his early years at a period when all Western Europe was coming with the convulsive movement of a tremendous popular upheaval. Shelley, as a child, heard the and roar of the great French revolution and saw the fortresses of ism crumble into dust. Swinburne, a generation later, had his mind ed by the bellowing of the Chart-nagogues who rioted and led wild through the midland counties of nd itself; while on the continent rope, thrones tottered, and terri-xcesses were perpetrated amid s of bloodshed. France became more for a short time a republic. etty German despots bowed be-he storm. The Austrian mon-was saved only by the interposi-of the great Czar of the North. aw its tyrants terrified in the days Novara. The watchword of the vas Liberty, and Liberty, as always, ed on the verge of License. is more easy to ascribe Swin-burne's characteristics to the influence e *Zeitgeist* than in the case of y; for with Shelley, heredity ex-much. The life of his grand-old Bysshe Shelley, so far as ow it, reads like a romance; and are parts of it which no one but lf ever fully knew, but which con-trange hints of a very strange. Nothing of the sort, however, e said of Swinburne. His father British admiral, and his mother, Henrietta Swinburne, was a iter of the Earl of Ashburnham. both sides, therefore, he ought to nherited conservatism; and so we er all the more that, from his manhood, he was intensely radi-cally republican in England, when to republican was to be something

like an outcast. Thus, too, though edu-cated at Eton and at Balliol, he im-bibed none of the fine old Oxford Tory-ism of his day.

Even as a boy he was a rebel against the established order of things. His tutor was the Rev. William Stubbs, afterward Lord Bishop of Oxford and the greatest scholar who has yet written on the subject of English constitutional history. He found Swinburne a young imp—full of wild ways and grotesque amusements. It makes one smile to think of such a pair as this, and especially of the sober, dignified and rather ponderous don, tied for a time to a boy who even then must have seemed to his perceptor almost diabolical. Swinburne's erratic course began at Oxford. He drank in the classic languages with keen delight. He was no less proficient in French and in Italian, winning as an undergraduate the Taylorian prize and other honours; and yet he broke away from Oxford without receiving his degree. He went at once to France and Italy; and in Florence he fell under the influence of Walter Savage Landor, whom Dickens caricatured not unkindly as Laurence Boythorne in *Bleak House*.

Landor was steeped in Hellenism, and his buoyant aggressiveness produced a deep impression upon Swinburne, then in the formative period of his life. Landor was tremendously individual. His personality may be fairly termed colossal. No wonder, then, that Swinburne afterward gave him the place in the triad of heroes whom he worshipped until the end; for with Landor he grouped Mazzini, the revolutionist, and Victor Hugo, that Titan of revolt.

Each of these three men profoundly modified and moulded the character of Swinburne. Better, perhaps it may be said, that they gave to his character a certain concentration and intensity. They made him as intensely individual as they were themselves. They

fanned the flames of that ardour which is usual in all high-spirited young men, but which is apt to die down into a steadier and less consuming flame as the years go by. With Swinburne, however, until the last decade of his life, he remained the same—a man who trampled conventionality under foot, who loved to shock established notions and to fling a sort of fierce defiance in the face of all who held fast to the accepted order. Thus Swinburne, as a man, was always a curiously picturesque figure. One thinks of him, perhaps, as tall and powerful of frame, one to attract attention by his physical perfection, one who seemed of right to be the creator of such poetry as he gave the world. On the contrary, he was short and sandy with a wisp-like mustache and scanty beard, resembling a Mongolian or a Japanese. He dressed atrociously in tweeds and smudgy flannels; and thus clad he would attend the most formal functions, sitting among well-groomed men and women of the world, caring nothing because his trousers were baggy at the knees and because his hair was tousled. Whatever he chose to do, he did. No one can be said to have lived more unrestrainedly the sort of life that he desired to live. One need not pry into his passions and his hatreds. Both of them were intense, even though they were often fleeting. Perhaps nothing is more characteristic of him than the oft-told story of how, whenever a cabman tried to overcharge him, Swinburne's eye would blaze and he would burst forth into the words of a Greek chorus, shrieking out the polysyllables as he danced upon the pavement, until the cabman would hurry off from one whom he believed to be a dangerous maniac. In his last years he became very deaf and made his home quietly enough with his old-time friend, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton. His fires were all but burnt out. He had lived and loved, and he had left a lasting name in English literature.

When we come to consider the quality of his fame and the source of it, we can scarcely fail to take into account the sway of his brother poet, Dante

Gabriel Rossetti. Rossetti was nearly ten years older than Swinburne, whom he first met when the latter was in his twenty-fifth year. Language almost fails one in attempting to describe the peculiarities of Rossetti. Intensely virile as an Englishman, intensely imaginative as an Italian, he exercised the most extraordinary power on all who felt his mastery. And his mastery was very great. He dominated all who were in contact with him, so much so that, almost unconsciously, men of independent minds, after experiencing this influence, found it somewhat enervating if not suffocating. And, therefore, even those who loved him or who were his intimate friends gradually relaxed their intimacy. They still saw him, now and then, and liked him; but to some extent they kept away from him. He was, in truth, a curious creature, dwelling in strange rooms of ebon-black, filled with the rarest objects of art, and allowing exotic animals, such as kangaroos and armadillos and raccoons to haunt his garden. More than once his visitors would find a wombat sleeping on the *épergne* in the middle of his dining-table. Mr. A. C. Benson has given an interesting picture of Rossetti, as a man who loved swiftly and almost unscrupulously; who adored his sensitive, imaginative wife; and who yet so acted that she destroyed herself with laudanum; a man who had transcendent gifts as poet and as painter, and yet was a slave to drugs, habituating himself to the daily use of chloral in quantities which would have killed a person unaccustomed to it.

It was Rossetti above all others who stimulated the erratic genius of Swinburne to blaze a trail of unearthly fire across the pages of English literature. The Pre-Raphaelite movement affected many. There were Ford Madox Brown and Holman Hunt and Burne-Jones, and Sir John Millais (as he afterward became when he had broken away from the "Brotherhood") and Collinson, and Woolner, the sculptor. But with these men the Pre-Raphaelite movement had to do only with the plastic and the graphic arts. Rossetti,

however, like decorator and socialist, William Morris, who was also one of Swinburne's friends, was a painter as well as a poet. It has been well said that his poetry was essentially like his painting, giving one the impression of rich stuffs, and cloth of gold, and rare embroideries, all steeped in the atmosphere of a voluptuousness which is sometimes enervating and sometimes frankly sensual. The influence of Rossetti's poems and of his morbid personality worked on Swinburne's mind like wine that has been drugged. Hence came pouring forth those wild lyrics, those passionate invocations, those appalling dramatic narratives which fascinate even while they make one shudder.

We are apt to think that to-day our world is losing its firm grasp upon the life-line of morality; and that in literature most of all, we have become outspoken and bold to a degree which menaces the citadel of ethics. Our women novelists, and those of England more than all, are said to lack the sense of shame and to infuse into their pages a lawlessness with regard to sex which has not been known before in English literature. But if we turn back to the early days of Swinburne and Rossetti and read what these men wrote and what their imitators published to the world, we shall be obliged to think that the worst pages of George Moore, for instance, or of Elinor Glynn, are, by comparison, mere tracts for boys and girls.

Mediævalism was the watchword of Rossetti and of Swinburne. Now Mediævalism may mean almost anything. There is the sacred, sweet, pure Mediævalism of the cloister and the convent garden. There is also the foul, fierce Mediævalism which is symbolised in the bestiaries and the curious carvings of the old cathedrals, the Mediævalism which stung and lashed with fire the unbridled passions of the feudal world. Both phases appear in Rossetti and in Swinburne. Each can bow the knee before the *sancta simplicitas* of the mediæval saint, yet each can pass beyond mere ordinary sensuality into the very lairs of unknown lust. It has been well said that the Swinburnians know two types

of woman. One is the bold, full-lipped and amorous creature, such as one thinks of as having lived in the corrupt Italian courts, giving free rein to every instinct of animality, hating and loving and using the deadly aid of poison and the dagger to blot out all the consequences of their swift and savage infatuations. The other type is that more closely associated with the art of Rossetti. In a sense he may be said to have created it, or at least to have developed it, from his favourite model, Miss Siddal, who afterward became his wife. In this type one is supposed to see mystical purity, not purged entirely from passion and yet with a passion so tenuous as to be only the suggestion of a flame. Those women whom Rossetti painted and of whom Swinburne wrote, are often beautiful with an unearthly, unreal beauty which gives one a strange sense of remoteness. Often, however, they are not beautiful in themselves, because certain features are exaggerated until they verge upon the repulsive. The lips protrude, the sinuous neck lengthens and almost curves like the neck of a swan. The position of the arms conveys a sensation of langour; the hands are very long and the fingers seem to be plastic for caresses. There is, throughout the whole, something undulant, mystic, if you like, and spiritual even, but sheltering and concealing somewhere that which is unwholesome. One feels that these women may be saints; but that they are saints delineated by a voluptuary for whom all normal sins have become stale and who seeks to provoke new emotions by investing even innocence with corruption.

The ideal Swinburnian woman is undoubtedly to be found in Rossetti's famous painting "Beata Beatrix," drawn after the death of Eleanor Rossetti. It is said to symbolise the death of the body without at all intending to symbolise death itself. It is an extraordinary painting, for it is really death in life. The face is waxen. There is the look of one who has ceased to feel desire. Yet though golden light is suffused about the features, there is something in them to suggest



DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

"It was Rossetti above all others who stimulated the erratic genius of Swinburne to blaze a trail of unearthly fire across the pages of English literature"



ROBERT BUCHANAN

Whose famous article *The Fleshly School of Poetry* wrought such havoc among the Swinburnians

mortality, so that one half waits for the faint, fetid odour of the charnel-house.

All this indicates what is inherent in the art both of Rossetti and of Swinburne, a nameless thought that lurks in the background to excite emotions that are morbid, something that will not endure the open air, the bright daylight, and the free winds of heaven. This is true of the poetry of Swinburne, from which at times we revolt the more because of its excessive beauty. James Smetham wrote of a Rossetti painting that it was "like a golden dim dream. Love 'credulous, all gold,' gold armour, a sense of secret enclosure in 'palace-chambers far apart'; but quaint chambers in quiet palaces, where angels creep in through sliding-panel doors, and stand behind rows of flowers, drumming on golden bells with wings crimson and green." Here he has expressed exactly the effect that Swinburne produces upon you. Crimson and gold and green and secluded chambers and a sense of being shut in, dimness, melody—an absolute Byzantine effect. With all its beauty you still shudder. It is not the beauty of what is normal, but a perverse, exotic, burning, hectic beauty which verges even upon disease.

Of all the poems that Swinburne ever wrote, there is none which sums up at once so frightfully and so won-

derfully what he was and what he thought and what he longed for, as the extraordinary narrative which he called *The Leper*. The story of it he derived from the old French chronicles. It is repulsive in its theme. It is "mediæval" to a degree. It is superbly awful in its blending of physical horrors with all the witchery of language. Whoever has read Swinburne at all will probably remember it, for it is among the earliest of his writings.* The poem is supposed to be written by a mediæval cleric who had been the lackey of a very beautiful woman of noble birth. He had loved her at a distance while she had scarcely known his name. Her lovers had been many, and the poor lackey, adoring her with all his soul, had gone back and forth between these lovers and the high-born girl, Yolande de Sallières. But there came a day when she, in the pride of her beauty, became a leper. All her lovers fled from her. Her very father

*The Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne. In six volumes. Vol. i. pp. 129-135. New York: Harper and Brothers.



WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

Walter Savage Landor was one of the earliest and strongest influences on Swinburne's intellectual life

and mother thrust her from their castle, to dwell among those abhorrent creatures whom the plague had tainted. Then the poor cleric takes her to himself and cares for her and loves her with an intensity of love which he had never felt before, even in the time when

her body was sweet and dainty and not yet blotched and hideous.

God, that makes time and ruins it
And alters not, abiding God,
Changed with disease her body sweet,
The body of love wherein she abode.



WILLIAM MORRIS

From the painting by George Frederic Watts

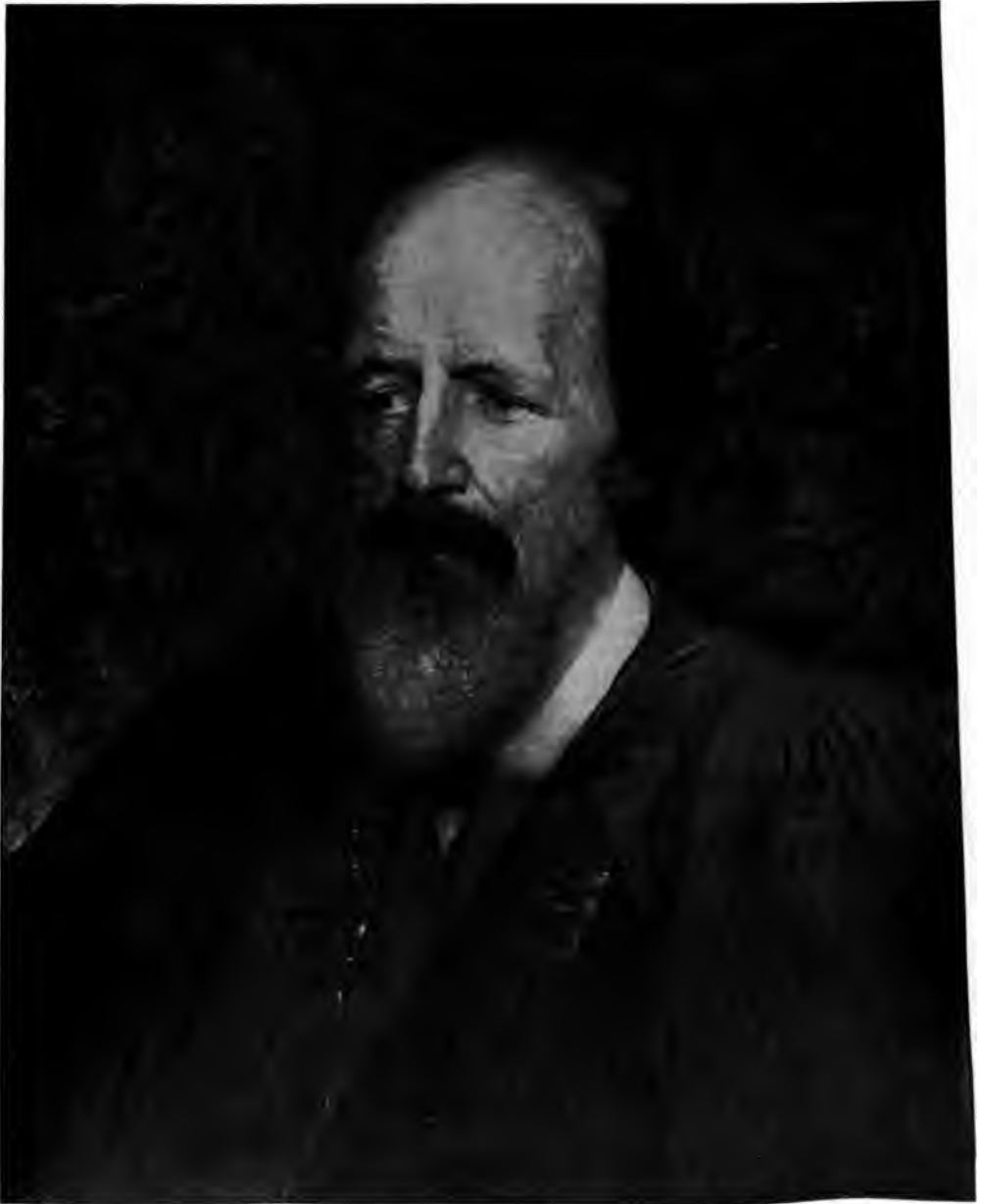


ROBERT BROWNING

From the painting by George Frederic Watts

Love is more sweet and comelier
 Than a dove's throat strained out to sing.
 All they spat out and cursed at her
 And cast her forth for a base thing.

They cursed her, seeing how God had wrought
 This curse to plague her, a curse of His.
 Fools were they surely, seeing not
 How sweeter than all sweet she is.



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

From the painting by George Frederic Watts

Then he goes on to say :

I hid her in this wattled house,
I served her water and poor bread.
For joy to kiss between her brows
Time upon time I was nigh dead.

But at last the girl died, and still her
lowly lover held her in his arms and
adorcd her all the more in death :

Six months, and I sit still and hold
In two cold palms her cold two feet.
Her hair, half gray, half ruined gold,
Thrills me and burns me in kissing it.

Love bites and stings me through to see
Her keen face made of sunken bones.
Her worn-off eyelids madden me,
That were shot through with purple once.

This poem is Swinburnian to the very last note—the morbidness, the awfulness and at the same time the perfection of technique. Mr. Robert Buchanan, in his article on "The Fleshly School of Poetry," which is now classic, comparing Swinburne with Rossetti, wrote:

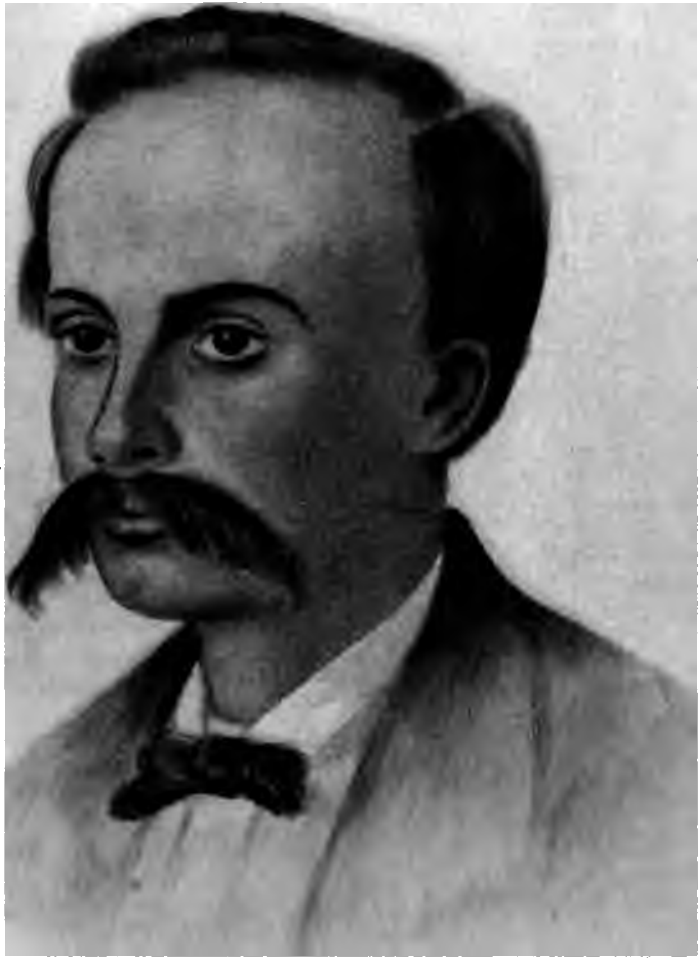
Mr. Swinburne was wilder, more outrageous, more blasphemous, and his subjects were more atrocious in themselves; yet the hysterical tone slew the animalism, the furiosness of epithet lowered the sensation.

Even this excuse, such as it is, cannot be always made. It is untrue of *The Leper*, which is not hysterical but purely pathological. Yet it will be said Swinburne wrote in many other moods. The body of verse which he created is a very large one. He wrote not merely in English but in Greek and Latin and French. There are many things of his which one may admire unreservedly. And ought we not to consider his wonderful art alone, and, in the spirit of true criticism, say nothing of his themes? Hardly. That is to say, we may admire his music. We must recognise his metrical power, his command of phrase and of the cadenced line. Mr. Woodbury says of the separate syllables of the Swinburnian verse:

They flash out in their fall what can only be called a colour of sound. This is the peculiar and arresting poetic gift of Swinburne, the lyrical iridescence of the verse like a

mother-of-pearl sea, like a green wave breaking in tempest, like a rainbow-spray before the beak of his driving song; it is a marvel that changes but fails not, a witchery of language, a vocal incantation in the rhymes, an enchantment in the mere pour of sound and pause and elision.

No one can gainsay these words of admiration. Let us grant freely that in mere sound no modern poet has ever equalled Swinburne. And yet it is often incoherent music. Swinburne had the trick of the tinkling syllables. He could pour them out at will whether in his Greek choral odes, which, after all, are not Greek in thought, or in his songs of the sea, or in his eulogies of those whom he admired. But the tinkling syllable is not all of poetry. If it were, Swinburne would be the greatest poet that ever lived; whereas, even in his own time, his imitators almost equalled him. Go back and read the verses of Mr. Simeon Solomon, Swinburne's contemporary, and see whether you would not believe that what he wrote was Swinburne's own. Indeed "all may have the flower now, for all have got the seed." It is not so very difficult to be Swinburnian, because the task is in part mechanical. Where is the cohesive thought to bind the whole together? Where are the manliness, the strength, the self-control, the clearness of vision, the normal humanity, which, taken together, leave Tennyson upon heights which Swinburne never scaled? Tennyson and Browning and Swinburne, are all three lyrical, that is to say, intensely individual. But Tennyson lives because in him the Individual reflects the Universal. Browning, who was one of Swinburne's friends, lives because he has charged his lines with pregnant thought. But Swinburne represents a sort of individualism which is peculiar to himself and has no share in the universal element of human nature. For human nature is of itself quite sane and wholesome. It shrinks instinctively from what is putrescent, and it does not cherish that lyricism which is merely the sonorous and vibrant voice of one stray, distorted intellect. Many have wondered why Swinburne so admired Walt Whit-



THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON, THE COMPANION OF SWINBURNE'S LATER YEARS

man. It is easy to explain the reason for that admiration. Wide as the poles asunder in many things, the two men were alike in this: Each was apart from his kind. And thus, both Swinburne and Whitman will be admired always by the few. They will never reach the great heart of humanity. Swinburne ripples and tinkles and surges melodiously. Whitman howls harshly and thinks that he speaks not only for a whole continent but for a whole race. Yet the test of time has already shown that each of these men dwells apart—Swinburne in a *tour d'ivoire*, and Whitman in a cattle-pen. Tennyson and Browning—but Tennyson most surely—abide in every home and by every fireside.

It has been said that at recurring intervals, the language of literature has to be refreshed and revived by drawing upon new sources for enrichment. This is true. So, in Latin, Vergil was called an innovator because he caught up from the stream of common speech new words and phrases and wove them into his great golden epic. So, a century later, Petronius and Persius and Juvenal did the same. Likewise in English, the language of books had grown stale when Sir Walter Scott broke through the cumbrous crust of Addisonianism and Johnsonianism and wrote with manliness and vigour in words which men employed in talk. Tennyson did the same for poetry early in his career. Thackeray and Dickens did the same for prose. In the sixties and after,

Bret Harte and Lowell and Mark Twain opened new fountains of language; and Kipling did so in his earliest prose. But the alleged simplicity of Swinburne and Rossetti, and, for that matter, the alleged simplicity of Kipling to-day, is not the simplicity of nature. It is well to bring into literature words which every one is using in his daily speech. It is not so well to pore over dictionaries and antique glossaries, and consciously to extract from them the odd terms and the archaic expressions which every one has now forgotten, which have an effect that is decidedly *rococo*, and which are the ear-marks of mere preciousness.

Here is where the claim that is made for Swinburne utterly breaks down. Still, while he never did and never could reach the heart and soul of normal men and women, he will be admired as an artist by the few who can forget the taint in what he wrote, abate their natural demand for thought and for reflection, for reason and for all those qualities which appeal to the universal mind. To them Swinburne will always be a wondrous instrument of music, on which are improvised melodies that have no sequence and no architectonic power, but which trail off brokenly into a disturbing silence, leaving one quite dulled and stifled as though he had been sitting in a chamber dim and incense-laden, from which he longs to escape into the glory of the great sunlit world outside.

Harry Thurston Peck.



Gounod's Villa At St. Raphael



NOT every Riviera tourist knows of, or has ever seen, one of the most celebrated of modern musical shrines in France, Gounod's quaint "Oustalet du Capalan," where the master composed *Roméo et Juliet* and that wonderfully sympathetic though little heard score which accompanied

Mistral's great epic of Provence, *Mireille*. This famous Riviera villa is indeed a worthy musical shrine, if not actually reckoned as a *monument historique*. It sits on the shores of the blue Mediterranean, just beyond Saint Raphael, on a comparatively little used roadway, but surrounded by one of the most beautiful *cadres* on the whole Mediterranean round.

Saint Raphael itself is not yet spoiled, though it has grown to the distinction of having a battery of great hotels planted along its sea front. It was different when first exploited by Gounod, Alphonse Karr the *ecrivain-jardinier*, who has been driven from Etreta by a too curious mob—by Hamon, the landscape painter, and a little coterie of fellow-artists, writers and musicians. "I have come here to be alone" was the sign one of the pioneers put up over his gate-post. What an irony it is now, when there are even

"Tea Shops" and grocers in the town who sell Scotch Marmalade and Quaker Oats. Just beyond is the villa of Maurice Donnay, the newly "arrived" Academicien, "arrived" by the way of the Montmartre *cabarets*, to the consternation of the artistic world of convention, but "arrived" nevertheless. And for a neighbour there is Mlle. Polaire, who is not without something more than a fame which goes beyond the footlights of the Paris stage.

Isabel Floyd-Jones.

MOROCCO

(AFTER LECONTE DE LISLE)

Lo, where the midnight drags with silver seine
The isles and headlands at the moon's behest,
While the discordance of the desert's breast
Afar is whispered to the dome serene!
The people sleep—ay, slumber's cost is mean—
And yet—so saith The Book—then visions blest
Of Eden's *houri's* come, all manifest,
Their drowsy glances without silken screen—

Yon ghostly lamp of silver with a spark
Betrays the old Mohammed's haggard cheek
Against his palace pavement in the dark;
The throat has ceased to bleed; for mid the streak
Of purple blackening round him as it dries,
Rigid in death the Son of Glory lies.

Thomas Walsh.





A WATER COLOUR BY VICTOR HUGO INDICATIVE OF HIS COLOSSAL EGOTISM

THE PEN AND THE BRUSH: THE SALON OF MEN OF LETTERS



DOMINIQUE INGRES consecrated himself solemnly to an artistic career when he was still a mere slip of a boy, but he was long unable to choose definitely between his violin and his paint-brush and pencil. At one time he neglected drawing for music because his young soul was dominated by his admiration for Gluck, whose glorious career had just ended. It was the sight of a copy of a Madonna of Raphael that decided his future. From the moment he came under the spell of "La Vierge à la Chaise" he never ceased for an instant to give painting the preference over music, and he became one of the greatest painters and the greatest teacher of painting, probably, of his time. But he continued throughout his exceptionally long life to devote to his violin his hours of leisure, with the result that the phrase *le violon d'Ingres* passed into the French language, where it plays very much the same rôle as does the word avocation in the English language; indicating, that is, any employment what-

soever which serves to repose a man from his chosen trade. The salon of "Poil et Plume" ("Bristle and Quill" or, more freely, "Brush and Pen") is an exposition of the products of *violons d'Ingres* (in this particular case, painting and sculpture) of French writers.

THE SKETCHES OF GAUTIER

Théophile Gautier's early ambition was to become a painter. At seven or eight years of age he copied with a pen the etchings of Ozanne in order to help him to rig the wooden vessels which he made with his jack-knife. A little later, he painted the scenery for the miniature card-board theatres with which he was then amusing himself. During his first years as a student at the Lycée Charlemagne, he pilfered time from his study and recitation hours to make drawings and write verses. Of the concluding years at the lycée, he writes in his reminiscences: "At this time I had no idea of becoming a *littérateur*; my taste disposed me rather to painting, and before I had finished my philosophy I entered the atelier of Rioult. . . . Rioult found

my first study full of *chic*—an accusation at least premature." Gautier lived at No. 8 of the Place Royale (now Place des Vosges). After the Revolution of 1830, Victor Hugo, who was then eight or nine years his senior and in full glory, came to live at No. 6. Gautier speedily came under the domination of Hugo and was soon on terms of intimacy with him, so far as intimacy was possible with a divinity "whom," as a Hugo disciple puts it, "we were astonished to see walk in the street with us like a simple mortal, for it seemed to us that he should never go out except on a triumphal car drawn by a quadriga of white horses with a winged victory suspending a crown of gold above his head." "The neighbourhood of the illustrious chief of roman-

ticism," writes Gautier, "rendered my relations with him and with the romantic school naturally more frequent. Little by little, I neglected painting and concentrated my attention on literary ideas. Hugo," he adds with a touch of irony, "did not dislike me and let me sit like a familiar page on the steps of his feudal throne."

If the works of Gautier exposed at "Poil et Plume" fail to convey the impression that a great painter was lost to the world when he abandoned painting for literature, they at least indicate that he would have become a creditable manipulator of the brush. He is represented by a distinguished portrait of the dancer Carlotta Grisi (who appeared at the Opera in his ballets *Griselle* and *La*



PORTRAIT OF CARLOTTA GRISI. BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

Peri), by a small portrait of himself and by several pen-and-ink drawings of female heads, including that of "Amany," the Indian dancer of "Tindivini-Pourom."

HUGO AND HIS EGOTISM

When Victor Hugo's *Marion Delorme* was read before the troupe of the Porte-Saint-Martin Theatre, the actor Laferrière, then a young man, protested against the insignificant rôle assigned him, in which he would have only ten lines to recite. Hugo promptly reduced him to silence by thundering, "Ten lines of Victor Hugo are something not to be refused—for they endure." Hugo attached a similar exaggerated significance to everything he did and to every object that was in any way associated with him. For instance, he considered his drawings, which were for the most part commonplace enough, of sufficient importance to make them the subject of a testamentary provision. In his will of August 31, 1881, he wrote: "I give my drawings and everything which shall be drawn by me to the National Library of Paris, which



MAURICE MONTÉGUT, THE NOVELIST. VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE PEN AND THE BRUSH

will be one day the Library of the United States of Europe." Hugo's drawings are said to have been produced more often than not in the following manner: If a blot of ink chanced to fall on his paper while he held his pen aloft in quest of a word or rhyme, he enlarged the spot absent-mindedly and made additions to it instinctively under the influence of a species of sub-conscious direction until he had produced a sinister moonlight scene or a "venerable bourg dominating with its bristling ruins the shuddering waters of a river of leg end." He elaborated with great care, however, during his irksome exile at Guernsey certain crude impressions he had transferred to his sketch-book during his journeys in the valley of the Rhine. Furthermore, being a great lover of children, he drew figures of the most extravagant sort for the amusement of the young people of his household. The ominous "Château" (the signature of which is, characteristically, nearly as large as the Château) and the "Storm Effect" at "Poil et Plume" belong to the former class and the "Bons Points" to the latter. "Bons Points" is a sort of whimsical diptych. On the right, is "Jeanne, who Weeps over the Little Poor Children"—a very sober little girl wearing wings and a formidable halo; on the left, "George, who laughs because Jeanne is so very Good"—a little boy provided with a positively impish grin.



ÉMILE BERGERAT, THE POET AND DRAMATIC AUTHOR. PRESIDENT OF THE PEN AND THE BRUSH

Both these heads might have been copied directly from the terrible cherubs on the black tombstones of the venerable New England cemeteries. The Hugo exhibit also includes a curious nude.

THE VANITY OF PAUL VERLAINE

The vanity of Paul Verlaine was scarcely second to that of Victor Hugo (as Anatole France has pointed out in his exquisite study of M. Choulette in *Le Lys Roubge*), but it was vanity of a vastly different order; it did not extend



DRAWING OF BRETON WOMAN. BY EDMOND HARAUCOURT

to the drawings for the making of which this glorified vagabond always had time enough and to spare and which he scattered recklessly to the four winds of heaven. In his reminiscences of his childhood Verlaine describes the attraction drawing and painting had for him from his earliest years. "My eyes especially," he writes, "were precocious; I fixed everything, no detail of the aspects of things escaped me. I was without ceasing on the chase for forms, for colours, for shadows. The day fascinated

me, and although I was a coward in the dark, the night allured me, curiosity pushed me toward it, I sought in it I know not what of white, of grey, *des nuances* perhaps. It is without doubt to these dispositions I owed—if debt there were—a most precocious and very real taste for making scrawls with ink and pencil and for spreading carmine, Prussian blue and yellow over all the scraps of paper that fell into my hands. I drew epileptic worthies, whom I coloured ferociously—all in two strokes and three sweeps of pen, pencil and brush. I have retained a mania for blackening the margins of my manuscripts and the body of my intimate letters with formless illustrations which vile flatterers pretend to find droll."

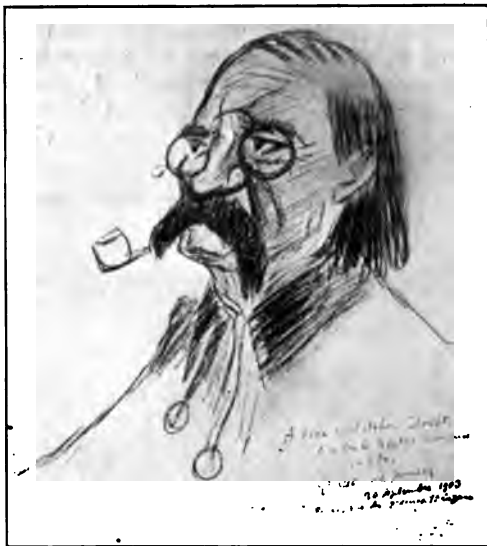
Verlaine's drawings are as naïve and disjointed as his labyrinthine prose, but these very qualities endear them to his admirers; and those of his friends who are fortunate enough to possess them would not trade them for impeccable works of art. "Poil et Plume" displays a score of them, including a portrait of Verlaine's poet-friend Arthur Rimbaud, author of *Illuminations* and *Le Bateau Ivre*. Rimbaud himself is represented by nine or ten pen-and-ink sketches which disclose a genuine talent for caricature.

BAUDELAIRE AND MONNIER

In the three sombre pen-and-ink sketches of fateful women by Baudelaire at "Poil et Plume," there is little to indicate that the author of the incomparable "Fleurs du Mal" would have merited, as a wielder of the brush, as high praise as a great poet gave him for his poetry. "You create a new shudder in literature." Their bad art is only surpassed by their bad humour. It is only fair to add, however, that the critic, Léon Maillard, lauds them for recalling "the elegances of Constantin Guys."

Henri Monnier—unlike Gautier—never came to a troublesome parting of the ways where he felt constrained to make a definite choice between painting and literature. He was a professional writer, a professional artist and a professional actor and equally applauded in all three capacities. As Wagner conceived it his

mission to express life (or his conception of life) in a music-drama through the combined agencies of the human voice, the orchestra, poetry, mimetics and painted scenery, so Monnier, to compare small things with great—if, in truth, there be any great and small in the domain of art—seems to have conceived it to be his mission to express life (or his conception of life) through the combined agencies of the pen, the brush and the buskin. "Nothing is beautiful but the true, the true alone is amiable is a motto," said Gautier, "which Monnier might have had engraved on his seal as his own, for he always conformed to it. One must have rare power to follow rigorously such a *parti pris* from one end to the other of a career which is beginning to be long and which has developed along a triple path: that of the artist, that of the author and that of the actor." A water-colour of Monnier's immortal creation, *Joseph Prudhomme*, and several of the illustrations of his *Roman chez la Portière*, *Scènes Populaires* and *Plaisirs de la Campagne*, exemplify at "Poil et



THE OLD ITALIAN "SCHMIDT." BY ERNEST LA JEUNESSE

Plume," with a fair approach to adequacy, the pictorial side of Monnier's work.

WALDECK-ROUSSEAU

The great sphinx-like statesman, Waldeck-Rousseau, had but a sorry opinion of statesmanship at bottom. He gave up all participation in politics at one time, out of sheer disgust; and, although he was prevailed upon later to return to the political stage and to play a leading rôle thereon, his innermost thoughts never ceased to be occupied with subjects far removed from the struggles of parties. His deeper interests were always scholarly and artistic. He was an enthusiastic water-colourist and contrived to pilfer time, even at the most trying periods of his public career, to indulge his taste for painting. The five Venetian scenes exposed at "Poil et Plume," while in no way remarkable, indicate that this stolen time was not too ill employed.

Clovis Hugues (the ebullient Socialist Deputy-poet, whose long hair and frayed redingote make a part of the traditions of the French Parliament) is represented at "Poil et Plume" by a series of seventeen pen-and-ink sketches, entitled "Parliamentary Labours," with the making of which he filled his odd moments during



BUST OF PAUL MOUNET. BY MOUNET-SULLY

the sessions of the Chamber; by some charcoal landscapes which, without the use of colour, suggest colour effects indifferently well; and by a small oil painting of a corner of his beloved Montmartre, which depicts faithfully the vil-

one of the foremost engravers of his generation.

REYER AND BERGERAT

All the above and the composer Ernest Reyer (author of *Sigurd* and *Salammbô*),



WATER COLOUR PAINTING BY WALDECK-ROUSSEAU

lage atmosphere of that much-bruited but little known Bohemia.

Marcellin Desboutin, another incorrigible Montmartrois, is represented by an oil that looks like an old master and by a drypoint which proves him to have been

Jules Moineaux father of the "twentieth-century Molière Georges Courtéline), Léon Duvauchel, Emmanuel Gonzalès, Alfred Jarry and Brindeau and Delaunay *père*, having been gathered to their fathers, have their works hung in the



A DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO

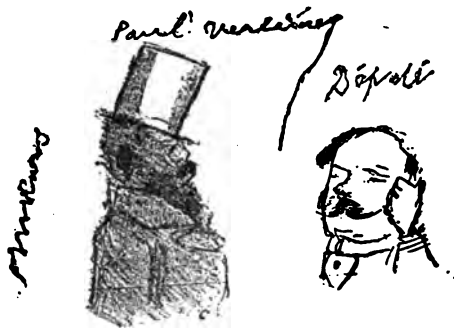
"Poil et Plume" "Louvre." In the "Luxembourg" the aged Léon Dierx (to whom belongs the melancholy distinction of being the last of the Parnassiens, now that Catulle Mendès has followed Silvestre, de Heredia, Sully-Prudhomme, Coppée and Méral into the great beyond) exposes six small oils which possess the same tenderness, purity and serenity as his poems.

Another veteran of letters, Émile Bergerat (an exceedingly picturesque figure renowned for his brusqueness and for his mighty oaths), who has attempted with no little success to transfer to the French poetical drama the fusion of the awful and the grotesque, the tragic and the comic, which characterises the work of Shakespeare, exposes a series of water-colours in which he attempts (less successfully but not without evidence of talent) to blend these two elements by a slashing use of colour. It is more par-

ticularly during the four months he spends each summer near Saint-Lunaire, in Brittany, that M. Bergerat (better known to the French public by his pen-name of Caliban) seeks in painting a more satisfactory outlet for his volcanic temperament than his writing, audacious as it is, provides. This terrible aquarellist, whose works are virulent with reds and blues and greens, stalks forth with his colour-box and his easel under his arm and installs himself in the open, wherever the fancy takes him, to make studies of rocks, of running water, of peasants and of sunsets. Or he strides in his bathing-suit up and down the little-frequented beach of Saint-Lunaire in feverish quest of subjects which he transfers, once found, to his pad no less feverishly. It is whispered (but this may be a malicious invention on the part of those who have writhed under his stinging satire) that Caliban sets greater store by



A DRAWING BY VICTOR HUGO



VERLAINE'S IDEA OF DIGNITY

his water-colours than by his literature. It may be remarked in passing that M. Bergerat is a son-in-law of Théophile Gautier and a brother-in-law of the late Catulle Mendès.

RAMEAU, GYP AND HARAUCOURT

The pastel landscapes exposed by the half-Parisianised Gascon Jean Rameau are as factitious as his forty-odd novels, which are so sentimental that they are derided by the critics and devoured by the people.

The two pastel-portraits by the saucy Gyp are as *spirituel* as her inimitable dialogues; what is more, they are characterised by a sureness of touch little less than phenomenal in an amateur.

Edmond Haraucourt, the noble poet, dramatist and romancer (who came within an ace of receiving the seat in the French Academy recently accorded to Jean Richepin, and who is practically certain to obtain one of the chairs now vacant), has succeeded in penetrating his oil and pastel landscapes with the lofty pessimism which informs his philosophical poems, and in introducing into his crayon portrait of an aged Breton woman the stolid and yet sublime resignation which rendered his novel of the humble Les Benoit at once so pathetic and so tragic.

Jean Moréas, the Parisianised Athenian, author of *Le Pèlerin Passionné* (who set out a score of years ago to revolutionise French poetry and who secured such a following that, for a time, it looked very much as if he might succeed), has had the hardihood to send to "Poil et Plume" the crudest imaginable pen-and-

ink sketch of F. A. Cazals, beneath which he has written: "Did I do it? I don't know, but I sign it." Madame Séverine, with almost equal courage, has sent a rough drawing which appeared many years ago in Jules Vallès's revolutionary organ, *Le Cri du Peuple*, and Pierre Loti, two little unpretentious, not to say commonplace, wash-drawings ("Menhirs on the Coast of Brittany" and "Sea-gulls in the Mountains") originally designed as illustrations for a novel. It is true that M. Loti's purpose in contributing these trifles is a purely charitable one, inasmuch as they are to be sold for the benefit of the comedians' refuge founded by the lamented Coquelin.

Mounet-Sully of the Comédie Française (who is a writer as well as a tragedian) exposes well-drawn pencil portraits of six of his fellow-comedians; a life-size bronze bust of Paul Mounet; a coloured plaster bust of Œdipus, whose blood-clotted eyes and blood-stained cheeks are of an appalling realism; and several medallions.

Caricatures and playful portraits abound in the "Luxembourg" of "Poil

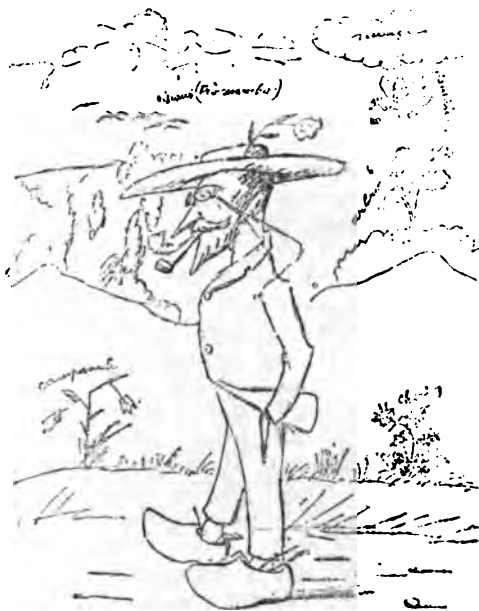


VERLAINE AND EUGÉNIE KRANTZ, BY VERLAINE

et Plume"—wherein it differs decidedly from the other Luxembourg. The most striking are by F. A. Cazals (Paul Verlaine, Maurice Barrès, Albert Mérat, Jean Moréas, José, Maria de Hérédia and Sar Peladan); by Charles de Bussy (Jean Lorrain and Edmond Rostand); by Ernest La Jeunesse (Catulle Mendès, Paul Hervieu, and the old Italian "Schmidt"); and by René Peter (a youngster's conception of the story of the Creation entitled "The Copy-book of Little Paul").

"Poil et Plume" has a unique souvenir catalogue which is proving quite as interesting to the visitors as its pictorial exhibits, and which will be treasured as a rarity by bibliophiles long after the exposition itself shall have been forgotten. Jean Richepin, very much the fashion since his sensational election to the Academy, contributes a playful autograph Preface (worth quoting entire), which concludes as follows:

In the drawings and paintings of these men of letters, my confrères, do we not seem to see perpetuated the schoolboys of yore throwing pell-mell on to the margins of their school-



*Non, non! Ça sera bien : j'ai peur de
l'écrit que Victor Hugo...*

ERNEST DELAHAYE THINKING OF VICTOR HUGO.
DRAWING BY PAUL VERLAINE



VERLAINE FISHING

books Pierrot with his neck in a halter, cloud-crowned towers and belfries, vessels with bellying sails, scraggly forests, duellists with flies' bodies set on herons' legs and twenty other classic themes scratched and scrawled with no more meritorious pretence than that of making the study or the recitation hour pass more quickly? Yes, in very truth, the man of letters is still only a schoolboy tempted by the magic of line and colour after having been tempted by the magic of words; a schoolboy a little older, that is all. Leaning over his blank white paper, he dallies with reprobate monsters, with tottering architectures, with silhouettes of trees, while the Idea germinates obscurely before blossoming with a beating of wings in the broad ether.

EXHIBITORS AND THEIR IDEALS

Each of the Luxembourg exhibitors proclaims in the Catalogue (humorously more often than not) his "ideal master," his "aesthetics," his "artistic motto," and "the prize of which he dreams." Thus: The ideal master of Emile Bergerat is "Lux"; the aesthetics, "Lex"; the artistic motto, "Vox"; and the dreamed-of prize, "Pax." The ideal master of Camille Mauclair is "Manet"; the aesthetics, "drawing by values"; and the artistic motto, "sincerity." The ideal master of Jean Rameau is "Pan" (to whom he bears a curious physical resemblance); the artistic motto, "nothing without pleasure"; the dreamed-of prize, "a thatched cottage and a few dearts." The aesthetics of Jules Bois (of Rose-Croix

fame) is "idealistic realism"; the artistic motto "*à outrance*"; and the dreamed-of prize, "the unknown sympathy of unknown brothers." The ideal master of Gyp is "Degas," and the artistic motto, "what next?" The artistic motto of Georges Auriol is "a brush in the hand and a feather in the cap," and the dreamed-of prize, the "Prix Nobel." Other ideal masters are: "Nature"; "Delacroix"; "Hay de Bolivar"; "Shakespeare" (it would be surprising if one did not encounter among *litterateurs* this mixing of genres); "Velasquez"; "Rosso"; "Titian"; "Henner, when he

paints for himself without thought of sales"; "Corot, when he enjoys the nature before him, not when he repeats himself *decrescendo* to enrich the dealers"; "Prudhon"; "Harpignies"; "Millet"; "Pointelin"; "Monet"; "Lobre"; "Weerts"; "Villon"; "Saint-Amand"; "Sisley"; "Constantin Guys"; "Rochette" (a notorious financial plunger); "Dürer"; "Boutet de Monvel"; "dumb creatures"; "da Vinci"; "Pissarro"; "intelligent life evolving rationally under the influence of love"; "Rembrandt"; "Rafael"; "Ingres"; "La Gandara"; "myself, the only master who does not berate me"; "Correggio"; "the troglodyte genius who, 2377 years before our era, engraved things on reindeers' bones"; "Fra Angelico"; "Rodin"—preferences indicating a range of interests and sympathies wide enough, it would seem, to prevent "Poil et Plume" from being exploited by any one school. Other dreamed-of prizes are: "my quarter's rent"; "the homage of my peers—if I have any"; "knowledge for all and the triumph in each and by each of the beauty which is dormant in noble human nature"; "the patronage of a Mæcenas"; "to be purchased by the State"; "the esteem of a few"; "fifteen *louis* per chronique"; "the realisation of the dream"; "twenty-five sous per line"; "the courage to make a fresh start"; "a Deputy's salary for six days"; "a piece of furniture signed de Feure"; "the moon"—in which practical considerations are sufficiently in evidence to dispose of the current idea that writers have no taste for practical affairs.

Besides indicating thus succinctly the nature of his tastes and aspirations, each exhibitor in the Luxembourg describes or interprets his exhibits. The result is a strange medley of quatrains, triolets, rondels, ballades, sonnets, chansons, punning verses *à la Tom Hood*, fantaisies, nocturnes, prose poems, eulogies, skits, calembours, gibes, satires, epigrams, creeds, screeds, diminutive stories, thumb-nail essays upon art, philosophy and life—profoundly interesting to the friends and relatives of the exhibitors and fairly diverting even to the public at large. The contribution of the President of "Poil et Plume," Émile Bergerat, is a lively sonnet on the water-colour dedi-



AN INVALIDE. DRAWING BY HENRY MONNIER

cated to the Vice-President, Maurice Montégut; and that of M. Montégut tells an amusing anecdote of how it came about that the canvas entitled "The Seashore," which he exposed in the first exposition of "Poil et Plume" (nearly a score of years ago), and which bore a closer resemblance to a plate of truffles than it did to the shore of the sea, hangs in the gallery of a princess. F. A. Cazals, in a ballade-epistle written in the quaint French of François Villon, entreats his friends to come to see him at the Broussais Hospital, where he is at present a melancholy exile. Pierre Gusman chants in *vers libre* (without the formality of initial capitals) the splendour of pagan landscapes. Eugene Habert, Madame Landre, Lecomte de Nouy, Charles Moreau-Vauthier, Frédéric Régamey and Madame Lydie-Martial expound eloquently their respective theories of art. The last-named closes her exposition (a plea for natural as against artificial beauty) with this sentence, "The human couple, harmonious in beauty and united by intelligent affection, is the most perfect work of art humanity can realise." Jules Bois contributes an apostrophe to life, light and liberty in the same Alexandrins as his drama *La Furie*, now being produced at the Comédie



PORTRAIT OF MAURICE DONNAY, BY HENRY BATAILLE

Française, Gaston Chéreau, a panegyric of his "ideal master," Hay de Balivar; Georges Duval, a rhymed glorification of "the model"; Edmond Haraucourt, a superb four-stanza poem entitled "Night at Sea"; Félix la Boissière, a spirited Arabian hunting-song; Ernest la Jeunesse, a score of satirical lines in the vein of *Hudibras*; Robert Lestranger, a rhymed anecdote of Napoleon (the subject of his picture); Eugene Morel, a prose rhapsody over the calm of the Hindoo; Paul

Musurus, a sonnet to Sir Joshua Reynolds; Paul Reboux, a sonnet to the twilight; the Duc de Rarecourt-Pimodan, "litanies" to the moon; Jacques Redelsperger, a delicate tribute to Aurora, "the first aquarellist"; Étienne Richet, a vivid souvenir of Thibet; Rip, a ballade ridiculing the prose of Hanotaux, Baudin and Bourget, the verse of the Comtesse de Noailles and the painting of Bonnat.

These varied literary exhibits (intentionally trifling and flippant though many of them are) reveal a mastery of literary technique that renders their gropings, their blunders and their awkwardnesses in the handling of the pencil and the



ETCHING OF HIMSELF BY THÉOPHILE GAUTIER



PIERRE-JAN

brush all the more pronounced by contrast. With the exception of a few pieces (and these pieces are for the most part by men who are just as much professional artists as professional writers) the exhibits on the walls of "Poil et Plume" are distinctly inferior in execution to the exhibits in its literary catalogue. This does not mean, however, that signs of artistic instinct and even of artistic skill are wanting. On the contrary, "Poil et Plume" indicates that the faculty for expression through painting and sculpture is more widely distributed than the professional painters and sculptors like to admit. It merely

means that proofs of the lack of patient and persistent practice are on every hand apparent. It merely means that the shoemaker, to speak in parables, does his most effective work when he sticks to his last, though he might have been equally effective as a wheelwright or a pastry-cook had he determined to be a wheelwright or a pastry-cook in the beginning.

By inspiring the writers with a proper respect for the untiring efforts artists must put forth to acquire even an "honourable" technique and, conversely, by demonstrating to the artists that they are very far from having a monopoly of artistic gifts, "Poil et Plume" is serving a thoroughly good and useful end.

Alvan F. Sanborn.



SKETCH OF LECONTE DE LISLE, BY VERLAINE



THE MOVING PICTURE AND SOME RECENT BOOKS*



IF the present writer should ever have occasion to conduct a class in the elements of fiction, one of the first things he would recommend as an auxiliary aid would be a careful study of the moving-picture show. There is also, of course, much to be learned by the would-be-novelist or short story writer from a careful analysis of the drama; for in spite of all that has been written to the contrary, the two arts of play-writing and story-writing inseparably overlap and interweave. Nevertheless, although the art of the moving picture is still in its infancy, with all its possibilities, still undeveloped, and more or less problematic, there can be no question that it is much more closely connected with narrative fiction than the legitimate drama can ever be. In drama, for instance, a story is told, primarily in dialogue; in the moving picture, the dialogue is practically non-existent—the story is told, just as it is told in narrative, through a series of more or less vividly portrayed events. And, however crude the present attempts may be, it is a great mistake to underrate the tremendous future possibilities for development in this new art. At present, of course, the lessons to be learned from it are less in the line of imitation than of avoidance, because the mov-

ing picture may contain practically every fault of which a novel is capable, and inevitably in a much more glaring form.

For example, take that problem common to the novelist and dramatist alike, of the extent to which the outside world shall intrude upon the small exclusive circle of actors in some little intimate drama. The dogmatic critic will tell you at once that it is all a question of economy of means; that you must not allow the intrusion of characters who are not needed as an essential part of the structure; that you must not even imitate nature too closely, at least upon the stage; to the extent, for instance, of letting an audience see the trees waving in the wind, or hear the surf breaking upon the cliff, the theory being that such sights and sounds subconsciously intruding themselves, distract the spectator's attention from the central point of interest. Of course, in this, dogmatic criticism may be right, if the making of plays and of stories is merely trick work, like the prestidigateur's art of making you take a particular card, when you think you are exercising independent thought. But the dogmatic critic cannot in real life stop the waves from plashing on the sand merely because a woman has been drowned, or keep the leaves from rustling in the trees because some one wants to overhear two lovers exchanging vows. And so, too, in the moving picture, when it is a genuine picture of life, taken out of doors, under the free canopy of the sky, you get, together with the pantomimic presentment of some human drama, countless other motions beside, all that ceaseless activity of the outside world, which always and everywhere goes on, indifferent and inevitable. In a well-staged play everything is orderly, and prearranged; even the intentional disorder of a howling mob is a well-drilled and systematic disorder. In a moving picture, of the kind at present dear to the

*The White Sister. By F. Marion Crawford. New York: The Macmillan Company.

*Servitude. By Irene Osgood. Boston: Dana Estes and Company.

*The Little Gods. By Rowland Thomas. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

*The Lady of the Dynamos. By Adele Marie Shaw and Carmelita Beckwith. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

*Through Welsh Doorways. By Jeannette Marks, Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

*Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker. By Marguerite Bryant. New York: Duffield and Company.

*A Year Out of Life. By Mary E. Waller. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

general public, where a tumultuous and undisciplined throng go trailing pell-mell and helter-skelter down streets and alleys, in some mad, unreasoning man hunt, you know, if you take the trouble to study the thing that some of the happiest effects are due, not to stage management at all, but to the chance intrusion of outside people and things, to the wonderment of staid householders who suddenly fling open their windows as the wild chase dashes by; to the augmenting and comet-like tail of the procession, drawing in its wake the street dogs and street urchins, who certainly were not hired for the purpose by any biograph company.

Whether the playwright is capable of learning anything from the moving picture is no concern of the present writer; but certainly, every maker of prose fiction can learn at least this: the use and the limitations of the ubiquitous, and constantly changing background that nature furnishes; the realistic effect that may be obtained, often at the most tense crises of a story by the intrusion of those outside interests of life which are all the time going on, unsparingly, and taking no heed of individuals, joys and griefs.

As already admitted, the moving picture has scarcely yet begun to reveal its possibilities. And because it is still regarded as a "cheap show" with vast possibilities of appeal to the uneducated and unthinking crowd, there is every inducement to cheapen and degrade it, to keep it on the level of a dime novel, and a bowery melodrama. We do, however, now and then see a moving picture of really fine quality, bearing the unmistakable imprint of French workmanship—for over there they think it worth while to take this art more seriously than we do, just as they take fiction more seriously; and in consequence, they not only construct artistically, but at times, they employ a really high order of talent to enact the pieces. There was one such picture presented here quite recently that touched a high water mark in its particular class. Unlike most moving pictures, there was no shifting of scene,

just a single set from beginning to end, the private apartment of a ballet dancer. A thief has broken in, and is making a fruitless search for jewels, which, as it happens, the dancer, still at the theatre, is wearing. He barely has time to hide himself behind the bedroom portière, when the dancer, accompanied by her escort, enters. Her companion is obviously pressing his suit. He has with him jewels that he would give her. But she is not in a mood to listen, she is tired of jewels; she shows him the ropes of pearls and of diamonds that others have given her, and half laughing pushes him from the room, and locks him out, hanging the key on a hook beside the bedroom portières. Still laughing, she begins to practice before the mirror the steps of her dance, when suddenly, she sees reflected in the mirror, a human hand, or perhaps a ghostly hand, projecting between the folds of the portière. She turns to look, and the hand has been withdrawn; but again, and yet again, she sees its reflection in the mirror. Half fainting from fright, and superstition, she still has the courage to continue in her dance, making each circuit of the room bring her a little nearer to the curtains with the hidden hand, a little nearer also to the key of her apartment. And finally, when her hand in one frantic sweep, has clutched that key, her dance brings her past the window, through which she flings the key to the lover still lingering on the curb below. And a minute later, when the man, bounding eagerly up the stairs, joyously flings open the door, he is just in time to free her from the wretch who is covetously tearing her jewels from throat, arms and fingers. A hard story to retell briefly, but in its original form, it has something of the simple strength of *Mau-passant*. And the point which makes it worth retelling at all is this: that at the moment in it, the moment of the dance, the audience actually forgot that the whole thing was only a picture, and applauded vociferously; then suddenly, there followed a scattering of self-conscious and rather foolish laughter at their own mistake.

Here, then, is the chief lesson for the novelist to bring away with him from the moving picture show: let him remember that, whatever else he is trying to do in fiction, whether it be to preach a new gospel, to dissect human hearts, to teach a lesson, or simply to amuse, he must, first of all, if he is to achieve success, produce a moving picture in prose—a picture so vivid and real and sincere that the reader will forget himself to the point of applauding. If an author attains this triumph; if he succeeds in making us feel so keenly the truth of his portrayals, that we forget they are fiction, and continue to rejoice and suffer with them, as with our own next of kin, then, whatever his ulterior purpose, and even if he have no ulterior purpose at all, he may be said to have arrived at that goal which is the aim and envy of all, and the achievement of the very few.

In other words, the art of the novelist is, first of all, the art of a good story teller. Everyone is familiar with Mr. Crawford's definition of the novel as "a little pocket theatre," but he might, with even more reason, have called it a pocket moving picture; and the definition would have applied pre-eminently to his own books. One realises this anew in reading *The White Sister*, the last volume to come from Mr. Crawford's prolific and versatile pen. Like many another volume of his, it is in plot, frankly melodramatic. A mere epitome of it would convey to a reader unacquainted with the author's method quite an unjust impression of its quality. Here in brief form, are the central facts: the only daughter of a proud old Italian house is about to form an alliance that is not only a love match, but in every way suited to her rank and fortune. But her father suddenly dies, and the fact is revealed that, being a partisan of the pope, he has refused to recognise the modern Italian government, and neglected to have his marriage ratified by a civil service, or even to register the birth of the girl. Accordingly, by law, she finds herself without name or fortune; and the aunt, who hates her, thrusts her out, penniless, into the street. Her

"The White Sister"

lover cares nothing for her loss of wealth and title, but he, too, has suffered financial reverses. So he plans to resign his captaincy in the Italian army, and take up the profession of an electrical engineer. But he does not act promptly enough. Sudden orders come, detailing him to special duty in Africa. The natives prove treacherous, there is an ambush, a wholesale massacre, and the captain's name is among those reported as dead. The girl, on receiving this news, enters upon her novitiate among the White Sisters, one of the most rigid of all Italian religious orders, and she takes her final vows almost on the eve of the return of her lover, who had not been killed, but merely held captive. It turns out further that she was not really the child of the old nobleman, who had neglected to register her birth, but merely an adopted daughter; furthermore, he had not been careless of her interests, but had left her a fortune in his will, which the aunt, who hated her, had stolen. Here, then, we have a girl, young, beautiful, full of the joy of living, who has buried herself alive because she thought she had lost her name, her fortune, and her lover. It does her no good to have recovered them, because she has bound herself by unbreakable vows. Melodrama running riot could scarcely outdo this situation. And yet such is the delicate art of Mr. Crawford's methods that the book is not melodrama—because the people are all real, and they all do the expected thing, even under the most unexpected circumstances. In short, you accept it all, the probable and the improbable alike because he possesses that rare trick of making you see it with your own eyes. In other words, of giving you the illusion of the Moving Picture.

Another writer who has a good deal of this better sort of pictorial ability is Irene

Osgood, the author of *Servitude*. According to the book's title page, she also has to her credit an earlier volume entitled

"Servitude"

To a Nun Confess'd. But the name conveys no definite information to the present reviewer. *Servitude*, however, is a rather interesting achievement. It is a story of Algiers in the year 1815, just be-

fore the European powers decided to put an end to Christian slavery in North Africa. An English vessel, sailing under an Italian flag, is captured by Algerine pirates, and officers, crew and passengers, men and women alike, are publicly sold as slaves. The story that follows is a rather surprising *tour de force*. The impression of opulent barbarity and merciless cruelty; of blazing sunshine, exotic brilliance, and unspeakable filth; of tyranny and fanaticism unbridled, and of men and women beaten and crushed and degraded below the level of the beasts of burden—all of these we get with a strength and vividness and unflinching insistence upon detail such as might have been expected from Mr. Robert Hichens, or from Mr. Dawson of *The African Nights Entertainments*. Just how accurate the book may be as an historical picture of Algerine manners and customs, a century ago, is quite another question, and one that must be left for the special student to answer. It is not a matter which could add or take away any part of our appreciation of the author's graphic strength, any part of our repulsion as we read sustained chapters of horrors too grim and ghostly to be repeated. There is a love story interwoven into the bigger pattern of crime and cruelty; but the author shows in this regard an admirable sense of proportion; for on the one hand, she makes her captive Englishman and her free and independent American girl rather big personages in their way, and their affection for each other fine and deep and dignified by common danger; and on the other hand, she never obtrudes it in such a way as to dwarf or overshadow the bigger, general theme of what slavery in its worse sense means to a free-born Anglo-Saxon. Even a sensitive reader who would shudderingly put this book aside, half read, must feel that Irene Osgood is an author whose future work is to be watched with interest.

Among the books of the month, there are one or two others which happen to lay their scenes in tropic lands, among barbaric peoples. One of these is *The Little Gods*, a collection of short stories of Philippine life by Rowland Thomas, including the much discussed "Fagan" which, as everybody knows, received the

award of the *Collier* five thousand dollar prize. Now there can be no question

"The
Little
Gods"

that Mr. Thomas possesses the trick of the moving picture. He unquestionably makes us see; and what is more, he

makes us understand. In this little group of sketches, of life beyond the borderland of civilisation, he gives us a surprising amount of the raw material of human nature, the primordial passions and instincts that lie so near the surface of even the most civilised of our modern men and women. In this respect, he may already be recognised as a candidate for a possible place in that small group of writers who have succeeded in picturing the white man's disintegration in barbaric lands, as Kipling, for instance, has done for India, Conrad for equatorial Africa, Dawson for Morocco, Jack London for the Klondike, and James Hopper, in *Caybigan*, for Mr. Thomas's own chosen territory, the Philippines. And yet, on reading over "Fagan," the story that took the prize, one asks, in helpless wonderment, "Why?" Not that the story is without power and distinction; for it even embodies a rather big theme, the tragedy of a primitive, independent, liberty-loving human creature, who simply cannot grasp either the significance or the necessity of routine and discipline, and who inevitably brings about his own destruction. Furthermore, the picture of this burly negro, making his last fight for freedom and happiness with the fine, undaunted courage of some big animal at bay is a memorable picture, standing out in bold relief against a rare and brilliant background of tropical forests. Nevertheless, it would seem to the unprejudiced, outside mind, that judged by the same standard, it ought not to be difficult in the course of a year to pick out quite a large number of prize-deserving stories—in short one would not have to look further than the table of contents of Mr. Thomas's own book to come across better material than that in "Fagan." Take, for example, the story called "An Optimist." It is shorter and less pretentious than "Fagan," but it is also less easy to forget. It tells of a little band of soldiers, who had attempted to cross

the savage island of Samar, relying on local tradition that an old, and long abandoned trail would take them, without trouble, across its thirty-five miles of tropic jungle. The story tells how this little band somehow lost the trail, how they, one by one, became ill or disabled, how their provisions gave out, and the day came "when a rotting log that harboured a store of grubs seemed a treasure house to them." There is no novelty in stories that picture slow starvation; the novelty of "An Optimist" lies in the fact that there is just one man in the company who refuses to starve, or to let his companions starve—a man who refuses to abandon hope. It is this one man's stubborn defiance of fate that keeps the spark of life in his comrades; it is he who after all other efforts have failed volunteers to make the return trip to camp alone and without provisions in order to secure help. And, it is he who actually succeeds in his task, worming his way, mile after mile, through dense jungle, staggering along while he can, creeping when he must, and when feet and knees finally give out, dragging himself for the last two days on his hands. "I must be about the first man ever wore his hands to a blister, walking," is his one comment when it is all over. It would be a pleasure to talk at some length about each and all of the stories in this same collection, for they are all similarly full of a rare and welcome promise. But according to the precedent set by "Fagan," a little simple arithmetic places the value of the volume at fifty-five thousand dollars; and this is something of a *reductio ad absurdum* even for such an admirable collection of stories as *The Little Gods*.

The Lady of the Dynamos, which is the product of collaboration between

"The Lady
of the
Dynamos"

Adele Marie Shaw and
Carmelita Beckwith is a
readable tale of love
and adventure, enacted
in the tropic forests of

Ceylon. A young American engineer has been hired by an eccentric capitalist to reclaim a certain tract of primeval jungle, and transform it, by the aid of

a modern electric plant, into a luxuriant private park. The young engineer starts rather sadly on his eastward journey, for he thinks he is leaving his heart behind him. But he takes as his companion another man whom he thinks he can trust in large and small matters alike. The ensuing story is rather obvious, and not wholly new. There is, of course, another girl, living with her father an exiled life in Ceylon; and this other girl, through her tact and also her knowledge of the country, its climate, and its people, smooths away innumerable difficulties, and makes the engineer's task both pleasanter and lighter. But, of course, the trusted companion turns traitor. He is working in the interest of a company who wish to secure the water power on which our engineer relies to drive his dynamos that are to irrigate the future park. And, equally of course, the young woman from home, whom the engineer has ceased to care for, journeys all the way to Ceylon to make further trouble; the false friend succeeds in so hampering the work that the engineer is unjustly blamed and relieved from duty; and what troubles him still more, he very nearly loses the lady as well as the office. But the perspicuous reader knows all the time that in the end he is not actually going to lose either—and what more can one ask of a story intended to while away a pleasant hour with motion pictures of agreeable scenes?

Through Welsh Doorways, by Jeanette Marks, is a collection of brief

"Through
Welsh
Doorways"

character studies of
Welsh life, too quiet
and sombre perhaps to
exert a wide appeal, yet
unmistakably the prod-

uct of a rare and finished art. Indeed, the very truthfulness with which the secluded and monotone lives of those simple, rather primitive people are depicted, makes the quietness and the sombreness of the pictures inevitable. Nevertheless, within the simple range of their experiences, there is no dearth of poignant emotions, of heartfelt joy and tender pathos; and while they are all of the same careful quality, one does

not need to go beyond the opening story, "The Merry, Merry Cuckoo," in order to understand just what that quality is. After fifty years of married life, old David is dying; the old wife, Annie, sees him day by day slipping away from her, and day by day she tries to hide her own heartbreak, and smile and encourage him, because he has one last great longing—to live long enough to hear once more the song of the cuckoo, as they have heard it together for fifty springs. But finally, when she knows that he has but a day or two more to live, and the spring is backward, and the cuckoos have not come, she makes up her mind that even though she must deceive him, for the first time in her life, he shall have this last joy before he dies. So, she goes out into the garden, and with her quavering broken old voice, she practices the cuckoo's song over and over until she gets it true enough to deceive even David's keen ear. But while she is practicing, one of her neighbours overhears her, marvels at her singing in the garden, with David dying; and then, guessing the deception that she is practicing for David's sake, reports her to the church, with the result that the very next day a committee calls at her house, "to wrestle with her," and urge her to repent. When they are done, Annie has but a word to say:

I've no mind to your salvation, no, nor to Heaven, if the Lord makes this singing a lie. I'm a-thinkin' of David as I've thought of him those fifty years, an' if a lie will make him happy, when he's dyin' then I'm willin' to lie, an' do it every minute of the day.

And although the discomfited committee send young Pastor Morris to argue further with her, the steadfast old woman has her way, and sees her husband's life ebb peacefully, his face radiant with the last joyful conviction that he has been spared long enough to listen once again to the song of the cuckoo.

Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker, by Marguerite Bryant, is the history of a boy who is taken from an orphan asylum and adopted by a man who happens to be a hopeless cripple, with no

children of his own—reason enough in itself why a rich man should adopt an

heir—but who, further—
"Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker" more, although the boy knows nothing of this, gave the only love of his life to the boy's dead

mother. Although the lad can have almost anything that he wishes, and can prepare himself for any calling in life that he chooses, he has but one ambition, born of a haunting experience during the last weeks of his mother's life. She was ill, desperately so, when she took the small boy, and fled from the home of the husband she had learned to despise. And for weeks, sick and starving and almost penniless, they had tramped through rain and mud along English roads, most of the time along very bad roads. And then and there, the boy had made up his mind that his life work should be devoted to the making of good roads, the best possible roads. By a curious sequence of events, Christopher's life crosses and recrosses the path of his own father, the unscrupulous millionaire manufacturer, whose treatment of his employees is a scandal in the community, and whose heartlessness drove Christopher's mother to her death. But he never suspects the father's identity until the old man suddenly dies, and Christopher finds himself heir to a vast property and to the responsibility of hundreds of lives who look to him for their daily bread. He very nearly refuses the inheritance, because for years he has been specialising in the art of roadmaking; but suddenly, he comes to realise that the man who has it in his power to smoothe the path of life for hundreds of employees is also, in a certain sense, a roadmaker—and one of a higher type than the kind which he had so carefully been training himself to be.

A Year Out of Life, by Mary E. Waller, author of *The Wood Carver of Olympus*, is one of those curious and unique little volumes about which it is no more possible to prophesy than it was in the case of the unexpectedly popular *Lady of the Decoration*. The theme of the story is sufficiently unpretentious. A

young American girl, temporarily residing in Germany, is seized with an ambition to translate some volume into English, and by chance hits upon a collection of short stories, by a German novelist of well-deserved fame, who happens, however, not to have been heard of yet in English speaking countries. Her letter to the novelist, asking permission to make the translation, and written with that peculiar courage that comes from ignorance, somehow happens to strike his fancy. He responds cordially,

"A Year
out of
Life"

and the immediate result is that, through the ensuing correspondence, they fall in love with each other. Finally, they meet by agreement, and later have a second meeting. But, unfortunately for the girl, she is at this time not quite so sure of her heart as the man is of his; and when a little later she learns to read her heart better, and is eagerly awaiting a further word from him, the German has changed his mind and has quietly pledged himself to someone else. Accordingly, the little episode is destined to remain permanently a thing apart, quite truly and literally *A Year Out of Her Life*.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

MRS. KINGSLEY'S "THE GLASS HOUSE"*

When Mrs. Kingsley wrote *The Singular Miss Smith*, some five years ago, we felt with many others that here was a novelist who had especial gifts—the gifts of invention, of humour and of a true psychology. She had written other books and she has written others since then, and they are good; yet of them one would hardly say that the author had risen to her highest level. Now she has done more. *The Glass House* stands out as something more than "a book of the day." It is a book that is worth re-reading and then putting aside to be read many times again.

The title somehow leads us to think of Mrs. Wharton's very successful novel, *The House of Mirth*; and a comparison of the two books leaves us with a feeling that Mrs. Kingsley's work is truer and finer and more likely to endure. It is perfectly obvious why the *House of Mirth* had a distinct commercial value. It was written by one who is supposed to know the life of those who are rich and also "smart," and who have "arrived." Hence, thousands of persons who have

not arrived and who may be rich but who certainly lack distinction, pounced upon the volume with the same avidity shown by an inferior set of people who read the "society notes" in the Sunday newspapers and who absorb the contents of a certain notorious weekly which reeks with backstairs gossip fresh (or stale) from Newport and Lenox and Tuxedo. But this success approximated to a *succès de scandale*. It did not mean that the book necessarily had great literary merit. Of course, it did have such merit, for Mrs. Wharton is a practised writer. She knows her *milieu*; and, besides, the story that she told had a certain sordid tragedy about it which lost nothing in the telling. Nevertheless, now that the book has receded somewhat into the past, it justifies a sense of disappointment which we have always felt since Mrs. Wharton wrote her first small volume, so full of promise, *The Greater Inclination*. After the appearance of that remarkable set of studies, its author has been given over to increasing preciousness. No one can take too seriously his art; but it is quite possible, and indeed fatally easy, to be too serious about one's self. Oblivion awaits the writer who creates a *coterie* and then strives to expand it to the dimensions of a cult.

Now Mrs. Kingsley's book, in a sense,

*The Glass House. By Florence Morse Kingsley. Illustrated. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

is slighter than *The House of Mirth*, and yet how much more full it is of meaning! When Lily Bart ends her life with chloral, there is an end to the story and to the book. On the other hand, when you lay down Mrs. Kingsley's novel there remains to you very much to think of—problems, indeed, to which you will find no satisfactory solution. And this is of the essence of literary art, for it is of the essence of human life. Only in story-books does anything really end. Let the last page record a betrothal, a marriage, a divorce or even a death, and still, if we are made to think of the complications which have led up to this apparent climax, we know that they have not been solved and that the Gordian Knot has not been so simply severed. Some one may have dropped out, or some one may have attained a temporary happiness; but how about the others?

Who would not gladly join in petitioning Mr. Howells, for example, to write a book that should continue *April Hopes*? Conventionally that book ends with the marriage of Dan Maverling with Alice Pasmer; yet the novel is written with such consummate art as to make us feel intensely that this apparent end is only the real beginning. It is utterly impossible that the two can live together happily. The genial ingrained deceit of the man and the self-deception of the woman, and the impetuosity of both, make certain a catastrophe which nothing can avert. Only—how did that catastrophe actually come about? One longs to know; and yet right here Mr. Howells has drawn the veil. Perhaps it was wise from his standpoint that he should do so. But he leaves his readers tense with a gathering excitement; and when they lay the book aside they never can forget the ominous, almost sinister, note that sounds in the last chapter when wedding bells are chiming, and when there is the scent of orange blossoms in the air, and when everything seems so full of joy and hope.

We are not going to tell the story of *The Glass House*; but we may say this much. It is the sort of book that interests you from the first, and that curiously divides your sympathies, precisely as they are divided every day in judging

men and women. Its psychology is true—so true, in fact, that one is often startled by it. Mrs. Kingsley draws her women and her children better than she draws her men. There is something almost a little cruel in the naked verities of her book and there is something tantalising in the perplexity of certain situations. It is the sort of book which makes you ask yourself, "What would have happened *if*—"; and thus it affords the surest test of its real power. For so it is with great events of history. What would have happened if Napoleon had not returned from Elba when he did? What would have happened had Lincoln lived out his second term? What would have happened if Parnell had not sinned, or if his sin had not so surely found him out just when it did? These are questions which absorb one in the wide field of the world's affairs; but there are thousands of questions just as teasing in the affairs of daily life; and Mrs. Kingsley has given some of them to us here in concrete form. As we said, her women are wonderfully drawn. Her men, with one exception—the vagrant actor—hardly interest us. The villain is too unreasonably villainous. The patient, toiling, upright husband excites a feeling of shadowy contempt.

Coming down to small details, we could wish that Mrs. Kingsley had not used the ugly compound "onto" (p. 24), and that she had not unsexed one of her women characters by mentioning her as "very *décolleté*" (p. 203). These are sins that Mrs. Wharton would never have committed. The finish of her writing is always literally *ad unguem*. But literary finish cannot hold its own for a single moment against the larger truth which has inspired Mrs. Kingsley's pen in writing *The Glass House* and making it a book that ought to live.

Harry Thurston Peck.

II

MR. OSBOURNE'S "INFATUATION"*

Of all the types in recent fiction, probably the most persistently recurring, the most multitudinously illustrated, and per-

*Infatuation. By Lloyd Osbourne. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

haps the most interesting, is the unconscious coquette. From Meredith's Diana to George Moore's Mildred Lawson, with all the infinite gradations that lie between, there is something unaccountably fascinating about the woman who does not know her own mind. Her only real rival in the novels is the woman who *does* know her own mind—the woman who recognises her fate on the spot, loves without a moment's hesitation and never swerves a hair's breadth. Obviously the superlative heroine—the heroine raised to the *n*th degree—would be one who combined the essential qualities of both types. Such a creature may seem impossible, even in a novel, until you have read Mr. Osbourne's latest story; then you see how simple, even inevitable, it is. Of course the very girl who, when she meets the man, loves him without question and without end, is the girl who until that happy moment would never be sure whether she was in love or not. Your unintentional coquette is merely the woman with a genius for love and fidelity waiting for her real chance.

Such is Phyllis Ladd. High-spirited, beautiful, charming, in no wise a deliberate heart-breaker, she nonchalantly engages herself to one man after another, ending each engagement with as little reason as she had shown in entering upon it. It must be said that this phase of her character is set forth by Mr. Osbourne in rather diagrammatic fashion. He brings her hastily and unceremoniously through two of these escapades, as if they were mere samples of what she was capable of, and then settles down to the real story. Enter the hero—a cheap actor of the *matinée* idol type, for whom the rich, cultured, refined Miss Ladd conceives a sudden infatuation. Parental opposition drives her to take the last step, and she proves the enduring quality of her love by gradually bringing the melodramatic creature of the footlights up to her own exalted level. Before the end is reached the story has wandered far from its title. The infatuation with which it began proves to be the real thing, and there is little in the devoted wife to suggest the careless coquette. Perhaps Mr. Osbourne has not, after all, effected the perfect junction in one person of the two

types. Rather he has given the same name to two different creatures, and pretended that they were identical.

This fracture of the heroine's personality need not, however, be regarded too seriously. The opening chapters may be taken merely as a sort of hasty, incomplete prologue, the success or failure of which need in no degree affect the value of the real play. In the situation that develops when Phyllis has married her handsome mummer, Mr. Osbourne has a subject worthy of a novelist's effort. To his credit it must be set down that much of the story is admirably done. There are some excellent chapters describing the husband's struggle to regain his lost footing on the stage in New York, and the life of the people of the theatres is represented in its true colours. In this portion of the book there is much true observation, effectively presented. Here, for a sample, is a bit of feminine psychology, not deep or original, but authentic, and presented with a simplicity and directness that reminds one of George Moore: "The thought of all she had given up to marry Adair . . . put her in better spirits, for she was pleased with everything that enhanced her love, and gave it an unusual and romantic quality—so that for a moment she seemed less cold, less sad, and a delicious heroine-feeling enshrouded her."

It is unfortunate that a book with many good qualities should be marred as this is by more than a suspicion of vulgarity, and by something less than the strictest artistic probity. The impropriety of the plot is not serious; the objection is not that the subject itself is vulgar, but that there is something of commonness in the way in which it is treated. Mr. Osbourne lays himself open to the suspicion of writing with an eye on the public demand for a certain kind of veiled indecency. This is really too bad, for he had a chance in this book to place himself on a higher plane than he has ever before occupied. With his undeniable cleverness, he has hitherto attempted many rather easy tasks, and has done them passably well. Here he had a subject worthy of his best efforts, and he has shirked the hard work of following it through honestly to the end. Can it be

that Mr. Osbourne has felt the oppression of "playing up" to his reputation as a protégé of Robert Louis Stevenson, and that he has deliberately given up the struggle? There is some reason for believing that his work is the poorer instead of the better for his early discipleship, of which so few traces are to be found in his latest book. It is not easy to imagine a real disciple of the fastidious Stevenson speaking, for instance, of "the young beauty whom he knew had grown so fond of him." Mr. Osbourne takes his authorship too easily; that is apparently the reason why, in spite of talent, the best of teachers, and the widest of opportunities, he remains without a distinctive place among the fiction writers of the day.

Ward Clark.

III

LEONID ANDREYEV'S "THE SEVEN WHO WERE HANGED"*

A beautiful and a terrible book, the result of a passion for humanity and of simple, strong art—a swift, passionate picture of human life and character; through it we realise more keenly the beauty of mankind and at the same time the tragedy of life. It is full of the wonderful psychology and emotional realism of the great Russian writers. "Plot" is divinely absent from this book; what it has on the art side is the beautiful, direct, natural form which springs from the plastic realisation of life.

Five men and women are condemned to death for political crimes in Russia, and two others are to die on the same day as common criminals. Seventeen days elapse between the judgment and the execution, and the book is wholly made up of the presentation of these seven human beings, their character and the thoughts and emotions which are theirs during these seventeen days. Their different moral qualities are made startlingly distinct, and the psychological detail is so convincing that it seems actual as well as true.

And the truth is an inner truth. We

*The Seven Who Were Hanged. By Leonid Andreyev. New York: J. S. Ogilvie Publishing House.

see these men and women from the inside, in the way they see themselves; we sympathetically realise their humanity. So we see them—all of them, even the highwayman and the common, stupid murderer who killed from boredom and bestiality—as partly beautiful. We love the human structure even in its most unattractive form, and that men should execute men is, as we read on, a growing horror. Capital punishment appears to us a hideous, frightful thing, an inconceivable cruelty, abhorrent to all feeling; and yet, too, we pity the limited and blind society which ignorantly and wantonly performs this hideous, systematic crime on the individual—to no end, to no purpose. It is a true tragedy, inevitable, beautiful; we see fine things irrationally destroying fine things, being irrationally destroyed, and yet we feel that irrationality is inevitable. This quality of necessity, true of all tragedy, is terrifically present in this book.

And when we get to the finer flower, the beauty that even in the more protoplasmic murderer is not absent, when we have presented to us the delicately, strongly organised revolutionists, and when this flower of beauty unfolds itself in its perfection in the young girl who emotionally and imaginatively grasps immortality, and goes beautifully to the scaffold supporting with her lovely courage the terrified common murderer then, indeed, the horror is so great, the sadness is so intense, that it would be unbearable were it not for the great reconciler, for this strong, simple art which makes the terrible and tragic so beautiful, so delicious.

How well Andreyev has accomplished his task! He says: "If my truthful story about seven of the thousands who were hanged will help toward destroying at least one of the barriers which separate one nation from another, one human being from another, one soul from another, I shall consider myself lucky."

What, indeed, could be more effective in this great social purpose leading to a greater human solidarity, a greater human love, than an art which shows us the essential beauty of the human structure when really seen? And what better means of showing this beauty than

introducing it to us at the moment of death, emphasising its fragility, its poignant evanescence?

As if this beauty were not transitory enough anyway! And yet we organise our social forces to destroy it before its time! This we bitterly feel as we read the book—so that we get the propagandist message, which is a part of the author's purpose. And yet the book is not mainly valuable, because of its social criticism. It is not a political document, it is not a social protest, in the first instance. It is a wonderful picture of human character and human beauty and human life. Indeed, it has, however, like all real art, a social message. For anything that makes us more sensitive to human beauty, and therefore more widely sympathetic, has a social bearing. It is only by the extension of love that society can be improved, and Andreyev's book, like all things of beauty, is calculated to increase the total of human love in the world.

Hutchins Hapgood.

IV

HENRY HARLAND'S "THE ROYAL END"*

It is a melancholy task to chronicle, that for *The Royal End* one must be in a mood. Here is no *Cardinal's Snuff-Box* to tap you on the shoulder and transport you, in your working clothes and whether or no, to a whimsical idyllic world. Yet it is, for the major part, the same world and the same people. Is one growing too old, then (or is it that one has grown too young again?) to find between these covers less than enough of the Henry Harland charm to keep quite in patience with his leisurely meanderings or to still the demand for something with more resemblance to a story! One never used to care whether anything was doing or not, and the earlier books could have been quite as shapeless as this (though they never were) and we would have snapped our fingers. Here are the old pirouettes, the nods and becks and wreathed smiles, the delicious sweep of the kiss-wafting fingers, and all the lilt-ing high-stepping paces—but alas! it is

**The Royal End*. By Henry Harland. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

an elderly danseuse, the grace is but Delsarte, the smile is muscular. It is the mannerisms without the manner, the abandonment without the abandon. There are the familiar delicacies of shading, the iridescent humour, the casual philosophies, and (intermittently) the buoyant joy of life; there are the genial high-minded people uttering their polished periods or whimsical staccatoes; there are even, figure for figure, the old character-values and the same old recipe—two lovers separated (as one thinks) by gold and quarterings, although this time they are set up against a Zendaish background of an unconvincing petty principality or in the heart of a more convincing yet less congruous New England township; but though the napery is the approved brand and the lace is cobwebby and the dishes glitter and the candles are exquisitely fringed, one has not the good appetite, and the dinner is thin and, lacking this, the delicately poised prattle of the guests is savourless.

Treason is all this—treason to one of the most endearing memories vouchsafed to an every-day world! But, lest they be unfair to *The Royal End*, it must be said to any wistful souls who are thinking therein to recapture the first fine careless rapture of *The Cardinal* or *My Friend Prospero*. Those virginal people who come to *The Lady Paramount* unthrilled by earlier ecstasies may find here no desolating falling-off and they may still see neatly painted puppets dancing sprightly for all their visible wires—so long as they dance in Italy.

For when the heroine takes ship for the United States it is another matter, and when you land on the other side you are four thousand miles away from the essential Henry Harland. To journey hopefully is better than to arrive perhaps, but this journey is assailed by doubts and—as Stevenson would say—you more than once have fears that the random matter be not in the end discharged creditably. This part of the book is not like the earlier chapters an unmixed chronicle of delight, tamer and less spontaneous than once, but still of the right Promethean. Time was when with a bubble of joy we could listen to the magician translate the blackbird's

fluting at three pages length, but now (is it a confession?) the quite eleven minutes that we spend with Miranda, a mature tortoise-shell cat, are minutes enough.

Is it only because Miranda frisks in Oldbridge, Massachusetts, and not on an olive-studded slope where the Apennines lean to the violet-misted Lombard plain? No, it can't be that; because (one admits with a throb of gratitude) Henry Harland is just to the Italian blue of a New England sky and the raptures of a New England Indian Summer where, harmonious and austere, "brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep," and just to the magical white stillness of snow-laden New England woods. Indeed, it is much more than that; one feels with a thrill of pride that here is but a transferred palette, that his descriptions of New England landscape glow with all the haunting beauty and suggestive undertones that ever had distant prospect of Arno dawn gold-flecked vistas of the trimmed hills of Fiesole. But though the soul of the landscape is here, where are the souls of its inhabitants? Or—and this is a terrifying thought!—shall we take up *The Cardinal's Snuff-Box* again and see if between its once enchanted covers wandered and prattled and sang only puppets after all, with exquisitely imitated outsides and fine features to each mobile face but equipped solely with well-posed voices skilled, humoursome rejoinders and dear youthful tremoloes! For these New Englanders have no insides—not even the familiar New England conscience, beloved of novelists; they are only supers grouped and massed for a contrast they do not obtain. Take Master Jack Enderfield, for instance—an impossible New England boy of twelve, who pronounces at last explicitly the tender-wise brief for Catholicism which, in the usual Harland manner, has been implicit all along in subtle suggestions. Why does Annunziata, squat Italian woman-infant, succeed where in Massachusetts her brother fails to convince? Perhaps Juliet of Verona may answer to her incredible fourteen-year-old sister of *The Blot o' the Scutcheon*; or perhaps Mary Garden may tell us who lately pronounced *à propos* of native

grand opera that "Will you please pass the whiskey?" so hopelessly colloquial in English was poetic in Italian or French. Whatever the reason for this lack of fibre, Henry Harland is the typical expatriate in the sense at least that he is not happy at home.

The book is quite uncomposed, and the hero doesn't prove the hero after all. But in this latter case it really matters very little, as both men were only mouth-pieces in the beginning and both go out of the book for a full half of it while the heroine becomes the recorder of impressions of New England revisited, and a few irrelevant shadows of people wander aimlessly through toneless Henry James essays on American aspects. "I've begun like one of Henry Harland's heroines," says the young lady of this book about midway. This extraordinary utterance is not without its point; but it is pleasing to record that in quite another sense than the author intended. She, after a grey and lengthy interval, finishes like one and has a royal end at last. For in the long-dubious final chapter enters a surprise. Enter two surprises in fact—an unexpected hero almost flesh and blood, and the old Henry Harland charm with a love scene at its lyric moment—and one nibbles again at the old delectable cake.

And speaking of cake, here is the criticism of this book furnished you by the author ready-made. "Before her, on the kitchen table, an array of angel-cake, nut cake, pound cake, orange cake, maple-sugar cake, lacked the supreme touch and waited to be frosted." This may be seething the kid in its mother's milk, yet it is curiously apt. But—let us say it by way of communctious amends—if it be the hand of Mrs. Harland which brought this romance to its immediate completion, the pipes of Pan may once more play for us and in them is still the old music and the old delight. *Algernon Tassin.*

V

WILLIAM DANA ORCUTT'S "THE SPELL"*

There are cases in which that golden rule of criticism, that a book

*The Spell. By William Dana Orcutt. New York: Harper and Brothers.

should be judged primarily in accordance with the author's intention, may work an unconscious hardship. There are certain books which might be pronounced very good indeed if it were not apparent that the author had been striving to produce a much bigger thing, and somehow has just missed the achievement of a work of the first magnitude. To some extent this is the sort of verdict which must be pronounced upon William Dana Orcutt's exceedingly interesting, and suggestive story of modern Florence, entitled *The Spell*. It is one of those books about which the average reviewer will find it very easy to say pleasant things. To begin with, it introduces you to a group of people who are extremely worth while, and who at once make you interested for their own sakes, in the various things, big and little, that are daily happening to them. Then, too, there is always a special appeal in a story that is full of the blue sky and the warm sunshine, and light-hearted laughter of Italy; and when against this background, you get the shadow of a big central problem, that is also full of the possibilities of tragedy, you already have a good foundation for a successful book.

Mr. Orcutt, however, perhaps not wholly consciously, has undertaken in *The Spell*, an uncommonly big and fine piece of work. And before pointing out wherein he has fallen short of the best, it is worth while to consider what his apparent intention has been. Briefly stated, the story is one more study of the rivalry between a man's heart and his brain—a very subtle study of a man's slow and unconscious drifting away from the woman he loves, who cannot, or will not share in his life work, and toward another woman, in whom he finds intellectual equality, and able assistance. But the book was meant to be more than this. Otherwise, the scene might have been laid anywhere in the wide world—in a New England village, or a New York apartment house quite as appropriately as in an Italian villa, half way up the sunny slopes of Fiesole. But, the bigger thing, lying in the back of Mr.

Orcutt's mind, is this: that mankind, in striving nobly for the advancement of human culture, are often blind to that which is best and finest in our modern life, because they are measuring everything with their intellect, and not with their hearts. And this thought he has symbolised as follows: he shows us a young married couple on their honeymoon. They knew even before marriage that there were discords in their tastes and pursuits; the music, for instance, which she loves, frankly bores him. The stored-up lore of mediæval books that engross his working hours are to her as tiresome as they are musty. But, with the blindness of first love, he thinks he has only to transplant her to the magic atmosphere of Florence in order to awaken in her a responsive glow of enthusiasm for the Renaissance, and the early Humanists. Naturally enough, things do not work out quite as he expects. There is another young woman, a school friend of the bride, who happens to be in Florence at the same time, and whose mind is of the type that responds to the intellectual side of the husband's mind. It is she who gladly gives up the golden hours of Italian days to the dim and cloistral seclusion of old libraries; and it is her co-operation that enables the husband, in the course of a few months, to drag forth, from crumbling and forgotten letters, of Michael Angelo, and Michael Angelo's friends, a tingling, flesh-and-blood presentment of that period in Florentine history which the scholarly world at once hails as an epoch-making volume. But, meanwhile, the old tragedy of platonic friendship is being re-enacted. The wife sees her husband day by day being slowly taken from her. And yet, although she knows that there is still time to interfere and to save her own happiness, she will not do so; for she believes in her husband's work, she believes the other woman can help him, as she herself cannot, to a higher achievement, and she sets the gain to the world of letters above her own loss. Of course, as one foresees from the very title, the influence on the husband is transitory, a strange spell,

borne of environment and close companionship, and destined to pass away when the work is done. But there is still a deeper and subtler thought expressed through the words of an old Italian librarian who, through mistaken zeal, has been largely responsible for the estrangement, and who in the end confesses his error by saying substantially, "I thought it was right to throw this man and woman together because they were one in their purpose to drag out from the buried past the true principles of humanism. I did not see until too late that the wife, though not a student of the old Humanists, was something much better, because in her own life, she is the embodiment of the best kind of humanism."

If this purpose, both in its literal and symbolic form, has been made apparent in Mr. Orcutt's volume, the question naturally arises, Why is not *The Spell* a book of the first magnitude? And the answer is this: in a book destined to carry conviction with it, and to stand as a symbol for some big, universal truth, the characters must be something more than individuals; they must be clearly recognisable as types, so clear and unmistakable that their names will afterward take a permanent place in your list of famous characters in fiction. The characters in *The Spell* are scarcely of this order. You do not disbelieve that they did the things you are told they did, but there is not the hall mark of the inevitable upon them. You would not have been greatly surprised if they had now and then done something quite different. This is the principle reason why Mr. Orcutt's book is an exceedingly well written, and enjoyable chronicle of a few individual lives, rather than the larger thing that it might have been, of epic sweep and universal symbolism. And secondly—although to many readers this may sound like a minor matter, and somewhat of an anti-climax—one wishes that Mr. Orcutt had painted in his background with a more lavish hand. No reader who loves Florence can fail to recognise that the author, also, has felt the glamour of it. But merely to suggest, here and there, enough of the

topography to make it possible to identify the scene as Florentine, rather than Roman, or Siennese, is distinctly inadequate in a book whose theme is the irresistible spell that a certain siren city exerts temporarily over a self-contained, well-balanced, intellectual man and leads him to the verge of wrecking his life and that of the one nearest and dearest to him. It is not enough to assert the existence of such a spell; it is essential to make each reader thrill and tingle with it. To this end, it needed to be saturated with Florentine colour, as, for instance, Hawthorne's *Marble Faun* was saturated with the colouring of Rome. In default of this, *The Spell* must be classed as primarily a pleasant story, which might find its place, not unworthily, on the shelf with other Italian stories by, let us say, Richard Bagot and Marion Crawford.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

VI

ALICE HEGAN RICE'S "MR. OPP"*

The theme of *Mr. Opp*, Mrs. Alice Hegan Rice's latest book, like that of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch*, is the supremacy of temperament over environment. Mrs. Wiggs's sunny disposition triumphs over dire poverty and its evils, while Mr. Opp's unconquerable hopefulness, combined with his intense energy, comes wonderfully near overcoming his entire unfitness for every business which he undertakes.

Cove City is almost as dreary as the Cabbage Patch. It is a forlorn little town, lying in a bend of the Ohio River, and although one of its infatuated inhabitants declares that "the only two things that we ain't got that a city has is elbow-grease and a newspaper," yet it takes a real idealist like Mr. Opp, who "seldom saw things as they were: he saw them as they were going to be," to make the best of it.

Moved by the strong combination of energy and conceit which make up his character, Mr. Opp has gone from one

*Mr. Opp. By Alice Hegan Rice. New York: The Century Company.

business to another, never staying long enough at any one to make a success of it. Visionary, sanguine and self-confident, he finds himself settled in Cove City because he will not allow his half-witted step-sister to be sent to an asylum and there is no one but himself to look after her.

His place of residence being thus settled, a means of existence is the next question—answered by the establishment of *The Opp Eagle*, a weekly newspaper which he carries on with only the assistance of a small, but ardent boy. He has a love-affair, which comes to an untimely end because he will not leave poor, feeble-minded Miss Kippy to the mercy of strangers; he sees the girl he loves married to another man; his honesty prevents his joining a “deal” in oil-lands by which his fellow-townsmen make a good sum of money; he is obliged to sell his paper, thus losing the control of it, and he finally recognises that he is a failure. The only thing he doesn’t realise is that “in losing everything else, he had won the greater stake of character for which he had been unconsciously fighting all along.”

The book is a slight thing as regards plot, but an excellent study of character. Mrs. Rice excels in felicitous description and the inhabitants of Cove City afford her plenty of material. There is Mr. Tucker, the hotel-keeper, “whose brain was an accommodation, stopping at each station”; Miss Jim, who, “capable and self-supporting, attracted the ne’er-dowells as a magnet attracts needles”; and poor Miss Kippy, still a child in everything but years, who was like a harp across which some rough hand had swept, snapping all the strings but two, the high one of ecstasy and the low one of despair.”

Mrs. Rice is an optimist. Not by ignoring or minimising the many evils of this life, but by insisting upon the possibility of every one rising, through the development of character, above the most sordid surroundings. Mr. Opp’s is not a heroic figure, but we part from him with much regret and not a little admiration as he leaves the banquet given in his honour and goes to his rather forlorn home “to bind up the head of a

china doll, and to wipe away the tears of a little, half-crazed sister.”

Mary K. Ford.

VII

SIDNEY MCCALL’S “RED HORSE HILL”*

Mrs. Fenallosa’s latest book is beyond any doubt written with the desire to expose the ghastly methods obtaining in the Southern mills, particularly as regards child-labour. One feels that the author has seen and that she must bear witness. But this purpose, although upon it the story is based, is yet kept in harmony with the characters. It affects their lives, it draws them together and it scatters them apart; it does not overshadow the human nature in the book, making puppets demonstrating an idea of the men and women about whom the story concerns itself.

Quite aside from any purpose, the book is interesting. The plot keeps the reader eager for developments and the characters awaken his sympathy. The two women are of strongly contrasted types. Maris, the heroine, is a creature of impulse and passion, capable of a high degree of courage and devotion, yet without that austerity of character which makes a lie impossible, no matter what the apparent gain to every one involved. Her life, through no fault of her own, has been blackened and outraged. And it is with a secret in her heart that she lives with her husband, whom she passionately loves.

Ruth, on the other hand, is of the cool and balanced New England type, a modern of the moderns, college bred and scientifically inclined. Mrs. Fenallosa is happy in her portrayal of both these women, and in revealing the softening process of love on Ruth’s bright hardness. The men are not so successful. The hero is a prig and the “Juvenile Lead” a sketchy though agreeable young man. The other characters are expressive vignettes of differing Southern types.

The fact about the book which makes it worth while is a certain passionate in-

*Red Horse Hill. By Sidney McCall. Boston: Little Brown and Company.

tensity, a vibrant quality that seizes upon the reader and will not let him go. It is like the warm, insistent, febrile clasp of a hand the pressure of whose clinging fingers remains in the memory, so full was it of the revelation of personality. The author of *Truth Dexter* is known for this power—it is here perhaps more strongly demonstrated than ever before. There are pictures in this book one will not forget. Maris's visit to the mill with her husband, for instance. The drive through the spring woods where the onward rush of life begins to manifest itself in a hundred lovely ways. Then the gaunt horror of the mill village with the clashing, roaring monster crouched in its midst, where all the miserable life of the place is pent up during the interminable hours, breathlessly engaged in the fierce, monotonous labour, beating its feet on the treadmill that keeps its prisoner from babyhood to premature old age. Last, the sight of the whipper-in driving the sick and exhausted child down the red glare of the sun-baked road back to its place at the looms. The snap of the long whip, the child's sick wail and terrified doubling from side to side, the clatter of the horse's feet the human brute bestrides, the intensified shriek of the machinery as the door opens to admit the gaunt little girl—all is as real, as heart-rending to the reader as to Maris herself, trembling in the carriage.

Maris is the type of woman who walks with her eyes shut in order not to see anything sad or unpleasant. It is a dangerous and a cowardly practice, and in her case, as in others, it brings a deadly reckoning. The question of divorce is touched upon and Maris's attitude toward this issue strikes one, to put it mildly, as unreasonable. She has always taken the easiest way through a difficulty, and she is not Spartan in denial, however capable of sublimity when it comes to following what she loves. Her final stand is not convincing and inclines to be absurd, considering the facts of her life. Inconsistency is, nevertheless, one of the chief factors of her make-up, while it is surely true that the weak display at times an amazing strength and tenacity of purpose. That she finally at-

tains happiness is owing more to the privileges of story telling than to inevitable happening. A death, to be sure, is never impossible, but it is not as certain to occur opportunely in real life as in a book.

The truth that Mrs. Fenallosa seeks to drive home in this story is the one which says to all of us that every child is our child, and that our responsibility does not end with the happiness and well-being of those of our own flesh and blood. The suffering, dwarfed, uncanny childhood of the mills and the slums is what it is because of us all. Our own child lives in that agony of squalor and brutality, however safely we think him housed in the shelter of our love. What would we not do to save him if we found him in that place of horror? What then should we not do for the sake of that childhood which is his as it is of the ugliest and forlornest product of our civilisation? One may not put this question aside after reading *Red Horse Hill*—and once the book is begun, it will be finished.

Hildegard Hawthorne.

VIII

VIRGINIA TRACY'S "MERELY PLAYERS"*

There is a human appealing quality about these stories which owes nothing to the setting of stage life, with its constant charm for the outsider. They are stories of human courage and human devotion, stories of hearts that love and hearts that endure, written with a warmth that is convincing, with a power that is telling. And yet it must be confessed that the surrounding them with the boundaries of a little world with laws and ideals of its own, with hopes and fears of its own, a world that is restricted to the four bare walls of a theatre and which yet reaches from one corner to the other of a wide continent . . . it must be confessed that this setting adds another more potent charm to the little tales. We look into a world of silent

**Merely Players. Stories of Stage Life.* By Virginia Tracy. New York: The Century Co.

heroism, a grim, despairing struggle, of kindly comradeship, a world which develops character for good or for ill, which moulds to its own lines those who give themselves up to its potent power. Most of the characters live and hold our interest, not only because they belong to this world so absolutely, but because of the humanity of them which points all the more tellingly the difference due to professional surroundings. The mingling of the real and the unreal, the true and the false which is the atmosphere of the stage, is so well portrayed that many an incident, melodramatic in itself, falls naturally into the course of the story subordinate to the humanity of it, and arouses neither our suspicion nor our criticism.

There is no attempt at tenseness of construction in any of the stories, and yet the tenseness of interest is ever present. Subordinate details rise up and obscure the path of main incident, just as such details are apt to do in the world of actuality. Subordinate characters peep out of obscurity and drop back again, leaving us sometimes with a great desire to know more of them. The chief figures are sometimes puppets, but when they are they are so portrayed that they cleverly keep the reader guessing as to what well-known celebrity has stood model for them. The tensely and interest of work, the deadly boredom of idleness with its still more deadly possibilities of starvation, the simple unspoken ideals of comradeship and obligation—all these are painted here for us with a power so much above the ordinary that it is hard to criticise merely and not to become unduly enthusiastic. No one story that is really great, perhaps, independent of setting and surroundings, but so many that are exceedingly good that it is hard to single out any one or more for special notice. If one must choose, then the simplicity of subject of the story entitled "An Indiscretion of His Majesty" might make it noticeable among its fellows of a greater show of incident; and the pathos of "In August" and "Above Rubies" cannot fail of its effect. The description of the fire in "Nobility Obliges," and the landscape

painting as well as the atmosphere of characterisation in "The Professionals"—which makes no pretence at being a story in the stricter sense—are worthy of special attention. It was well worth while rescuing these stories from the ephemeral existence of the magazines and preserving them in the permanency of book-form.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

IX

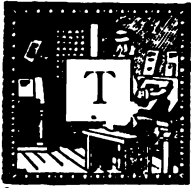
H. K. WEBSTER'S "A KING IN KHAKE"*

This book might be called an example in lost opportunities. With the exception of the incident of the buried treasure there is nothing in the story, exciting as it is, which might not have happened. Because of this we regret that the author did not expend a little more brain work upon his novel and make the hero's victory in the end possible by means a little more in keeping with the verism of the twentieth century. This one incident throws the whole book out of the running and places it in the category of stories of "adventure," written merely to sell. It also arouses the inquiry as to why such a subject as this—not the buried treasure, but the developing of the West Indian Island and the fight to keep it an honest enterprise and not a mere tool for conscienceless capitalists—why such an excellent subject as this might not have been treated in a way that would have been at once interesting and modern and worthy of consideration. Mr. Webster's hero might easily have had several models, men who have carved out new worlds; and several well-known prominent citizens might have sat for the portrait given in Christopher Beaumont. Yet, with such possibilities to draw from, the book just misses being worth while. Judged simply as a story of adventure, however, it is as good as the next, and filled to the brim with exciting incident.

J. Marchand.

*A King in Khaki. By Henry Kitchell Webster. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

THE HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN—A WOMAN'S VIEW



THE "Higher Education" is the phrase generally used to describe a college course for women. It denotes that, for a time at least, no difference is to be made, intellectually, between us and our brothers, that their opportunities are to be ours, and that the theory of our mental inferiority will be allowed to drop out of sight.

America is emphatically the Woman's country, the twentieth century her opportunity. England grudgingly admits it, contending that we are spoiled by the consideration shown us. Germany looks with disfavour upon a country where the men wait upon the women. France regards with suspicion a civilisation that permits so much freedom to the young girl. But all Europe acknowledges our good fortune. The American man boasts of the American woman, her resource, her intelligence, her wit. Theoretically, nothing is too good for her, mentally or physically. But practically, the old feeling that intellectually she must be treated as a child still prevails to an astonishing degree.

About a hundred years ago Mrs. Barbauld, who was considered an authority on education, gravely advised that "young ladies ought to have only such a general tincture of knowledge as to make them agreeable companions to a man of sense, and to enable them to find rational entertainment for a solitary hour."

We laugh at such ideas now, but there still remains a good deal of the feeling, then almost universal, that women are incapable of intellectual discrimination and that anything is good enough for them.

The latest examples of this attitude toward us come, of all places in the world, from two of the largest colleges for women in the eastern States. Within a short time the President of Vassar has declined to permit the case for Woman's Suffrage to be presented to the students by a woman identified with the move-

ment, and the President of Smith has refused to allow the election returns to be posted at the college on the ground that an undue interest in politics was unladylike and consequently not to be encouraged.

It sounds like the Dark Ages. Between forty and fifty years of the higher education of women have not brought men to consider us able to grasp the most elementary political facts. We are not to know who is elected until the knowledge can no longer be kept from us lest we become "unwomanly," or, what is worse, "unladylike."

What is this mysterious crust surrounding politics which is impenetrable to the female intellect? Why should a mind that is equal to the demands made upon it by a course in Professor James's Psychology or a perusal of his brother's novels be incapable of learning how many senators are allowed to each State or how often a Presidential election takes place? History tells a different story, pointing to Elizabeth of England, Catherine of Russia, and Mary di Medici, each one of whom in skill, ability, and unscrupulousness, was the equal of any modern politician.

Vassar and Smith colleges, with their Faculties containing both men and women, have been preferred to Wellesley as sure to be more liberal in their views. Had Wellesley, with its governing Faculty of women alone, taken this stand as to its students and the suffrage it would have been laid entirely to the inborn narrowness of our sex, and we should never have heard the last of it.

There is a curious inconsistency in all this. If we are intellectually so inferior, why should men balk at our enlightenment where apparently we need it most? The women found in a college are those with a real desire for study; they represent a high average of intelligence. Here is the opportunity to lighten our darkness, to regulate the vagaries of our minds, and (from our point of view) exchange the endless stream of advice

which has hitherto been our portion, for some thoroughly good instruction. One would think men would jump at the chance.

It is when an outside lecturer is to be chosen that the contempt for our powers is most apparent, for the choice is pretty sure to fall either upon some person well advertised, even if distinctly second-rate, or upon the faddist.

Take literature, for instance. Is it the experienced critic, the cultivated, thoughtful writer who is selected to address the students? On the contrary, it will probably be the editor of *The Twilight Hour*, a department in some woman's magazine where feeble book notices supply our mental needs, while our moral necessities (always a subject of great anxiety to men) are provided for by such articles as "Woman as Wife and Mother," "The Home the Mainspring of Civilisation," and "Why Divorce is Wrong." Should this Solomon be unavailable, the next choice is the literary faddist, whose boundless choice of topics includes such themes as "Icelandic Folk Lore," "The Influence of the Greek Rhythmic Dance on the Poetry of Dante," or "Turgenieff the Inventor of the Short Story."

As it is not given to all to know good poetry from bad, the choice of a lecturer on that subject is apt to fall upon the best advertised of the many minor poets whose work abounds in the magazines, but as an appreciation of poetry is not a thing that can be taught, the ignorance or incapacity of the lecturer does very little harm.

In the case of the drama it is different. At least half the women in the class will try their hand at playwriting as soon as they leave college. It would be of enormous advantage to them if a man of knowledge and experience could teach them some of the fundamental rules of dramatic composition. Such a lecture il-

lustrated by examples from the plays of the last twenty-five years, showing why some have succeeded and others failed, would be extremely useful to intending playwrights and intensely interesting to all who heard it. A man able to give such instruction is hard to get—the successful playwright is apt to be busy writing plays—but that is no reason why the next choice should fall either on the unsuccessful dramatist or the theorist, the man who, writing about, instead of for the stage, bewails its present condition, its unliterary quality, and the deplorable desire of American audiences to be amused. Nor should a lecture on the Elizabethan Dramatists be substituted—that hoary lecture so easy to give, so hard to listen to, which has been compiled in the nearest library and which owes the consideration it has always received to its dignified title, rather than to its merits.

Philanthropy has always been considered a suitable subject for women's interest, and the Faculties of most of the women's colleges are even willing that their charges should know something about the sociological questions that occupy the minds of so many thinking people. But here again it is not the trained economist who is invited to lecture, but the parlour socialist, the fake philanthropist, the man who is best advertised.

In all these cases it has been the notoriety of the lecturer, not his ability that has led to his selection. A ridiculous failure causes more talk than a moderate success; one hears more about the self-advertising intellectual lightweight than about the more modest man of ability, but the heads of colleges ought to know the difference. This is just what we complain of—the inferiority of the intellectual food too often provided for us by those whose business it is to know and select the best.

Mary K. Ford.

"DIAMOND CUT PASTE"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

BOOK II—A WEEK'S CHRONICLE

CHAPTER IV



HERE is our visitor," said Lady Gertrude; "go out and meet her, Reginald. She will be feeling shy."

Lady Gertrude was determined to oil the wheels of the situation. But Sir Reginald had a vague sensation that the wheels were going round a trifle too easily for safety as it was; and that, were his wife to apply her ingenuity to putting on the brakes, she would have been better serving the interests of all concerned.

With a flutter of gauzy veil and two appealing hands outstretched, Emerald Fanny made her entrance under the roof of Orange Court. And instantly *trèfle incarnat* took possession of the hall, overpowering the breath of the wholesome flowers and plants. The well-remembered aroma, with all its associations, seemed to catch Sir Reginald by the throat. He had a quick sense of intoxication—followed by one of revolt. What was this perfume of the East (as Gertrude had styled it) doing here?

"Dear Sir Reginald," said the voice of trilling sweetness that had been wont to convey such undiluted music to his ear—"dear Sir Reginald, how strange and delightful to find myself here, with you—you wonderful man, how did you manage it?"

Sir Reginald halted for an imperceptible moment in his advance; this greeting struck him as singularly maladroit in the circumstances. How glad he was that Gertrude's almost inconceivable attitude of confidence should have kept her out of hearing.

"I am afraid," he said, with a certain grand air which no one could assume to better effect than himself. "I am

afraid, alas, that I cannot claim any merit in the matter! The happy thought was my wife's idea entirely, though needless to say how I rejoice that it should have proved so successful."

The smile on Mrs. Lancelot's face wavered and drooped, and instantly the man was struck with a sense of remorse that went far toward re-establishing the momentarily weakened thrall. He took both the little hands in their mouse-grey Suede gloves, and pressed them with all the ardour of Indian days.

The words: "I hope you're not too tired! Did you have a comfortable journey? Welcome to Orange Court!" were spoken in the old caressing, protective tones.

And it was Emerald Fanny at her most effective who responded: "Thank you, thank you, dear Sir Reginald! I am tired. Oh, so, so tired! Every step in England is an ordeal. You will understand. How kind you are! Will you tell me, please what I ought to pay the cab? I am so helpless in these people's hands—I"—the suffused eyes spoke the remainder of the phrase pathetically—"I never was meant to battle with the world alone."

"Settle with Mrs. Lancelot's flyman, Barker," ordered Sir Reginald.

He braced himself for a second, and his glance measured the small, slight figure which seemed like some frail aspen ever to quiver and flutter without visible cause. He could not feel sure that Gertrude would consider it correct for a lady to travel with so many streamers and ends of ribbon, such a glitter of chains and bangles. Even to his uninitiated masculine eye, these adornments ill-matched the short walking skirt, which displayed so generous a vision of elaborate shoes and open-work silk stockings.

He opened the door for her to pass, saying gravely as he did so: "Gertrude, here is Mrs. Lancelot—the kind friend but for whose nursing, perhaps, I might never have come back to you—"

He was impelled to this piece of pathos almost in spite of himself. He had been clinging to it in his thoughts all day; was it not all he had to justify himself and the situation? He was grateful to his wife for the unerring precision with which she took up the key-note.

"How kind of you to come to us, Mrs. Lancelot! I wanted to have you here to thank you. No letters, no mere perfunctory visit could have been the same thing to me—" Lady Gertrude dropped the hand she had been gently pressing, and paused; she had to pause to avoid the deliberate untruth as far as possible. Then she added: "I had to thank you in person for taking my place at my husband's side."

Sir Reginald shot a sharp glance at her, but could discover no sign of sarcasm upon her smooth face. Emerald turned also a wondering gaze upon her hostess. Then her large blue-grey eyes gathered that mist of unshed tears which came so readily to their assistance; Gertrude, subtly watching her, saw that, behind the appealing moisture, the pupils of those eyes remained hard and contracted. There came to her a sudden realisation that she had under-estimated her rival, and a small chill of mingled repulsion and doubt crept over her.

"Indeed," said the little widow, "he was very, very ill—" the tears welled to the very edge of her curling black lashes, and miraculously subsided again. But they seemed to fall drop by drop into the thrill of her voice. "If he had not been what he is I do not think we could have pulled him through. Oh, Lady Gertrude, you cannot think how patient he was—how courageous."

Lady Gertrude had a very clear memory of the several ailments through which she herself had nursed Sir Reginald. But she did not recollect having been struck with either of

the qualities which thus moved Mrs. Lancelot's admiration. Dashing soldier he might be; yet Sir Reginald was of the type of masculine patient who meets each illness with a firm conviction that it will be his last, and each recovery with an irritability which almost makes the most anxious attendant regret the days of his prostration.

"I am sure of one thing," said Gertrude then, with a smile, "that he had a very efficient nurse. Will you sit there? Do you like your tea strong?"

Sir Reginald, who had begun to feel blushingly uncomfortable to hear himself praised, by such lips to such ears, could not but deem that Gertrude was dismissing the subject perfunctorily, not to say heartlessly. And that Mrs. Lancelot had received the same impression, was conveyed by the gaze of deep sympathy which she turned upon him. The sense of being understood, appreciated at his real value, stole warmly back into his soul, together with the realisation that it had been markedly wanting to him during the last thirty-six hours.

"Have a cake, little madame," he murmured, bending over her.

She flashed him another look at that. He hoped Gertrude did not see it.

There ensued a half-hour, which to Sir Reginald's sensitive epidermis was, perhaps, the most uncomfortable he had yet spent. His feelings seemed to swing from one extreme of the pendulum to the other. There were moments when his little friend positively exasperated him; she was too personal, too persistently effusive. Ever and anon, against his wife's cool, clear utterances, the widow's remarks sounded silly, nay, almost "second-rate." On the other hand, as he told himself bitterly, Mrs. Lancelot had proved that she had a heart; and this heart he knew was filled with true affection for himself. What were mere details of manner, paltry artificialities; what was a small want of *savoir faire*, compared to the beauty of a really deep, womanly nature? Once or twice indeed, when Emerald Fanny had put her little patent-leather shoe into it so obviously that he winced, it struck him that Ger-

trude had delicately lured her to the false step. Yet a glance at his wife's pure face would drive the thought from him, and the next instant, it would be borne in upon him that Gertrude's charity was actually covering the *bêvue*.

"Oh, what a heavenly garden!" gushed Emerald, as, at the conclusion of the trying half-hour, she stood in the window bow, looking out upon the greensward where the deepening light lay golden. "What roses! They seem to run right into the wood. I suppose this is your special garden, Lady Gertrude? It looks like you—what taste! what perfection! It does seem a pity to remain indoors on such a day." The honeyed compliment was for her hostess, the suggestion for her host—each accompanied by a suitable glance. It was Lady Gertrude who answered both.

"Yes, my roses are beautiful. Would you like to take a turn in the garden? I am sure Reginald will be charmed to show you round."

What could Reginald do? He would be charmed, of course. The long French window was open. Their way lay before them. Emerald Fanny halted and looked back on an inconceivable impulse:

"Don't you think we ought to ask your wife to come too? Won't you come with us, dear Lady Gertrude?"

There was an unconscious note of patronage in the honeyed voice, an air of virtuous tact about the whole pretty personality. Sir Reginald felt the hot blood creeping to his forehead.

"Thank you, I have some letters to write," said Lady Gertrude. She stood framed in the window, looking out on them, a slight smile on her lips. The husband carried the memory of that smile uneasily with him. The wheels were going round at an extraordinary pace, and Gertrude had not only refrained to put down the brake, she was actually oiling the gear again.

"Oh, how exquisite!" said Emerald Fanny. She bent her delicate profile over a drooping rose. The General roused himself from his abstraction to present it to her—gallantly. She took

it with fervour, held it against her cheek, her lips, and then glanced up at him.

"*Ideale!*" said he.

"Oh, flatterer!" said she.

"'Tis the name of the rose, *belle dame*," he responded with a gentle laugh.

"Oh," she pouted archly, "I must not take it for myself, then!"

"Nay"—he caressed her with his eyes—"the deduction is wrong."

They were back on their old footing; and how pleasant it was! He was finding himself again: the man of the world, the charmer, the conqueror.

"Oh!" cried Emerald again, as a turn of the path brought them in view of the grass walk running into the woods, the path that Gertrude and the young Guardsman had trod that same morning, "what a vista—what a lovely, lonely way!"

"Shall we go down it?" said Sir Reginald.

Evening shades were gathering under the arch of the trees; but, where the slanting sunrays struck across the road, it glowed with a thousand subtle shades of fire from the amber and russet of last year's leaf to the ruby and emerald of scarlet-tipped moss and pushing fern-croziars among the fronds. Somewhere a late thrush was singing; the woods gave out many savours.

They went at first in silence; but presently Mrs. Lancelot, with a pathetic sigh, declared that she was tired and sat herself on the moss, between the branching roots of a century-old beech-tree. Then she took off her hat, and the sunray which caught her hair made it shine like a saint's aureole. It may have been the wrong yellow, but in Sir Reginald's eyes it was a wonderful and beautiful hue; and there could be no question of its luxuriance. It grew away from her pretty forehead in a rich wave; then seemed to break into irrepressible twists and tendrils of its own vitality. She had a face of cameo delicacy. When it was in repose there was something classic about its lines; but to those who did not like her, there was something mean in the smile,

which displayed almost too regular and too white teeth.

But Sir Reginald was not of those. Leaning against the great tree trunk, and looking down at her, he found nothing amiss, but everything that pleased him, in the countenance lifted toward him. In the eyes fixed upon his own with a profound and comforting expression he read (he flattered himself he was not a vain man) something that was little short of adoration.

It was not very often that he was allowed to plunge his own gaze into them like this. Emerald Fanny had too much the instinct of her vocation to be lavish of such favours—but when the moment struck for giving all that virtue could relinquish, freely she gave. Once more the man tasted the exquisite sensation of being appreciated. It was so grateful after his recent experiences that he felt moved with a great tenderness toward his companion, a great pity for himself—for both. In all his twenty years of marriage he had never seen anything in his wife's eyes approaching to such a look. He knew that he was never destined to see it.

Emerald was the first to break the silence:

"How beautiful your wife is!"

The sigh with which she spoke, the mist that came over her glance, gave (he thought) an infinite pathos to her resigned and generous testimony. What a sweet little soul it was and how guileless! It was as if she were asking: "What chance have I against such a rival?" He had no reply for her; and the voice, with its plaintive thrill, proceeded:

"Oh, how I have thought of you since we last met! All these long, lonely hours in London, picturing to myself your home-coming. Oh what a home-coming that must have been! the joy of your happy wife and child. . . .!"

The tears welled, but the brave eyes did not waver in their upward glance with its innocent revelation; and the brave lips still tried to smile in spite of their trembling.

"Aye," said Sir Reginald, stung by

the ever-pressing sense of contrast. "That was a home-coming!"

She was quick to seize the bitter inflection of his voice.

"How?" she exclaimed. "Oh, my dear, dear friend, why this sad look?"

His expression, at the moment, was what the youngest of his aides-de-camp used to describe as "deuced squally." But Emerald Fanny had a more poetic vocabulary; she proceeded:

"I have no right to ask. Forgive me."

The tell-tale eyes were dropped; then, just low enough not to be inaudible, she added:

"I must try and forget our old days of unreserved confidence—I must school myself."

And here one tear brimmed and rolled down her cheek; apparently much to her confusion, for she turned away her head, too late, and began nervously to pluck at the moss tufts within reach. Sir Reginald let himself down slowly beside her and took the little ungloved fingers a moment into his; then he said sombrely:

"Forget nothing—why should there cease to be confidence between us? I hope you will always open your heart to me as to a friend. As for myself——" He paused tragically.

"As for yourself——?"

She palpitated, turning her face with its tear mark full upon him.—What did it matter, what did anything about her matter? He was unhappy.

"I have never wanted a friend more.—Why should I conceal it from you? . . . I will describe to you what my home-coming has been. You were witness of my landing in England. You wondered then that no one should have met me, after three years. You suggested that my wife or my daughter must be ill. You would not credit me when I answered you that my wife has an objection to such demonstrations of feeling; that I expected nothing less—nothing more. At Windsor station, again, there is no face I know on the platform, no smile to greet me as the train stops . . ."

"Oh, surely, surely——" The interpolation came with a little cry as if

the woman's heart were wring with pain.

"Not even a carriage, not even a servant to meet me!" The more he thought over it, the more it was borne in upon him that, although it was true he had not mentioned the hour of his intended arrival, carriage or motor should have been sent to await him at the station, that it would not have been anything out of the way if wife and child had concurred to him a few hours of affectionate expectancy on Windsor platform.

"I had to take a fly."

"Oh, no, no."

"A fly with a lame horse."

"Oh, Sir Reginald!"

"No one on the doorstep, no one in the hall!"

"Don't, dear friend!"

"I find my wife in the drawing room with a roomful of people—my daughter gone out motoring."

"Oh, oh, oh!" moaned Emerald.

She flung out her hands to him, only to draw them back before he had time to seize them, and to cover her face. He had to bend forward to catch the words that dropped from behind the screen.

"And I, thinking of you, my hero come back to his own, thinking of the rapture and joy of your dear ones . . . contrasting my fate . . . lonely, lonely widow . . . happy, happy wife . . .!"

Emotion seemed to suffocate her. Then, on a fresh pulse of feeling, her hands were stretched to him again and not withdrawn. A face of quivering sympathy and tenderness was displayed to his view.

"So we were both sad, both lonely, after all . . .!"

Sir Reginald's fingers closed upon hers with almost convulsive pressure.

"*Mon premier*," she breathed.

He could not trust himself to speak; but bending, kissed the hands he held.

"Fate, fate . . ." As the mysterious words fell from Emerald Fanny's lips, she glanced upwards with a sabbiline air. She added nothing to explain her thought, but Sir Reginald understood.

Fate, separating the affinities! Two hearts, two souls in a harmony so com-

plete and yet divided!—It was the first time that a thought so distinctly subversive of conjugal loyalty had ever been entertained by him. But there are stages of life when one's very sins are another's guilt. Ah, if Gertrude had shown him one tithe of this affection, this responsiveness!

Mrs. Lancelot drew her hands away with a lingering touch that was almost a caress. Then, in silence, she rose to her feet; and, when he stood beside her shown him one tithe of this affection, not lost her inspired look.

"Listen," she said, "friend, dear, dear friend . . . I may call you so, for indeed you have been that to me . . . when first you came into my life (I mean, really into my life—for in the beginning I only saw you and looked up to you from afar as it were, without daring to dream we should be so much to each other)"—the tone and the glance that accompanied these words gave them almost a saintly character—"when your friendship came to me in my time of desolation, I told myself that *he* had sent it me, that it was *his* wish—to keep me from despair."

Sir Reginald had come rather to dread the trembling note and the tearful eye that marked any reference to the late Mr. Lancelot. They never failed to stir him, first with a particular sense of discomfort and then with a rush of pity.

"Now," proceeded the widow with a voice of piercing pathos, "to-day, for the first time, I have begun to understand that I too may perhaps have been sent to you, to be, in my weak way, your comfort. I cannot do much, but I can love—"

Her accents broke on that; she caught herself up and went on, so rapidly as to preclude interruption:

"No, no, you will not misunderstand, I can say it.—My deep, deep affection for you is that of a grateful, devoted . . . friend.—Oh, if that can help you—!" she swayed back against the tree trunk, and added: "in your loneliness, in the bitterness of life! Life is very, very bitter."

She closed her eyes. Her face against the rough background looked strangely

white, strangely ethereal. Suddenly Sir Reginald flung an arm about her and caught her to him, almost roughly. Afterward he was quite sure that the action had been prompted by the fear that she was going to faint; it was less easy to explain why the embrace should have been followed by an equally passionate kiss. But to the pure all things are pure. With closed eyes Emerald Fanny chastely received the touch of his lips upon her forehead.

"My brother and my friend!"

Before she had thus apostrophised him, Sir Reginald's arms had already fallen from her. His madness had been as brief as it was overpowering. He had recognised the enormity of his deed. True, he had held Emerald Fanny in his arms before, but that had been in such widely different circumstances that it had scarcely evoked a prick of remorse, either at the time or afterward. A kiss, here and there, to a pretty little woman, in moments of gratitude or attempted consolation—as lightly taken as given—it was merest peccadillo! But this outburst of passion for his and his wife's guest was a violation of the sanctity of home; the betrayal of his wife's confidence; a breach of honour, as husband, as host.

As the blood ebbed from his brain, and the cold reality of his irrevocable deed faced him in all its horror, Emerald's words fell upon his ear. It was as the message of a rescuing angel—"My brother and my friend!"

A voiceless cry rang from the depths of his heart: "Thank God for good women!" Only a good woman could have thus saved him from his own folly. He felt as if he could have fallen on his knees before her.

He could not trust himself to speak; but took her hand, pressed it gently and dropped it; and silently, by tacit consent, they began to retrace their steps.

There was a sunset of unwonted gorgeousness; and the aureole round Emerald's still uncovered head shone with most appropriate radiance as she went along by his side. He looked

down on her with a glance almost of reverence.

When they had reached the verge of the garden, she lifted her tender accents again:

"Then I may call myself your little sister?"

Sir Reginald winced. Here was a want of tact, a false note. There are situations too delicate to be insisted upon. They were within sight of the house. Any further taking of hands or chaste fraternal demonstrations were out of the question. He could not find within himself any brotherly sentiment with which to respond.

There ensued an awkward pause; then the General said with an effort that gave a want of assurance to his voice:

"Whatever you are to me, I am sure it will be for good."

Emerald Fanny went up to her room still wearing about her an atmosphere of pensive holiness. But, within the safety of closed doors, she allowed a different mood to find expression. She approached the mirror and surveyed herself with a satisfied smile, succeeded by a little laugh.

"What a dear old foozle!" she murmured. Surely she could not be alluding to her *preux chevalier*!

Presently she began to hum a little song, the waltz tune from the "Merry Widow." She even made two or three little dancing steps as she shook off her skirt. Her hour in the forest had been a complete success.

But Sir Reginald, pacing the library, felt the memory of it bite into his conscience with a stealthy tooth.

CHAPTER V

That night, before dinner, Norah first beheld the fascinating Mrs. Lancelot. And she was much impressed.

Emerald Fanny was indeed looking her best in a garment which combined with great effect a Medici collar, Greek drapery, and a mediæval girdle. Her small classical head was crowned with a close wreath of laurel; and the misty purples, the floating wing-like draper-

ies, the heavy and barbaric jewelling that clasped the little waist were indeed becoming enough in spite of incongruity. A child's fancy is easily captured by the charm of novelty, and Norah was still a child. She had never seen any one like Emerald; no one had ever spoken to her, or looked at her, as Emerald did. The visitor was alone in the drawing-room when Norah entered, both having restlessly anticipated the hour, and for similar reasons. But neither the General nor Enniscorthy had put in their appearance.

"I am sure you are Norah," cried Mrs. Lancelot, rising, both hands outstretched; "the little Norah I have heard so much about—tall, wonderful Norah!"

The widow's lovely eyes—she had indeed to gaze upwards—surveyed, caressed, admired, misted. A second, Norah's hands rebelled against the affectionate pressure; but the next she had fallen under the sway of that look and smile.

"Is it not kind of your dear mother to have me here?" pursued the charmer, drawing the girl down beside her. "You cannot think what it means to me. I don't know if you have heard——" Emerald broke off with her inimitable pathos; the tears rose and were blinked away. "I have become a very lonely woman. I am trying to take up my life again, because it was *his* wish, almost *his* last wish."

There was a pause fraught with emotion. Norah's frank gaze became clouded with sympathetic emotion; perceiving which the other cried impulsively, with that thrilling sweetness of tone which bewitched the daughter's ear as it had bewitched the father:

"Oh, I did not mean to sadden you with my sorrow—you radiant thing, made for happiness! Sir Reginald—he was my dear husband's friend—what he has been to me! I have been trying to tell your mother, in vain; I never can speak of what lies deepest. I wonder——" —she broke off, her eyes were fixed on the girl's face with eloquent eagerness.

"What?" The query, Norah felt, rang out abrupt, awkward, well-nigh brutal,

but she was really thrilling with unwonted emotion.

"By-and-bye, when we know each other better, perhaps you will let me be your friend?"

One would have to be oneself a schoolgirl, more isolated than most by maternal watchfulness even from her own kin, to realise to the full the flattery of such an appeal from a young and lovely woman.

"Indeed—indeed!" cried Norah, and, shy of further words, stretched out her hand. This was fondly clasped, and then on what seemed to be a mutual impulse, the two kissed each other.

Here it was that Lady Gertrude entered upon them. Halting for a scarcely perceptible moment, the sight struck her with a pang, not commensurate to its importance. Her Norah in the arms of the little—adventuress! For Mrs. Lancelot was, in her hostess's mind, nothing less. Her guarded, white-souled child, her virginal Norah! She had not foreseen such a contingency. Indeed she had reckoned on the girl's frank nature revolting, with every instinct of innate purity, innate honesty, fastidiousness and high breeding, from such a being. Rather what she had anticipated was considerable trouble in inducing the madcap to fitting civility toward their visitor.

"We are friends already, you see," cooed Emerald, retaining her clasp of the slim, cold hand that once again twitched in hers.

Norah glanced up at her mother, flushing and smiling.

"Heaven be good to me," thought the mother; "the poor child is proud of the distinction!"—"So I see," she said aloud, feeling how stiff was the smile on her own lips.

Suddenly she became aware that her husband was standing at her elbow. Their glances met. There was unmistakable trouble, even displeasure, in his eye; and for the first time since his return she felt they were in sympathy. A small sensation of comfort crept into her sore heart.

Looking extraordinarily fresh and clean, Enniscorthy came into the room. Norah sprang to her feet, and the

quiver of impatience with which she awaited his greeting was watched by her mother with a mixture of amusement and sadness. Enniscorthy went through his preliminary courtesies with great deliberation; addressed his uncle with a perfect blending of respect and boyish simplicity; bowed deeply to Mrs. Lancelot, ignoring the faint gesture of her hand, and then turned to his cousin:

"Hallo, Norah!"

"Hallo, Enn! You're a nice kind of a beast!"

"What's up now?"

"Fancy your coming here this morning and never asking for me! Yes. And bringing roses to Fräulein—to Fräulein!" The youthful emphasis she had not yet learned to repress rang shrilly. "I say, though, perhaps you did mean them for me, and were afraid of mamma?" Anticipated triumph began to sparkle in her eye; but Enniscorthy answered her coolly.

"Not a bit of it. Didn't think you deserved them."

The good-humoured banter in his voice fell like the knell of all her hopes on Lady Gertrude's ear.

Emerald, who had been contemplating the young Guardsman through half-closed lids, at last by her own intentness of gaze attracted his. An expression of surprise, followed by instant antagonism came into the youth's well-opened grey eyes. She dropped her glance, and when she next raised it her whole countenance had assumed a caressing, maternal expression.

It was in this rôle that she swept into dinner on Sir Reginald's arm. Gertrude, following under the escort of Enniscorthy, heard the dulcet notes:

"What a beautiful creature your daughter is, and how like you!"

Then there was a murmur, meant for but one listener; and the effective, clear, sweetness of accents once again:

"What a pretty pair they make!"

Almost without looking Gertrude was aware of the set young profile at her side and, with every mother-instinct alert, of Norah's joyous flush behind her.

Sir Reginald, two or three times dur-

ing the course of the meal, found himself contrasting it irritably with the pleasant dinner-hour of the previous night. Emerald, perceiving that his mood was for silence and dejection, allowed a gentle melancholy to take possession of her also, from which she only roused herself to address Norah with a fond indulgence, a kind of possessive admiration, which now exasperated, now moved Lady Gertrude to secret mirth.

Enniscorthy was never much of a talker and Gertrude herself was the least conversational of women. But Norah, scarlet-cheeked and bright-eyed, excited even beyond her usual impulsive wont, kept up an incessant chatter; the new friend—whose murmurs: "Isn't she quaint? Isn't she too sweet?" addressed alternately to the father on the one side, to the lover on the other—proving, it seemed, irresistible stimulation.

As they were leaving the dining-room and Gertrude stood aside to allow her guest to precede her, the latter held out her hand. Norah flew to the lure; and, embracing each other like Helen and Hermia, the two passed out. Gertrude, unable to resist glancing back at the two men, saw much the same look of annoyed surprise on Enniscorthy's face that the widow herself had already caught there. Sir Reginald avoided meeting his wife's eye; he was shifting one of the cut-glass decanters with an air of frowning absorption.

There was a mixture of uneasiness and satisfaction in Lady Gertrude's mind, as she followed on into the drawing-room. She divined that her husband disliked the sudden affection which had sprung up between his daughter and his Indian charmer.

Indeed, the mood of enthusiasm in which Sir Reginald had mentally knelt before his Emerald's shrine, hymning her as a good woman, had momentarily subsided. He was conscious of having made a "confounded fool" of himself; and he could find absolutely no consolation in thinking of the occasion of that folly as his little sister. The sight of his daughter embracing her whom he had himself so recently enfolded caused him a physically unpleasant sensation.

Enniscorthy had remembered his uncle as the most genial and charming of men; he found himself gazing at him now and again as if he hardly recognised him in the sombre, monosyllabic host. He had gathered that the astounding Mrs. Lancelot was a friend of the General's; it never dawned upon him, nevertheless, to connect obvious cause and effect. Indeed, to his healthy mind, the situation would have been inconceivable.

CHAPTER VI

"Honey," said Coralie to her husband on the day week of Mrs. Lancelot's arrival at Orange Court—a Tuesday it was—"Honey, I've just had a letter from Aunt G. and she wants us to go down to her for a visit—to-day. At least she wants me," said Coralie, arching her lip, "and I rather think I shall want you."

"Does that mean I've got to go?" said Ernest, with a lugubrious smile.

"Well, what's your opinion?" cooed his wife.

The soldier gave a sigh; but Coralie was briskly stimulated.

"Aunt G. says," she pursued, turning over the sheet with its characteristic rather small, firm writing, "that she wants me to be with Norah, who has taken an odd craze for Mrs. Lancelot, which is improving neither to her manners nor her morals. My! I did not think Norah would be such a goose. Fancy any one except an idiot of a man," she flicked two impertinent little fingers under her husband's nose, "taking a craze for Emerald Fanny!"

"Aunt Gertrude ought never have brought them together," growled Captain Jamieson.

"The General will be going to town on business to-day and will fetch us in the big motor after lunch. Shall I 'phone that we're coming?"

"Oh, what's the good of asking me? You'll do just what you like as usual," responded the husband.

Coralie met the glance which accompanied these words, and blinked back at him in thorough understanding.

"You break it to mamma," she mocked him over her shoulder as she skipped toward the door. All at once, however, she paused and lifted a taper finger to her lip. Her eye became fixed. "Beware of Tuesdays and wheels," she said tragically.

"What's that?" cried the other starting.

"Tuesdays and wheels! It is the wizard's warning. Mr. Scuro's spirit message. Chiaro Scuro, Ernest, where I went with Aunt Jane! Oh, do wake up, inside that old thick head of yours. Didn't I tell you that he said Tuesdays and wheels would be fatal to me? Well, to-day's Tuesday, and motors have got wheels, haven't they?"

"Oh, come," said the man, "you're not such a little fool as to attach any importance to such nonsense! That's only good enough for Aunt Jane."

"I don't attach any importance to it, exactly," Coralie undulated, "but I just had thought I'd rather walk for a few Tuesdays to come."

"Then you might be run over."

"So I might. Well, Ernest, we'll risk it. But there's something *really* curious about it all the time."

"What?"

"The coincidence."

"But there isn't any."

"You've no imagination; just wait and see."

She closed the smoking-room door only to pop in the pretty darkly-tinted face with its aureole of dusky curls once more.

"That reminds me: Jane goes on calling Uncle Challoner Caractacus, and he's now making enquiries about inexpensive asylums."

She gurgled and withdrew.

Sir Reginald punctually arrived about three o'clock and dutifully seized the occasion to pay his respects to his mother-in-law.

Lady Enniscorthy, still a little wheezy from her cold, received him with a stately reserve that somewhat dashed the easy assurance with which he entered upon her.

She sat well screened from draughts, very upright in a high-backed chair,

her little feet in sandal shoes supported on a Louis XV. stool. The film of black lace flung over her grey hair testified to some yielding to an invalid condition, so did the box of lozenges on the table at her elbow; but woe betide the rash being who dared to allude to the wheeze!

Lady Florence laid aside the *Morning Post*, out of which she had been reading to her mother, as her brother-in-law was announced. Instantly her countenance assumed that expression of sad reproach, which even the mention of his name now called forth. Lady Enniscorthy, however, turned perfectly unmoved features toward him.

"I am glad to find you down, my lady," said he. He rarely felt sufficiently at his ease with the Dowager to call her "mother," and he was fond, moreover, of the semi-jocular paraphrase.

"Reginald?" said my lady, with a severe note of interrogation in her deep voice.

"Dear Reginald," said the widow, sighing as she tendered him a smooth cheek.

Sir Reginald, who had deposited his filial salute on a fold of black lace, now touched his sister-in-law's virtuous countenance with brotherly perfunctoriness and sat him down between the two ladies with a smile, which he hoped did not appear as sorry as it felt.

That conscience which makes cowards of us all—usually so well under the genial officer's control—had been positively rampant within him these last five days. Now, in the atmosphere of silent reprobation that settled down about him, it writhed.

"Gertrude will be delighted to hear you are so much better——"

He broke off. His mother-in-law's glaring eye, and the pathos of Florence's sigh and downcast lids, pointed their sympathy with an ill-treated wife. He hastily pursued:

"Since I was summoned up on business, I thought I would call for the young people and pay my respects at the same time."

"You were summoned to London—on business?" inquired Lady Ennis-

corthy; a malicious gleam came into the gloom of her glance.

"Yes, War Office," said her guileless son-in-law.

"The same kind of business that kept you from going home on the day of your arrival—may I ask?"

"No—no; not precisely."

"I thought not." The old lady's fine lips parted in a withering smile. "I am surprised at your coming up, Reginald."

"Why?" cried he, this time sharply. And then, under the clear bronze of his skin, the blood raced to the roots of his hair. Florence rattled the *Morning Post*.

"Why?" echoed the Dowager, with a long-drawn breath of triumph, which ended in a wheezing cough. "Why—in the circumstances, it shows, I consider, a great devotion to duty. Tearing yourself away from your—wife, your child, and——"

She was interrupted by a spasm of coughing. Her daughter rose in alarm.

"Dear mamma!—She must not be allowed to fatigue herself. A little water, dear mamma.—It's distinctly bronchial," she commented in an undertone to her brother-in-law.

Sir Reginald had risen also.

"Sit down, Florence," gasped the old lady. Then she glanced up, humorously, in spite of unrelenting disfavour, at the tall, soldierly figure. "I understand you have a visitor down at Windsor," she pursued.

"It was Gertrude's wish. Mrs. Lancelot's devoted nursing saved my life in the bout of fever I had some time ago. A touch-and-go business."

It was astonishing how this illness of Sir Reginald's gained in importance at every new mention. Even in his own mind, yonder languid, not unpleasant time, when, his head buzzing with quinine, he lay stretched on a couch in the veranda, or under the punkah breeze in the large, cool, gloomy marble room—iced lemonade at his elbow, and Emerald Fanny's sympathetic, pretty face within range of vision—had begun to assume the character of a tragic struggle for life, abandoned among strangers.

"I owe her a very deep debt of gratitude," he enunciated solemnly. He could not say this too often for his own satisfaction. He was occupied now in paying his debt; and although it was perfectly true that he had been summoned to the War Office, Emerald Fanny and his obligations toward her had, nevertheless, inspired part of his doings in town that morning.

"Indeed?" commented Lady Ennis-corthy.

She popped a lozenge into her mouth, and the quizzical look in her eyes became more marked.

All at once the General realised that he had not been asked to resume his seat. It was as good as a dismissal to a being of so sensitive a fibre.

"Do you think Ernest and Coralie will soon be ready?" he inquired stiffly of Lady Florence.

"Reginald is in a hurry, Florence," said his mother-in-law. "Good-bye," she extended her little hand with a queenlike gesture.

And the man knew better than to attempt a more affectionate farewell than that of ceremoniously touching it. He made a futile grasp at ease and jauntiness as he did so.

"Au revoir, Madame la Comtesse!" he said in his singularly British accent. "Good-bye!" repeated Lady Ennis-corthy.

When Florence returned to her, after the pathetic leave-taking from her son, the Dowager looked up from the *Morning Post*, of which she had possessed herself.

"For a clever man," she said sententiously, "your brother-in-law is a considerable fool, Florence. When Gertrude has cured him of his widow, I hope she'll cure him of his French!"

Sir Reginald found Captain Jamieson ready in the hall—gloomy as befitted the man who is coerced into going whither he wishes not.

"Gertrude," said Lady Florence acidly, "seems to think she has the monopoly of maternal affections. I have hardly seen my boy."

Her brother-in-law smiled in a far-off manner. Lady Florence's boy was silent. He opposed silence to most of

the irritating events of life and found the practice to his advantage.

Coralie came down upon the little group, with a soft flutter like a settling bird. She was garbed all in misty blue. Her husband's heavy countenance relaxed as he saw her. He thought there was nothing on earth fairer than that mischievous round face, glowing with ripe apricot bloom out of the folds of gauze that repeated the blue note of her eyes.

"Ain't I punctual?" said the American, gaily conscious that she had kept them waiting as per usual. "Good afternoon, Uncle Reginald. It's a *reel* treat to be going to you and Aunt G. Good-bye, mamma. I just peeped in on granma. She was chewing a cough-lozenge, so I waved ta-ta. It's heart-breaking to be leaving you both."

"I'm sure," responded her mother-in-law's contralto, "that we are quite as sorry to see you go, Coralie, as you are to leave us."

Coralie pinched her husband. "That's one for me!" she whispered.

Ernest turned a stolid eye. He thought his mother very amiable, himself.

"Good-bye, my dear son!"

She folded him in an embrace as clinging as if he had been starting back for India. Sir Reginald impatiently preceded his guests toward the car.

"Tuesdays and wheels, Tuesdays and wheels!" mocked Coralie in dirge-like tones. "You little know, Uncle Reginald, that you are going to take a curse in your car."

Once more he showed his teeth at her in a perfunctory smile, and climbed into his seat beside the chauffeur.

"Ernest," said Coralie, under cover of the first hummings, "I'm downright sorry for your uncle. Emerald Fanny is lying considerable heavy on his chest, or I'm much mistaken."

In his heart Ernest ejaculated: "Oh, Emerald Fanny be hanged!" She was considerably heavy on his own chest, in a vicarious way. He hated, straightforward as he was, the notion of Lady Gertrude's subtle plans; of the species of trap laid for Sir Reginald, in which the little widow was at once bait and

fellow-victim. He hated the prospect of the coming visit, and the knowledge that he was again unwillingly to be made actor in the play. He had an uneasy consciousness that the eye of his uncle and chief continued to reproach him; and, with the guilty memory of his wife's chatter fresh in his mind—the chatter which had started the whole mischief—he felt unable to meet that eye.

It was a sultry, thunderous day after a long drought; heavy clouds were brooding over the sweltering town and malodorous vapours rose from the recently watered wood-pavement; a day when London looked ugly, dingy, crowded; when a blight seemed to hang in the air and weigh on the spirits. Even Coralie's mercurial temperament was not proof against the surrounding depression. She broke off in the midst of a sentence, drew two or three noisy breaths, petulantly untied her motor veil, and flung it back from her face.

"My!" she cried. "Down at my home we'd call this a kind of earthquake feeling! Ernest, you may laugh, but I'm *puffectly* certain something's going to happen to us. Ouf!" She kicked a pretty grey shoe restlessly from side to side. "Would you mind lifting that bag of uncle's from my feet? It's crushing the life out of me! There's plenty of room for it between us."

Obediently, Captain Jamieson dived for the bag and placed it as ordered. Coralie, as easily diverted as a child, passed a slender, examining hand over it.

"I wonder what secrets Uncle Reginald has got there? Important War Office documents . . . or Emerald Fanny's love-letters, to console him for their morning's separation. Oh, do just shift it round a bit! There's a bulge in it that's running right into me. Just look, Ernest, something quite hard sticking out. What do you think it is?"

"Pipe," suggested Captain Jamieson, and, upon her derision, amended the idea: "Whiskey flask."

Coralie looked doubtful. Afterward she maintained it had been "sorter

borne in" upon her that "the bulge" was connected with Emerald Fanny.

The last baked slum, with its reek of vegetable and meat broth, had been left behind; they swung out upon the flat Bath Road. Fields of ripening corn, of meadowland, cabbage-fields indigo blue, with frost of mauve upon curled black leaves; little villages where the hideous prosperity of red brick and blue slate were superseding the picturesque charms of thatch and mossy plaster, swept by them in ever-shifting panorama. Under the growing menace of the sky, there was a livid light in which the distant hills seemed close enough to touch, and every homely tree and hedge to assume a curious and unfamiliar aspect.

"Now, Ernest, if there's a thunderstorm, I give you fair notice, I shall scream. Oh, goodness, was not that a flash of lightning! Uncle Reggie, do ask that chauffeur of yours to speed up a bit."

Already the mutter of the storm was following the flash. Coralie produced the promised scream: Sir Reginald, waking from his abstraction, glanced round and upward, then gave the desired order. A long stretch of road lay before them. It seemed as if an infraction of police regulation might be indulged in without danger. Coralie's pulses throbbed with a not unpleasant excitement as she felt the car gather itself for speed like some living thing bracing its muscles for the race. The wind sang in her ears; the long blue ends of her veil were seized as by invisible hands and drawn fiercely back. The mile of road that had stretched its length before them was devoured in little more than a minute. They were shearing the corner, hugging the hedge, hardly slacking, with the pride inspired by the very exaltation of their swiftness, when the huge bulk of a wain laden with hay seemed to rise out of the ground before them. There was a shout, a rending and crashing of brakes, a fierce convulsion beneath them, a sickening swerve; then, to her intense astonishment, Coralie found herself sitting on the further side of the ditch, every bone in her little

anatomy jarring as if she had been dropped from the clouds, that were still muttering and reverberating overhead.

Her first mental sensation was one of fury; how dared any one take such liberties with her? Her next was a spasm of overwhelming anguish; merciful heavens, where was her Ernest? The third was a burst of relieved laughter; for here was Ernest himself staggering up to her, mud-plastered from the ditch into which he had fallen (with less discretion than herself); the kindred anguish on his countenance in such contrast to his farcically battered appearance that it was no wonder Coralie should laugh.

"O don't!" cried Captain Jamieson pathetically. He thought this misplaced mirth alarming.

"No one's hurt, I trust?" inquired Sir Reginald, looming in his turn upon her vision, dusty but scatheless.

The chauffeur, with a streak of blood across his forehead, which with an impatient hand he kept dashing out of his eyes, was already mutely busied about the overturned car. From the top of the hay-wain two gaping visages stared down at them.

"What's she laughing at?" said the General, surveying her, amazed.

"I think she's hysterical," returned Ernest, in deep concern. "Haven't you got some whiskey, or something, in your bag?"

"My bag!" exclaimed the other sharply. Into his air of bewilderment sprang a sudden, alert anxiety. He limped two or three paces forward, glancing searchingly about him, and then turned back toward the car, which, under the chauffeur's manipulation, had ceased to leap and struggle and pant like some overthrown Leviathan.

"Seen my bag about there, Binks?"

The man glanced round, once more brushing the red trickle from his forehead.

"Machinery's all right, Sir Reginald." How could he think of bags, or even of bones, before he had tended his car?

Coralie's laughter broke out afresh.

"Oh my, Ernest, your face!—No; I'm not a bit damaged.—Your bag's

here Uncle Reginald—we flew out together. But I'm afraid it's a considerable sufferer.—Now just don't touch me for a minute, honey. I'd like to make a little inventory of my anatomy first. I suppose I am all here. But I've been set down on this hedge so much quicker than I intended that I'm not quite certain yet which is hedge and which is me. What's that you say? Whiskey?—Ernest, if you really want to make yourself a widower right away, you'll talk of whiskey."

"I'm afraid there is not any in the bag," said Sir Reginald.

He picked the damaged article out of the ditch as he spoke. It had burst open and was empty—under it lay a bundle of official-looking papers; further away the General found his pocket book; and Ernest, still gloomily hovering about his wife, handed him a bundle of letters, banded together by an india-rubber ring—at which Coralie, still as pale as death, but indomitably perky, kicked him with a surreptitious little foot.

"Only papers, only papers," said Sir Reginald.—"What's that?" The chauffeur stood at his elbow, grimy and blood-stained to an incredible degree, but unalterably business-like.

"Get a couple of poles out of the hedge, sir—fellows over there will help us—lend a hand yourself and the Captain, sir—right the car in a few minutes—machinery all right, Sir Reginald."

But his master only paid a distracted attention.

"Just look along that hedge, Binks, there's a box missing out of my bag."

Coralie, who had so far recovered herself as to allow her husband to support her, as she sat, lifted the head which had sunk somewhat dizzily on his shoulder.

"Lost anything, Uncle Reginald?" she enquired, irrepressible mischief shooting from her eye. ("It wasn't a whiskey flask; it wasn't a pipe-case," she whispered to Ernest, tittering again.)

The General made no reply. He was walking along by the ditch, stopping now and again to push aside branch

or leaf. The chauffeur pursued the same manœuvre in the opposite direction.

"Ugh!" said Coralie, "I'm beginning to find out which is me, and I rather think I'm sitting on something uncommonly hard."

She shifted one hand to her husband's collar and pulled herself gingerly upwards. The other hand she slipped testingly underneath her. All at once she gave a little cry.

"My darling!" ejaculated Captain Jamieson, startled out of his usual reticence.

"Don't you move. For your life, don't touch me. No, you dear idiot, I ain't hurt one mite."

She twisted in his grasp, with a vigour which in itself was sufficiently reassuring, and then sat down again, still keeping one hand beneath her.

"Now you go and help poor Uncle Reginald. He seems *reel* anxious. Suppose you were to look over the hedge into the field."

As Captain Jamieson—*anxious to humour her slightest whim*—reared his sturdy figure to stare obediently over the hedge, his wife, after assuring herself that none were watching her, nipped a small box from under her, gave one swift glance at it, and hid it on her lap under the folds of her cloak.

"Poor Uncle Reginald," she exclaimed then, in her soft, caressing accents. "I expect it was something of real value that was in that box!"

Sir Reginald's peregrination had brought him once more close to his niece. He straightened himself and stared at her. Then, as the bearing of her words was borne in upon him, he gave a weary smile.

"Not at all, my dear, not at all—Binks, ask those fellows in the cart if anything fell near them?—What's that you say? I tell you my dear, it was nothing of any value, only it happens——" He broke off, plunged into the ditch to look over the hedge beside his nephew, and continued as if to himself: "Wrapped up in white paper, it could not escape us there. I wonder, Coralie, if you would mind getting up. It might be somewhere about you."

"But what was in it?" enquired Coralie, as she allowed her husband to lift her on to the road. "What was in it?"

Her uncle wheeled abruptly on her pertinacity. And then, with a determined smoothing of his brow, he answered—he never knew what had inspired such a flight of fancy:

"Jujubes—my dear."

"Jujubes!" she gave a crow of laughter.

"Yes, jujubes—lozenges," he cried glibly, again smothering his exasperation; "a special kind—Indian recipe—only to be obtained in Bond Street."

He was feverishly hunting, as he shot these explanations at her. Once more she laughed; and once more the anxious husband bent over her.

"I'm all right," she cried, pushing him from her, with an energetic elbow. Under the pretence of shaking herself into neatness, she slipped the box into the deeper pocket of her motor wrap. Then she straightened her hat, tied her veil and turned a still pale but smiling countenance blinkingly upon him.

"Can't see any box, Sir Reginald," reported Binks in official tones. "Shall I see about righting her?"

"Oh, yes, confound you!" cried the General with a sudden explosion of temper, very foreign to him in dealing with a subordinate.

Coralie watched the struggle with the motor-car abstractedly. At another time the scene would have stirred her to considerable excitement; especially as it was her Ernest who, with his artilleryman's experience, now took the lead. She would have panted with the moment of effort; rated the countrymen who stolidly impeded the smart soldier-like work of the other three men; loudly rejoiced in the final triumph. But her mind was circling round her recent action. She had had her suspicions even before one lightning glance had revealed to her the wrappings of the box which Sir Reginald declared contained jujubes. Well she knew (from pleasant experience)

the artistic appearance of a purchase from Holroyd and Rossiter, the celebrated Bond Street jewellers; the paper of parchment-like appearance, the green silk tape, the firm's seal, stamped with the royal appointment coat of arms. Jujubes . . . ! It was that decided her. What that box contained was some gift, apparently unavowable; ergo, destined to Emerald Fanny. Had it been destined to Gertrude, or Norah, it would certainly not have been called "jujubes." She had been first impelled by the merest mischievous freak. Now the importance of her own action began to strike her. But she had no intention of receding. It might be of the greatest use to Lady Gertrude to discover what that box contained; and it was Coralie's intention that she should see it. Aunt Gertrude would never stoop to such a proceeding on her own account; but she, Coralie, was disturbed by no such scruples.

Jujubes!

The man who could formulate this idiotic pretext for his anxiety deserved all he would get.

"Smart bit of work," said Ernest, mopping his flushed forehead as he came up to his wife.

Binks was under the now righted car, tinkering lustily. The General stood hunting through his pockets for half-crowns for the yokels. All at once he pushed them on one side, stepped on the wheel of the hay-cart, and hoisted himself aloft.

"Hallo!" cried his nephew, staring.

"He thinks his jujubes have flown up there," gasped Coralie; and her husband was not wrong this time in detecting something distinctly hysterical in her mirth.

It was at this point that the rain began. "I say, Uncle Reginald," shouted Captain Jamieson, "can't we telephone for these blessed things from the Court; I really must get Coralie home."

The General protruded an irate and grimy countenance over the top of the hay, then he dropped to the ground and surveyed the carters with suspicion. A welcome throbbing now re-

sounded in the air, and Binks, irradiated with joy, sent the car tentatively down the road.

"She's as right as a trivet," he shouted over his shoulder.

Quickly Ernest packed his wife into the car, covered her with mackintoshes and assumed his own seat. The cart lumbered on and was soon lost to sight round the corner. The General remained stationary; his eye still roaming disconsolately from hedge to hedge. Coralie, watching with a sense of determined guilt, saw him at last take out his pocket-book and jot down a few notes.

"He means to come back and have a real good old hunt by himself," she thought; and pressing the box against her side with a secret hand blinked innocently at him through the driving rain as her at length approached in his turn.

"I told you you were taking a curse out with you, to-day," she said plaintively. "Now, Erny, you will believe in Mr. Scuro another time. Tuesdays and wheels—beware of Tuesdays and wheels."

"By Jove!" said Ernest, immensely struck.

"And emeralds, too!"

The General, his foot on the steps, wheeled round on her, sharply; "What's that?"

Never had Coralie's face looked more convincingly childish, as she proceeded: "That's what the occultist said. A man in Bond Street, Uncle Reginald. He said that emeralds would have a great influence on our lives."

"Pshaw!" said Sir Reginald, dropping heavily into his seat.

"Come, now, Coralie," said Ernest, as the car pulsed forward, surprisingly unaffected by its experience. "You mustn't let your mind dwell on this kind of thing. Coincidence, you know. Bound to be coincidences in life."

"Oh, you do see the coincidence at last," she commented with a sidelong glance at him. Then she raised her voice and pursued meditatively. "What wonderful things one can find in Bond

Street—irreplaceable jujubes, and crystal gazers, whose prophecies come true."

Sir Reginald sat very square. Coralie hoped, however, that he had heard.

He had heard and drawn his own

conclusions: Coralie suspected him. Well, he had given himself away with that idiotic jujube business. A few days ago, he had not been quite sure whether he liked Coralie or not. Now he knew.

(To be continued)

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

Archibald Constable and Company, Ltd.
(London):

Chapters on Spanish Literature. By James Fitzmaurice-Kelly.

A series of ten lectures some of which were delivered by the author in the autumn of 1907, at Columbia University, and various other colleges throughout the country. The series was given complete this spring at the University College, London. The titles of these lectures are: "The Cid;" "The Archpriest of Hita;" "The Literary Court of Juan II;" "The Romancero;" "The Life of Cervantes;" "The Works of Cervantes;" "Lope De Vega;" "Calderón;" "The Dramatic School of Calderón;" and "Modern Spanish Novelists."

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Charles-Augustin Sainte-Beuve. By George McLean Harper.

The fourth volume of the French Men of Letters Series. Professor Harper believes that Sainte-Beuve is now more than ever acknowledged to be, with Taine and Renan, one of the intellectual triumvirate of modern France, and that he is henceforth to be regarded not merely as the greatest French literary critic, but as one of the world's chief critics in the broad sense—a man who has thrown the light of reason upon all great questions of psychology, morality, religion, politics, and art.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Springs of Helicon. A Study in the Progress of English Poetry from Chaucer to Milton. By J. W. Mackail.

Consisting of lectures given from the Chair of Poetry at Oxford, in the autumn terms of the years 1906 to 1908.

They have been revised and slightly expanded for the purpose of publication.

The Macmillan Company:

Walt Whitman. By George Rice Carpenter.

In the English Men of Letters Series. Prof. Carpenter is a thorough believer in the importance of Whitman's message and the permanence of his fame. He makes clear the personality of the poet. To him Whitman is "the first and most notable of those who, in the nineteenth century, in Europe and in America, preached the vision of the world as love and comradeship."

VERSE

The Black Lion Publishers (Boston, Mass.):

The Lone Trail at Thirty. By Francis Gorham.

Two-thirds of the volume is taken up with the title poem and the balance is devoted to about twenty-five short miscellaneous poems.

W. B. Conkey Company:

Poems of Progress and New Thought Pastels. By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A collection of nearly one hundred of the latest and best poems by Mrs. Wilcox. The book also contains "New Thought Pastels," which is a collection of thought gems on this subject, formerly published in a separate volume.

Harper and Brothers:

Star-Glow and Song. By Charles Buxton Going.

This collection of Mr. Going's miscellaneous poems, over eight in number, has been reprinted from various monthly magazines and other periodicals.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

When Lincoln Died, and Other Poems. By Edward William Thomson.

Composed largely of poems which have appeared in such periodicals as

the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Collier's Weekly*, etc. Besides the poems on Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War, there are a number under the heading "The World-Wide Brotherhood" and also some miscellaneous Ballads, Lyrics, and Meditations.

John Lane Company:

Carmina. By T. A. Daly.

A collection of seventy-eight poems reprinted from the *Catholic Standard and Times*, various magazines, and a few from Mr. Daly's first volume of verse entitled *Canzoni*. The volume is largely composed of poems in Italian and Irish dialect.

The Macmillan Company:

The Oldest English Epic. Beowulf, Finnsburg, Waldere, Deor, Widsith, and the German Hildebrand. Translated in the Original Meters, with Introduction and Notes, by Francis B. Gummere.

A translation of all that survives of the narrative poetry which the English brought with them from their early German home. Professor Gummere has undertaken to keep the style and rhythm of his original without sacrificing those intelligible and readable qualities demanded by modern English verse.

Privately Published (Memphis, Tenn.):

The Victory. By Annah Robinson Watson.

The poem deals with the developments following the love theme of the Garden of Eden, thence to the consummation on the Mount of Ascension.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Blue Bird. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira De Mattos.

A fairy play in five acts. The Blue Bird is the symbol of the hidden secret of true happiness and the story of the play tells of the search two little children made for the Blue Bird at the command of the fairy who came to them at night.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

What Is a Picture?

An attempt to explain to the uninitiated what a picture is. There are chapters on "What is Art?" "What is a Picture?" "Resemblances Between Music, Painting, Poetry, and Other Arts," and "Art Aphorisms."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Story of Musical Form. By Clarence Lucas.

This is not intended as a regular textbook, but rather for the use of any ordi-

nary reader who takes an interest in good music. The aim throughout has been to explain the principles of form rather than the form itself; to show that some form is necessary for the fullest expression of the thought and emotion of the composer, and to point out how the great composers have moulded the different forms to suit the nature of their utterances. Among the topics discussed at greater or less length are: Rhythms, Melody and Scale, Cadences, Phrases and Sentences, Counterpoint, Imitation, Canon and Fugue, Harmony, Song Form, Rondo and Sonata Forms.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Random Reminiscences of Men and Events. By John D. Rockefeller.

Under the following headings Mr. Rockefeller tells the story of his experiences: "A Glance Backward;" "Some Old Events;" "The Difficult Art of Getting;" "The Art of Giving;" "The Benevolent Trust;" "The Standard Oil Company;" "Business Experiences and Principles."

The John McBride Company:

The King Who Never Reigned. Being Memoirs Upon Louis XVII. By Eckard and Naundorff, with a Preface by Jules Lemaitre of the Académie Française, together with Introduction and Notes by Maurice Vitrac and Arnould Galopin, to which is added Joseph Turquan's *New Light Upon the Fate of Louis XVII.*

The first part of the volume besides being an account of the Dauphin's brief and troubled existence, gives a recital of his own and his family's sufferings and imprisonment in the Temple. The second part contains the marvellous "revelations" of the Pretender Charles-Louis Naundorff, who, in the beginning of the nineteenth century, claimed to be the Dauphin and tried to force the Duchesse d'Angoulême to recognise him as her brother, and therefore, the rightful heir to the throne of France. The third part, entitled "New Light Upon the Fate of Louis XVII.," contains a new theory concerning the mystery of the Dauphin's death and burial.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The M. P. For Russia. Reminiscences and Correspondence of Madame Olga Novikoff. Two Volumes. Edited by W. T. Stead.

In the Eighties, Madame Novikoff was intimately known among a distinguished and brilliant circle of statesmen, diplomatists, men of letters, and others as an extraordinarily fascinating woman who maintained a bril-

liant salon in London at Claridge's Hotel. It was also known that she was engaged in political propaganda which had for its object the bringing together of England and Russia in an understanding which would enable the two countries to unite in freeing the Balkan States from the yoke of the Turk. In these volumes is disclosed in particular, the part that Madame Novikoff played in the Anglo-Russian understanding which is to-day an accomplished fact, and, in a general way, the part she played in the social life of London.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

American Unitarian Association:

Jasper Douthit's Story. The Autobiography of a Pioneer. With an Introduction by Jenkin Lloyd Jones.

An account of Jasper Douthit's mission work in his native town of Southern Illinois. This work extended over a period of fifty years.

Richard G. Badger:

An Experimental Study of Sleep. By Boris Sidis, M.A., Ph.D., M.D.

From the Physiological Laboratory of the Harvard Medical School and from Sidis' Laboratory.

My Life as a Dissociated Personality. By B. C. A. With an Introduction by Morton Prince, M.D.

An account of the experiences of a multiple personality given by a patient after recovery and restoration of memory.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Plain Economic Facts for All People. By Ambrose M. Thomas.

Being an examination of money panics. The text was written in the winter of 1893-4 and deals with all available statistics up to that date. The topics discussed are as follows: Money, Gresham Law, Intrinsic and Extrinsic Values, Circulation Per Capita, the History of National Banks, Taxes—Tariff, Taxes—International Revenue, Interest—Banks, Suggestive After-thoughts.

Cunningham, Curtiss and Welch. (San Francisco, Cal.):

The Matter with Nervousness. By H. C. Sawyer, M.D.

Designed to be of interest to Physicians, to Mental Healers, and to Patient-Minds. The subject is treated under the following headings: "Nervousness is a Sum in Addition;" "The Processional of Fatigue;" "The Matter with Nervousness;" "Naming Nervousness;" "The Fortunes of Nervousness;" "Nerve Cure

is a Struggle of Stoff und Kraft;" "Finding the Sore Spot;" "The Wholeness of Nerve-Cure;" and "The Greatest Need in Nerve-Cure."

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Self-Control and How to Secure It. (L'Éducation De Soi-Même.) By Dr. Paul DuBois. Authorised Translation by Harry Hutcheson Boyd.

A popular yet strictly scientific exposition of the basis of mental control, and how perfect balance may be attained. The subject is discussed under such chapter headings as "The Conquest of Happiness;" "Thought;" "The Act;" "Conscience;" "Education;" "Moral Clear-Sightedness;" "Egoism and Altruism;" "Meditation;" "Tolerance;" "Indulgence;" "Humility;" "Moderation;" "Patience;" "Courage;" "Chastity;" "Sincerity;" "Kindness;" and "Idealism."

Henry Holt and Company:

The Fate of Iciodorum. Being the Story of a City Made Rich by Taxation. By David Starr Jordan.

This fable of protectionism was first published in the *Popular Science Monthly* in 1888. Since the time in which the chronicle was written, the author states, most of the events and nearly all the speeches have had their close parallels, even in America. In the present edition a few changes have been made in the text, and a few notes have been added in illustration of "the fulfillment of prophecy" as made in the first edition.

Longmans, Green and Company (for Columbia University):

Psychological Interpretations of Society. By Michael M. Davis, Jr., Ph.D.

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University. Volume XXXIII. Number 2.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Evolution of Modern Germany. By William Harbutt Dawson.

The author traces the economic and industrial transition through which Germany has been passing during the last thirty or forty years. It is his aim to present a picture of the Germany which must be reckoned with to-day—to show what Germany has done in commerce, industry and colonisation, and to estimate certain of the movements and forces which are at work, influencing its life and prosperity.

Social Organisation. A Study of the Larger Mind. By Charles Horton Cooley.

A study of the development and influ-

ence of the various forms of intercourse among men discussed under such headings as Communication. The Democratic Mind, Social Classes, Public Will, Institutions, etc., and treated from the mental rather than material point of view.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

The Development of the State. Its Governmental Organisation and Its Activities. By James Quayle Dealey. Ph.D.

A clear, analytical exposition of the fundamental principles underlying the evolution and organisation of the state. It traces political development from its rude beginnings in the horde-tribe to its various modern governmental expressions in the United States, England, Continental Europe and the "political laboratory" of New Zealand.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Life's Day. Guide-Posts and Danger-Signals in Health. By William Seaman Bainbridge, A.M., M.D.

The book is based upon a series of lectures delivered by Dr. Bainbridge at Chautauqua. His purpose is "to give a number of practical and helpful suggestions, to point out a few of the danger signals, and to call attention to some of the guide-posts along life's journey."

The Wilbur Publishing Co. (Pasadena Cal.):

Right and Riches. By Charles O. McCasland.

Being a scientific study of wealth and its relations to producer, consumer and society; the cause of want and its amelioration; the nature and laws of money and the dangers of our centralised system of banking and corporate control; the elements of collective prosperity and individual success.

The Young Churchman Company:

The Ideal of Christian Worship. By Selden P. Delany.

With brief chapters on "The Reason for Christian Worship;" "The Chief Act of Christian Worship;" "The Holy Eucharist, or Morning Prayer;" "How to Take Part in Eucharistic Worship;" and "The Ceremonial of Eucharistic Worship."

Religious Education. A Comprehensive Text Book. By the Rev. William Walter Smith. With Foreword by Charles William Stoughton.

Designed as a Manual for Instruction in Theological Seminaries, Colleges, etc.; for the guidance of Leaders of Teacher-Training Classes, for whom additional authorities have been noted at

the opening of each chapter; for Clergy, Superintendents, and Lay Teachers.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

The Macmillan Company:

The Story of the Great Lakes. By Edward Channing and Marion Florence Lansing.

The latest addition to the series of Stories from American History. The author treats of the Discovery and Exploration; The Struggle for Possession; and Occupation and Development. The volume contains a number of illustrations and maps.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Empire of the East. A simple account of Japan as it was, is, and will be. By H. B. Montgomery.

This book is the result of the author's own investigations in Japan. "I have sought," he writes, "to depict Japan as it really is, not the Japan seen through glasses of various colours, of which, I think, the public has had enough." Some of the chapter titles are: "A Glimpse at the Past;" "Physical Features;" "The Race and Its Language;" "The Religions of Japan—Their Influence and Effects;" "The Constitution—The Crown and the Houses of Parliament;" "The People—Their Life and Habits;" "Trade, Commerce, and Industries;" "Financial Burdens and Resources;" "The Army and Navy;" "Literature and the Drama;" "Morality;" "Relations with China;" "The Future of Japan."

The Neale Publishing Company:

Virginia County Names. Two Hundred and Seventy Years of Virginia History. By Charles M. Long, M.A., Ph.D.

Dr. Long traces the history of Virginia from the time the first eight shires were formed in 1634 to the formation of Dickenson County in 1880, a brilliant line of famous names, names of kings and queens, princesses, dukes, warriors and statesmen. The chapter headings are: "Royal English Families;" "Other Names from England;" "American Warriors and Statesmen;" "Indian Governors and United States Presidents;" "Indian Names and Natural Features;" "The Jamestown Exposition and Virginia County Names."

L. C. Page and Company:

The Spell of Italy. By Caroline Atwater Mason.

In story and illustration Mrs. Mason has given an entertaining account of her travels through Italy, dwelling on the scenery, the people, the history of the country, its art, literature, and other interesting topics.

From Cairo to the Cataract. By Blanche Mabury Carson.

This description of a trip up the Nile made by a party of tourists is given in the form of a diary. The fifty or more illustrations showing the pyramids, tombs, and other features of the scenery add greatly to the interest of the volume. At the end of the book the author gives a short sketch of the history of ancient Egypt.

Motor Tours in Wales and the Border Counties. By Mrs. Rodolph Stawell.

Mrs. Stawell describes trips through Shropshire, in North Wales, through the heart of Wales, in South Wales, and the valley of the Wye. There are over sixty illustrations showing many of the interesting places visited.

Published by the Author (Blandford, Mass.):

The Taverns and Turnpikes of Blandford. 1733-1833. By Sumner Gilbert Wood.

The author calls his book a sort of "by-product." He states that for five years past, or more, he has been engaged in the study of the history of this town, having made minute investigation of the town and church records, then of a couple of thousand or so of deeds in the Springfield registry, supplementing this by a like study of other material in both Springfield and Northampton, such as inventories, records of license, of county roads, etc. There are about fifty illustrations of the different taverns and other places of interest.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Rockies of Canada. By Walter Dwight Wilcox, F. R. G. S.

A revised and enlarged edition of *Camping in the Canadian Rockies*. With more than forty photogravure and other illustrations from original photographs by the author.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Sunset Playgrounds. By F. G. Aflalo.

Tales of fishing days and others in California and Canada. As the author describes it, it is "a mere collection of random expressions of sport and scenery, of men and cities, during a trip of fifteen or twenty thousand miles."

Central Italy and Rome. Handbook for Travellers. By Karl Baedeker.

The fifteenth revised edition. Containing nineteen maps, fifty-five plans and views, and the Arms of the Popes since 1417. It embraces South Tuscany, Umbria, the Marches, the City of Rome and its environs, Etruscan towns, the Volscian Mountains, etc.

Siena. The Story of a Mediæval Commune. By Ferdinand Schevill.

An account of the history and the art of one of the most interesting cities of the world. Professor Schevill, one of the foremost authorities of the day on the subject, has founded his work largely on original researches and has made full use of all the invaluable material which the last few years have brought to light.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Physical Laboratory Handbook. By George A. Hoadley, C.E., Sc.D.

This collection of sixty-two laboratory experiments covers the various topics usually taken up in secondary schools, the number presented being so great as to offer a considerable latitude of choice on the part of the teacher. The requirements of the College Entrance Examination Board, the New York State Education Department, and other similar bodies have been fully met.

Coe's School Readers. For Third and Fourth Grades. By Fanny E. Coe.

These books offer much new, fresh and interesting material, including stories of adventure, of humour, of child life, of animal life, of chivalry, etc. The books are carefully graded, and the principle of correlation is kept in view by such an arrangement of the selections as secures the greatest possible unity of impression. The illustrations are numerous and attractive.

German Prose Composition. With Notes and Vocabularies. By Carl W. F. Osthaus and Ernest H. Biermann.

A graded textbook of German writing, for high school and college use, based on consecutive prose and intended to develop rapidly the student's sense of independence.

Shirley's Part Songs for Mixed Voices. By John B. Shirley.

Containing ninety-seven compositions, consisting of folk songs, college songs, operatic and national songs, and miscellaneous choruses.

Henry Holt and Company:

Goethe in Italy. Extracts from Goethe's *Italienische Reise*. Edited with Notes and Introductory by A. B. Nichols.

The choice of extracts in this volume has been governed by the wish to provide interesting reading-matter for the class-room. The selections give glimpses of Karlsbad, Venice, Rome, Naples and Sicily, as seen and enjoyed by Goethe.

An Introduction to Poetry. For Students of English Literature. By Raymond MacDonald Alden, Ph.D.

According to the author's preface the

book is to some extent the result of the kind reception accorded *English Verse*, a volume of annotated selections, illustrating the principles and history of English versification, which appeared about six years ago. "The present volume," he writes, differs from *English Verse* in three principal ways: it is more frankly dogmatic, attempting to state principles with some fullness instead of merely bringing together the materials for the inductive study of the subject; it includes a discussion of the imaginative and spiritual aspects of poetry, instead of limiting itself to verse form; and it omits altogether the historical treatment of the material, except where this is necessarily involved in clearness of definition.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Education. An Essay, and Other Selections. By Ralph Waldo Emerson.

In the Riverside Educational Monographs, edited by Henry Suzzallo, Professor of the Philosophy of Education, Teachers College, Columbia University. Besides Emerson's essay on Education taken from his "Lectures and Biographical Sketches" there are selections from "The Conduct of Life" and "Man the Reformer."

The Macmillan Company:

The Agricola. Tacitus. With Introduction and Notes by Duane Reed.

This book, Professor Reed states, attempts to convey in simple form such information as, in the judgment of the editor, should be imparted to the student who first makes acquaintance with Tacitus through the medium of the "Agricola."

Teachers College, Columbia University:

Arithmetical Abilities and Some Factors Determining Them. By Cliff Winfield Stone, Ph.D.

Columbia University Contributions to Education. Teachers College Series No. 19. The main purpose of this study is the measuring of the results of the arithmetic work in different distinctive systems. To accomplish this purpose the author personally conducted tests in twenty-six of the representative school systems of the United States.

World Book Company:

New World Speller. By Julia Helen Wholfarth and Lillian Emily Rogers.

The authors are two teachers from the Horace Mann Elementary School, Teachers College, Columbia University. The aim throughout has been to train good spellers by developing and utilising to the utmost the attention, interest, and self-activity of the pupils, and at the

same time aid the teacher to become more efficient.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

The Man Without a Shadow. By Oliver Cabot.

At his father's death young Morton is to become head of the large ship-building concern of Morton-Duggleby. He is deemed by Duggleby incapable of carrying on the business and in a quarrel with him is hit on the head which results in the loss of his memory. He is then placed in an asylum by Duggleby. After a time he realises that he is in the asylum and while he has no recollection of what had happened to him believes that he is being detained there by some enemy. He makes his escape and wanders about New York. Duggleby still plots against him and he has many disagreeable experiences. As predicted by the physician his memory suddenly returns to him at a crucial moment when his life is in danger. He then discovers that he is young Morton, that he is the husband of the girl whom he had seen in America and later in Paris and who believed herself to be his wife, and that Duggleby had been the one who had followed him from place to place and plotted against him. The story is told in the first person by the hero himself.

Our Village. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

Reminiscences of life at Cape Cod thirty years ago. The book is made up of short sketches which have appeared in *Collier's Weekly*, *Good Housekeeping*, *Success*, and *Country Life in America*.

Richard G. Badger:

Just Irish. By Charles Battell Loomis.

In the fourteen sketches which make up this volume the author tells, in a humorous vein, of his experiences while travelling through Ireland.

Brentano's:

The Magnate. By Robert Elson.

The love story of a wealthy man and his young wife Janet. John Holden is a generous, good-natured man, but fails to understand the woman he loves. He remains faithful, waiting for her to return his love, while she, chagrined at what seems to her indifference on his part, decides to seek her pleasure elsewhere and subsequently goes to Paris. When she has tired of her life there and after she has become seriously ill, she realises the foolishness of her actions and sends for her husband. After this the two come to understand each other's love.

Broadway Publishing Company:

With Those That Were. Stories of Two Wars. By Francis W. Grattan.
Containing nineteen short stories.

The Century Company:

The Wiles of Sexton Maginnis. By Maurice Francis Egan.

The scene of this story is laid in a city of the South and deals with the people of a Catholic parish composed chiefly of Irish and Italian nationalities. Lewis Maginnis is the chief character and his position as sexton of the church brings him into close contact with the priests, the sisters of the convent and others connected with these institutions. His mother-in-law, "Herself," who thoroughly disapproves of Maginnis, is also an interesting character. The jovial Maginnis is liked by all his friends and adored by his wife, Mary Ann, and their five children.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

The New Régimé. A.D. 2202. By John Ira Brant.

The story of two young men who make a tour of the United States in the year 2202 in order to study the social, industrial and political systems of the country.

An Unfinished Divorce, or Her Better Self. By Francis D. Gallatin.

A story in which the author discusses the subject of divorce from various points of view and the characters for which he has drawn from all classes of life.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Thoroughbred. By Edith MacVane.

A story which appeared some time ago in *Ainslee's Magazine*. It is a tale of social and financial life in New York, and the plot centres about a scandal in a large Trust Company. The cashier is accused of embezzling funds and has a hard fight to clear himself of the unjust charge. His wife is "The Thoroughbred."

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Hand on the Latch. By Mary Cholmondeley.

Containing four short stories, in each of which the woman plays the chief part and suffers through love and self-sacrifice. "The Hand on the Latch" is the first story and is concerned with the cruel fate which befell a trusting woman. Left alone at night, miles from any civilisation, to guard a large sum of money which her husband had collected as taxes and hidden under the floor of the kitchen for safe keeping, while he was away on a trip which he

assured his wife he was obliged to make, the woman is greatly frightened when some one, claiming to be a wounded soldier, begs admittance. Despite the promise to her husband that she would open the door to no one, she is unable to turn the sufferer away. Later in the night she is alarmed again by a strange noise. She calls to her assistance the wounded man, and the two arm themselves and stand waiting for the burglar to enter. The woman fires the shot that kills, and upon removing the mask from the man's face she looks upon her own husband. To save the honour of the man she had loved and trusted, she lies to her companion, in response to his inquiry as to whether she knew the man, saying, "He is a stranger to me."

The Girl and the Bill. By Bannister Merwin.

If the straw hat belonging to Robert Orme had not been soiled in his effort to assist a young lady who had ignored some regulation and whose automobile was holding up traffic, he would not have been a participant in the exciting events of that day, and the one which followed. When purchasing a new hat he received in change a five dollar bill with the inscription "Remember person you pay this to. Evans S. R., Chi., A., 100 N. 210 E. T." This inscription discloses the hiding place of some stolen papers which proved to be of international importance, and were madly sought for by representatives of a South American Government, by a Japanese official and by the young lady Orme had met in the automobile, but who is known to him only as "Girl" until, after two adventurous nights, tracked all over Chicago and its suburbs by Japanese, who bring to their aid the jiu-jitsu practice, and by a South American diplomat, he succeeds in delivering the papers at the home of "Girl," whose father he learns is the Secretary of State. In the struggle to obtain, and also retain, possession of the papers Orme and "Girl" share some rather thrilling adventures and have a few narrow escapes, and, although they had known each other but little more than twenty-four hours, are very much in love even while their success is doubtful, and before "Girl's" identity is made known.

The Royal End. A Romance. By Henry Harland.

The story opens in Italy, where Ruth Adgate, the wealthy American, and her very dear friends, Harry Pontycroft and his sister, Lady Dor, were spending some months. Ruth had been courted by many youths of title in England, and here she meets the Prince Bertrondoni, who falls in love with her. Shortly after Ruth and the Prince became friends there was an upheaval in the little Prin-

ciality of Altronde, and the Prince's father was called back to a throne which he had been forced to abdicate some years before. From Altronde the Prince offers Ruth a morganatic alliance, which she proudly resents. She thereupon decides to visit America, where she has a devoted uncle. She sails almost immediately, and upon arriving at Oldridge, a little New England town and the home of her ancestors, she receives a very hearty welcome. She enters into the new life here, and is loved by all who know her. The following spring Harry Pontycroft came to Oldridge with a message from her royal lover, now the King of Altronde, asking her to share his throne, which Ruth declines to do, accepting instead the heart and hand of Harry Pontycroft, the one whom she has always secretly loved. To his protest that he had dreamed for Ruth Adgate of a Royal End, Ruth happily responds that both their dreams had come true, for "Love is the Royal End."

The Music Master. By Charles Klein.

Novelised from the play as produced by David Belasco.

The Hands of Compulsion. By Amelia E. Barr.

Scotland is the scene of Mrs. Barr's new novel. Two brothers, vastly different in character, are in love with the same girl. One is straightforward and simple, without great social ambition; the other is the more ardent wooer, but is gay and unprincipled. The former wins in the struggle and marries the heroine while the latter comes to grief through his unfaithfulness to the several women whose love he had won.

The Alternative. By George Barr McCutcheon.

Mr. Van Pycke, Sr., and Mr. Van Pycke, Jr., both meet at the home of a wealthy young widow on whom each had called with the idea of proposing marriage and were amazed to find that they had intruded upon a wedding party, the widow having that evening been married to a man of their own set. The old man goes away disappointed, but the son meets the widow's charming secretary with whom he falls in love. He at once makes up his mind to give up his useless society life and enter upon a business career. At this turn of affairs the old man feels terribly disgraced to think that his son should be the first of the old family of Van Pyckes to go into business. Failing to win the young widow and feeling a rich marriage absolutely essential to the continuance of his life of ease the old man proposes to the widow's mother-in-law, thus making sure of some of the Scoville millions.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

The Gun-Runner. By Arthur Stringer.

In which the wireless telegraphy operator on board of the tramp steamer "Laminian" thwarts the plans of Ganley, the "Gun-Runner," who makes a business of smuggling powder and guns for the revolutionists in a South American town. The heroine is Alice Boynton who is also on board the "Laminian" and who aids the operator in defeating the schemes of Ganley.

The Outcast Manufacturers. By Charles Fort.

A story of the slums.

Fate and the Butterfly. By Forrest Halsey.

This story of society life opens in New York with the wedding of a young woman of society to a man of great wealth, but with little else in his favour and addicted to the morphine habit. The heroine, or the "butterfly" of the story, when she realises what a mistake her marriage has been launches out herself on a career of frivolous gaiety which almost ruins her. Her fate, however, was changed when the man, a prominent politician, who had long been in love with her, came to the rescue just as she found herself almost destitute, her fortune having been lost through a panic.

Improper Prue. By Gloria Manning.

Prudence Maunsell is a charming and audacious young woman who gains for herself the title of "Improper Prue" through her love of saying and doing unconventional things.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Salvator. By Perceval Gibbon.

Baron Rodolphe Salvator makes quite a sensation when he settles for a time in a suburb of London and wins Lady Betty's promise to marry him. Salvator is a man with a mission. He believes it is his duty to come to the rescue of Mozambique by overthrowing its corrupt government and inaugurating a new order of things. Even Lady Betty's pleadings that he remain in England and lead the quiet, uneventful life that seems sufficient for the other men of her acquaintance fails to deter him from his purpose. Lady Betty, however, remains in England and marries another admirer while the Baron Salvator goes to his duty and meets his death in the revolution at Mozambique.

The Landlubbers. By Gertrude King.

In mid-ocean a steamer is wrecked by an iceberg and all the passengers save two escape in the small boats. One is a young woman, a school teacher from Illinois, apparently weary of life, who decides to go down with the vessel, and a man who at the time of the accident is

very much intoxicated. Contrary to the expectations of the young lady the ship does not go down but drifts around in mid-ocean for days—days full of terror and excitement owing to the excessive drinking on the part of her companion and to the quarrelling of another couple, passengers of the ship, whom they rescue from a small boat.

The Five Nations. By Rudyard Kipling.

Under the Deodars, The Phantom 'Rickshaw, Wee Willie Winkie. By Rudyard Kipling.

Recently added to the Pocket Edition of Mr. Kipling's works.

The Wild Geese. By Stanley Weyman.

The scene is laid on the west coast of Ireland in 1780, and the chief plot is a wild scheme to free Ireland. The instigators are Flavia McMurrough and her brother James, whose plans are foiled by the sudden reappearance, after an absence of twenty years, of Colonel Sullivan, the owner of the estate on which Flavia and James live. His coming causes great annoyance and disappointment, especially when they find that he opposes their plans to liberate Ireland. He receives gross ill-treatment at their hands, and is kept a prisoner for some time. But gradually Flavia's eyes are opened to the Colonel's sterling character and the sincerity of his purpose, and her hatred of him turns to love.

Much Ado About Peter. By Jean Webster.

Ten humorous tales dealing with "the life of the back stairs and the stables," in which Peter, the groom, and Annie, the maid, are the hero and heroine.

The Cords of Vanity. By James Branch Cabell.

In which the hero, Robert Ethredge Townsend, recounts his numerous and varied affairs of the heart. In turn he proposed to Stella; Annabelle, the actress; Gillian; Marion; Elena, whom he met for the first time on the roof of the blazing Continental Hotel; Rosalind; Avis; and Bettie, who had been his confidante in all the affairs and who eventually marries him.

Irresolute Catherine. By Violet Jacob.

Catherine, the heroine of this story, the scenes of which are laid in Wales, is an orphan, uneducated and inexperienced. After her engagement to the shepherd, whose great strength terrifies yet fascinates her, is broken, she promises to marry a prosperous cattle dealer. On the eve of her wedding the shepherd interferes, and the result is that she is carried off to his own people. Through jealousy on the part of another woman, Catherine is led to believe that both of

her lovers are false to her. Heart-broken, the poor girl makes her escape from the house, but is brought back again by the shepherd, who truly loves her.

Stalky and Company. By Rudyard Kipling.

Recently added to the Pocket Edition of Kipling's works.

Duffield and Company:

Christopher Hibbault, Roadmaker. By Marguerite Bryant.

Christopher sits on a fence, some distance from the Work House which has been his home since his mother's death, dreaming of London and of a fortune an old woman had prophesied would be his some day. Good fortune comes to him without delay. He is adopted by Aymer Aston, the eldest son of a wealthy family in London, who had loved the boy's mother and who through the folly of a mad jealousy was now an invalid for life. Christopher's ambition is to become a roadmaker; "to make high roads,—not in towns, but across countries; roads that will be easy to travel on and will last." In this he attains great success. One of the wealthiest men in London, and a cousin of the Astons, becomes greatly interested in the boy and tries to win his friendship. It is not until his sudden death that Christopher learns their true relationship. As his son Christopher falls heir to the wealth the man had accumulated in a way altogether contrary to his own theories. For two years he refuses to accept this fortune, despising it as his mother had when she fled from it to a life of poverty in order that her son should not grow up in such an atmosphere. The matter finally presents itself to Christopher as a duty, and he steps into his father's place with the fixed purpose of making easy those roads made doubly hard by his father's powerful "system."

Idolatry. By Alice Perrin.

The principal character is an English girl who has been surrounded with wealth and luxury by her father's family. At the death of one of these wealthy relatives she finds herself in rather poor circumstances and decides to go to India. Here she joins her mother, who had married a missionary, and later, though her object in going to India had been that she might marry a wealthy young man who had at one time been an admirer, she too becomes the wife of a missionary.

Fame's Pathway. A Romance of a Genius. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor.

Mr. Taylor has written his story around the life of Molière during those years in which he struggled to make his

career as an actor a success, but which proved a failure while he continued to appear in tragedy. The story tells of the ruin he thus brought upon himself and his company. One of the chief characters is Madame Bejart, Molière's first love.

Dana Estes and Company:

Servitude. By Irene Osgood.

An historical novel dealing with the troublous times following the War of 1812, when the Mediterranean was given over to the corsairs—the bloodthirsty pirates who scoured the sea for plunder and Christians to be sold into a slavery worse than death. The hero is William Brown, an English naval lieutenant on secret service, who is captured by an Algerian pirate ship and sold into slavery in expectation of a handsome ransom. His love for a sweet Virginia girl alone sustains him through all the horror and degradation of those awful days. After many thrilling incidents the story ends with Brown's escape and the bombardment of Algiers by the British squadron under Lord Exmouth.

A Bride on Trust. By Captain Henry Curties.

The theme of Captain Curties's new book is the undaunted love of a Lieutenant in His Majesty's Imperial Guards for a beautiful woman whose acquaintance he makes under peculiar circumstances. Daring death and other dangers he claims her as his wife—a bride on trust, for he takes her knowing nothing of her past, fearing nothing for the future. She proves to be a personage of sufficient importance to warrant the diplomats in their concern as to whom she shall marry.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

A Crime on Canvas. By Fred M. White.

When the daughter of Sir Arthur Blantyre of Glenallen marries Le Blanc, the celebrated but dissolute artist, her father refuses to receive him into the family. To revenge this pride the irate son-in-law paints and publishes a portrait of Alice which threatens to break the old peer's heart.

Unmasked at last. By Headon Hill.

A tale of mystery and crime, the scenes of which are laid in England.

Harper and Brothers:

The Planter. By Herman Whitaker.

A young man from Maine is made manager of a rubber plantation in Mexico. Here he meets with many perils and hardships, but in spite of all wins success and the love of a beautiful Mexican girl. Some of the other characters are the brutal planter, his flirtatious daughter and the Yaqui slaves.

The Houghton Mifflin Company:

Stickeen. By John Muir.

The story of a faithful dog that accompanied the author on an exploring trip into the icy region of southeastern Alaska.

On the Road to Arden. By Margaret Morse.

A romantic narrative of a springtime excursion out into the countryside taken by two wilful maids with a runabout and a pair of ponies.

Mitchell Kennerley:

One Fair Daughter. By Frederic P. Ladd.

The story of Isabel Handel's love for Ralph Leland, an Episcopal minister. Isabel is unhappily married to a man she cannot love, and though surrounded with luxury, is very miserable. The rector appeals to the young wife, and after his first call a friendship springs up and develops into a love which in the end is the means of making them both miserable.

Laird and Lee:

The Sealed Verdict, or By Whose Hand? By Lawrence L. Lynch.

A thrilling story of love and mystery.

A Rube's Twenty Years' Adventures. By Thomas S. Kinder.

An account of the ups and downs of a clodhopper and his famous trip to the land of gold and sagebrush.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Whips of Time. By Arabella Kenealy.

In the interest of psychological science a London physician substitutes the child of a condemned criminal for that of a lady of wealth and family, acting upon the theory that science would be benefited and that environment alone is responsible for character. The plot of the story is concerned with the disastrous effects of the experiment after the two girls had grown to young womanhood.

The Little Gods. A Masque of the Far East. By Rowland Thomas.

A series of tales portraying life in the Philippine Islands. "Fagan," the first story, is the one for which Mr. Thomas was awarded, by *Collier's*, the \$5,000 prize.

The Works of Victor Hugo.

Poems. Two volumes.

The History of a Crime. Two volumes.

Dramatic Works. Three volumes.

Napoleon the Little. One volume.

These volumes have recently been added both to the Library Edition and to the Handy Library Edition of Victor Hugo's Works. Both editions are com-

plete in twenty-two volumes. The Library Edition is issued in cloth binding, a decorated cloth with gilt top, half calf or half Morocco; the Handy Library Edition is issued in a cloth and a half Morocco binding.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

The Chrysalis. By Harold Morton Kramer.

The story opens with a Yale-Harvard football game, which is curiously complicated with the political future of prominent men. The scene soon shifts to the great Northwest.

The John McBride Company:

The Gipsy Count. By May Wynne.

The scene is laid in France in mediæval days. The plot centres about a feud between two neighbouring noble families and the love affair which springs up between the winsome and high-spirited daughter of the one and the noble-hearted son of the other.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons. By Mrs. A. S. C. Forbes.

A collection of romantic tales which have to do with the days of earliest California, when the fiery Spaniard of traditional ardour in love or war, the quiet, brave representatives of a church that was pioneer as well as militant, and the gentler Indians of the western coast first met and built the missions that dot the California of to-day.

The Delafield Affair. By Florence Finch Kelly.

Curtis Conrad vows to take the life of Sumner L. Delafield, who had ruined his father in business and caused his death. After twenty years Conrad finds his man in New Mexico. It is hard for him to believe that Delafield and Bancroft, one of the influential men of the place and a bank president, are one and the same. Conrad had known the man as Bancroft for some time and was in love with his daughter. Bancroft learns that the young man is looking for Delafield and has heard of his oft-repeated threat to take the man's life. He has his enemy watched and plans foul play, which is discovered by Conrad. Before the young man has a chance to carry out his avowed vengeance Delafield loses his life as one of the victims of a cloud burst.

Bill Truetell. A Story of Theatrical Life. By George H. Brennan.

Dealing with the unfortunate adventures of Bi'l Truetell, a theatrical manager, and his loyal band of heavies, juveniles, soubrettes and ingenues. The first misfortune is that which befell "The Gay Gothamites" on the tour in

which they recruited a chorus of unpaid hotel proprietors.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Ring and the Man. With Some Incidental Relation to the Woman. By Cyrus Townsend Brady.

The hero is a prosperous young commercial man who, having fallen in love with the daughter of a wealthy New Yorker, is ambitious to do something that will make him appear great in the eyes of the girl he loves. To this end he enters politics, and when he makes an attempt at reform is amazed to find that the girl's father is the leader of "the ring" against which he must fight. In the face of this seeming calamity he holds to his principles of justice and equity, and eventually wins in his struggle by being elected Mayor of New York. He also wins the girl.

The Diary of a Show-Girl. By Grace Luce Irwin.

A tale of theatrical life in New York City told in the form of extracts from the diary of a pretty, piquant dancing girl, whose success is due more to the nimbleness of her wits than to the nimbleness of her feet.

The Outing Publishing Company:

Aline of the Grand Woods. A Story of Louisiana. By Nevil G. Henshaw.

The scenes are laid in Louisiana among the "Cajuns," descendants of the Acadians who were banished from Nova Scotia. Aline is the principal character in the story. Her father dies and leaves her to be brought up by his trusted overseer, Telesse, who takes the child to the Grand Woods and there watches over her and protects her until such time as she is sought for by her grandfather, who had disinherited her father because he had married against his wishes.

Norah Conough. By Walter George Henderson.

A tale of ranch life in New South Wales and concerned chiefly with the love affair of Norah Conough.

L. C. Page and Company:

A Gentleman of Quality. By Frederic Van Rensselaer Dey.

A story of mystery based on a case of mistaken identity. The scene is laid in England of the present day.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Uncle Gregory. By George Sandeman.

Uncle Gregory is a successful banker of immeasurable wealth, sectarian, an "efficient" man, obstinately philanthropic on the grand scale. Outwardly he is righteous and narrowly religious, and though certain of his secret busi-

ness dealings are treacherous and dishonest, the law never reaches him. Dying, he leaves a preposterous will directing the carrying out of all kinds of unwelcome educational schemes. His heirs and the trustees of the estate are saddled with the difficult business of bringing out a monumental biography of Uncle Gregory, and with a well-nigh intolerable burden of administration. In the end the young couple upon whom the bulk of these irksome duties rest free themselves from them, and the fame of Uncle Gregory withers and shrinks.

Dromina. By John Ayscough.

The scene of the story shifts from the South of Ireland to Italy, France, Spain and the West Indies. The hero, under the name of Ludovic, is the ill-fated son of Louis XVI. of France. To conceal his identity he joins a band of gypsies and lives as their king. The heroine of the story is of royal Hibernian descent.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

Oh! Christina! By J. J. Bell.

Christina is a little girl who had lived among the poorer class of people in Glasgow until she was about eight years of age, when she was adopted by a maiden aunt in a small town some distance from Glasgow. When not at school Christina is permitted to help her aunt in the shop and her novel ideas about running it are very amusing. Her method of carrying on a bargain sale, by way of ridding the shop of old stock, while it quite shocks her aunt who only consents to hold the sale to satisfy Christina, has a satisfactory outcome.

Whither Thou Goest. A Romance of the Clyde. By J. J. Bell.

The story is set in and about Glasgow, and Ruth Lennox, whose father had been a professor in one of the universities of Scotland, is the principal character. She and her father lived very humbly in a little town near Glasgow, but at his death Ruth was greatly amazed when informed by her father's lawyers that she had inherited a fortune. Ruth had a generous nature, and her income of \$45,000 a year dwindled down to about \$1,400. Her fortune brought with it great anxiety, much of which was caused by jealous relatives, who interfered in Ruth's love affair and were the means of separating her for a time from Dick Balmain, to whom she was engaged.

The Trailers. By Ruth Little Mason.

Concerned mainly with the love story of Stella Mead, the daughter of a wealthy New York merchant. On board a steamer bound for Naples the girl makes the acquaintance of John Reeve,

a young American who is interested in some philanthropic work among the Waldensian Italians, and whom she afterward marries.

The Reilly and Britton Company:

Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. By Frances Boyd Calhoun.

Concerned chiefly with the lively doings of little six year old William Green Hill, who came from a Southern plantation to make his home in the North with his Aunt Minerva. Billy's comrades, Jimmy, Frances and Lina are also very amusing children.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The King of Arcadia. By Francis Lynde.

A story of fighting, love-making and engineering in the wilds of the Rockies. Here, in Arcadia, a wealthy Kentuckian makes a home for himself and becomes known as the "King of Arcadia." In connection with this castle of luxury is a beautiful garden, which proves a source of endless trouble. The chief theme of Mr. Lynde's story is a long and terrible feud, the cause of which is the destruction of this garden by representatives of an Eastern corporation which had laid its plans for a vast irrigation scheme. The hero is chief engineer of the company and is always on guard against a fate similar to that which his three predecessors had met in the shape of a violent and mysterious death. The heroine is the daughter of the old Kentuckian and is known as the "Princess of Castle 'Cadia." To complicate matters, the chief engineer is in love with the Princess.

JUVENILE

Forbes and Company:

Happy School Days. By Margaret E. Sangster.

A book of practical advice for school-girls. Among the chapters are those on "The All-Around Schoolgirl;" "The Unpopular Schoolgirl;" "Pluck, Perseverance and Punctuality;" "Examinations;" "The Unpopular Teacher;" "Home Duties;" "The Schoolgirl's Room;" "Magnifying Troubles."

Harper and Brothers:

Harper's Machinery Book for Boys. By Joseph H. Adams.

The fifth volume in the series of Harper's Practical Books for Boys. Its purpose is that of the rest of the volumes in the series, namely, to teach the boy principles and practices of one of the most necessary and useful agents in efficiency to-day.

Little Busybodies. The Life of Crickets,

Ants, Bees, Beetles, and Other Busybodies. By Jeannette Marks and Julia Moody.

A nature book in the form of a story for the purpose of making science entertaining to younger folk.

On Track and Diamond. By George Harvey. Van Tassel Sutphen, James M. Hallowell, J. Conover, and S. Scoville, Jr.

The first volume to appear in the new Harper Athletic Series. The series will consist of selected stories of athletic doings among boys, games of baseball, contest on the track, football engagements, and other sports. The present volume contains thirteen stories.

Sunnyfield. The Adventures of Podsy and June. By Louise Morgan Sill.

Telling of the good times Podsy and June enjoyed in "Sunnyfield," which was a large vacant lot in the rear of the children's city home and which was rented by their father after their return from the country and turned into a playground.

Adventures in Field and Forest. By Frank H. Spearman, Harold Martin, F. S. Palmer, William Drysdale, and Others.

Stories relating many thrilling hunting adventures in the wilds of our own country, of South America, the West Indies, Africa, and India.

Henry Holt and Company:

Witter Whitehead's Own Story. About a Lucky Splash of Whitewash, Some Stolen Silver and a House that Wasn't Vacant. By Henry Gardner Hunting.

Telling how the efforts of Witter Whitewash, a youthful employee of a great city department store, to be loyal to friend and employer alike led to his discovery of a startling robbery plot.

The Bob's Cave Boys. By Charles Pierce Burton.

A sequel to *The Boys of Bob's Hill*. Being more about the doings of the "Band" as told by the "Secretary."

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

Dave Porter and His Classmates, or For the Honor of Oak Hall. By Edward Stratmeyer.

The fifth volume of the Dave Porter Series. Dave is back at Oak Hall after his thrilling trip to find the father he has never seen. His chums are leaders in the activities of the school, and Dave continues to be the best type of an American schoolboy. "For the honour of Oak Hall" he brings about the complete reformation of a former bully, who was rapidly going to the bad.

A Pair of Madcaps. By J. T. Trowbridge.

Made up of a long first story, followed by eight short ones. Each of them has

appeared in some prominent magazine for the young.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

When Mother Lets Us Garden. A Book for Little Folk Who Want to Make Gardens and Don't Know How. By Frances Duncan.

Suited especially to the needs of the youngest gardeners. Only the simpler plants and flowers are dealt with, those with which the little people may hope for success in spite of some natural carelessness and neglect. There are chapters on what plants eat, supplying the family with salad, tub gardens, water gardens, garden play-houses, growing jack-o'-lanterns, etc.

Privately Published (San Antonio, Texas):

History of the World in Nursery Rhyme. From the Naughty Year Naught to the Present Time. By Harvey Lindsley Page.

In three volumes and illustrated with reproductions from Biblical, Historical and Art Works.

The Tandy-Thomas Company:

The Garden of Girls. By Marian A. Hilton.

The adventures of two Southern girls, who go to New York to earn their living after suddenly losing their meagre fortune. Their refinement and kindness gain them many friends as delightful as themselves, while their perseverance and pluck gradually surmount the difficulties which beset their path.

The Young Churchman Company:

Torchbearers on the King's Highway. By Kate Harper Haywood.

Twelve brief missionary sketches designed especially for the enlightenment of young people.

MISCELLANEOUS

D. Appleton and Company:

A History of German Literature. By Calvin Thomas, LL.D.

The latest addition to the series of Short Histories of the Literatures of the World, edited by Edmund Gosse. It is a carefully proportioned and coherent account of the chief literary writers of Germany.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Ideals of Democracy. Conversations in a Smoking Car. By John T. Dye.

A discussion of political, financial and social conditions carried on by a banker and miner from San Francisco, a civil engineer, a Catholic bishop, a Scotchman, and a professor of law in a western law school on a train travelling through the southwestern part of the country.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Questions at Issue in Our English Speech.
By Edwin W. Bowen, Ph.D.

Discussing in a general way the question, What is Standard English? The volume is composed of papers which have been printed in such magazines as the *Popular Science Monthly*, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *North American Review*, etc. The chapters include such topics as Our English Spelling of Yesterday—Why Antiquated? Questions of Preference in our English Spelling: Vulgarisms with a Pedigree; What is Slang? Briticisms *versus* Americanisms; and Standard English, how it Arose and How it is Maintained.

The Century Company:

The Biography of a Silver Fox; or Domino Reynard of Goldur Town. By Ernest Thompson Seton.

The author states that his purpose is to show the man world how the fox world lives—and above all to advertise and emphasise the beautiful monogamy of the better-class fox. He tells the story from his cubhood to his splendid prime of that aristocrat of foxes, Domino Reynard, and of his wild, free, happy life among the Goldur hills. The volume contains over one hundred drawings by the author.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

The Roosevelt That I Know. By Mike Donovan, Ex-Champion Middleweight of America and Boxing Master of the New York Athletic Club.

Of chief interest is the author's account of his ten years of boxing with the President. There are also other memories of famous fighting men.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Kipling Birthday Book. Compiled by Joseph Finn. (Authorised by Rudyard Kipling.)

Consisting of a verse or prose selection for every day of the year. Issued in the Pocket Edition of Kipling's works.

T. C. Galbreath (University Park, Colo.):

Chasing the Cure in Colorado. By Thomas Crawford Galbreath. With An Introductory Word by M. Bates Stephens.

Being some account of the author's experiences in looking for health in the West, with a few observations that should be helpful and encouraging to the tubercular invalid, who, either from choice or from necessity, remains in his own home to "chase the cure."

Harper and Brothers:

The Rubáiyát of Bridge. By Carolyn Wells.

A satire on the game of bridge for the quatrains of which Miss Wells has

adapted the favourite form of the Rubáiyát. Miss May Wilson Preston has contributed a modish sketch in colour for each stanza.

Three Plays of Shakespeare. By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

In Harper's Library of Living Thought. A discussion of "King Lear," "Othello," and "King Richard II."

Henry Holt and Company:

When Railroads Were New. By Charles Frederick Carter. With Introductory Note by Logan G. McPherson.

A history of the every-day difficulties, discouragements and triumphs of the pioneers who laid the foundations of the transportation systems of the United States.

Fish Stories. Alleged and Experienced. With a Little History, Natural and Unnatural. By Charles Frederick Holder and David Starr Jordan.

In the American Nature Series. The authors, both well-known amateur and professional ichthyologists, have related in this volume their unusual fishing exploits and their best fish stories. The volume includes many illustrations from photographs.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

My Cranford. A Phase of the Quiet Life. By Arthur Gilman.

Pleasant recollections of a quiet life in a little New England hamlet. The book is illustrated with numerous scenes from the author's *Cranford*.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of April and the 1st of May.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Sebastian. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Hand-Made Gentleman. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Tono-Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. The Russian Army and The Japanese War. Kuropatkin. (Dutton.) \$7.50.
4. Mr. Cleveland. Williams. (Dodd, Mead.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Peace and Happiness. Avebury. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Christian Science in the Light of the Holy Scripture. Haldeman. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. Story of New Netherland. Griffis. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Eternal Boy. Johnson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.25.
3. Sunnyfield. Sill. (Harper.) \$1.25.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Egoists. Huneker. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. Motor Boys in Strange Water. Young. (Cupples, Leon.) 60 cents.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Open House. Tompkins. (Baker, Taylor.) \$1.50.
4. Kingsmead. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.00.

6. The Explorer. Maughan. (Baker, Taylor.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Investment of Influence. Hillis. (Revell.) \$1.25.
2. Twilight Consciousness. Daniel. (Huddleston.) \$1.25.
3. Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.40.
4. Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Uncle Remus, His Songs and Sayings. Harris. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
2. Billy Possum. Whitesides. \$1.00.
3. Adventures of Mabel. Peck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.00.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
6. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Through Welsh Doorways. Marks. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.10.
2. The Gift of Influence. Black. (Revell.) \$1.25.
3. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 15 cents.
4. Life of the Bee. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.40.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Loaded Dice. Clark. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Night Mail. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
2. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

4. Social Life at Rome. Fowler. (Macmillan). \$2.25.

JUVENILES

1. Bob's Cave Boys. Burton. (Holt.) \$1.50.
2. Machinery Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) \$1.75.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
5. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.
2. Mind and Work. Gulick. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Sunnyfield. Sill. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) \$1.25.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Man In Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly and Britton.) \$1.50.
5. Ganton and Co. Eddy. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Betty of the Rectory. Meade. (Grosset & Dunlap.) \$1.00.
2. Harry's Island. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Billy Whisker's Vacation. Montgomery. (Brewer, Barse) \$1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Wild Life on the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. Story of the Great Lakes. Channing. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Fish Stories. Holden and Jordan. (Holt.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
3. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
5. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. My Cranford. Gilman. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. My Story. Caine. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
3. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
4. Through Welsh Doorways. Marks. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.10.

JUVENILES

1. New Chronicle of Rebecca. Wiggins. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. Forest Runners. Altsheler. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Random Reminiscences. Rockefeller. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Wyoming. Raine. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.
5. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Wild Life on the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Song of Our Syrian Guest. Knight. (Pilgrim Press.) 50 cents.
4. Autobiography of Gypsy Smith. (Revell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples, Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. A Valid Christianity for To-day. Williams. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Modern Thought and the Crisis in Belief. Wenley. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Laws of Friendship. King. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
4. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.20.
2. Four Corners in School. Blanchard. (Jacobs.) \$1.20.
3. A West Point Cadet. Malone. (Penn.) \$1.00.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Three Brothers. Phillpotts. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Historic Indiana. Levering. (Putnam.) \$3.00.
2. Friendly Craft. Hanscon. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. Letters of a Japanese Schoolboy. Irwin. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Uncle Tom and Andy Bill. Major. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. On the Spanish Main. Strang. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The King of Arcadia Lynde. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. English Literature. Garnett and Gosse. (Grossett & Dunlap.) \$12.00.
2. Wild Life on the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. Chemistry of Commerce. Duncan. (Harper.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Adv. of Pinocchio. Collode. (Ginn.) 40c.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. Mission Tales in the Days of the Dons. Forbes. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
4. In the Valley of the Shadows. Woolwine. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
5. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Exercising in Bed. Bennett. (Hilton.) \$2.00.
2. Fasting for the Cure of Disease. Hazzard. (Harrison.) \$1.00.
3. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Harper's Electricity Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) \$1.75.
2. Classic Myths. Judd. (Rand, McNally.) 75 cents.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Earth's Bounty. St. Maur. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

3. Care and Feeding of Children. Holt. (Appleton.) 75 cents.
4. The Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples, Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Patty's Friends. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Machinery Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) \$1.75.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Ring and the Man. Brady. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Scientific Nutrition Simplified. Brown. (Stokes.) 75 cents.
2. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
3. The Conquest of the Great Northwest. Laut. (Outing.) \$5.00.
4. Gypsy Smith. An Autobiography. (Revell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
3. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Delafield Affair. Kelly. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
6. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Autobiography of Gypsy Smith. (Revell.) \$1.00.
2. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
3. Science and Immortality. Lodge. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
4. The Flower Garden. Bennett. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
2. Robin Hood and His Men. Pyle. (Scribner.) \$3.00.
3. Rover Boy. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Planter. Whitaker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Napoleon. Watson. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
2. Waterloo. Watson. (Neale.) \$1.50.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. Riddle of Personality. Bruce. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Miss Betty of New York. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.25.
3. For the Honor of the School. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. A Man Without Principle. Terreve. (Lowenthal-Wolf.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scripture. Haldeman. (Revell.) \$1.50.
2. The Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
3. Right and Wrong Thinking. Crane. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
4. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 50c.

JUVENILES

1. The Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples, Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Budge and Toddie. John Hebberton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) \$1.25.
3. Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Sebastian. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Kingsmead. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Perfume of the Lady in Black. Léroux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
5. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Romance of French Revolution. Lenotre. (Brentano.) \$6.00.
2. Recollections of Baron Frenilly. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
3. My African Journey. Churchill. (Doran.) \$1.50.
4. Man Eaters of Tsavo. Patterson. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Message. Tracy. (Clode.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Self-Help for Nervous Women. Mitchell. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
2. Fish Stories. Holdes and Jordan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. Stories of the Great Lakes. Channing. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. As the Hague Ordains. Scidmore. (Holt.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples, Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Bunnies, Birds and Blossoms. Jewett. (Dutton.) 50 cents.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.

4. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. The Teacher. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
4. Through Welsh Doorways. Marks. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.10.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Eagle Badge. Day. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Lost Cabin Mine. Niven. (Lane.) \$1.50.
6. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Hand-Made Gentleman. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
4. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. The King of Arcadia. Lynde. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Hands of Compulsion. Barr. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Walt Whitman. Carpenter. (Macmillan.) 75 cents.
2. Civics and Health. Allen. (Ginn.) \$1.25.
3. Pluralistic Universe. James. (Longmans, Green.) \$1.50.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. A Pair of Madcaps. Trowbridge. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
3. Wind in the Willows. Grahame. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The King of Arcadia. Lynde. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. A Year Out of Life. Waller. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Some Reminiscences. Royall. (Neale.) \$1.50.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. Robert E. Lee, Southerner. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. Peace Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. Simeon Tetlow's Shadow. Lee. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Practical Publicity. DeWeese. (Jacobs.) \$2.00.
2. The Cross in Christian Experience. Clow. (Doran.) \$1.50.
3. Primary Elections. Merriman. (University of Chicago Press.) \$1.25.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Tan and Teckle. Bryson. (Revell.) \$1.25.
3. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Web of the Golden Spider. Bartlett. (Small-Maynard.) \$1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. Story of a Border City During the Civil War. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
4. The Speaking Voice. Everts. (Harper.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Yale Cup. Dudley. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
3. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Wild Geese. Weyman. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
2. Gorgious Borgia. MacCarthy. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
4. Three Brothers. Phillpots. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Peace and Happiness. Avebury. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
3. Egoists. Huncker. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Faith Healer. Moody. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
4. The Web of the Golden Spider. Bartlett. (Small-Maynard.) \$1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Autobiography of Gypsy Smith. (Revell.) \$1.00.
2. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.
3. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Planter. Whitaker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Septimus. Locke. (Lane.) \$1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

6. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) \$1.75.
2. Wine of Wizardy. Sterling. (Robertson.) \$1.25.
3. Gardening in California. McLaren. (Robertson.) \$3.75.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Tono Bungay. Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. Lost Cabin Mine. Niven. (Lane.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Alaska. Higgenson. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
2. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
3. New Ideals in Healing. Baker. (Stokes.) 85 cents.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Chrysalis. Kramer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Missioner. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A B Z of Nutrition. Fletcher. (Stokes.) \$1.00.
2. Nature of Man. Metchnikoff. (Putnam.) \$2.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scriptures. Haldeman. (Revell.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Rover Boy. Winfield. (Grosset & Dunlap.) 50 cents.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

3. The "Oz" Series. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The King of Arcadia. Lynde. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead) \$1.50.
5. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Things Korean. Allen. (Revell.) \$1.25.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Mof-fat, Yard) \$1.50.
3. A Physician to the Soul. Dresser. (Putnam.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Live Dolls' Play Days. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

TORONTO, CANADA.

FICTION

1. Septimus. Locke. (Frowde.) \$1.25.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
3. The Red Mouse. Osborne. (Briggs.) \$1.50.
4. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
5. Songs of Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) \$1.00.
6. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. Canadian Types of the Old Régimé. Colby. (Holt.) \$2.75.

JUVENILES

1. Life of Brock. Nurse. (Briggs.) 85 cents.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

WASHINGTON, D C.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Perfume of the Lady in Black. Leroux. (Brentano.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Masterpieces in Color. Hare. (Stokes.) \$1.00.
2. Self-Help for Nervous Women. Mitchell. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

3. Browning's Poems. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$3.00.
4. How to Know the Wild Flowers. Dana. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. The "Oz" Series. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Spell. Orcutt. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Mof-fat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Perfect Tribute. Andrews. (Scribner.) 50 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Spring Cleaning. Burnett. (Scribner.) 60 cents.

From the above list the six best selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing	1st	on any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	8
"	"	3d	"	7
"	"	4th	"	6
"	"	5th	"	5
"	"	6th	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.....	289
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.....	236
3. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.....	118
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.....	101
5. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.....	76
6. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.....	70

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH		EAST		SOUTH		WEST AND MIDDLE WEST	
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO		NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BAL- TIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURGH, ROCHESTER, WASH- INGTON, AND WORCESTER		ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASH- VILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND		CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVEL- AND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO	
	NO. LISTS		NO. LISTS		NO. LISTS		NO. LISTS
The Man in Lower Ten...	10	Katrine	5	Katrine	11	Katrine	11
Katrine	9	The Bronze Bell.....	7	The Man in Lower Ten...	4	The Man in Lower Ten...	10
The Bronze Bell.....	5	The Story of Thyra.....	6	The Spell.....	2	54-40 or Fight.....	6
The Chippendales.....	4	The Man in Lower Ten...	6	Special Messenger	2	The Trail of the Lonesome	6
The Girl and the Bill.....	3	Special Messenger.....	6	54-40 or Fight.....	2	Pine	5
The Story of Thyra.....	3	The Chippendales.....	5			The Bronze Bell.....	4
The Alternative.....	2	54-40 or Fight.....	5			The Girl and the Bill.....	4
Mr. Opp.....	2	Old Lady No. 31.....	4			The Music Master.....	3
Simeon Tetlow's Shadow..	2	Septimus	3			Peter	3
The Climber	2	Peter	2			Septimus	2
Lost Cabin Mine.....	2	The Hand-Made Gentleman	2			The Story of Thyra.....	2
The Red Mouse.....	2	Sebastian	2			Old Lady No. 31.....	2
54-40 or Fight.....	2	The Spell.....	2			The Alternative.....	2
The Trail of the Lonesome	2	The Perfume of the Lady	2			The Three Brothers.....	2
Pine	2	in Black.....	2				
Septimus	2						

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO Mary Ware Motor Boys in Strange Waters Betty Wales, B.A. Anne of Green Gables Rover Boy	NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BAL- TIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASH- INGTON, AND WORCESTER The Hole Book Mary Ware The Biography of a Silver Box Anne of Green Gables Peter Rabbit	ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASH- VILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND Uncle Remus Miss Betty of New York Betty Wales, B.A. Billy Possum Adventures of Mabel	CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVE- LAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, AND SAN FRANCISCO The Biography of a Silver Box The Hole Book Mary Ware Motor Boys in Strange Waters Anne of Green Gables

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS— NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST AND MIDDLE WEST
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO Autobiography of Gypsy Smith Walt Whitman Canadian Types of the Old Regiment A Valid Christianity for To-day. A B Z of Nutrition	NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BAL- TIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASH- INGTON, AND WORCESTER Religion and Medicine Orthodoxy The Blue Bird Walt Whitman England and the English	ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASH- VILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND Investment of Influence Napoleon Some Reminiscences Religion and Medicine R. E. Lee, Southerner	CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVE- LAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO Religion and Medicine My Cranford Random Reminiscences Luther Burbank Peace and Happiness

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

JULY, 1909

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

We were somewhat amused on reading, in the newspapers of June 3d, about the great intellectual agitation that has been going on at Cornell University. As is fairly well known, the universities of Cambridge, Leipzig and Geneva are to celebrate various anniversaries during the summer, and they have issued invitations to foreign universities inviting them to send one or more delegates each. When these invitations struck Cornell, they evidently hit the place very hard. A committee of the University Faculty was appointed to draw up formal greetings in reply. These greetings were then engrossed "and were executed by Professor John Parsons of the College of Civil Engineering." The astonished world is also informed that "each scroll is signed by E. L. Williams, secretary of the University Faculty. The official University seal will also be affixed." These are great doings for Ithaca; but we are rather surprised to find the "greetings" couched in English and running to about ten lines each. The humour of the whole thing appeals to us very strongly. After all, a fresh-water university is bound on most occasions to show its freshness somehow; but all the same, we should have supposed that even in the Faculty of a fresh-water university there might be found some one able-bodied professor who was competent to prepare three little "greetings" without the assistance of a committee.

**Cornell's
Gigantic
Effort**

Mr. Hall Caine's new novel, *The White Prophet*, is to be ready for book publication late in the summer.

**Beerbohm
and
Caine**

It has been delayed owing to Mr. Caine's recent illness. *The White Prophet* is to be illustrated by R. Caton Woodville, whose pictures of war, and especially of the British campaign in Egypt, have for some years attracted considerable attention as they have appeared in the *Illustrated London News*. A propos of the new book, we reproduce an impressionistic



MR. CAINE AND MR. HEINEMANN



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—ARTHUR GOODRICH

drawing of Hall Caine and the English publisher, Mr. William Heinemann, done by the irrepressible Max Beerbohm for the exhibition of the New English Art Club.

In our next issue we shall review at length Mr. William Winter's *Old Friends*, which has just come from the press. It is a book of much interest and decided importance, a kind of book of which we have not nearly enough in our literature. While in the main written in a genial spirit, there are many passages in Mr. Winter's characteristically combative vein, such as his slashing attack on Mr. William Dean Howells à propos of the latter's comments on the habits and appearance of certain of the Bohemians who used to gather of evenings in Pfaff's Cave at Broadway and Bleecker Street in the years just preceding the Civil War. In his chapter on Charles Dickens Mr. Winter recalls the curious and apparently forgotten fact that Dickens, before going before an audience to deliver

a reading, used to "make up" his face as actors do. Imagine his great contemporary turning to the rouge-pot as a preliminary to the delivery of a lecture on Swift or George the Fourth!

■

When Arthur Goodrich, author of *The Lady Without Jewels*, was an undergraduate at Wesleyan, he was known as an all-round man. He led the men of his class in scholarship, edited the *Literary Monthly*, sang on the College Glee Club, and managed it during one of its most successful years, won prizes as a speaker, and did a number of other things. After a year of graduate study at Columbia he entered the magazine field, serving as an associate editor of *Outing* and as managing editor of *The World's Work* for four or five years. Later he travelled over most of Europe, representing American and English periodicals. His first novel, *The Balance of Power*, was published in 1906.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—JEAN WEBSTER,
AUTHOR OF "MUCH ADO ABOUT PETER" IN
JAPAN

Bannister Merwin's story of intrigue, *The Girl and the Bill*, is illustrated by Harrison Fisher and the Kinneys. A good-natured controversy between Mr. Merwin and Mr. Troy Kinney, when the book was in preparation, led to bantering threats. Each found relief for outraged feelings by sitting down and drawing a caricature of the other.

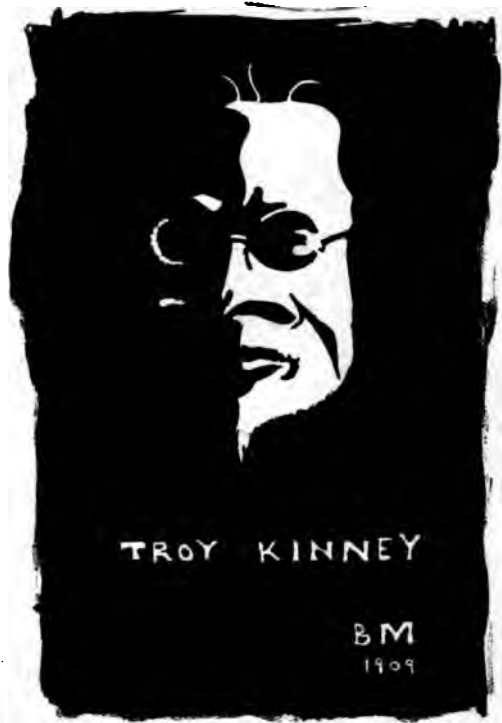
**Pictorial
Repartee**

In these days, if a month goes by in which Mark Twain does not achieve publicity, he is morally certain to have some sort of publicity thrust upon him. The latest literary teapot tempest involves him, a certain Mr. George Greenwood, author of a volume entitled *The Shakespeare Problem Restated*, Mr. Greenwood's publishers, the John Lane Com-

**A Teapot
Tempest**



BANNISTER MERWIN AS SEEN BY
TROY KINNEY



TROY KINNEY AS SEEN BY BANNISTER MERWIN

pany, and Mr. Clemens's publishers, Messrs. Harper and Brothers. It seems that some months ago the Messrs. Harpers, at the request of Mark Twain, wrote to the John Lane Company asking for permission to use nine pages from Mr. Greenwood's book in connection with Mark Twain's *Is Shakespeare Dead?* This permission was given, but when *Is Shakespeare Dead?* appeared it was found that while it mentioned and commended Mr. Greenwood's book, it contained no mention of Mr. Greenwood's name. As a result of this neglect Mr. Lane and Mr. Greenwood have expressed what they term "just indignation," and have refused to allow Mr. Clemens's book to be imported into England unless the plates shall be altered so that full acknowledgment shall be made both to author and publisher, and with the additional condition that at the end of every copy of the English edition and of all copies of the later American editions a full-page advertisement, to be supplied by the John Lane Company, shall appear.



AN ALLEGED LITERARY REPERT AT PLAY — MARK TWAIN AT HOME WITH ONE OF HIS "ANGEL FISH"



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. MARY ROBERTS RINEHART, AUTHOR OF "THE MAN IN LOWER TEN" AND HER THREE SONS

For a great many years Miss Marie Corelli has occupied a position in the eyes of English and American readers that is probably without precedent in literary history.

The Personal Marie Corelli

On the one hand she has had an influence on some hundreds of thousands of readers that is impossible to dispute. Nor have these readers belonged exclusively to any one class of society, for it is a matter of record that Miss Corelli was the favourite author of the late Queen of England, and that her books received the serious approbation of Mr. Gladstone. On the other hand, there is a very wide audience—a hypercritical audience perhaps—that has flouted her mercilessly from the beginning, maintaining that she is nothing more than the idol of Suburbia—the favourite of the Common Multitude.

In view of Miss Corelli's much discussed personality an article by A. St. John Adcock in a recent issue of the *English Bookman* is of particular interest. Mr. Adcock calls his article "A Record and an Appreciation." It is especially the latter. Its importance lies in the fact that it is the first apparently authoritative article on Miss Corelli that we have ever seen. It not only seems authoritative, but it gives us the impression that Miss Corelli herself read and corrected the proofs, and perhaps added a line or two. In the matter of biographical details the article tells nothing startlingly new. Marie Corelli, born in Italy, was adopted when an infant by the well-known poet, Dr. Charles Mackay, whose family by his first marriage—three sons and one daughter—were by that time grown up and no longer living with their father. In her early life she



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—CALEB YOUNG RICE
AND ALICE HEGAN RICE ON THE NILE

had no playmates of her own age, but was very happy in a dream world with children of her dreams; and became her adopted father's constant companion. With the exception of a couple of years at school she was educated at home by

private governesses and masters. Her reading was to a large extent regulated by Dr. Mackay, and before she was eleven she had read all the novels of Scott, Dickens and Thackeray, and had a sound knowledge of the poetry of Keats, Shelley, Byron and Tennyson.

■

Her own literary career may be said to have begun when she was eleven, for at that time she began to write verses and one or two of her poems were published. It was, of course, a number of years later before she began work on her first novel, which eventually became *A Romance of Two Worlds*. The manuscript of this book was sent to the offices of Bentley and Son, the London publishers, was rejected by the firm's readers, but accepted by Mr. George Bentley himself. The story was very little advertised, and was reviewed in only two papers, both of which damned it, but within a year it had leaped into a spontaneous and extraordinary popularity; translations of it were appearing in various foreign countries, and in England and America it was being widely read and discussed. Her next three novels, *Vendetta*, *Thelma*, and *Ardath*, were written in an atmosphere of sick-



A SCENE FROM THE DRAMATISED VERSION OF MISS CORELLI'S "VENDETTA" AS
ACTED IN JAPAN



GRACE LUCE IRWIN (MRS. WALLACE IRWIN),
AUTHOR OF THE "DIARY OF A SHOW GIRL"



ALMA MARTIN ESTABROOK, AUTHOR OF "THE
RULE OF THREE"



G. B. LANCASTER, AUTHOR OF "THE TRACK WE
TREAD"



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—LOUISE BRIGHAM,
AUTHOR OF "BOX FURNITURE"

ness, financial stress and domestic worry. *Ardath* brought her messages of praise from Tennyson, from Gladstone, and

from a score of other men distinguished in literature and art, including Sir Frederick Leighton, who shortly before his



MISS MARIE CORELLI

death expressed his intention of painting the vision of the Banquet in the Dream City.

In the year after the publication of *Ardath* Dr. Mackay died, and Miss Corelli went abroad for a time. Returning to England she fell dangerously ill and many months elapsed before she recovered her strength. After the death of her adopted brother, Eric Mackay, she was comparatively alone in the world, and made for herself that home at Stratford-on-Avon which has been so conspicuously associated with the events of her later personal life. Out of what was once a neglected and forlorn looking building Miss. Corelli developed the pleasantest, prettiest house that is anywhere in the town or near it. From old deeds in her possession relating to the property, it appears that the house was originally called "Ye Crofte," and that at the end of the sixteenth century it belonged to "Rychard Mason," after whose family it has since been named.

Miss Corelli, Mr. Adcock tells us, is a steady and methodical worker. Her literary work is all done in the mornings between ten and two, and she writes and rewrites with infinite care. The first rough draft of a novel is written in lead pencil in a blank-book; which book she takes with her in the garden, or in her boat on the river, and scribbles away at high speed in the working out of her tale. This she copies out, first in her ordinary correspondence hand, then in clearer, more careful calligraphy for the typist, and from the typing machine it goes to the printers. In summer she rises at six and goes out, driving her ponies or boating on the river, from seven until nine. After the day's work is done, she finds her pleasure in reading and deciphering old manuscripts, in music, in the planting and rearing of her roses, and in the entertainment of her friends, among whom she counts some of the most eminent men in politics, art, and letters.

Despite the immense popularity of her work, Miss Corelli's books have invari-

ably been received with great roars of derision from the professional critics. Their attitude has been one of almost avowed hostility. This hostility is far from being unprovoked, for with the publication of *The Sorrows of Satan* in 1895 Miss Corelli threw down her famous defiance. By way of foreword that book contained the following notice:

No copies of this book are sent out for review. Members of the Press will therefore obtain it (should they wish to do so) in the usual way with the rest of the public—i.e. through the Booksellers and Libraries.

The announcement fell like a bomb-shell, and some journalist hastened to call on the publishers and point out that such a policy was "suicidal." But publishers and author stood resolutely to their guns, with the result of an unprecedented and sensational success. Since then Miss Corelli has maintained the same position and never allows any work of hers to be sent out for review. "I bowed to one attack after another," she says, "until I published *Barabbas*. This book was the outcome of so much devout and deeply felt emotion that it was almost like a part of my very life. It may sound like affectation to say so, but I wrote it in a constant spirit of prayer. Yet when it came out it was mauled and torn to pieces by malignant writers on the Press who, it was evident, had never read the New Testament through in their lives. Moreover, they criticised my work without reading it—this was easily apparent. I suffered for a time—I say it in all humility—as bitterly as perhaps Keats may have suffered when *Endymion* was reviled, but I presently regained courage and made up my mind that any one who reviewed me in future should do so at his own cost. I have adhered to that decision, and have schooled myself not to care any longer what is said of my writings, and the irony of it is that I am much more fairly criticised now, when blame or praise has become equally indifferent to me."

Those who saw the production of *An Englishman's Home* in this city, sometime since, must have been interested to read the news that the play when put

on in Berlin was hissed off the stage with great disorder amid some smashing of chairs. This was due to the fact that the farcical situations were exaggerated, and we can well understand how the

**Mutato
Nomine**

Germans would resent this; because it put them in the light of invading and conquering an island populated by feeble fools. Even in the version of it which was given in New York, it seemed to us that the fatuity of the English was carried too far; for even a band of Central Americans could have overcome such a ridiculous set of people as the English volunteer force was represented in the play to be. It would be like stealing candy from a baby. One should note that in England, the rescue of the Brown household and the capture of the German squad were effected, not by a motley throng of Volunteers, but by a detachment of a Highland regiment belonging to the regular army. This, in fact, was the point of the whole play—that England must rely upon regularly trained and disciplined troops and not upon a fortuitous collection of fantastic freaks. By the way, we may repeat a brief anecdote which is being told regarding a German officer on leave, who visited London for a week or two and spent most of his evenings at the different theatres. Among other plays he went to see *An Englishman's Home*. As he was coming away, an acquaintance met him and very naturally asked him what he thought of the play.

"Oh," said the German officer, "it is a very good play. It is a very true play. Only I think they ought to change its title."

"Why," returned his friend, "what would you call it?"

"*Natürlich*," returned the officer, "it ought to be called *What Every German Knows!*"

This recalls the story of the Englishmen who were discussing the German peril in a London club where a German army officer was a guest. The German grimly endorsed their wildest apprehensions. "Why," he said, "the German War Office has the name of every house

owner in Great Britain and the exact location of his house." Visions of a vast network of espionage were in the Britons' heads as the question was asked: "How was this information obtained?" "Very easily," replied the German. "Simply by spending ten shillings and sixpence and buying a copy of Kelley's *Counties of England*."

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A propos of the sale of Swinburniana in London, Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has been writing to the London *Times* denying Swinburne's authorship of "Dolorida." This was the poem in French which

**Swinburne and
Adah Menken**

Swinburne was said to have written in the album of Adah Isaacs Menken, the extraordinary circus rider, who after a career involving sentimental affairs with a number of eminent men of letters became the wife of the American prize fighter, John Henan, who fought the great international battle with Tom Sayers in 1859. Adah Isaacs Menken was herself the author of a volume of poems called *Infelicia* which was dedicated, by permission, to Charles Dickens, and in a copy of which Swinburne wrote: "Lo, this is she that was the world's delight!" In a letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, in 1883, Swinburne repudiated "Dolorida," which runs as follows:

Combien de temps, dis, la belle,
Dis, veux-tu m'être fidele?
Pour une nuit, pour un jour,
Mon amour.

L'amour nous flatte et nous touche
Du doigt, de l'oeil, de la bouche,
Pour un jour, pour une nuit,
Et s'enfuit.

✱

With his letter to the *Times* Theodore Watts-Dunton encloses Swinburne's letter to the *Pall Mall Gazette* in which he suggests that the announcement that he is the author of "Dolorida" is a "seasonable freak of jocose invention, an example of Christmas burlesque," adding: "But in case any too innocent reader should imagine it to be anything else, I may perhaps as well mention that the annual and the editor, the contributor and the contribution, are all alike un-

known to your obedient servant—A. C. Swinburne.” Mr. Watts-Dunton goes on to say:

With regard to Adah Menken, the famous circus rider, it is very likely true that in the late John Camden Hotten’s copy of the doggerel called *Infelicia* Mr. Swinburne did inscribe the words, “Lo, this is she that was the world’s delight.” But that “was his fun,” to use Charles Lamb’s saying about Coleridge’s “sermons.” And it is true that Adah, having a craze to know every famous man, was brought into contact with the great Alexandre Dumas in France, and in England with Mr. Swinburne, Charles Dickens, Charles Reade and others; but as to Mr. Swinburne’s opinion of the doggerel called *Infelicia*, he would have had critical insight enough at twelve to estimate its poetical worth at its true value. For years the Adah Menken matter has at intervals been brought up. Some few years before his death, I asked Mr. Swinburne what he thought of *Infelicia*. His answer was, “Can you ask me? A girl may be admired as Mazeppa without being admired as a poet. I think it the greatest rot ever published.” How Charles Dickens ever came to accept the dedication of it is, of course, past all comprehension.

The influence of Edgar Allan Poe on Jules Verne is the subject of an article by Henri Potez in *La Revue* of Paris. While Poe’s popularity in France has always been beyond dispute, M. Potez contends that it would have been infinitely greater had Poe’s work been less marked by horrors. Jules Verne recognised that fact and hit upon the winning formula to please the French taste. Jules Verne, therefore, according to M. Potez’s ideas, has Poe with a little dressing up. This dressing up implied the suppression or mitigation of the horrible; the retention of all that was mysterious and exotic; and the addition of the ordinary stock ingredients employed by the elder Dumas; a large dose of adventure, heroics, and good spirits.

Almost all of the more important of Jules Verne’s books M. Potez traces back to Poe. For example, his *Five*

Weeks in a Balloon, which was published in 1863, was anticipated by Poe, who represented the balloon Victoria as crossing the Atlantic in sixty-five hours. The idea for *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* Jules Verne got from Poe’s *Manuscript Found in a Bottle* and *A Descent Into the Maelstrom*. The device of the cryptogram used by Verne in his *Journey to the Centre of the Earth* came from *The Gold Bug*. From the *Narrative of Arthur Gordon Pym* Verne drew suggestions for the shipwreck in *Chancellor*, the apparition of the giant in the *Journey to the Centre of the Earth*, and the description of the North Pole in the *Adventures of Captain Hatterus*. The inspiration of the climax of *Around the World in Eighty Days*, the error in the computation of time which almost caused Phineas Fogg to lose his twenty thousand pound bet, M. Potez thinks that Verne found in Poe’s *Three Sundays in a Week*.

In his *Life and Times of Laurence Sterne*, Professor Wilbur L. Cross is chary of his own opinions, but lavish of facts that even by a bare chance may affect the opinions of others. Apparently he has searched everywhere and left nothing unread. It is a most loyal biography of the large, unsparing, love-me-love-my-dog variety, assuming that no details will seem trivial to one who really cares to know the man. Whatever the Sterne specialists may have to say about it there can be no doubt as to the completeness of the picture or the astonishing industry that has gone to the making of it. It is Sterne from every point of view, not merely from Professor Cross’s. “Aspects” and “appreciations” and Sterne’s “place in literature” have not seduced him; nor does his biographical devotion take the form of literary flunkeyism, like Dr. Dowden on his knees to Browning. He knows that a man like Sterne, who conquers so completely his present, does not annex posterity.

Sterne’s personality, like a great actor’s, loses perforce its brilliancy in the pale reflection of

Poe and
Jules Verne

A Genuine
Biography

a biography, wherein traits of manner and character are obscured by numberless facts, dates, and minor details necessary to a true relation of the humourist's career, but most difficult to carry in the memory and thereafter combine into a living portrait. No biographer, though the spell be upon him, can hope to make it quite clear why Sterne captivated the world that came within his influence. His wit, humour and pathos, which exactly hit the temper of his age, seem a little antiquated now as we derive these qualities second-hand from the books which he left behind him, and from the numerous anecdotes which were related after him, all rewrought for literary effect. Indeed, only a few of his letters retain their original freshness, for in most cases their phrases have been all smoothed out by editors and biographers. We may look upon the wonderful portraits that were painted of him by Reynolds and Gainsborough, and observe his dress, figure, features, and bright, eager eyes; but we must add from our imagination the smile and the voice of the king's jester.



Yorick's gibes were certainly perishable, and many of the anecdotes about him are sorry enough. As a wit he triumphed easily, but it seems to have been equally easy to put him down.

According to a story which Sterne himself is reported to have related to a company of fellow-clergymen, he was addressed one Sunday, as he was descending from the cathedral pulpit, by a poor widow sitting on the steps. She inquired of him where she might have the honour of hearing him preach on the next Sunday. After she had followed him about to his great discomfort for a succession of Sundays, from one church to another, always taking the same position on the steps of the pulpit and always asking the same question, he finally chose as his text, modifying IIoly Writ, the words: "I will grant the request of this poor widow, lest by continual coming she weary me." "Why, Sterne," immediately retorted one of the company, "you omitted the most applicable part of the passage, which is—Though I neither fear God nor regard man." "The unexpected retort," it was added, "silenced the wit for the whole evening."



As to Sterne's character, any reader of the book will see the justice of what Professor Cross says in conclusion, and contrast it with Thackeray's narrower view—

Of course, I am entering no defence in behalf of Sterne's conduct. I am merely explaining it from his volatile disposition. Nor would it serve any purpose to censure him for his follies and indiscretions. True, one is amazed at the freedoms of the old society. And were it not for Sterne's humour, the man and his books would have become long since intolerable. But the everlasting humour of the man saves him; it lifts him out of the world of moral conventions into a world of his own making. We must accept him as he was, else close the book. Everything about him was unique—his appearance, what he did, what he said, what he wrote. Acts for which you would reproach yourself or your nearest friend you pass over in his case, for in them lurks some overmastering absurdity. "I am a queer dog," he wrote in reply to an unknown correspondent who conjectured he must be one over his cups. "I am a queer dog—only you must not wait for my being so till supper, much less an hour after—for I am so before breakfast. . . ." As we view him in his books and in his life, Sterne had brief serious moods, but he quickly passed out of them into his humour. When he advised a brother of the cloth "to tell a lie to save a lie," he did not exactly mean it so, but he could not resist the humour of the absurd imagination. He must have been sorely troubled over his wife's insanity, but he could not announce her illness without awakening a smile in the hearer as he said: "Madame fancies herself the Queen of Bohemia and I am indulging her in the notion. Every day I drive her through my stubble field, with bladders fastened to the wheels of her chaise to make a noise, and then I tell her this is the way they course in Bohemia."

Nothing, however sacred, was immune against Sterne's wit. He was, if one wishes to put it that way, indecent and profane. And yet indecency or profanity never appears in his letters and books by itself or for its own sake. His loosest jests not only have their humorous point, but they often cut rather deeply into human nature. He had, as we have said, very little of the animal in him; and perhaps, for this very reason, in the opinion of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, he was amused by certain physical instincts and natural functions of the body when contrasted with the higher nature to which all lay claim. His imagination was ever playing with these inconsistencies, and down they went without premeditation, as might be easily illustrated

from the conversations at Shandy Hall. Queer analogies of all sorts were ever running in Sterne's head.

It is a genuine "life and times" in wholesome contrast to the various packing-case series of biographies to which we have grown accustomed—handy volume "aspects" and hip-pocket "appreciations," telescopings, bird'-eye views, boilings down and summings up, books framed apparently for no other purpose

than to be taken with you on a running jump. These condensed great men, portable men of letters, handy heroes and the like, may indeed be carried in a kit, but it is a serious question whether they serve any other purpose. After all, to make the acquaintance of a great man one needs a book with which he must comfortably sit down. Nor does it bear any resemblance to those skittish affairs of active minds, wherein some surviving man displays his personal equation on



RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

Mr. Davis's latest book, *The White Mice*, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue



PROFESSOR WILBUR L. CROSS, AUTHOR OF "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF LAURENCE STERNE"

the grave of a dead one. These, of course, are not biographies, and ought never to be known as "lives," but only as Somebody on Somebody—for example, Chesterton on Dickens, thus making it clear which has the upper hand and conforming to the order of the thought. One does not think of the Dickens under Chesterton. Not that we blame a man for triumphing so completely over his subject or leading us altogether away from it, provided that he gives us a pleasant time. We merely mean that he is not likely to write the life of another when he is wholly preoccupied with his own. It is only by Professor Cross's faithful, copious, patient, self-suppressing methods that a biographer can give a fair view of his man.

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Our magazines have repeatedly assured us that a new moral era has dawned upon us, that the heart of the people is stirred as it never was before, that new forces are at work "deep, subtle and far-reaching," and that we are

on the eve, edge, brink, threshold (according to the taste in metaphors) of a palingenesis, cataclysm, revolution, metamorphosis, uplift or upheaval. Every popular magazine has a "new movement"

writer of some sort, and every other one is likely to have on its cover or as its frontispiece the symbol of the "new democracy," that is to say, the figure of an impossibly muscular young man with a jaw like a ploughshare. Now all this is only for home use. We natives thoroughly understand our native writers. We know that there is no new movement, and that we are not waked up. We know what a very large moral can easily be drawn with an ordinary magazine corkscrew. But the effect on our foreign visitors is sometimes very confusing indeed. The latest victim, Signor Ferrero, the historian, has returned to Europe with the impression that a "tragic struggle" is going on here, very different from anything that is taking place in any other country; and he



DAN BEARD, AUTHOR OF "DAN BEARD'S ANIMAL BOOK"

has been trying to explain it to the readers of *Figaro*. "Europe," he says, "does not appreciate the grandeur of this struggle because its living is obtained by artificial compromises."

It is the protest of elementary morality that is imbedded in every soul not blinded by passion nor perverted by vice against the artificial

and sophisticated methods of the higher civilisation. History affords nothing more tragic than this battle between elementary and eternal morality and the passions and interests of a complex civilisation. . . .

Those who know the political and economic facts of history, know also that analogous conditions in Europe have been denounced thousands of times without arousing a moral agi-



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MEREDITH NICHOLSON

Mr. Nicholson's forthcoming novel is to be entitled *The Lords of High Decision*, and is to be ready for publication in the autumn. The fact that Pittsburgh is the scene of the story does not necessarily imply that it is to be of a "muckraking" nature

tation to be compared in intensity with that which has arisen in America.

The same thing happened three years ago to Mr. H. G. Wells, who after reading a few ten-cent magazines felt the country heaving beneath his feet. He, too, mistook a journalistic mannerism, very familiar to us all, for a moral awakening. He was even a good deal shaken by Mr. Upton Sinclair.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS—WINTHROP PACKARD, AUTHOR OF "WILD PASTURES"

Speaking of the future drama of this democracy, to which he thinks the omens are favourable, Mr. Percy Mackaye thus delivers himself, in his recently published essays on *The Playhouse and the Play*:

Mr. Percy Mackaye

On the boards of its theatre the spirit of Comedy shall be master, and shift with twinkling eyes his tragic masks. There not merely the sad aspiring of a race shall speak in beauty; huge Satire and the vast guffaw of Folly will chant harmonious; shrill Wit, twanging a lightning bow of verse, shall rattle his

barbs of melodious mockery; and Reason, standing in the wings, will smile his sweet, serene smile philosophical. Thus shall that Comic Spirit, which is twin of the American Spirit, be lifted to the large plane of fine art, and illuminating the average American to himself, raise thereby his mirth to a finer dignity.

A good deal has been said of Mr. Mackaye's high and serious purpose. It includes a great many abstract qualities written in capital letters for which we have the highest esteem. Indeed, if we disapproved of the purpose with which he writes either for the stage or about it, we should feel ourself a scoundrel. We have said it before, and we repeat it here: High and noble ideals are better than base ignoble ones. We heartily agree with Mr. Mackaye that

First: The playhouse, as an institution in America, is a vital concern of the American people.

Second: As such, the efficient regulation of its functions to the ends of greatest public service is the concern of the leaders of the American people—our eminent educators, our civic societies, our powerful and altruistic citizens.

We subscribe with equal earnestness to *Third, Fourth and Fifth*. We are in favour of the Law of Dramatic Regeneration and against the Law of Dramatic Deterioration; and to the question, "*Shall the theatres educate our millions right, or wrong?*" we return the ringing answer, Right. Let there be no doubt of our attitude toward Mr. Mackaye's high and serious purpose. And it is honoured not only by ourselves, but by all the readers of this magazine. For there is not one thing he asks us to believe of which we have not all been certain these many, many years.

But from an atmosphere of Commencement oratory, class poems and the course in Rhetoric B. people will somehow contrive to escape. If the *Playhouse and the Play* fails of its purpose, that, we believe, will be the reason why. There is much in Mr. Mackaye's writings that explains why the decent word academic is so rapidly becoming a term of almost violent abuse. We do not com-

plain of Mr. Mackaye's college education; we merely object to his giving one to us. No American playwright was ever more conscientious or took more pains with his style than he, but unfortunately it is a style that communicates no small part of the pains that have been taken. No doubt his comedy of *Mater*, for example, was in a sense too good for American audiences, but the main trouble with it was that it fell between two classes of the public. The larger public was not sufficiently educated, and the smaller public was educated too much. This was not so discouraging to us as it may have been to Mr. Mackaye's admirers, for if it seems a sad thing not to have had the necessary education, it would seem sadder still not to have lived it down. The arguments which he urges in these essays on behalf of a subsidised theatre are very sound, but they are also very familiar, and there is no excuse for that oracular manner. The country has been beveridged enough. [We are aware that this verb is not yet in the dictionaries, but it will be within ten years—to beveridge, to boom with platitude, to balloon in prose or verse, to commend the commendable in terms implied in the definition.] Mr. Mackaye in his preaching and in his practice undoubtedly represents American "Culture."

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Elsewhere in this issue will be found a review of Professor Albert Schinz's *Anti-Pragmatism*, by Professor Hibben, of Princeton. Professor Schinz is a native of French Switzerland, having been born in Neuchâtel, March 9, 1870. After receiving his degree of Bachelor of Arts from the University of Neuchâtel in 1888, he continued his studies, specialising in philosophy and literature, in Berlin, Tübingen, and later at the University of Paris. In 1897 he came to America, and after a year at the University of Minnesota, received a call to Bryn Mawr College, where he has been professor of French literature since. In addition to his work in the field of education, Professor Schinz has contributed widely to newspapers and magazines, both in this country and in Europe.

**Albert
Schinz**

Walter Prichard Eaton, author, with Miss Underhill, of *The Runaway Place*, is a Bostonian. His father was for almost forty years head master of the Harvard School in Charlestown. He was educated at Phillips Andover Academy



ALBERT SCHINZ

and at Harvard, where he was graduated in the class of 1900. Mr. Eaton began newspaper work before he left Cambridge, and for two years after graduation he was a reporter for the *Boston Journal*. In 1902 he joined the staff of the *New York Tribune*, and was an as-



WALTER PRICHARD EATON

sistant to both the dramatic and musical critics until, in 1907, he became the dramatic critic of the *New York Sun*. His theatrical reviews in the latter paper attracted considerable attention, if only for the enemies they made among certain powerful managers. A collection of these criticisms has been gathered into a book under the title of *The American Stage of To-day*. Mr. Eaton left the *Sun* last autumn, and is not at present connected with any publication, though he continues a frequent contributor to the magazines, and writes occasional dramatic reviews from New York for the *Boston Transcript*. He has also lectured this spring at Harvard University and elsewhere on subjects connected with the stage.

Elise Morris Underhill was born and educated in New York City. Her family have lived for over fifty years in the same house—one of the dwellings in the Colonnade on Lafayette Place; which is something of a record in New York to-

day. She is an instructor in the Kindergarten Training Department of the Normal College of the City of New York. She has not hitherto appeared "disguised as an author," as she herself expresses it.

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Is the United States Post Office Department either consciously or unconsciously encouraging a form of petty graft—and

A Protest

not so very petty, either—by an "arrangement" with speculators and dealers in postage-stamps? The facts are significant enough without need of extensive comment. It was announced that on Lincoln's hundredth birthday a special two-cent stamp bearing his effigy would be issued by the Department, and would be on sale at all post-offices throughout the United States upon that day only. As a matter of fact, the Lincoln stamp could not be procured at any of the post-offices to which we applied and from which our acquaintances sought to secure them on February 12th. They were, however, on sale both then and during the following week by dealers in postage-stamps, who charged five cents a piece for them, and who even at that rate would allow no single individual to purchase more than four. A rich harvest must have been reaped from collectors. Now, how did the dealers get possession of the stamps, and why were the post-offices unable to furnish them? Later came an announcement that the stamps would be issued through the rest of the month of February. Even so, this made them very scarce, and many collectors purchased large quantities of them to keep as curiosities. As a matter of fact, they have been issued ever since, and can now be had without the payment of a premium. What is the peculiar story which lies behind this very tricky business? Then, again, the new regular issue of stamps has theoretically appeared. Yet only those of the smaller denominations can readily be had, and even they are sold at an increase of one hundred per cent. by the stamp dealers, who also seem to have a monopoly of the stamps of large denominations. We pass over the point that the one and two-cent

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

stamps, which do not bear the numeral, and which are, therefore, worthless under the International Postal Convention, are sold at every post office and are in general use. This sort of thing reminds us of the little Central American republics, which bring out new varieties of postage-stamps every once in a while for the benefit of dealers, to whom they sell them at a discount; but it seems a very small and paltry and contemptible sort of transaction for a great nation such as the United States. We should like to have some authoritative explanation given by the Postmaster General. At present he cuts a very unenviable figure, since he is responsible for the proceedings of his subordinates in office.

We have often had occasion to deplore, and with very good reason, the extravagant and undignified method to which American publishers occasionally resort in the exploitation of books.

However, we have never been quite so black as we are painted by the American correspondent of a certain English literary monthly. According to this correspondent American publishers and booksellers apply the same ingenuity and audacity to book advertising that it is customary to use in the selling of soap and breakfast foods. Where the English publisher inserts in the newspaper a "genteel" announcement to the effect that "So and So is Mr. Such and Such's finest book, and is really a remarkable story," the American publisher charts a full page in a popular daily and prints upside down in the middle of it something like this:

YOU ARE A LIAR
if you deny "So and So"
is the finest Novel
Ever Printed!

Nowadays it is not at all unusual for the author of a book to write the two or three hundred words of description and enthusiastic endorsement which appear on the wrapper. And why not? Surely no one is better able to sum up just what has been attempted, is likely to be, or



ARTHUR SYMONS, POET AND CRITIC

more willing to express discretion. To those who will regard the author as an advertiser as an undignified wish to recall so illustrious precedents. For example,

eray not only wrote an advertisement of the *Cornhill Magazine* which the famous announcement of *Mall* composed by Captain in the Fleet Prison, but also wrote the following poster for the first edition of *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*:

TAKE NOTICE

Print of a Bell man, ringing a bell
Gaping children in the background
On the 16th of December next, and
the amusement and edification of
Christmas Parties, Messrs. Smith &
will publish a new Picture Book



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF AMELIA E. BARR

Drawn and written by M. A. Titmarsh
Entitled

THE KICKLEBURYS ON THE RHINE

Those persons who have visited the Romantic River
will recognise some travelling companions
And those who have never been to the Rhine
May travel thither (First class 7s. 3d.)
(Second class 5s.) in very polite society.

Charles Dickens wrote the advertisement for Sunday Under Three Heads as follows:

As it is
As Sabbath Bell would make it
As it might be made.

By
Timothy Sparks London

London Chapman Hall 186 Strand 1836
Dedicated without any permission
to the Bishop of London
The pride of mind with lowliness professed
The sanctity of brow instead of breast
The cant the cringe the gloomy buckram air
And all the powerless forms which those men wear.

But the most curious advertisement of all is what may be described as the most widely circulated drawing of the late George Du Maurier and the only one that does not bear his signature. It is the picture of the bubbling spring to be found on the label of every bottle of Apollinaris water. There is rather an odd little story about how Mr. Du Maurier came to make it. Mr. George Smith, the English publisher and founder of the *Cornhill Magazine*, was also the owner of the Aylesbury Dairy and the principal stockholder of the Apollinaris Company. He and the author of *Trilby* were old and intimate friends, and when the mineral water was first launched upon the market Mr. Smith was in doubt as to a design for the label, and mentioned the matter to Mr. Du Maurier, who at once offered to draw something. The original design bore the artist's signature, and remains a possession of the Apollinaris Company; but in the printed reproduction the signature was omitted. A friend once asked Mr. Du Maurier how he came to do a thing so undignified.

"I would do anything for George Smith," replied the artist.

The president of a certain conspicuous American university is rather well known for his ignorance of mechanical contrivances, and also for a vein of whimsical humour which makes it sometimes difficult to tell whether he is speaking



GEORGE DU MAURIER'S MOST WIDELY CIRCULATED DRAWING

seriously or not. A short time ago, while strolling with a friend, he came upon a steam-shovel operating in a vacant field. The huge iron monster was craning its long neck, first this way and then that, biting up great pieces of earth and smoothing off irregular surfaces. When it encountered a rock or any serious obstacle, it would nose carefully around it, poking here and there in a thoughtful fashion, until it found another place out of which it could scoop up another piece of turf.

The university president paused and gazed at it with astonishment. For a long time he watched it as it went about its work, and then at last, he went up to the man who was in charge of it and inquired, in a plaintive, hesitating way:

"Excuse me, but the—er—creature seems to be so intelligent that, if you don't mind, I should like to ask it a question!"

A recent railway strike in Georgia has brought Governor Hoke Smith of that State once more into general prominence. He is an instance of a statesman who, after being once conspicuous and then going into a sort of eclipse, looms up again into notoriety before a generation which had not known him on his first appearance. Senator Platt was another example of the same thing. In 1882 he went down with Roscoe Conkling, apparently into oblivion, to rise again a decade or more later and become a Senator of the United States. We have, as a people, such short memories that most of us do not recall the time, sixteen years ago, when President Cleveland appointed Hoke Smith to be Secretary of the Interior. His name, then first heard

A Rem- iniscence

outside of Georgia, excited the mirth of the New York *Sun* and gave it one of its rare chances of being amusing without being at the same time malicious. The *Sun* gravely refused to believe that there was any such person as Hoke Smith. Editorials and letters were published debating seriously the import of the name. The *Sun* finally decided that "Hoke Smith" ought really to be written "Hoax Myth," and that the whole affair was tinged with superstition and unreality. Later, when Mr. Smith actually appeared in Washington and took the oath of office, the *Sun* admitted that Hoke was a genuine name and it discovered two other Georgians whose appellations were also peculiar. The first of these was Colonel Dink Botts, and the other was a certain Pod Dismuke. Then there was published the following neat little poem, which has a sort of ethereal die-away quality about it coupled also with a genuine absurdity, so that we have smiled over it for more than a decade and a half:

Dink, Hoke and Pod,
Three names most odd.
Pod, Hoke and Dink,
All dreams, we think.
They fade and vanish into smoke,
Pod, Dink and Hoke.

A FROST

(Martial i. 27).

Yes, I asked you to dinner—you knew I was tight
As a jolly—
But you took me in earnest and got here all right.
That was folly.
Never hold a man up to what's said over wine.
You'll regret it.
If a friend in his cups should invite you to dine,
Just forget it!

E. H. du Bois.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX



WE must confess that we are feeling grieved and hurt. We have always thought that every one of our readers, even such as do not like us and who write us savage letters, could at least keep a secret. That is why we told very frankly about our plan for getting the Junior Editor out into the country on a saddle-horse. But some officious person must have told him all about it; because when we took the first steps toward carrying out the plan he merely grinned and said: "Oh yes; but you know you promised me first to take that little run with me; and so you are bound to do it before you get me off at daybreak on some bone-racking horse of yours."

Then we saw that it was all up and that some one had told him what we said about him at the last opening of the Letter Box. In fact he has been a little cool toward us since then, and we don't altogether blame him; because something that we wrote seems on the face of it just the least bit ungracious. Speaking of his automobile excursions, we said:

We know what these nice little runs all mean. No talk; precious little to eat; illimitable dust; and nervous prostration.

Now since the Junior Editor has always been our host on these excursions, any one might suppose that we were finding fault with his hospitality; but this was very far from our intention. To be sure, there is no talk; but that is because he is a very careful driver of his car. He observes the speed limit, except where he thinks that there are no constables around, and he has a really beautiful consideration for persons who drive timid horses; while he will turn out even for a small sleeping dog. As for the dust, of course he can't help that. The most important count is conveyed in the words "precious little to eat." This doesn't mean, however, that he neglects his gastronomic duties. To be sure, late in the autumn, he will run his car for about forty miles to some place where

there is a large hotel and where we might be expected to have a noble luncheon; and then when we get there, it will turn out that the place has been closed for two months—in fact ever since the end of summer. But that is due merely to his preoccupation. What we object to most is that when evening falls, and when we are seated at a sumptuous dinner-table with everything that you can think of to eat and drink, the speed-mania comes on him suddenly, and he bolts through the dinner in an 80 H. P. fashion, urging us to hurry up, so that we can go out and have a spin by moonlight. But being hurried is precisely what we much dislike, and in fact it makes us rather cross. So, having given this explanation, we shall go meekly with the Junior Editor whenever he summons us for another little run. But we wish the officious person hadn't urged him to read the Letter Box last month.

I

It is so near vacation time that everybody seems to be exceedingly benevolent, except the gentleman in Lowell, Massachusetts, who has already written us several letters about Balzac's story of "Don Juan." Since we answered last, he has written us still another letter and has said harsh things, chiefly to the effect that in referring him to a certain volume of translated stories we were trying to get him to purchase a new book instead of mentioning a book which he already owned. Now as the book which we spoke of in the last Letter Box is at least fifteen years old, we leave it to our readers whether he is not unreasonably suspicious. We should say more things were it not for the fact that he is connected with a cartridge factory, and that we might, at some time, want to visit the town of Lowell, Massachusetts.

II

The person up in Bridgeport, Connecticut, whose letter we published last month, has written us another. As he

or she is evidently quite unable to see the point of anything, and never heard of a typographical error, we print this second letter without comment, merely asking our readers to refer back to the first one.

For shame, O most grave and reverend Senior!

I accuse you, among other things, of spelling "embroider" without an *r*, and you attempt to excuse yourself by saying that they spell it so in England. I am quite sure they do not, for I have been there.

I also address the Senior Editor as the author of this abject apology; for the Junior Editor has, I know, too much youthful fire and hardihood to hide behind such a knock-kneed explanation.

A. P.

III

Far away in San Francisco, a gentleman who gives us both his name and address, writes a letter which begins with the inquiry: "Do you ever receive bouquets?" Well, yes, we sometimes do; yet if we happen to see an object hurtling toward us through the air we do not at first imagine that it is necessarily a bouquet. We are rather inclined to duck our heads on the general hypothesis that it may be a turnip, or a dead cat, or half a brick. But yes, we do sometimes receive bouquets. Having said this much, we shall proceed to print the letter, not because it relates to us, but because the writer of it addressed it to the Letter Box.

TO THE LETTER BOX:

Do you ever receive bouquets? For I must throw you a few flowers—now faded, alas!—for your excellent March number, now getting a belated May reading from yours truly. The New Baedeker—who is he? What gentle soul is this, whose name has fallen out of the index?

His "Trenton Falls" has shed its delightful aroma 'way off here in California, where the flowers he would sing about are revelling in the Western sunshine, and where breezes from the pine woods waft a sympathetic soul over the Rockies to Trenton Falls!

Ah, who would not envy the discoverer of Trenton Falls! He has sent the warmth from the "big fireplace of the inn" to touch a responsive heart, three thousand miles away.

The modest snapshot of the "help" was a short story in itself; and for a chance to kiss the dear old German mother of the picture, I would almost pass by the girl whose "arm was twisted in the moonlight!"—sweet as she must have been.

Month after month magazines are printed, the hum of a thousand presses fills the land, yet how rarely (in these days of dollars and decadence) do we have an interpreter who writes like the Irresponsible Traveller!

IV

A correspondent, writing from Macon, Georgia, has this to say:

In the March number of *THE BOOKMAN* a review signed by Professor Harry Thurston Peck speaks of "the shadow which every year is casting about the figure of Edwin M. Stanton. Well-read historians have long ago assigned this man his proper place." I fully agree with this opinion, yet the *Life of Lincoln*, by Hay and Nicolay, defends Stanton's conduct in having had Mrs. Surratt executed. Are we to suppose that Nicolay and Hay were not "well-read historians"?

Messrs. Nicolay and Hay were certainly not well-read historians in a large sense; and, as it happened, they both shared in the passions and emotions of the Civil War. In consequence it would have been too much to expect from them anything like an impartial judgment. It has always amused us to hear Mr. John Hay set up and glorified as an especial authority on matters relating to Abraham Lincoln. He was, to be sure, President Lincoln's assistant private secretary, but at that time he was a very young man, and it was not the custom then for Presidents to admit their secretaries and assistant secretaries to an intimate knowledge of what was going on. Mr. Hay never had any such relations with President Lincoln as the late Colonel Lamont had with President Cleveland, or such as Mr. William Loeb, Jr., had with President Roosevelt. The Presidents until lately used to write much of their correspondence in their own hands; and they kept their own memoranda and notes of conferences which they had with friends and enemies. Consequently Mr. Hay was very much on the outside from 1861

to 1865; and his sources of knowledge after that time were the same sources that are open to everybody.

V

Last month when we heard from the gentleman in British Columbia, he wrote us on a post-card which depicted the wreck of a railway train. Now he sends us a view of a beautiful stream rippling between green trees. It is labelled "St. Joe River." On the front of the card is this hospitable invitation:

Great fishing here and a bear, maybe. Bring guest and rods and we will do our best to get both for you.

G. from B. C.

We are very much tempted to accept some of these invitations, though we should shrink from tackling a bear with nothing more deadly than rods. Our readers will remember how the Bookman Banquet was frustrated four years ago and that we could not, for the reasons explained, entertain the readers of the Letter Box. We have now in mind the plan of making a personal pilgrimage to those who honour us with their invitations. We always feel hampered at having to say so little in these pages. How delightful it would be to spend whole hours in talking with the Lady from Pittsfield in a drawing-room, or stretched out by the side of a camp-fire with the Gentleman from British Columbia! And it would not be all cakes and ale either. What lively times we should have when we came across a Simple Speller or some one whose customary phrases we have consigned to the Inferno! But whether in peace or whether in war we think that we shall go forth to transform our Letter-Box acquaintances into real ones. We shall make up our itinerary in September. Meanwhile, will our friends and cheerful enemies kindly observe the subtle hint which is conveyed in these remarks?

VI

Our old friend, Polka Dots, from whom we have not heard for many years till just now, has already sent us an invitation, though it is not wholly friendly in

character. That is why we should be inclined to accept it first of all. Polka Dots writes from Denver. Perhaps, to be sure, he is not the same Polka Dots who used to assail us, but his style is very similar. We are a collector of titles, as all our readers are aware, and he has given us a new one, even though he does so in derision. Here is his letter:

THE RANCH, DENVER, COL.

MY DEAR ADMIRAL (OF THE HORSE MARINES):

It is a great pleasure to us on the ranch to learn that you are a horseman. We rather like men who are fond of out-door sports, and our allegiance was beginning to incline a little in favour of the Junior Editor, who golfs and automobiles. But now that you have come out with that spirited anticipation of what you will do to him on that forty-mile ride, we stand by the Old Man.

If you can cross one Bronx, why not run out here and try some of our broncos?

It would be a great joy to us to see you and the Junior on mounts that we could furnish you, and he could laugh best who laughed last—as between you and your confrère. As for the rest of us, we might possibly laugh all the time.

By the way, you said in your last, that you are going down to Flushing Bay "some time and drop in unexpectedly upon the author of *Pigs is Pigs*." How would it do to put "drop in upon" in the Inferno if you have no further use for it?

Yours canteringly,

POLKA DOTS.

We are afraid that Polka Dots is trying to do what they call in Denver, "throwing a bluff." He wants to give us a certain pictorial impression of him as a Bad Man. He would like to have us think that he is about six feet high, that he wears long cow-hide boots, that he has a belt about his waist, and a gun at his hip, a red shirt, a face burned by the sun and wind to the colour of fresh liver, sandy hair, a grim jaw, and that his spurs jangle as he swaggers about with his fellow pards, laughing raucously at any casual tenderfoot who comes his way. As a matter of fact we believe him to be about five feet two, with a smooth shaven, somewhat timid face, his hair parted in the middle and associating with mild-mannered and harmless individuals

in some branch of the Young Men's Christian Association at Denver, of which he is probably secretary. He keeps the books with care and speaks with a sort of pastoral superiority to those who attend the "socials" over which he amiably presides. You probably couldn't get him to go within thirty yards of a bucking broncho, though no doubt he reads dime novels and even books by Owen Wister. This is what we think; but we can't be sure until we actually go out to Denver and see him in the flesh. But when he says that we ought to put "drop in upon" into the *Inferno* he shows a very ladylike inability to distinguish an ordinary colloquialism from a vulgarism on the one hand and a fatuous commonplace on the other.

VII

We wish that all persons who are worth while would join us in our crusade against saying "along these lines." The expression reached the very limits of banality a year ago, and yet it is being used even more and more each day. We do not refer to its employment by persons who are naturally bromidian, for we have not set out to save them from what is congenital and, therefore, hopeless. But what are we to think when the Attorney-General of the United States, pleading the other day for a broader and finer cultivation in our engineering schools, remarked that their training has been too much "along technical lines"? That was a fine instance of the higher cultivation to spring upon a lot of impressionable boys at the Lehigh University! But more remarkable—in fact inimitable, colossal, and stupendous—was the collocation of words emitted by Chancellor Henry M. MacCracken on June 2d to the students and graduates of the New York University. Chancellor MacCracken said that in his opinion there should be erected a memorial in honour of William Livingston, and he suggested the following inscription to be carved upon it:

In honour of William Livingston, 1723-1790, who first in America planned a university on broad, undenominational, patriotic lines.

After reading this, we decided that in the early autumn we should establish a night-school to give elementary instruction to university chancellors and college presidents. In the meantime will not our cultivated contemporaries take the thing up in earnest?

VIII

A lady writing from the Barnard Club in this city sends us the following interesting suggestion à propos of the authorship of the novel *Democracy*:

DEAR SIR: My impression—indeed my belief—is that *Democracy* was written by Mrs. Henry Adams.

We should be greatly obliged to the lady who wrote this letter if she would give us—in confidence if necessary—an explanation of how she received the impression which she records.

IX

In connection with the *Inferno* we have received a letter which may be described not merely as the attack of a single champion, but as the onrush of a host which has gathered up all its forces to overwhelm a stronghold. Horse, foot, dragoons, light-artillery, siege guns, and even aeroplanes are all figuratively brought into action. We should like to print the letter now and to meet right here the invading host; but alas, the space at our disposal this month does not allow us to give the letter in full. As it would be unfair not to publish every word of it, we temporarily postpone it; and we now invite our readers to witness the battle of Armageddon in the course of a few weeks. We may remark by way of a preliminary notice that it is all about the pronunciation of the word "automobile."

Having made this announcement we now proceed to set forth again the *Inferno* with some new and choice additions.

THE BOOKMAN'S INFERNO

"Along these lines."

"Ar/s'tocratic."

"Automobile."

- "Brany."
 "Bright" (for "clever" or "brilliant").
 "By leaps and bounds."
 "Clubman."
 "Dandy" (as an adjective).
 "Elegant" (for "good," "agreeable").
 "Enthuse."
 "Exclusive" (as a social term).
 "Exqu^site"
 "Fictionist."
 "Genteel."
 "Gentlemanly."
 "He (she, it) struck a new note."
 "In'quiry."
 "In touch with" (except as a technical term in military or naval discourse).
 "Locate" (as an intransitive verb).
 "Lunch."
 "Nom de plume."
 "Ovation."
 "Parlour."
 "'Phone," for "telephone," either as noun or verb.
 "Pleased to meet you."
 "Prince Albert coat."
 "Residential district."
 "Smart" (for "clever").
 "Social standing."
 "Storiette."
 "Stylish."
 "Sur le tapis."
 "The Four Hundred."
 "The story grips the reader."
 "Thinker."
 "Up to date."
 "Vest."

BOOKWORMS OF THE SEAS



WHILE the statement that, taken as a class, the greatest bookworms of the present day are the sailors of the seven seas is likely to be received sceptically, recent statistics indicate that the assertion is just as true as it is unexpected. These statistics, compiled by the American Seamen's Friend Society, show that nine out of ten of the sailors who make up the crews of the three thousand and more sailing vessels that annually leave the port of New York are habitual readers of good books; that most of their spare time is spent in the forecables deep in the pages of novels and educational volumes; and that their application to literature is voluntary and sincere.

The infusing of the sailors from the four quarters of the globe with a love for literature has been the result of fifty years of endeavour on the part of the organisation, and it has been brought about by a great chain of so-called loan libraries that are installed free of charge on the vessels that leave New York.

In 1859, when the "book campaign," as it has been termed, was begun, 10

libraries were sent to sea as an experiment. The next year 94 were sent out; the third year, 113; the fourth year, 117; and the fifth year, 218. The reports from these libraries were so satisfactory and encouraging that 421 were sent out in 1863, an amount that almost equalled the total number of libraries that had been placed on the vessels during the entire five preceding years. The demand for good literature on the part of the seamen has increased to such an extent since the inception of the ocean library system that a total of 26,078 libraries have been sent to sea since 1859, an average of 521 each year. These libraries have contained 620,808 volumes and have been accessible to 445,044 sailors.

In this connection, it is interesting to observe that 1,078 libraries, containing 39,415 volumes, have also been placed upon vessels in the United States Navy and that 162 libraries containing 6,336 books have been placed in the various United States Life Saving stations. The latter libraries have been accessible to 1,327 surfmen and keepers.

Each library contains about forty-three books of distinctive types. The following partial list conveys an idea of the make-up of one of the libraries:

When Wilderness Was King.....Parrish
 Vanity Fair.....Thackeray
 David Balfour.....Stevenson
 On the Way to Paris.....Verne
 Tales from Shakespeare.....Lamb
 The Sky Pilot.....Connor
 All of Grace.....Spurgeon
 Across Russia.....Stoddard
 Jerry McAuley.....Offord
 The Great Pilot.....Newton
 Nancy Stair.....Lane
 A Flame of Fire.....Hocking
 The Holy War.....Bunyan
 Graham of Claverhouse.....MacLaren
 The Marks of a Man.....Speer

When, too, it is appreciated that there have been 25,000 reshipments of the libraries, it may be seen how the demand for reading matter among the sailors has grown. The libraries, as soon as they are installed on ship-board, are open to all the seamen, who are allowed to draw one book each at a time. When the books have gone the rounds on one ship, the library is exchanged for that of another vessel. The captain of each vessel records the books the sailors have read and have liked best, and his reports are sent in to the headquarters of the society that provides the literature. Here is a sample of one of these reports. The books indicated were the three favourites of each of the seamen named during the trip of the vessel from New York to Foochow:

LIBRARY REPORT OF CAPTAIN W. SMITH.

ON BOARD "THE DRUMELTAN."

Seaman P. McGovern: I. *Ben Hur*; II. *A Gentleman of France*; III. *Sergeant Burgoyne*.

Seaman William Murray: I. *The Sinking of the Merrimac*; II. *Brave Men and Brave Deeds*; III. *Kidnapped*.

Seaman F. Neincke: I. *Helen's Babies*; II. *Through the Sikh War*; III. *The Life of Lincoln*.

Seaman R. Hayssen: I. *The Story of Patsy*; II. *Rip Van Winkle*; III. *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*.

Statistics gathered from the thousands of captains' reports, of which the foregoing is only a fragmentary part, show the following table of what might be termed "the six best sellers of the seas."

The books chronicled are the leaders in the race for favouritism among the sailors during the past year:

- I. *Treasure Island*.....Stevenson
- II. *The Three Musketeers*.....Dumas
- III. *Cruising Among the Caribbees*.
Stoddard
- IV. *Hurricane Island*.....Watson
- V. *Under the Red Robe*.....Weyman
- VI. *The Prince of India*.....Wallace

Hundreds of letters are received every month by the officials in charge of the loan libraries from officers and seamen aboard the various vessels, telling in a naïve manner of the appreciation of this or that particular book or sometimes criticising a bit of literature that has not met with their reading approval. The following extract from a letter received from Captain S. H. Wall, of the schooner *Annie*, is typical of the first class of communications received:

For years the books in the library on board ship have been my only source of reading, so I can truthfully say whatever I know about authors and whatever taste I have for good literature dates from my reading the books in the loan library on my second voyage in the early seventies. I have become very fond of reading. *Pansy* and *Louisa M. Alcott* used to be my favourite writers, but now I like the works of the standard authors. I have spent many pleasant hours with *Dickens*, *Whittier*, *Bryant* and *Longfellow*, and *Mr. Roosevelt's* writings are fine. I carry a library on every voyage, and my crew have the full benefit of it. I have noticed that the seamen when they get hold of light fiction will hardly stop reading when they have begun the book. They spend watch after watch below, going without sleep, carried away crazy to know how it is going to end. With books of biography and travel, they will read them slower and keep them much longer, seeming to derive a lot of benefit from them. All the sailors are great readers.

The captains of the *Margaret H. Vane*, *A. M. Gilson* and the *Carrie Look* have said recently that their crews "have been reading so much that their work has been sliding off." Captain E. A. Sarty, of the *Katharine Mills*, and his fellow-captains of the *Canada* and the *Cale-*

donia, have written several times during the last few months from foreign ports similarly telling to what a great extent their men had become bookworms. One of them says, "The men's reading has done more to help discipline on board ship than anything I know."

An interesting opinion as to literature was that expressed in a letter from one of the crew of the bark *Onaway*, cruising around the West Indies:

I have read five books in the last six weeks, and three of them by Mr. Henty were much better, I think, than the other two by Mr. Dickens and Mr. Goldsmith, but there are some points, at that, in favour of the last two writers. They write so human.

Before a library has been transferred from one ship to another, it has been found to be generally true that each man on board the ship has read at least one-half of the books in that library. The seamen usually select their own books when the library is first thrown open and choose their subsequent reading matter after discussing the merits of the different books with their fellow-seamen who have been reading them.

In relation to the taste of the great body of bookworms who lead the life of the seas, one of the officials of the Library Department of the Seamen's Society who has made a study of the question for many years says: "The sailors like best the books of adventure, biography and chivalry. A sailor will often go without sleep in order to follow the adventures of his favourite hero. Books of biography also seem to hold their interest, as do stories of chivalrous deeds. The seaman's sympathy, in the latter kind of books, is always with the under dog and he admires the man who champions the cause of the weak. Any story in which the hero undertakes the combat, whether in the cause of love or in the way of Christian duty, has a peculiar fascination for the sailors.

"A good detective story," he concludes, "and a rattling story of romance are devoured with eager eyes by the men in the forecables, off watch."

The statistics in hand reveal points as to the travels of the thousands of libraries on all sorts of ships and to and from all

the corners of the hemispheres. Take a single loan library, for instance, let us say No. 6,204. The records show that Library No. 6,204 has had thirty-two years of usefulness among the men of the sea. Sent to sea in October, 1877, it has made seven long voyages on as many different sailing vessels: First, on the ship *Conqueror*, bound for San Francisco, California, Captain Gerald, with twenty-seven men in the crew; second, on the bark *Jane Adeline*, bound for Guayama, P. R., Captain Hess, with twelve men in the crew; third, on the schooner *Mary Lord*, bound for St. Kitts, W. I., Captain Smith, with eight men in the crew; fourth, on the schooner *Emma M. Fox*, bound for South America, Captain Patrick, with seven men in the crew; fifth, on the schooner *Severn*, bound for Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, Captain Corwin, with nine men in the crew; sixth, on the brig *Daisy Boynton*, bound for Parahiba, Brazil, Captain Harding, with ten men in the crew; and seventh, on the schooner *G. H. Ames*, bound for Mobile, Alabama, Captain Marshall, with eight men in the crew. The library is at present on the schooner *M. D. S.*, bound for the San Blas coast, Captain Graham, with eight men in the crew. The statistics show hundreds of similar long records of single libraries that have been assigned to the small sailing vessels.

The records for one of the recent months—and the statistics are a fair average—show that during a thirty days' period twenty-five libraries were sent to sea. Of these, five were new and twenty reshipped. Two libraries have been reshipped seven times; one, six times; one, five times; two, four times; five, three times; four, twice; and five, once.

From this increasing devotion to literature there has been evolved a class of seamen as different from that of thirty years ago as was the latter class different from the seafarers of the last decades of the seventeenth century. The seas are becoming educated and with that education there is fading into oblivion the day when discipline was instilled only by the stinging smart of the black-thorn. Books have supplemented the lash for good and all.

George Jean Nathan.

THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

IX—HAVRE AND TROUVILLE



SHOULD not like to prescribe to any one just what sort of a steamship he should choose when he first visits Europe. He may, if he will, select one of those monsters that are more than a seventh of a mile in length and that smash through the ocean with an absolute disdain of storm and waves. In them he will find playrooms for his children, electric elevators, a gymnasium, electric baths, a *solarium* domed over with richly painted glass, a special café modelled on the Ritz, and dark rooms in which to develop the photographs which he takes of his friends and of the ship. If he chooses to travel with dogs and cats or any other sort of beast, he will find kennels and a kennel-master in the hold. If he does not care to experience that blessed sense of peaceful isolation from the cares of life which comes from being inevitably cut off from towns and cities in the midst of the great magnificently rolling ocean, he can get news by wireless from other ships, and when he approaches land he can have, as it were, a ticker to bring the bustle of the stock exchange into his very stateroom.

Or, if he has the true love of the sea within him, he can take a comfortable eight or nine or ten-day boat, and forget that there is anything in the whole wide world beyond the decks that glisten with the good salt spray, and the far range of water over which he casts a contented and untroubled gaze. In such a ship he can experience the grandeur of the storms and the beauty of the tranquil sea when it lies level in the sunlight, or when, at night, its track is touched and turned to silver by the moon. He will not miss the playrooms and the gymnasium and the *solarium* and the café and the elevators and the dog kennels; but he will feel the exhilaration of plunging over the great billows and of sleeping that wonderfully restful sleep which is

induced by the gentle rocking and rhythmic sway of the splendid ship that is in reality a ship and not a garish and luxurious hotel fit only for rich invalids and peevish women.

But whether you go over with a millionaire's menagerie or whether you are satisfied with a real ship, there cannot possibly be any question as to what is the most delightful port in the whole of Europe. The approaches to Liverpool are dull and commonplace, though sufficiently spick and span, and one takes a certain pleasure at seeing the luggers drift about with their reddish sails. Southampton is about as interesting as Hoboken; and Dover lets you see nothing of its real points, which I hope some day to describe, but which are not visible at once from a steamship entering the port. Hamburg and Bremen are as bad as Southampton. You find something picturesque when you go up the Scheldt to Antwerp; but not enough to count; while Rotterdam is a horror. Cherbourg has some things of interest to attract you, with its granite breakwater and its memories of Louis XIV. and Vauban; but nothing to hold you very long. Of course, the Bay of Naples is beautiful and effective, with its blue sky overhead, the curling smoke of Vesuvius and the huge volcanic slopes stretching out before you, while Capri lies in a sort of mist as you steam up through the bay. But the whole thing is too much like a stage-setting—a little tea-boardy in fact, and suggestive of a chromo.

If, after a week of ocean, you wish something to emerge before your sight slowly and serenely and with a mellow beauty of its own—a beauty that grows on you and resolves itself into minor beauties and delicate little touches of foreign strangeness—then there is just one seaport for you, and that is the seaport of Le Havre. Nothing can be more delightful than to approach the widespread mouth of the river Seine a little

before daybreak and while darkness still broods upon the scene. You rise joyfully and go for the last time into the *salle-à-manger* (why will the French employ upon their ships the same words and names which they employ on shore?) and your own particular *garçon* brings you a cup of coffee and bowl of savoury *soupe à l'oignon*; and then, fortified by the excellent meal, you light a cigarette and proceed on deck. The great ship is moving very slowly now, for you cannot land until daybreak. All about you there is darkness, but a sort of luminous darkness shot through with little points of fire. Guy de Maupassant has caught the effect extremely well in his novel *Pierre et Jean*. The novel is not among his best, and he does not give you in it the heart of Hâvre; yet none the less the book is associated with Hâvre, and you should be sure to read it on the ship while you are going over.

Here, then, at the mouth of the Seine are twinkles of light appearing and disappearing in turn and each one seems to beckon you and tell you something. Let us hear how Maupassant describes them:

Lights mark the entrance to the harbour; while beyond, across the Seine, can be seen still others, fixed or flashing, with brilliant effulgence and dark eclipses, opening and closing like eyes,—the eyes of harbours, yellow, red, green—watching over the dark sea covered with ships; living eyes of the hospitable shore, saying by the simple movement of their lids: "Here I am. I am Trouville. I am Honfleur. I am the river of Pont Audemer."

Then on the illimitable sea, darker than the heavens here and there stars seem visible. They tremble in the misty night—small, near or far, and also white, red or green. They are almost always motionless, but some appear to move. They are the lights on vessels at anchor, waiting for the coming tide.

But presently there comes a flush of rose into the sky, and from the deck you see the smooth white shores on which the water dimples in the dawn. The steamer moves majestically along until finally you behold the lighthouse, snowy white, and the huge semaphore and then the ship turns inward. The tricolour is run up to the mast-head; a small brass

cannon barks vociferously on the upper deck, and you pass along the front of the Grand Quai so near that you can read the signs upon the quaint old gabled buildings which cluster thickly there. "Estaminet," "Ici on Loge à Pied," "À la Belle Havraise," "Café Débit"—this is certainly not an aristocratic portion of the town, yet it looks as neat and clean as though it had been especially prepared for you, while the jetties and little triangular points of sand that run out into the sea are as pure as driven snow. Hâvre somehow seems like the home of a boundless hospitality. You feel this even as you steam by the piers. Every one seems so glad to see the great Atlantic liner. Boys and men and girls all line the quai, and even the little French soldiers with their red legs dance about vivaciously. *Soyez le bienvenu!* they all seem to say, and what is more, they seem to mean it. Here is where Hâvre differs from any other port in the whole world. It really welcomes you. It gives you a sense of buoyancy and joyousness so that you are immensely glad to be there; and if you are new to Europe, the quaint old sea-front with the crowded streets that run back from it, will give you all sorts of sensations before your steamer has turned after passing the Avant Port into the great *bassin* which receives the vessels of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, and where you are to land without more ado.

Now, if you are an unwise person, you will bundle yourself at once into a railway train and be off to Paris. If you are just moderately wise you will stay until the afternoon and have yourself driven out to Frascati's, where you will certainly get a most excellent meal on its broad veranda, while you look out over the sea on which you were steaming an hour or two before. It is very pretty and attractive, I admit. The fresh salt breeze blows in upon you. The sky is distilling liquid gold above your head. But after all, you might as well be at Newport or somewhere down near Belmar, or at Cape May. Frascati's is not a part of Hâvre. About you are familiar faces and the sound of your native language. You are practically still at home. You are losing that indescribable quin-

tessence of what is foreign, that *soupeon* of an older world which you can never savour on the palate so perfectly as during the first few hours after you have landed fresh from comfortable, commonplace America. It is like beginning the day with a Pittsburg "stogey" instead of with one of those rare golden-brown and very thin cigars whose fragrance is of the Vuelta Abajo. The first six hours in a foreign land are the most delightful of one's whole vacation; so why merely make them iterate the things which you have left behind?

Thus, if you are very wise indeed, slip off the steamer and dispose yourself in a *fiacre*, and tell the man who drives it to go speedily along until he turns into the Rue de Paris—that epitome of Hâvre. Maupassant never caught the exact feeling of this delightful street, perhaps because he was too familiar with it. Henry James has done it in half a dozen lines. It is in his story—a most interesting, poignant story—which he wrote years and years ago under the title of *Four Meetings*. Perhaps you will remember it. It certainly would be difficult to forget it—that half-pathetic story of the little New England woman, Caroline Spencer, who all her life in the village of Grimwinter has yearned some day to visit Europe, and who for years has saved and pinched so that she may accomplish her desire. You remember, perhaps, how she took a French steamer and every day throughout the voyage sat, as it were, in a trance with her face turned toward the magical lands which she was so soon to see. When she reaches Hâvre, a lout of a cousin of hers who is studying "art" in Paris, meets her and concocts a story which appeals to her soft-heartedness; so that she gives him all her money, save enough to take her home again. Her whole stay in Europe has been one of a few short hours; and yet, after all, one has a sort of feeling that four or five hours in Hâvre meant to her as much as years of travel mean to those idle rich who bring nothing with them when they visit Europe and who, therefore, carry nothing home with them except what they have purchased in the shops.

But never mind the story of *Four Meetings*. You should read it for your-

self. My point is that in it Henry James has given us with the hand of a master the Rue de Paris and almost Hâvre itself:

The early autumn day was warm and charming, and our stroll through the bright-coloured, busy streets of the old French seaport was sufficiently entertaining. We walked along the sunny, noisy quays and then turned into a wide, pleasant street which lay half in sun and half in shade—a French provincial street, that looked like an old water-colour drawing: tall, grey, steep-roofed, red gabled, many-storied houses; green shutters on windows and old scroll-work above them; flower-pots in balconies and white-capped women in doorways. We walked in the shade; all this stretched away on the sunny side of the street and made a picture.

It is indeed a picture; and, therefore, tell your *cocher* to drive you to a very French hotel—very old and very good—which is nearly at the head of the Rue de Paris and a few doors below the Place Gambetta; so that when you choose to stroll out into the sun, a few steps will take you to a curious and interesting square with trees and flower-stands and little kiosques down the middle, with a row of hotels and their broad *terrasses* at one side, and on the other, the huge Bassin du Commerce in which great ships float quietly in the very heart of the city.

But immediately on your landing, don't be lured away into the Place Gambetta; because by this time you will have forgotten the very early breakfast which you had on board the ship and you will be ravenously hungry. So, after getting rid of all traces of the sea and garbing yourself immaculately, go down to the first floor of the Hôtel de Normandie—I don't see why I shouldn't mention its real name. Its great outer doors look into the Rue de Paris; but within, there is a courtyard paved with ancient flagstones and provided with benches set among its palm trees. From these you can witness the whole economy of the hotel—the presiding genius, whom every one calls "Mees," because she thinks that she can speak English, the hulking *portier* in his uniform, the little *chasseur* flying to and fro



"IF YOU ARE JUST MODERATELY WISE YOU WILL HAVE YOURSELF DRIVEN OUT TO FRASCATI'S,
WHERE YOU WILL CERTAINLY GET A MOST EXCELLENT MEAL ON ITS BROAD VERANDA"



"AND YOU PASS ALONG THE FRONT OF THE GRAND QUAI SO NEAR THAT YOU CAN READ THE SIGNS
UPON THE QUAIN OLD GABLED BUILDINGS WHICH CLUSTER THICKLY THERE"

at every one's commands, the neat white-capped maids ascending and descending the broad stairway, occasionally a cook emerging from some remote recess, and waiters bearing fruits and flowers to prepare the table d'hôte for the approaching *déjeuner*. Don't go near the table d'hôte. It will afford many things that are admirably cooked and served—nothing could be better; yet the first hours after one leaves the ship are *the* hours for asserting one's own individuality and for eating what one pleases and

with us in the same category as tripe. But behold the genius of the French! When the waiter brings in an enormous silver bowl with a dome-like silver cover, and **when he removes the cover**—then you forget everything in the world except the delicious savoury smell of the steam which rises from the myriad shells that open lovingly for you to extract from them the dainty sea-flavoured mussel that lurks within. Mussel, did I say? No, these are not the ordinary mussels that Americans know. French gastro-



HAVRE FROM SAINTE-ADRESSE

not what other persons have imagined for him.

You will find a small restaurant just inside the street entrance. It is presided over by a waiter who has apparently been forty years of age for the last two decades. He has a friendly alert air; and anything in the world that you want, he will promptly provide, for the honour of the Hôtel de Normandie. You will naturally order some sort of *potage* or anything that your fancy suggests; but whatever else you do, be sure to call for mussels. I can see you turning up your nose at this. In America, who eats mussels, except at rare times perhaps some pickled mussels? They are

nomie genius has transformed them into *moules marinière*, and the difference is like the difference between Coney Island beer with a collar on and the nectar of the immortal gods. In some deftly magical way the French chef has imparted a delicious suggestion to the *moules*, just that indefinable, evanescent memory of garlic—garlic which in the hands of the ordinary cook is an offensive and deadly weapon, but which in the hands of a cook of high degree—an artist in fact—is a means for achieving some of the supreme triumphs of his art. After the *moules*, you will have anything you care for—dainty slices of *galantine*, or maybe capon nestling amid water-cresses, and

then perhaps some peaches in a little basket where the fruit is enfolded in leaves from its own tree and ripened to precisely the right turn on some ancient wall in the sunshine of an old French garden. Then, perhaps, some pulled bread and a bit of Camembert and a *café Mazagran* in a long glass. No one remembers now the battle that gave its name to this particular preparation of coffee—which shows that men may come and empires may fall and armies may be dashed into fragments upon the battlefield, but the genius of cookery remains triumphant and its achievements are never lost.

Well, after you have had the *moules* and the cold chicken and a salad and some long rolls of brown French bread, and after you have consumed the Camembert and drunk the Mazagran, you relax with a sigh of comfort while you blow a peaceful cloud and look out into the Rue de Paris, lazily and with infinite content. It is so delightful to be ashore and in this quaint and rich old town. It is fine to have so many good things at your disposal and to be taking in, as it were, through the open window, a sort of panorama of Old France. Directly across the street is a place devoted to the making of every possible kind of choco-



NEAR THE "STAR"

late—forms and conceptions to which Mr. Huyler's imagination never soared.



HAVRE—ALONG THE GRAND QUAI



"THE STURDY NORMAN GIRL"

On the sidewalk, in the sun, men go by in blouses, and sturdy Norman girls wearing rather extraordinary caps and with portentous ear-rings. There is a clatter of wooden shoes upon the cobblestones, for nearly half the population prefer to walk in the middle of the street. Sailors just off their ships, and tidy *bourgeois* of the town, and pretty girls out shopping with their somewhat too plump mammas—a flutter of awnings, an impression of briskness, neatness and, more than all, a sense of having been there for centuries upon centuries, ever since the time of Louis XII—all these combine to affect your imagination and delight your senses.

The Rue de Paris slopes leisurely down to the Grand Quai; and as you stroll along it, you see on every hand evidences that Hâvre is not only a seaport, but one of the great seaports of the world. In France it ranks second only to Marseilles. The first thing that attracts your attention is the fact that so many shops incidentally deal in foreign postage-stamps. Whether you go into a tobacco-

nist's or a *magazin de blanc* or a confectioner's or a hardware shop, you are pretty certain to see in the windows great piles of envelopes—those beautiful fat, bulging envelopes which delight the heart of every incipient stamp-collector—bearing in red and green letters such inscriptions as "500 Timbres Tous Différents," while smaller envelopes contain fewer but choicer specimens. This amateur stamp industry shows that Hâvre is in communication with all parts of the world. From it go forth ships to Western Africa, to Madagascar, to Java and Sumatra and Japan, as well as to specifically French possessions, such as Tonquin and Martinique and New Caledonia. Thousands of families in Hâvre receive letters from their relatives in these countries, and they frugally remove the postage-stamps from them and sell them to the keepers of the shops. The stamps are probably all picked over every little while by some expert; for I have never found anything very rare among them; but the ever present packets of foreign



A TYPE AT TROUVILLE

stamps are a reminder of the maritime importance of the city.

The same fact comes to you more forcibly when you reach the Grand Quai itself. Along the continuous wharf and facing the open water, are innumerable little restaurants and shops which sell marine stores and junk and all sorts of things that have a tarry smell. But what surprises you most and gives an odd exotic touch to the whole wharfage, is the screaming chatter of about a million parrots which swing in cages festooned along the widely open doors of all these

part of a French maritime city is. In New York or Liverpool, for example, along the water-front, one might well expect to find a drunken sailor every three or four minutes and to hear the sound of crapulous carousing at night from the various bar-rooms and "saloons." But the Grand Quai at Havre is as demure and self-respecting as Upper Fifth Avenue. The *estaminets* emit no special sounds of revelry. In the little café-restaurants an occasional group of sailors wearing ear-rings will sit around a table consuming a few *bocks*, and smoking



"THE GRANDFATHER OF ALL THE BOARDWALKS IN AMERICA"

buildings. Probably every sailor who comes back from Brazil or Africa or Asia or Central America or wherever it is that parrots live, brings with him a dozen of these birds and sells them for a song on the Grand Quai. There they form an innumerable company swinging in the sun and ruffling their feathers of blue and green and gold and crimson until you might imagine that you were in a tropical forest or the heart of a rainbow.

It is wonderful how orderly even this

long-stemmed pipes; but they never howl or make any sort of a disturbance, and the placid old Norman dame in her white cap waits upon them in a casual friendly way. You may go into one of these places and take your seat at a table yourself if you desire to, and ask for something to eat. The floor is sanded. There are no tableclothes or napkins. You will be served perhaps with wooden bowls or with crockery about as thick as armour plate. But everything is as neat as wax, and for a franc or less you will get a meal

more appetising than the average country inn of America ever dream of.

This matter of public order in France is rather a mystery to me. You see the undersized gendarmes wherever you choose to go; but they efface themselves and never seem to have any particular business. If you address them they are immensely civil, in fact, almost Chesterfieldian. I remember asking one of them the way to a particular place. He did not, like an American policeman, grunt and mumble out a sentence both elliptical and syncopated. Far from that, he

government in France. Down past the Rue Général Faidherbe there is, or was, a large dark building, a sort of combination of a *café chantant* and a restaurant. At night there blazed from its front in gas jets "The Star." The name being English, it was probably meant to attract the custom of English sailors; but I never saw any English sailors there, but only the townsfolk of Havre and a sprinkling of fishermen. Sitting up in a sort of perch which is reserved for strangers distinguished enough to pay half a franc for this seclusion, I watched



TROUVILLE—LA PROMENADE DES PLANCHES

seemed to be much honoured by the inquiry. He walked out into the middle of the *trottoir* and struck an attitude, holding his left hand on his heart, with the other free for pointing. "Permettez, Monsieur," he began; and then as I gracefully permitted it, he gave me the direction several times over, and finally bowed, saluted, and retired to his own particular niche against the wall.

It is only in Havre, however, that I have witnessed two interferences by the French police on behalf of public order. The first was a rather curious one and shows the paternal character of

with much interest one evening, both the performance on the stage and the behaviour of the audience who were sitting at long parallel tables on the main floor below. Some of them were smoking and some of them were drinking cider—in Normandy the eating-houses usually display the sign "*Cidre à Discretion*"—and some were also eating bread and meat. One especial group attracted my attention. The man was probably an artisan, good-natured and burly. With him were his wife and four or five children of all ages. The father and mother and elder children had consumed a large amount



"WHEN YOU REACH THE LONG IRON PIER AT TROUVILLE"

of cold meat and cheese and salad, and likewise no small quantity of sickly home-brewed beer. Now in this particular *café chantant*, it is not customary for the artists, after each turn, to do what the French call *faire la quête*, that is, to carry around a wooden bowl after the fashion of passing a hat or a contribution-box. On the contrary, the people in the audience here show their approval by flinging sous and half sous on the stage. After a particularly fetching song or an amusing piece of jugglery, a rain of coppers goes up from the auditorium and is picked up by the performers, as an opera singer would pick up a bouquet.

Now my friend the artisan was evidently somewhat mellowed by his draughts of beer; and he let himself go in this pastime of flinging coppers. I should judge that he must have thrown as much as sixteen cents upon the stage

when suddenly, in a noiseless way, a gendarme appeared from nowhere and began to speak earnestly to this patron of the arts. There was much talk. Madame engaged in it with considerable vivacity. The elder children joined in. A dozen or more of persons who sat about them were also drawn into the vortex. Finally the proprietor of the place came down and took a hand. I hadn't the slightest notion of what it was all about; for I could not hear what they were saying. But presently the talk subsided, the gendarme withdrew, and everything went on as before, except that the artisan threw no more coppers on the stage. My curiosity was so much excited that I descended from my isolated perch and managed to get the proprietor into a corner for an explanation.

"Ah," said he with an expressive shrug, "the good *ouvrier* was spending far too



"THE SANDS GLITTERED, THE MUSIC SOUNDED, MEN AND WOMEN IN BRIGHT-COLOURED STRIPES TOOK HEADERS INTO THE TIDE"



"YOU WILL NOT BE SORRY TO GO ASHORE AND WALK FOR HALF A MILE ALONG THE 'SUMMER BOULEVARD OF PARIS'"



"ON THE GREAT BANK OF YELLOW SAND, STRETCHING FROM THE JETTY TO THE ROCHES NOIRES, PARASOLS OF EVERY COLOUR, HATS OF EVERY SHAPE, IN GROUPS BEFORE THE BATHING HOUSES"

much money—more than he could afford. He was slightly warmed by the food and drink and the excitement of the music, and so he expended an unreasonable sum."

"But," said I, "it was his own business, and his own money, and he seemed sober enough. Did his wife object?"

"Unhappily, no," returned the proprietor. "Madame was most unreasonable. She was even quite willing that he should continue to throw whole sous upon the stage. Naturally, in the interest of the family, the *agent* interfered. It is surely a misfortune to allow a good fellow merely because he is a little *gris* to squander the money which his family may need."

There was much sense in this; and yet it seemed strange enough to an individualistic American that the police should interfere to prevent a man from doing what he pleased with what was quite his own, especially when his wife and children were willing.

The only other instance of the operation of French law that I have seen was a very different one, and yet exceedingly instructive. Walking one day in the outskirts of Hâvre along the line of the coast where rise the huge *falaises*, I came rather suddenly upon a sight that caused me to stop. For here was the beginning of an interesting affair. There was a little one-story cottage in the background. In front of it stood, like a bull, a huge, shaggy-haired, rough-bearded labourer, facing two gendarmes who had evidently come to take him into custody. They were approaching him with some caution, and it seemed to me that their caution was not unnecessary; for he was as big as the two of them together—a perfect buffalo of a man—while they were slim, short, insignificant-looking persons, rather more so because of their cocked hats and awkward uniforms. Apparently the labourer had been beating his wife and threatening to kill her; but with the inconsistency of her sex she was now saying unpleasant things about the minions of the law. They, on their side, had thoughtfully brought with them a *fiacre* which was waiting in the road near by, while the driver looked on with profound indifference.

The gendarmes advanced a step or two.

"Sac à papier!" growled the culprit.

His tone was most ferocious, but how could any tone give dignity to such an absurd ejaculation? After all, it is only English and Americans who have a real gift for straight profanity. Fancy a cowboy cornered by a sheriff's posse and finding nothing more energetic to say than "Paper bag!"

The gendarmes advanced still another step and each took the ruffian by one of his arms.

"Nom d'un chien!" roared their adversary. But what could you expect of a man who would say "Name of a dog!" as the worst thing that he could think of? I was looking every moment, all the same, to see him raise the gendarmes off the earth with his mighty arms and smash their heads together, when in some magic, mysterious way, as it were in the twinkling of an eye, he was down upon the ground, a pair of handcuffs were snapped upon his wrists, and in a moment more he was lying like a log in the bottom of the *fiacre* and being driven briskly toward the town, while the two gendarmes were sitting unemotionally upon his prostrate form. How they did it, Heaven only knows. I have always had a good deal of respect for these gentry ever since. They evidently know their business, and they have a sort of jiu-jitsu of their own invention. I never saw anything neater in my life.

If you are a reader of *Pierre et Jean* you will probably try to find the particular *cabaret* or *brasserie* in which the girl with a fringe first gave the half-clue to Pierre which led him to solve his mother's shameful secret. I think I know where it is myself—a little place just off the Rue de Paris. It is easier still to discover the residence of Madame Rosémilly at Sainte Adresse. If you wish to make the whole Maupassant pilgrimage, you can take the boat which runs from Hâvre to Trouville in about an hour—the boat which carried Pierre to that pleasure-place where he found no pleasure, but only gloomier and blacker thoughts. You are very likely to have a rough time in the little steamer; and when you reach the long iron pier at

Trouville, you will not be sorry to go ashore and to walk for half a mile along "the summer boulevard of Paris" and see a bit of what is *chic* and luxurious and elegant in French fashionable life collected on this marvellous beach. Suppose we let Maupassant describe it for us.

On the great bank of yellow sand, stretching from the jetty to the Roches Noires, parasols of every colour, hats of every shape, dresses of every shade, in groups before the bathing-houses, in lines along the sea, or scattered here and there, resemble, in truth, enormous bouquets in an immeasurable meadow. The confused sounds, near or far, of voices made distinct by the thin air, the calls, the cries of children being bathed, the clear laughter of women, all formed a sweet, unbroken clamour, which was blended with the imperceptible sea air, and was inhaled with it.

This is a very pretty bit of description, but, of course, Maupassant could not stop there. His sixth sense, of which Henry James speaks in criticism, compels him to see something brutal under all this gaiety and colour and life. He must regard it as "the flowering of feminine perversity." That is why I am not going to quote him any further; because, for my part, I like to look upon what is pretty and attractive and to enjoy it as it seems to be and as what in all probability it actually is. Why impute all sorts of evil motives and sinister designs to these dainty butterflies who flit up and down the beach at Trouville or nestle under the great striped umbrellas or plunge in the sparkling sea? I am sure that many of them are above all criticism; for did I not myself find there, in this centre of French frivolity, an American professor of economics entirely forgetful of the splendour of the sky and the blueness of the sea and the bizarre but wonderful effect of colour on the beach? He was off in a corner by himself, working up statistics with an adding machine, and his wife was dutifully assisting him.

Trouville has gone off a little now from

what it used to be under the Second Empire, which transformed it from a mere fishing port into a brilliant capital of fashion. One is rather impressed by the fact that many of the ladies are from the provinces of France and that they dress in a style sufficiently archaic to excite the mirth of any American woman from Altoona or Buffalo or Colorado City. Under the Empire, Trouville was simply Paris transferred to the seashore. And by the way, it is not Maupassant who can claim a complete literary proprietorship in Trouville. He must, at any rate, share it with Ouida, since the first chapter of *Moths* opens vividly on this beach.

The yachts came and went, the sands glittered, the music sounded, men and women in bright-coloured stripes took headers into the tide or pulled themselves about in little canoes; the snowy canvas of the tents shone like huge white mushrooms, and the faces of all the houses were lively with green shutters and awnings brightly striped like the bathers. People, the gayest and best-born people in Europe, laughed and chattered, and made love.

It was at Trouville, you will remember, that the frivolous and naughty Lady Dolly received her large-eyed and serious daughter Vera, and where Vera fell in love with the golden-throated Corrèze, but where she was compelled to marry the evil Russian, Prince Zouroff. It is wonderful how the creations of literature can populate a place and give it interest. As I lie upon my back in the sand at Trouville, with half-shut eyes, and comfortably baking in the sun, the persons who move along the boardwalk (which is probably the grandfather of all the boardwalks in America) seem quite familiar to me. I have met them years ago. I know their stories, their hopes, their griefs, their jealousies, and I know also what is going to happen to them. Thus does literature impinge on life, and make life luminous and full of an added interest which if no one ever wrote good books it would never in the world possess.

"DIAMOND CUT PASTE"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

BOOK II—A WEEK'S CHRONICLE

CHAPTER VII



THEY left the storm behind them. It had swept over Windsor and rolled eastward; and the Orange Court avenue was glittering and dripping from every leaf as they swung in. The air was delicious; the warmth of the sunshine, the smell of the wet earth, intoxicating after the gloom and depression.

Lady Gertrude came out to the porch to meet them, followed by Mrs. Lancelot and Norah lovingly entwined. At the news of the accident Emerald was so overcome that her hostess's sudden pallor passed unnoticed.

"How terrible! How awful!" cried the widow, clasping her little beringed hands. "Oh, Sir Reginald, are you quite, quite sure you're not hurt!—They were flung out, Lady Gertrude; isn't it terrible? Oh, the poor chauffeur, his face is all cut!" She covered her eyes with the expressive hands.

"You'll be glad to know, Mrs. Lancelot," said Coralie, "that I'm perfectly sound. And so is Ernest, and Sir Reginald has lost nothing but a box of jujubes."

But the General was now on his guard. As the others descended he remained seated in his place, as he was overhauling the contents of his bag with a convincing air of anxiety. "I'm very much afraid," he said, "that I've lost something of greater importance—an official letter—of some privacy. I am afraid I must go back."

Emerald gave a cry like the proverbial wounded dove as the car was started into motion again.

"Going back! Oh, Lady Gertrude—after the shock, the danger! Oh, Lady Gertrude!"

"Take me!" cried Norah, springing down the steps.

"Certainly not!" cried her father testily.

"You're *vurry* sensitive, are you not?" said Coralie in a derisive undertone to the widow, as she stood with misting eyes watching the backing and turning of the machine.

"Come in to tea," said Lady Gertrude, with her impassive air. "Norah, I did not invite you downstairs this afternoon."

Coralie, whose eyes nothing seemed to escape, caught here an interchanged glance between Norah and her friend.

"Poor darling!" compassioned the latter's gaze; and "Isn't it a shame!" rebelled Norah's.

The two parted, after a clinging embrace at the foot of the stairs. Coralie watched Norah disappear with an unwonted gravity upon her countenance. The girl, she thought, had subtly altered from what she remembered, and not—as Lady Gertrude had already given her to understand—for the better. She whose charm had been that of an April freshness and spontaneity had gathered an air of self-consciousness. She had always had a trick of tossing her head like a young colt, of pouting and flashing her displeasure; but it had been artless, with a childish petulance that disarmed, almost attracted. Here was the toss of the head, here the pout, the flash of the eye, but with a difference. It was as if she knew that her defiance became her; as if she was aware of its effectiveness upon others.

"The child is positively stagey," said the American to herself.

Doubts of Lady Gertrude's wisdom were creeping into her mind as she followed her into the drawing-room. The long, low, flowery room, with its charming cross-lights, its air of refinement and comfort, seemed to Coralie altered too. Perhaps it was only that the atmosphere of *trèfle incarnat* was peculiarly out of place in spaces consecrated hitherto to

the delicate breath of flowers or the faintest sighs of old *pot pourri*.

Emerald Fanny herself, extended at her ease in a low chair, was a note of absolute discordance; her small feet crossed in high-heeled patent-leather shoes, with diamond buckles, emerged from an incredible mass of mauve muslin frills, mauve approaching to the pink that would so soon engulf her widow's mourning. No doubt of it the time was approaching when it would be *his* wish from behind the veil, that she should cease from trappings of woe.

An emerald brooch, one superb stone, fastened Mrs. Lancelot's transparent and somewhat *decolletées* laces just below her throat. Beneath the film of the muslin bodice a considerable portion of the widow's fair skin and a lace chemisette tied with pale pink ribbons were coyly visible.

"I thought the pink was not far off," said Coralie sardonically to herself.

As Mrs. Lancelot leaned forward to pass on effusively the cup of tea which had just been poured out Coralie noted, with further disgust, the large mourning ring of black enamel set in diamonds that flashed upon the bereaved one's finger; and, with a touch that could only have been conceived and carried out by Emerald Fanny, was further attached by a couple of loops of fine gold chain to the padlocked bracelet on her slender wrist. Coralie knew that bracelet. *He* had locked it upon Emerald's arm at their betrothal. She knew that the key of it was hanging somewhere among those pink ribbons on the widow's bosom. Poor Mr. Lancelot, with his civil service income, had not been able to rise above gold bracelets. But who had paid for the wonderful mourning ring? And who the donor of the brooch? *Mon preux?*

Refusing, for reasons of her own, to be divested from her damp motor cloak, Coralie sat in unwonted silence, sipping with much disfavour the tea handed by Emerald Fanny.

"It tastes of *trèfle incarnat*," she thought peevishly. "The trail of the serpent is over it all."

"Poor Mrs. Jamieson," murmured Mrs. Lancelot, lifting her wide-pupilled eyes devouringly upon Captain Jamieson,

"she's very much upset, I'm afraid. She looks so pale: not at all like herself. Indeed, I'm not surprised. Only to hear about your accident has given me such a shake. No cake, thank you. No, I don't feel as if I could eat anything. Dear Lady Gertrude, I wish I had your wonderful self-control."

Lady Gertrude was not feeling particularly in spirits or appetite herself. But the mere sight of the widow's sensibilities drove her to muffin. She knew very well how the contrast would presently be commented on in Sir Reginald's ear. She smiled at the thought. She could hear the very tone in which "your wife's wonderful composure and my silly impressionability about those I love," would be dulcetly depicted.

"I really think Coralie ought to go and lie down," said her husband, whose air and tone became ever gruffer in his anxiety.

"Well, I *really* think I will go upstairs," said Coralie. "No, please, I don't want anybody with me. No, Ernest"—a rare accent of pettishness rang in her voice—"you stay and sustain Mrs. Lancelot's fainting soul."

The eyes of the two women met. Coralie saw with some triumph a hard contraction of the pupil in the widow's would-be melting orbs.

"I shan't know a moment's peace till that motor car is back again," confessed Mrs. Lancelot in her trilling voice.

"Under Aunt Gertrude's very nose," muttered the American indignantly to herself. "How far has the creature got, in the name of heaven? Well, she little knows what's in my pocket." Aloud she could think of no better retort than a scornful repetition of her previous comment: "You're *really* very sensitive, aren't you?"

"I am afraid I am," sighed Emerald with much sweetness, putting down her unfinished cup of tea.

"Yours is the first room at the top of the stairs. Do you want me, Coralie?" inquired Lady Gertrude.

Her serene voice fell refreshingly on Mrs. Jamieson's exasperated ear.

"No, I'd rather be alone," she responded unhesitatingly, and closed the door in her husband's face as he still at-

tempted to follow her. "I shall grow *puffectly* brutal," she said to herself, "if I live long with that mass of affectation."

Then slowly and painfully, for she was beginning to feel in every joint the shock of her fall, she ascended the stairs.

The pert soubrette was engaged in unpacking. Her Coralie dismissed, and locking the door, proceeded feverishly to draw the packet from its concealment. She opened the case and stood staring aghast. Then her knees shook under her. She let herself fall into an armchair, still staring.

She had expected a handsome piece of jewelry, but this—this was the gift of a king; of a king to a favourite; the gift of a millionaire to his *fiancée*. Upon the white velvet before her lay coiled a "dog collar." It was formed of links of white and green enamel fretted with small diamonds; four clasps, each set with a large, flat emerald, held the chainwork, which was some two inches wide, together. Not only were the emeralds singularly fine stones, but the workmanship of the whole was a wonderful piece of artistic craft.

Coralie knew that collar. And she knew its price. Holroyd and Rossiter were extremely proud of the production and made a point of displaying it to their best customers, more for their admiration than with any immediate hope of sale. Coralie might be counted among the valued patrons of the great firm, but even for her purse the price was prohibitive. She had gazed with wistful eyes, but had resolutely refused herself an extravagance which would have upset her budget for the year. Yet she knew that jewel would have mightily become her pretty, long throat. It is not every woman who can wear a collar with grace: she would have triumphed in it.

As now she sat and gazed, a sense of personal insult added itself to the fury that seized her. Emerald Fanny, Emerald Fanny—to disport herself in the gaud denied to Coralie Jamieson! Sir Reginald to be lavishing gifts worth over a thousand pounds on the creature, while to his wife and child—in her solitude Coralie laughed aloud; she had seen the Indian trinkets—the gold cross studded with topazes and peridots, the turquoise beads . . . which the general had

brought home for Lady Gertrude and Norah respectively. With trembling hands she took the collar from its nest and went to the window. Behind the central clasp, which was larger and more elaborate than the others, ran a narrow gold plate. This was inscribed, in minute letters, *Emerald!* and the date, 1905—two years previous.

She had known without hesitation. Yet at this confirmation a feeling of faintness and nausea came over her. All her anger was lost in a tide of compassion for her aunt.

"Oh, poor Aunt G.! poor Aunt G.! and she so proud. To think that this humiliation, this outrage, should be dealt her, and in her own house!"

A moment Coralie knew terror for her audacious act. A moment she hesitated whether she should not rush out into the road with the horrible thing and drop it into the nearest ditch. But the sound of trailing accents in the passage, "Dear Lady Gertrude, aren't you anxious . . .?" decided her. She sprang to the door and unlocked it, and stood awaiting her aunt's entrance. She felt she was coming.

"Not in bed, dear?" said the placid voice, as the expected visitor entered upon her. The next instant there came another question in altered tones: "Coralie, what is it?"

"Look, Aunt G.!" Coralie spread the jewels to her aunt's gaze. Lady Gertrude was quick to feel that importance, perhaps calamity, was attached to the glittering things. Silently she glanced from them to her niece's quivering face. Two scarlet patches of colour flashed on the American's cheeks. Her eyes blazed behind tears, her mouth quivered fiercely over the little white teeth.

"Uncle Reginald dropped this—I picked it up—I knew, I guessed. It's for . . . it's for that creature! This is what he's gone back to hunt for now—his important War Office letter—his jujubes; ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear," said Lady Gertrude soothingly. She laid a cool, firm touch for a moment on Coralie's twitching fingers; then she moved toward the door, locked it and came back.

"You don't understand!" almost sobbed Coralie.

"I do," said Gertrude. "Quite. Now, my dear, sit down. All this is too much for you. Give me—this gorgeous thing. It is very beautiful. How do you know it is meant for . . . Mrs. Lancelot?"

There was actually a faint smile tilting the corners of her mouth as she spoke.

"I knew it!" cried the other tragically; then she added: "Look at the back of the great emerald in front."

The wife went to the window; except for the folding of her eyelids in the effort to read the small characters her face was unmoved. When she turned round again to her niece she found the latter in tears. Instantly she dropped the collar on the dressing-table and enfolded the slight, sobbing figure in motherly arms.

"But, Coralie, my little Coralie, my dear, are you weeping for your theft—for the trick you played your uncle?" The dusky head was shaken. "For me, then? Take it from me, there is no occasion."

Coralie gave vent to an incoherent indictment.

"Under your own roof—worth a small fortune!" She ended up with a high note of hysterical derision: "And you got a topaz cross!"

Lady Gertrude laughed gently. She sat down beside her champion, who was now mopping her eyes and blowing her minute nose with as fierce a hand as if it had Emerald Fanny's to tweak instead of her own.

"I know what you think, but, odd as it may seem to you, I don't believe it. You see, I know my poor Reginald pretty well by this time, and I have seen them together these days. Whatever is between them—a good deal of nonsense on my husband's side, ceaseless machinations on hers—it is not what you suspect. Why, my dear, do you think I should have kept her an hour if I was not certain—here with my child!"

Coralie lifted her tear-stained countenance and blinked, wondering, yet only half convinced.

"That thing there cost considerably over £1,000! Holroyd and Rossiter showed it to me only the other day."

"And you may be sure they showed it to Mrs. Lancelot, too," said Gertrude. "She was in the shop the morning she

came here, I know, getting that ridiculous mourning ring—"

"Which Uncle Reginald paid for, you bet," said Coralie, savagely dabbing away at another irrepressible tear.

"I dare say he did." The wife was imperturbable. "Did you notice the date on the inscription—1905—when the poor dear fondly believes he was at death's door, and that Mrs. Lancelot saved his life by her devoted nursing? No, I'm not at all upset. In fact, it all confirms my impression. Reginald is getting sick of his little madame, and this—this splendid offering," she waved her hand toward the dressing-table and laughed again, "is a kind of final settlement. She can't say, with that round her neck, that he's not been grateful."

"Oh, dear!" ejaculated the American irritably. "What a lot of common-sense you've got, Aunt G.! I wouldn't have taken it like that if Ernest had given as much as a silver bangle to that snake!"

For the first time a look of sadness came over Gertrude Esdale's serene countenance. She smiled, and Coralie would rather have seen tears in the sweet eyes.

"My dear," she said, "that is a very different thing."

"Well, I seem to have made a pretty considerable fool of myself . . . at that rate! It will teach me to steal on the highway! Do you know," with yet another brisk change of tone, "he told me it was cough lozenges! When I heard that, I really couldn't let him have it back!"

Lady Gertrude laughed out, with a heartiness rare to her.

"Well, it shows one thing, Coralie—that he's not very good at lying. My poor Reginald! Why, don't you see what an innocent he is, through it all?"

She rose from her seat again, lifted the case from where it lay at Coralie's feet, and fitted the collar carefully back.

"And what are we going to do now?" inquired Mrs. Jamieson, a cold sense of apprehension replacing her excitement.

"You're going to lie down till dinner; and I'm going to keep this—for the present."

A gleam of joy sprang into Coralie's eyes, heavy now with fatigue.

"Aunt G.," she hissed through her teeth, "I hope you'll punish him, all the same!"

Lady Gertrude paused on her way to the door: "Reginald's punishment, poor fellow, began a week ago," she said enigmatically. "As for this—well, you'll see to-night."

Before Coralie took the very sensible advice given by her aunt, she went to pull down the blinds. She did not want Jeanette "fussing around" prying at her tear-stained face, but she was just a "leetle" bit surprised that Ernest should not have come to inquire for her. He had been in the garden, she knew—she had caught a glimpse of him walking up and down between the roses. But it was at the moment of her examination of the collar, and she had no thought to spare for him. He was in the garden still, perambulating the rose-walk, puffing at a thick cheroot.

"He's sulking, poor darling!" said Coralie, as she surveyed him. She remembered her unprecedented tartness with him and how she had slammed the door in his face. "Well, I'd as lief he went on sulking. I can't have him asking me questions just now, Ernest being one of those blundering, one-ideal people who cannot see that the end justifies the means."

CHAPTER VIII

Sir Reginald, returning from his bootless search, felt that fate was treating him extremely ill. He was, coining the phrase for himself, "on a three-horned dilemma," and a desperately uncomfortable position it proved.

There was the loss of an object of considerable value; there was the danger of its falling into wrong hands and subjecting him to unmerited suspicion, domestic misunderstanding, possible scandal; and there was the old complication—"that horrid, awkward state of affairs" in which he found himself between his little friend and his wife. The untoward accident had closed the issue which, in his masculine way, at the cost of much expense and diplo-

macy, he had been making for himself. Besides all this he was conscious that he had made an abject fool of himself before Coralie; and that she was very naturally suspicious of him in consequence. This was a minor irritation, yet it galled him.

Clouds had risen up again, after the break in the storm, and thunder was muttering in the distance, while angry rain-gusts swept against the land. He was shaken, too, and bruised from his fall, felt chilled and exhausted; he was the more easily affected by the English climate, coming from Indian heats. The memory of Emerald's anxious countenance, as he had last seen it, haunted him with a culminating sense of exasperation. This week of her visit! He would rather have gone through his most arduous campaign twice over than face such an experience again. And here he was, speeding back to it! Now his feeling swayed all to anger against his wife, who was responsible for the situation; now, on the swing of the pendulum, he told himself that Emerald Fanny was insupportable. If the woman wanted to compromise him, she could scarcely be taking a better way about it. Then his tortured mind would be struck by a hideous suggestion. *Did* she want to compromise him? Followed by its converse question, by the old doubt: was Gertrude basely suspicious, and had she laid a trap for him in his own house?

But, for all his faults, Sir Reginald had an ever-chivalrous instinct, which in some measure justified Mrs. Lancelot's favourite appellation of *mon preux*. He drove both thoughts from him with horror, however they might recur.

Nevertheless, his last private conversation with his visitor—the conversation which had resulted in the purchase in Bond Street—was one that undoubtedly provided him with food for reflection.

They had been together in the library: Mrs. Lancelot had a way of gravitating to that room, upon some transparent excuse or other. On this particular occasion she had found a new pretext—a letter for India to weigh. The operation having been duly

performed on the scales of Sir Reginald's writing-table, she had remained standing beside him, with extended hand. And drawing his attention to the mourning ring, the diamonds of which were flashing in the sunshine, she had breathed softly:

"I have never been able to tell you all that is in my heart about this."

The absurd little chains had quivered with the trembling of the fragile hand. Sir Reginald had wheeled round in his writing-chair, an odd mixture of awkwardness, irritation, and the old protective tenderness struggling in his mind. However heartily he might wish her away, out of his house, out of his life, she had the power of stirring intimate and delicate emotions within him as perhaps no other woman.

"There is no need to say anything more," he had answered uneasily. "I am glad you found something you like."

"Like!" Here she pressed the ring to her lips. "What it is to me! Oh, I must tell you! It seems, in a strange way, as if he had given it to me, for his dear remembrance, as if you had given it to *him*—a tribute to one who was your friend."

Sir Reginald winced. This string so constantly harped upon, of his friendship for the late Mr. Lancelot—well, it was he himself who had first struck it! Now the fact that it should ring increasingly false was not made the more endurable by the knowledge that he had only himself to blame. If he had spoken some twenty condescending words to the little official, acknowledged his existence when they met at the club by a patronising nod, it was as much as had ever passed between them—such miles of social interval naturally separated the military magnate from the hardworking civil servant.

But Emerald Fanny had continued, with piercing sweetness:

"I won't thank you then, dear friend of us both, for this token of *his* worth. When I look at this ring, I shall think of your beautiful friendship and of my love—not of our happy days together. This is an emblem of mourning."

Sir Reginald rose from his seat and took a restless turn, his sensibility

stung by a fresh discomforting thought. When he had bidden his little friend go to Holroyd and Rossiter, and choose for herself some pretty thing (of not less than a hundred pounds) he had intended to make a substantial offering of gratitude. Now it seemed this was hardly even a present to her. It was a funeral offering to the defunct—an emblem of mourning to the widow. The ministering angel who had soothed his wracked brow, whose devoted care had snatched him from the jaws of death, was as yet unguerdoned. She had received no earnest of his gratitude. Upon the thought flashed another, its natural sequence.

He turned and came quickly toward her.

"You chose for yourself; now I want you to let me choose for you."

She looked at him wonderingly, the tears that her emotion had gathered to her great eyes still dimming their gaze. He took her hand; his tone was caressing—who could help feeling caressing toward so pretty and appealing a creature?

"I want to give you something to remind you of me." She cooed an inarticulate disclaimer. "Something"—pathos began to gain on him as he spoke—"to help you not quite to forget the fellow whose worthless existence you kept from extinction. Something that will make you say, when you look at it: whatever he is, he is not ungrateful."

"Ah," she murmured, "yes. A token—not that I need it, but because I am but a foolish woman, and I should like a token from you, chosen by you, to hold, to love—to kiss. The veriest trifle." She smiled archly through irrepressible tears. "A half-crown safety-pin—a silver bangle, just with your name and mine upon it—"

"How," said he banteringly, "do you value my life at a silver bangle or pin, little madame?" He was beginning to enjoy himself again in her company.

"Your life, *mon preux*! Nay, then the mines of Golconda would not reach to it." The words broke passionately from her; she hung her head as if ashamed of the feeling that rang in

them. Then, with an embarrassed playfulness, she went on:

"Whatever you give me I shall love; but I forbid you to go to Holroyd and Rossiter for it."

"Why?" he asked, peering to catch a sight of the blushes on the averted face, singularly grateful to his vanity.

"Because, sir, if you must be so curious, I won't have you spending fortunes on me. And Holroyd and Rossiter have got a collar, studded with emeralds, which they are flourishing in everybody's face—now what have I said? Now, Sir Reginald, I forbid you," she lifted and shook a finger at him. "*Mon Général*, if you want to make me very, very angry—no, no, I will have no present, nothing from you, but a thought now and again, a thought of your little friend." She laid a butterfly touch on his hand. He grasped her fingers only to relinquish them promptly in a spasm of realisation and self-reproach.

It was then that he had made up his mind—it was time to put a full-stop to this! The very pleasantness of these dangerous dallies added to the subsequent distaste. At the cost of some sentimental suffering and what was evidently to be a considerable sum of money, the collar studded with emeralds should be his last token of affection to the woman who, after all, understood and appreciated him—who fascinated him too much still. He was conscious of some rather rueful amusement in his subsequent reflections. He had estimated his gratitude at a hundred pounds; apparently she had loftier conceptions of the worth of the virtue. He was loth—nay, he would not allow himself—to attribute sordid motives to her; yet he wondered what her estimate of his worth would "run him into."

When he found out, it fairly staggered him; and though he did not hesitate to purchase, he only did so because of his very determination that it was to be the end, the very end.

A more philosophic man might be excused for giving way to temper upon returning home in such circumstances. He stamped heavily up to his dressing-

room, and, locking the door, flung himself into an armchair, where he sat in a kind of apathy of disgust. The dressing-gong rolling through the house roused him to a curse, but no more. A whisper of trailing skirts halting in the passage, a loud tap roused him; he sprang to his feet.

"Who's there?"

"'Tis I, Reginald." The answer was in his wife's voice.

"I can't let you in!" he cried irritably. The last thing he could endure was a *tête-à-tête* now.

"It's all right, dear. I don't want to come in. Only just to tell you a piece of good news. Your box has been found and brought home."

"What!"

He remembered afterward, blushing, the roar with which he put the question.

"The jewelry you lost—it has been brought back. I have got it quite safely."

The trailing skirts passed on. Sir Reginald stood, thunderstruck. The jewelry. She had opened the box. She had examined the collar. She knew whom it was for. The perspiration beaded on his forehead. "I have got it quite safely. . . ." What did she mean by that? What did she think of him? What could she be thinking of him now? Her voice was calm and sweet as usual. But, with Gertrude, one never could tell. . . . Perhaps she had not seen the dedication, perhaps she thought the magnificent gems were destined for herself? How horrible, when she should discover. . . . A moment he sought dizzily for ways and means to avert the discovery, then reason swept all possibility of such relief from him. He remembered what grateful pleasure she had shown over the miserable trinket he had brought her from India. She would never have spoken in that detached voice had she believed the gift to be for herself.

He dressed at length, and went down—some time after the second gong had sounded—with a stony composure. He blessed the presence of his nephew, even that of the hateful little Coralie; all explanation must be postponed, at least for the present. Yet, when he en-

tered the room, a certain atmosphere of mystery and solemnity struck him with instant misgiving. Gertrude had departed from her usual, almost austere, simplicity of garment; she was robed beautifully and looked beautiful in white satin. Round the fair column of her throat she wore the pearls which had been his wedding gift. He halted a second, mentally seeking the reason of this gala-attire, when she looked at him and smiled. And that smile, almost consoling, was the greatest enigma of all. She stood beside Mrs. Lancelot, who, for some reason explicable only to herself, had chosen to don the garb of her unrelieved black. In contrast to the majestic white figure the widow looked small, insignificant, almost faded.

The thought came like a searing flash of lightning: *Have I lost that woman for this one?*

On a low stool, clasping Mrs. Lancelot's pendant right hand and playing with the chains of the mourning ring, sat Norah; and Sir Reginald, less able than ever to endure the sight of their affectionate ways, turned his head abruptly, only to encounter the gaze of Coralie—Coralie with blue orbs, unnaturally dark in her pale face, staring at him (as he told himself irritably) as if he were a natural curiosity. And to fill his cup of annoyance to the full, there was that ass of an Ernest markedly avoiding his eye.

Dinner had been announced as Sir Reginald entered; but Gertrude now came forward and took an object from the table with the words:

"One moment before we go in."

Sir Reginald saw that it was the jewel case she held in her hands. His heart seemed to stop, while the even tones proceeded:

"There is a little ceremony to be gone through."

As in a dream the unhappy man saw his wife come up to him, felt her insert a hand under his arm, and lead him forward; heard the measured voice resume:

"Dear Mrs. Lancelot"—they were standing before the widow—"my husband and I ask you to accept this offering in token of our united gratitude for all that we owe to you."

Gertrude removed her hand from Sir Reginald's arm as she spoke, and pressing the clasp, displayed the magnificent sheen of the gems under the light.

Sir Reginald heard Coralie gasp hysterically behind him; then he was conscious that Emerald Fanny, his tender friend, his *petite madame*, had flung on him a look of extraordinary anger. The shock was so sudden that it restored him to his senses.

"Oh, Lady Gertrude!" said the widow after a second's pause. Her lids were cast down over the tell-tale eyes; her accents were dulcet as ever. "I don't know what to say; I am overcome." She faltered coyly; raised her eyes again, and the tears were there. "Oh, dear Lady Gertrude, oh, Sir Reginald, you owe me nothing—nothing!"

"You will let me fasten it round your throat," said her hostess gravely. "First, I must show you the inscription; just your name and the date—the date of those days when you were so kind and helpful."

Her glance sought her husband's as she spoke with a kind, warm, reassuring look. He drew a deep breath.

Thank God! Gertrude understood.

She was still speaking. And now it was to him:

"I approve of what you have chosen very much, Reginald. It is charming and artistic, and I'm sure will be most becoming. But I have one suggestion to make, and Mrs. Lancelot must spare us the collar *some time for a few days*: I want *both* our names added to the inscription."

Nothing could have been more gracious than the tone and the words; nothing more charming than the smile that accompanied them; but yet there was authority behind it all—authority and an incomparable dignity. Sir Reginald knew that he had been managed, rebuked and saved, all at the same time, yet could find nothing in his heart but intense admiration and gratitude. "Gad, she is a glorious woman!" he cried to himself; and, upon an impulse, took the lovely, generous hand that had just fastened his present round a rival's neck and raised it to his lips.

"Yes, aren't they too, too beautiful!"

cried Emerald in response to Norah's enthusiastic shrieks. Never had those honeyed notes of hers rung so shrilly.

Sir Reginald coughed.

"I guess you're missing those jujubes," insinuated Coralie in a small, malicious voice.

"Come, come," interposed Lady Gertrude briskly, "lead the way, Reginald. Coralie, I have no better cavalier for you to-night than Norah. Ernest, your arm."

Norah could not for the life of her make out why Coralie should look as though she were going to cry, and why, when they were crossing the hall, she should suddenly pinch fiercely the arm she was holding and whisper:

"If you should ever cause that splendid, wonderful mother of yours one second's pain, you'd deserve—" Norah tossed her head in some dudgeon—a head attired, after Emerald's suggestion, with elaborate puffs and curls that altered the girlish face scarcely to its advantage.

"Oh, Emerald, darling," cried Miss Esdale effusively across the table to her friend, "you're too, too lovely with that collar!"

Sir Reginald frowned.

"I wish to goodness, Norah," he exclaimed, "you would drop that exuberant manner of speech! The adjective lovely is quite expressive enough by itself."

There was a moment's uncomfortable pause, during which Coralie's vindictive soul gave a jodel of jubilation. "The little rift within the lute is spreading apace," she thought. Then Gertrude spoke:

"Your father has taught you, Norah, how to express a compliment."

"Sir Reginald is always too, too kind," said Mrs. Lancelot, low-voiced, stealthily fingering each emerald.

"How did you like the *Merry Widow* the other night?" said Coralie, whose spirits were reviving by leaps and bounds.

Emerald started.

"Were you there?" Both voice and look were unwarily sharp. Then she felt Sir Reginald's eye darkly upon her. She caught up her rôle hastily.

"The long, sad hours were suddenly quite, quite intolerable to me," she murmured with her dove moan. "I fled from

my loneliness to the theatre, only to find it waiting for me there."

Her misting eyes seeking sympathy from face to face halted suddenly, unexpectedly, at Captain Jamieson. He had not been in the least able to follow events, but he had a distinct notion that the little woman was being persecuted between his aunt and his wife, and that his uncle was not playing the game, somehow. He gazed at her compassionately.

"London is terrible when one is alone," she lamented.

"It's a devil of a place," assented he.

Her heart swelled with an acrid triumph. Her day might be over with *mon preux*—and nobody could be quicker to feel the moment of waning favour than she—but she had not lost her power. Why, she could have this simpleton at her feet as soon as she chose, in spite of his celebrated devotion to his little cat of a wife. Not that the game would be worth the candle. Again she unconsciously caressed her emeralds.

"Norah," said her father, as the girl came and perfunctorily offered her cheek for the good-night kiss, "since when has it become the fashion for children to go about reeking of scent like a hairdresser's shop?"

Instantly up was Norah's head flung, with its pert toss of defiance.

"I'm not a child any more, please, father; and I think my scent's very nice." She was about to add: "It is Mrs. Lancelot's, if you want to know," when some unwonted instinct of discretion restrained her.

"Well, you'll have the kindness to wash it off," said Sir Reginald shortly, "and to understand that I don't wish you to put it on any more. It's a sickening smell," he added, in an outburst, to which he would scarcely have given way had not Mrs. Lancelot already left the room. But the latter's ears were sharp and the general spoke loudly. She paused, her foot on the first step of her upward way. There was no witness to the spasm that convulsed her face—for an instant a small medusa mask of fury. Yet when she bade her hostess good-night outside her own door she was able to smile with the wonted honey-sweetness and even to

offer an appealing kiss with renewed expression of gratitude.

"Aunt G.," cried Coralie, "how could you kiss that little toad?"

They were alone together in Gertrude's great airy, white bedroom.

"My dear," responded Lady Gertrude, "I feel so sorry for her."

Coralie remained meditative a minute. Lady Gertrude's tactics that evening had filled her with surprise and admiration. The mind that could conceive them seemed to her at once lofty and relentless. Dimly she began to understand an attitude of thought which could enable the wife to kiss without resentment the woman who had tried to rob her of her husband.

"You've just about conquered too completely to feel anything but a sort of pity for your enemy," she remarked musingly at last. "Grandma may as well think of sending to the bank for that tiara."

"I don't know that I am sure of it yet," said the other, smiling with that frankness which was so strange a concomitant to a very reserved character. "There's my poor little Norah to win back, too. I wish I had sent the child to mamma."

"Why, Aunt G., I believe it was just Norah that fixed Uncle Reginald; when he saw Emerald Fanny mirrored in his own child it fairly opened his eyes."

"But I never thought of making use of the child. I had no right to make use of the child."

The mother's face took an expression of trouble, almost of pain. Coralie flung herself into her arms.

"Darling Aunt G. Never fear—I'll help you with Norah. It's only a passing fit of school-girl nonsense at the worst." Then, holding the tall woman embraced, she whispered in her ears: "I hope you don't just despise me for what I did to-day. I'm not going ever to tell Ernest—now mind that!"

"How could your accomplice despise you?" said Gertrude. Then she pressed her lips to the small, flushed face, murmuring: "It is good to kiss such an honest little bit of nature as you are."

Emerald Fanny showed no disposition to-night to keep Norah, her young worshipper, lingering long in her room, after

the custom which had grown up between them. It even might be said that she dismissed her—but with such loving words as to obviate anything approaching to offence.

"My darling, I must be alone to-night. I am sad. No, not even you—not even you, beloved, can I admit to this hour. I would not sadden your exquisite brightness. May you never know such an hour of woman's struggle, of soul desolation, of heart abandonment! Alone I must go through it."

She held Norah's face between her two hands and looked solemnly, profoundly into her eyes. Then she deposited a kiss of almost sacramental solemnity upon the girl's brow.

"Good-night, my beautiful Norah. Good-night, my comfort."

Norah went slowly to her room in a whirl of bewilderment and ardent affection. The mystery of Emerald's air and words excited her imagination to the utmost. She felt that her friend had been injured in some cryptic manner and was suffering in the depths of a soul that was all poetry, refinement and nobility. "Could Emerald have heard her father's beastly remark about the scent?" the child asked herself angrily. Though the reason seemed scarcely adequate for such an exalted state of misery, her Emerald was over-sensitive for every-day life. On the other hand, her mother had been very kind over the jewels.

"But there, she likes father best," argued the child sagely.

Then illumination came to her: Emerald was that pathetic and wonderful thing, a widow recently bereaved. This was a phase of her inevitable woe. To Norah, on the threshold of life, her friend seemed surrounded with a double halo; she was consecrated by love and sorrow, a priestess of mysteries, hidden as yet to her innocence. "May you never know such an hour of soul desolation!" The words rang again in the girl's ears as she sat by her open window gazing dreamily out into the garden; rang with their sweet and stabbing note of pathos. She suddenly thought of Enniscorthy—Enn—whom she had not seen for six days; who had been so odd and off-hand and indifferent that night he dined; who had

not answered her letter nor made the smallest effort to see her again! Was she, too, to know, after all, the woman's struggle, the heart abandonment? Worse fate than her friend's, was she to lose without even the certitude of having been loved? In her mind's eye she saw the widow on her knees before that portrait of "him" which stood beside her bed, her hands clasped and uplifted, tears streaming down her pale cheeks. Flung from her lay the jewels, mocking her mourning with their colour and radiance, her heart's poverty with their richness. What were such baubles to a soul bereaved? Norah began to understand, through her own sense of misery, her friend's frame of mind. Tears of pity for herself began to trickle luxuriously down her cheeks. She, too, felt the worthlessness of everything in life, failing the one supreme good.

Could she but have seen the widow at that moment! The electric lamp pulled low upon the dressing-table, to concentrate its full light upon the object she held, Mrs. Lancelot was examining, clasp by clasp, almost link by link, the stones of the collar. Its price she was aware of—£1,400. To her, as an asset of fortune, she might look upon it as worth about £700 or £800. With her ring and her brooch, say, £1,000 ready cash. Add her widow's pension of £300, there was all she had to reckon on for her new start in life. She had come to a new start in life, of that she had no doubt.

A bitter smile twisted her lips as she made a rapid calculation of what *mon preux's* friendship had been worth to her. She had of late lived practically at the rate of his own income. She thought of her little flat overhanging the park, and cursed her folly in accepting the invitation to Windsor. "If that man wasn't such a fool," she muttered mentally, "he'd have warned me it was a trap. Oh, that hateful, designing woman!" If it had not been for Lady Gertrude she might still reign queen over her husband's heart, still return in comfort, appreciation and sympathy the more substantial benefits it was his pleasure to lavish upon her.

Why—it might have gone on and on, she thought, with a groan of mingled exasperation and lament; on to a final tri-

umph over which even she had hitherto hardly ever allowed her thoughts to hover till to-night. But to-night, she told herself boldly, that such things had been and were every day—every day now with increasing facility and fewer penalties. She had been blind; all this past week inconceivably blind! Sir Reginald's capricious moodiness, his airs of trouble, his occasional avoidance of her, she had chosen to regard as signs of his passion, suffering and impatient of the thralls that circumstances imposed. Whereas the base wretch, with the utter selfishness of his sex, was merely sickening of one who, after having been his help and inspiration, had suddenly become a cause of discomfort. She ought to have put miles between herself and his wife; the while she had had the folly to believe that the juxtaposition increased her value. Well, it was done! She could deceive herself no longer; the moment when their eyes had met over the gift had been a revelation. She had read in his glance revolt, aversion, even disgust.

"I suppose I dished myself with the price of the emeralds," she thought cynically, "and that was his silly revenge, making his wife give them to me!"

She turned over the collar to examine the writing on the clasp. Lady Gertrude had thought it a very subtle snub, no doubt, to say that she would have her own name and Sir Reginald's added. As matters turned out it would suit Mrs. Lancelot's book very well, and she would not let that promise remain abortive. "The present that dear Lady Gertrude and her husband gave me!" would fit a great deal better into her new landscape than the illicit offering of an admirer, however distinguished. For Emerald Fanny, her thin fingers clutching the emeralds, was quite certain she could never let them go again. Fortunately she need not be cast adrift upon the cruel world—other people were capable of an attachment more honest or more faithful than that of her late *preux*.

There was a letter she must write at once. As she opened the blotter and addressed herself to her task, her mind was busy upon further resolutions. Perhaps they expected her to take her departure to-morrow, now that she had been paid

off—with a dog-collar! She would do no such thing. She had too much sense of her own dignity to allow herself to be so treated. And there was little Norah. Insensibly Emerald's mind, which in the fierce light of her anger had been working with an unwonted frankness, began to glide back into those delicate and concealing shadows with which the most interested prefer to veil their motives and their projects, even to themselves. Norah was devoted to her. The child wanted help; she would not abandon her at the very moment when her poor little love affairs were in such a bad way.

Norah had not been half-hearted in her confidence; she had laid bare every fold of her soul to her new friend.

"If I could facilitate matters for the lovers," signed the widow sentimentally, "the memory of this visit will not be all pain." And underneath, hidden away in

the shadow, was the unavowed but prompting thought: "To have brought together young Lord and Lady Enniscorthy would be no bad starting-point for the social climb."

Now she began to write, rapidly at first, then with some pauses for reflection. The letter began: "Dear Cousin John," and ended: "Your lonely little cousin, Emily."

Mrs. Lancelot's caligraphy was large and bold; there was no mistaking the signature; it was—Emily. She reread the document with a quiet, business air, seemed satisfied with its contents and proceeded to seal it. The envelope soon bore the superscription:

John MacCracken, Esq.,
Beaconsfield Lodge,
Paisley, N. B.

(To be continued)

THE MEASURE OF A SONG

In praise of Omar rose the voice
Of each that gathered there that night,
But o'er the measure of his verse
Straight rose a bitter fight.

For some there were that stout maintained
That since in stanzas strong and pure
He sang the glories of the cup,
In couplet form should they endure.

But loud replying boisterous cried,
Vine garlanded a joyous crew,
"This singer of the long and deep
Claims Quart drains are his due."
Roland Holt.

GEORGE MEREDITH: A REVIEW

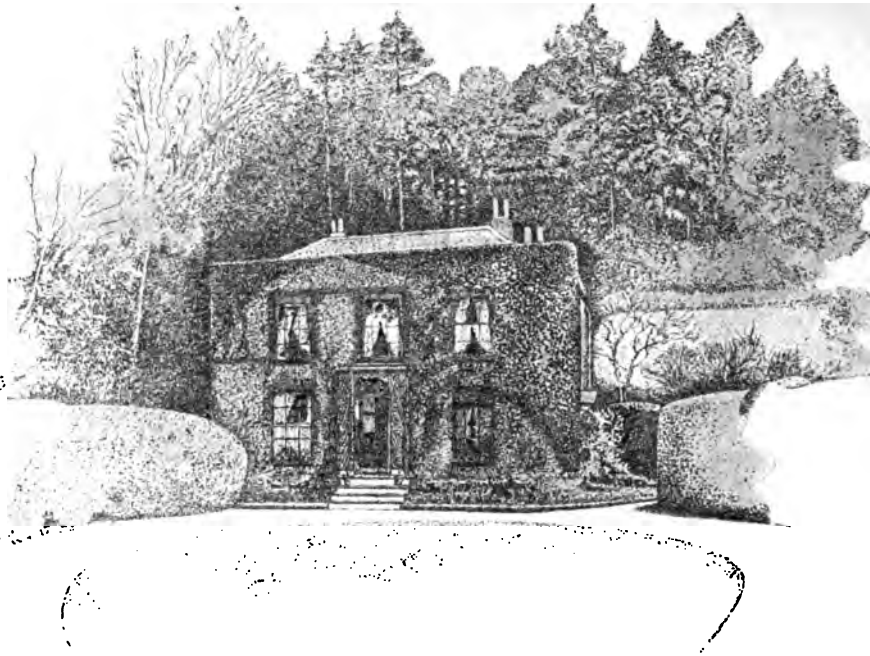


N the decision that Meredith is not to lie in Westminster Abbey his sincerest admirers may acquiesce with a certain consolatory pride; they may even applaud the discriminating sense that inspired an attitude so in consonance with the novelist's own wish, had he expressed it. There is a fitness to be observed in the bestowal of such honours. When Tennyson was borne to his place in England's Pantheon, mourned by a nation, the ceremony was a solemn crowning of his career. He was for his time the great representative poet of a race that has had many great poets and has esteemed them. The last tribute was offered spontaneously by a whole nation. The fame of George Meredith is, it may be, as secure as that of Tennyson; but it is of a different order. He has never been—it is in no way likely that he will ever be—a popular hero. Not until the history of the twentieth century is written will it be possible to estimate fully the influences he has set in motion. That he will ever bulk large in the popular eye as certain of his contemporaries in the arts he practised—as Tennyson, for example, or Dickens—is not to be expected. Let us accept for exactly what they are worth the pious excuses that have been put into the mouth of the wise Dean: that Meredith was a rebel against conventional society; that his views of marriage were not orthodox. It is enough that the demand for this last honour was not imperative. And with this inexorable fact we may well be content. For many a fameless poet and poetaster already crowds the giants of the Poet's Corner; it is a sadly mixed company. And the great latter-day preacher of democracy was an aristocrat of art. He would not have traded the freedom of all the world for the doubtful Valhalla of Westminster Abbey.

Even such fame as he now has, covering but a small area, though securely won and held, is of recent conquest. Twenty years ago his most ardent disciple might

have had misgivings as to the ultimate verdict. Until *Diana of the Crossways* came in 1885 he was not even a name to the great majority in England and America. The publication a dozen years ago of the complete and revised edition of his novels may be taken as marking roughly his acceptance as a writer of the first rank. Within a much shorter time—not more than two or three years—there has been a noticeable stirring of interest akin to a revival of a half-forgotten writer of an earlier age. In this period a handful of books has appeared in which Meredith has been discussed as a man whose assured permanence in English literature justifies serious attempts at critical evaluation. Before this time it had been hard to realise—as it is still, because of the man's nearness to us—that his actual place was with those of a generation and even two generations ago. Meredith's first volume was published in 1851. Tennyson had but just succeeded Wordsworth in the laureateship. Dickens had published *David Copperfield*, while *Bleak House* and all its successors were yet to come. Thackeray was the author of *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis*, and was writing *Henry Esmond*. The most famous of Trollope's books were still in the future, and George Eliot was a religious controversialist, not a novelist. Rossetti, born in the same year with Meredith, had written *The Blessed Damozel* as a precocious boy four years earlier; Swinburne had not been heard of. While Bulwer Lytton and Dickens and Thackeray and George Eliot and Trollope and Kingsley and Reade were sharing the applause of the English novel reader, George Meredith was working almost unnoticed, pouring into book after book the brainstuff, the profound observation, the vital humanity that make them to us to-day as fresh as the work of one of our younger contemporaries.

Yet even in these early years he was not wholly without appreciation. The first of his prose works, the fantastic *Shaving of Shagpat*, was greeted by George Eliot as "a work of genius." Even Carlyle, with all his scorn of fic-

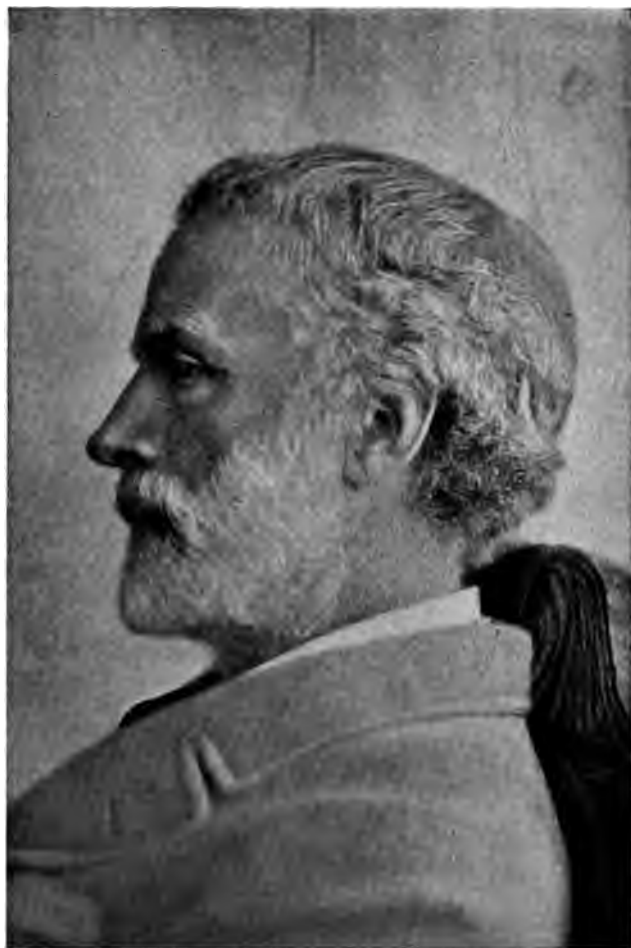


FLINT COTTAGE, BOX HILL. GEORGE MEREDITH'S HOME

tion, was stirred from his attitude of contempt by *Richard Feverel*. "This man's no fule!" was his terse remark. Swinburne, always ready with generous praise, met the critics of *Modern Love* with the declaration that it was "in some points, as it seems to me, a poem above the aim and beyond the reach of any but its author." But such whole-hearted acceptance, cheering as it must have been, could not take the place of the wider recognition which every artist needs for the maturing of his work. Even without Meredith's own testimony, it would be apparent that the long period in which he was left to write in his own way, without the restraining influence of an audience, had its effect on him. The curious effect of such neglect on the really big man, as may be seen in the lives of many an artist—in Browning's, for example, or Schubert's, or Whistler's—is not to make him careless, but the reverse: more and more pertinaciously scrupulous in response to the demands of the art itself, more and more disdainful of easy concessions to mere intelligibility. It is not neglect that saps an artist's conscience, but popularity. And yet, since in the

long run he exists only for an audience, the very integrity of his purpose, carried to the extreme, becomes his undoing. The drag of popular clamour is a needed counterbalance. And perhaps one man in an era finds in his own experience the happy compromise.

The Ordeal of Richard Feverel appeared when its author was thirty-one. Whatever its defects—and they are as plain, if not as important, as its merits—it is hard to understand now how it could fail to be received as a great novel. It is recorded that the first edition satisfied the demand for nineteen years. The indifference of its contemporaries is a measure of the distance we have traversed in fifty years. *Richard Feverel* strikes its roots deeper into the present day than into the society of '59. When it was written its contemporaries were not yet born. Shakespearian it has more than once been called, and it would not be easy to find another novel better deserving the epithet; yet it uncovers complexities of soul peculiarly modern. It was followed in two years by *Evan Harrington*, which stands at the opposite pole of Meredith's world. More con-



George Monro Smith

sistently than any other of his novels it preserves the conventional aspect of comedy, as *Richard Feverel* presents most clearly the traditional face of tragedy. The two books might be taken as the starting-points of the converging lines along which tragedy and comedy move to an ideal identity. The perfect tragedy and the perfect comedy, were they conceivable, would be one.

An admirer of each of Meredith's books, with all their rich individuality of character and content, must be on his guard against any temptation to rank them in order of merit. Yet in spite of the manifold delights to be found in his comedy of the tailor turned gentleman—above all, perhaps, the inimitable Great Mel, who being dead throws his portentous shadow across the entire book—no Meredithian would place *Evan Harrington* at the top of his list. *Sandra Belloni*, which followed it (in 1864, when it was called *Emilia in England*), ranges itself more naturally with *Feverel*, not only in its characters, but also in the sententious wisdom in which it abounds. That it is a wholly successful novel could scarcely be maintained; it holds sufficient brain-stuff to sink a dozen otherwise "successful" novels. And then it holds Emilia and Wilfrid Pole—holds them at least until they overflow into its sequel. *Vittoria* is an impossible story. Only infinite patience could untangle its snarled skein of plot, and it is crowded with unindividualised, lifeless figures. It is a great, chaotic song of liberty, with a heroine who personates the glory and tragedy of liberty. Emilia in Italy is one of the most truly dramatic of Meredith's creatures; the last chapters, in which she seeks and finds her dead husband in the mountains, are of a piercing beauty. For pathos that never misses its true note they are to be matched only by the scenes of Lucy Feverel's death and of Carinthia's last parting from her husband of *The Amazing Marriage*.

Between the first book of Emilia's story and the second came *Rhoda Fleming*. It is Meredith's one book in which the principal characters are of the peasant order. Elsewhere he has sought his material in the society which is, theoretically at least, the flower of civilisa-

tion. *Rhoda Fleming* is a challenge to George Eliot on her own ground; and though it is a book of noble and lasting beauties, it is not felt as one of Meredith's most characteristic works. The epithet Shakespearian has been requisitioned again to describe the brooding sense of tragedy that hangs over the entire action; there are admirable bits of low country humour that bring to mind the clowns and fools of Shakespeare's tragedies. Yet despite Stevenson's high praise of the book, it is one of the last to be recommended for the true Meredithian flavour.

The four or five years that intervened between *Vittoria* and its successor are the most noticeable hiatus in Meredith's steady, determined prosecution of his career. In these quiet years he seems to have found his place. Hitherto, in spite of brilliant achievements, there was an element of the experimental in all that he had done. *Richard Feverel* is, to be sure, a novel of astonishing maturity and assured power; but it stood and still stands by itself. *Evan Harrington* was comedy, as original in conception as it was brilliant in manner—yet comparatively a matter of surfaces. In *The Adventures of Harry Richmond* we have the comic spirit in full swing, and in its principal character, perhaps the greatest comic figure in recent literature. Certainly his match is not to be sought outside of Meredith's own pages. One balks the attempt to characterise this amazing creation; he is absolutely unbelievable; one turns from him with the countryman's incredulous ejaculation at first sight of the hippopotamus. Yet there he is, a living, breathing entity; no stuffed effigy, but a man. Like Falstaff and Tartuffe, he is more real than the arch-impostors and quacks of history, than Apollonius and his eighteenth century follower, Cagliostro. To measure his greatness, place him beside the best of those in contemporary fiction who approach his kind: say, for example, Barry Lyndon. For mingled greatness and littleness of soul his only fellow among the moderns is Ibsen's Peer Gynt. His grotesque egoism, his boundless belief in his destiny and the pitiful inadequacy of his efforts to realise it, are always on

the point of exciting our disgust; yet the line is never quite reached, and in the great scene where Squire Beltham undertakes to strip from him the last rag of self-respect, and does it with the most brutal thoroughness, the man actually emerges with our sympathy. "Excepting the essentials, he possesses all the equipment of a hero," says Mrs. Sturge Henderson. There are many pages in this, the longest of Meredith's books, that might well be spared; but even with this handicap of superfluous baggage, I suspect that Roy Richmond may march as far into the future as any of Meredith's characters. That the book was the direct inspiration of Stevenson's *Prince Otto*, and through it of the whole train of *Zendas*, good and bad, may be accounted to it as at least a positive and not insignificant influence.

On the whole, *Harry Richmond* is to be reckoned one of the quintessential Meredith works—one of the three in which he appears in his full panoply of comic artist. If one would know Meredith in his most characteristic phase from a single book, it must be from *Harry Richmond* or *The Egoist* or *One of Our Conquerors*. Probably the general choice of *The Egoist* for this distinction is correct; no other book exhibits with such amplitude and at such a uniformly high level all his powers as a revealer of the souls of men. It is pure comedy, and its purity is the measure of its remove from the merely funny, which is so often accounted comic. "To awaken thoughtful laughter": it is Meredith's own test of comedy, as searching as Aristotle's test of "pity and terror" for tragedy. The laughter awakened by *The Egoist* is prone to become a sorry grimace, distorted by pain and humiliation, as the knife touches the raw nerve. In Stevenson's phrase, he has dissected and laid bare a whole set of nerves running through the human frame, the existence of which was not before suspected. I know of no other book that gets so close home under the skin, that produces in the reader the same wince as of physical pain. No wonder that, in spite of the profound impression it has made on the mind of the time—greater than that of any other book by its author—it has

never been popular. To call it a novel, and then proceed to point out its faults, is to betray the very stupidity against which Meredith tried to protect himself by calling it "A Comedy in Narrative." Method as well as substance are of the true comic; Sir Willoughby Patterne is a comic "type," as truly as Molière's Misanthrope. It is one of the triumphs of Meredith's dramatic genius that he is at the same time so superbly individualised.

At fifty-one, when *The Egoist* was published, Meredith was at the top of his powers in the creation of character; yet a dozen years later he gave us, in *One of Our Conquerors*, an even subtler, more complex egoist, if a less typical one, than Sir Willoughby Patterne. I am aware that I am in a minority in the high value and interest I attach to this novel. It is held, and rightly, to be one of the most difficult to read, filled as it is with those elisions and compressions of style, which many regard as wilful obscurity. No book is more baffling to one who has not learned the Meredith idiom. But those who can read it at all find in Victor Radnor one of his most astounding and significant characters, in Nataly perhaps the most human and appealing of his women, and in the situation the freest possible scope for the play of his intelligence on the great social problems. It is a tragic comedy, and Victor Radnor is a man of true heroic proportions, who just misses mastering his fate. Meredith's social wisdom, his clairvoyance into and through the complex web of conditions into which civilised man has woven himself, are nowhere more plainly in view. Organised Society—"Circumstance"—is the chorus of the drama, pressing the lesson of its law home on Victor's confused sense and Nataly's premonition of failure and Nesta's innocence.

Classifications of Meredith's books are necessarily superficial and abstract, but I have mentioned these three works together because they seem to display a kind of unity of method, in spite of the years that separate them. In chronological alternation with them came three books which it may not seem altogether fanciful to associate in another group as

showing a more distinctly romantic spirit. They all have to do with political life, and the earliest of them, *Beauchamp's Career* (published in 1876), is avowedly a political novel. It is doubtless mere coincidence that each of these novels is founded on actual occurrences. *Beauchamp's Career* is one of the most winning of its author's stories, though it shows notable complexities of plot and character. Young Nevil Beauchamp is obviously one of Meredith's own favourite heroes; through him and his mentor, the grotesque Dr. Shrapnel, the author preaches more plainly than elsewhere his political gospel. In *Diana of the Crossways* politics is merely the background for one of the most brilliant and the most popular of Meredith's stories. Diana is a radiant creature, who takes a strong hold on our affections; she is one of the rare characters of fiction, described as witty and intellectual, who actually live up to their reputation. To designate as superficial a book in which every scene is vitalised by her commanding presence would be a misuse of terms; yet one feels that Meredith here deals with the outward aspects of his characters more frankly than is his wont.

For *Lord Ormont and His Aminta* I confess a liking that is independent of critical justification. It is much simpler in manner and in content than *One of Our Conquerors*, which it followed (in 1894), though it is related to that book in its treatment of the problem of marriage and divorce; there are inconsistencies of character, there are situations rather artificially produced, which make it impossible to regard this as a perfect novel. Yet *Aminta*, though she has less character than Carinthia Kirby, less innocent purity than Lucy, less wit than Diana, less delicate winsomeness than Clara Middleton, less beauty than Renée, less nobility of soul than Emilia, is one of the most adorable of women; Matey Weyburn is one of Meredith's fine, healthy, straightforward young fellows, own brother to Richard Feverel and Nevil Beauchamp and Harry Richmond; and Lord Ormont, with all his exasperating treatment of *Aminta*, is one of the world's great. The book possesses as much of the spirit of youth as *Richard*

Feverel, written thirty-five years earlier, and its characters are as intimately related to Nature; Meredith renews his strength magically when he touches Earth. The swimming scene near the close is remembered with the chapters of Richard and Lucy in the garden, of Wilfrid and Emilia by Wilming Weir, of Carinthia Kirby and her brother "calling the morning," as one of his matchless prose lyrics—not "prose poetry," but the sheer stuff of poetry, in which words have become once more the primitive symbols of pure emotion.

The Amazing Marriage, the last of Meredith's novels, followed *Lord Ormont* by a year. Its vigour and intensity are astonishing; no falling off in the author's creative power is discernible. Its theme is a variant of that of the ill-assorted marriage, already used in *Diana* and *Lord Ormont*. Carinthia Jane Kirby is one of Meredith's greatest heroines, a woman whose superb spirit almost matches Emilia's. She is not "sympathetic"—she does not win your love as do Lucy and Janet and Nesta and the other simple-minded, innocent heroines, and the profound consistency of her character is one of the difficulties of the book. Lord Fleetwood marries her to keep his word, leaves her at once, and returns only when her love for him has been killed by almost incredible neglect and cruelty. It is as impossible for her to receive him back as it had been for her to refuse any service that had come to her as a duty. The girl who accepted her lover's early neglect as right because he was her lover, and the woman who met his last passionate appeal with the serenity won at the cost of love itself, are one and the same person; the seam of character is unbroken. Fleetwood is of as mixed nature as Carinthia is simple. Gower Woodseer, whom Meredith first intended as a portrait of Stevenson, is delightful; to his charm Mr. Hewlett has lately paid the tribute of imitation in his pedlar of *Halfway House*. Vital as the book is in its main characters and incidents, it is over-long and contains some unnecessary episodes, among which the formalist would perhaps reckon the famous prize fight to which Fleetwood conducts his bride, and the four or five



GEORGE MEREDITH'S WORKSHOP

chapters of prologue. Yet these are among the last portions of the book that its admirers would spare.

In this hurried catalogue of Meredith's fiction I have passed over the shorter tales, to which a separate article might well be devoted: the early romance, *Farina*, the serious, grim comedy of *The House on the Beach*, and the contagious farce of *The Case of General Ople and Lady Camper*. *The Tale of Chloe* deserves more than a word. Artistically it is one of Meredith's finest achievements—a thing to fill the soul of the emulous craftsman with joy and despair. It is perhaps not a short story in the technical sense, but rather a novel in little, perfect in proportion and brought to completion through a marvellous compression and finish of detail. *The Tragic Comedians*, though short, is a volume by itself and is usually reckoned among Meredith's novels. Also it is frequently alluded to as a failure, which emphatically it is not. Its special interest lies in the fact that it is but half-fiction, being a rendering of the true story of Ferdinand Lasalle, the brilliant leader of German Socialism, and Helene von Dönniges. The book is written with immense energy, and its radical defect is one of the curious paradoxes of fiction. The portrait of Sigismund Alvan is brilliantly

real, and Clotilde is at least credible; but one is balked by the curiously fortuitous character of the *denouement*—the death of Alvan in a duel, and the marriage of Clotilde shortly after to the slayer of the man she loved. Of course, Meredith but followed literally the actual story. It is not the fictitious element in the book that fails to "convince," but the real element; a lesson worth heeding on the relation of fiction to life.

It is on his fiction that Meredith's reputation is chiefly based at the end of his life; yet there are not wanting critics, whose opinions are entitled to consideration, who hold that his fame will finally rest on his poetry. With this judgment I do not by any means agree; yet it is indubitable that no one knows Meredith thoroughly—no one, indeed, knows all the best of English poetry—who does not know and love his verse. If *Modern Love* is not a true and great poem, profound in its insight, charged with passion, beautiful as it is original in form, then every known test of true poetry is fallacious. The noble and mysterious beauty of the *Hymn to Colour* makes it not unworthy of a place beside the greatest of Spenser's Hymns. Stevenson has recorded his sense of the haunting rhythm of *Love in a Valley*. The brawny vigour of *Attila*, with its sonorous refrain,

and the subtle philosophy of *The Sage Enamoured and the Honest Lady* mark the boundaries of a wide-sweeping talent. Nor could there be a greater mistake than that of regarding Meredith as a mere philosopher in rhyme, a man of thought to whom the poetic medium is not native. It is worth recalling that his first work and his last were in verse. And in some of his lyrics he is as simple and sensuous, as much the pure singer, as any English poet since Blake. To those who have not considered this side of Meredith's genius may be recommended, first a reading of the poems themselves, and then of Mr. G. M. Trevelyan's admirable book concerning them.

Naturally Meredith's critics have not forgotten their usual fling at a man who does more than one thing: he is, you will be told, too much a novelist to be a poet of the highest order, too much a poet to be a great novelist. True, he travels farthest into the future who travels lightest, and it is not easy to predict what portions of Meredith's product, almost all of which now seems significant, will be discarded from time to time as unnecessary impedimenta. It seems reasonable to believe, however, that a man is most likely to be remembered, not by what he has done almost or even quite as well as other men, but by what he has done incomparably better than any one else—provided always that the thing is worth doing in itself. What Meredith has done best may be learned by reference to his *Essay on Comedy*—an essay, by the way, which may one day come to stand as a landmark of constructive criticism. Comedy, he tells us, is the fine flower of a highly civilised society—

a society cognisant of conventions, conscious of the nice adjustment of rights between the individual and the body social; a society in which woman holds her proper and independent place. Comedy, moreover, addresses itself to the intelligence of men, is a mouthpiece for ideas. Granted Meredith's definition of Comedy, which is surely exclusive enough, it may still be questioned by those who would rank the arts in an order of importance whether it is the highest of forms. "Is Aristophanes the greater, or Sophocles?" It will hardly be denied by any one who has read a half-dozen of Meredith's books that by his own severe test he is the greatest comic artist the English have had since Shakespeare. And this, which is his proper praise, is also the explanation of his limited appeal. A popular comedy is a contradiction in terms. "People are ready to surrender themselves to witty thumps on the back, breast, and sides; all except the head: and it is there that he aims. He must be subtle to penetrate. A corresponding acuteness must exist to welcome him. The necessity for the two conditions will explain how it is that we count him during centuries in the singular number." Luckily, George Meredith was born into a society capable of generating the prime impulse at least for the writing of comedy. Given this impulse, a peculiarly sane, balanced temper, and the greatest brain, as it seems to me, that has been devoted to the writing of English fiction, and the product was inevitable. Meredith's fame is safe in the hands of the "acute and honourable minority" to which he made his appeal.

Edward Clark Marsh.





THE CHURCH OF ST. ETHELBURGA THE VIRGIN—INTERIOR VIEW

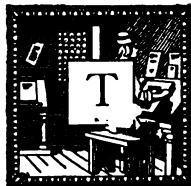
The existence of the Church of St. Ethelburga the Virgin, dedicated to the daughter of King Ethelbert, King of Kent (A. D. 552?-616) is mentioned in English history as early as the middle of the fourteenth century. It was noted for its short services for *city* men, and according to tradition was frequented by sailors immediately before proceeding on their voyages and upon their return therefrom. To this quaint old-time place of worship, Hudson and his crew, we are told, repaired to partake of the sacrament before sailing under the direction of the "Muscovy" or Russian company (the first joint stock company, says John Fiske, formed by the English for the prosecution of maritime trade and colonisation, incorporated February, 1555) to attempt a Northwest passage to Asia.



THE CHURCH OF ST. ETHELBURGA THE VIRGIN—EXTERIOR VIEW

Hudson made two arctic voyages in the years 1607 and 1608 in prosecution of this fruitless quest, but in making them he approached nearer to the pole than any man before him, and established his name and fame as a skilful navigator and courageous explorer. In 1609 he entered the service of the Dutch East India Company, and on the 4th of April of that year set sail in the *Half Moon* on the Zuyder Zee. On the 3d of September he dropped anchor somewhere—writes the author we have quoted above in his *Dutch and Quaker Colonies in America*—between Sandy Hook and Staten Island. Mr. Fiske concludes his chapter on Herrv Hudson by according him the credit of starting two immense industries, the Spitzbergen whale fisheries and the Hudson Bay fur trade, as well as that of bringing the Dutch to Manh*

THE FOREIGN SETTING AND SOME RECENT BOOKS*



O any one thinking carelessly of the question, the stage setting of stories whose scenes happen to be laid in foreign lands appears at first sight to involve only a special aspect of what novelists generally include under the terms "atmosphere" and "local colour." It needs, however, very little argument to show that while in some respects the Foreign Setting is a much more restricted term than local colour, in other respects it is much broader; and that a successful attempt at a foreign setting often depends as much upon the discreet omission of local colour as upon its intelligent employment. To guard against the possibility of any misunderstanding, it is well at the start to define what is meant in the present article by the term Foreign Setting. It will be used to mean the background of novels and short stories the scenes of which are laid in some portion of the world foreign both to the author and to the public for which he is mainly writing. Hawthorne's Salem, Thackeray's London, Flaubert's Rouen, Verga's Sicily, are not foreign settings, for they picture the scenes in which the authors felt themselves most at home—and whether the reader happens to be English or American, Italian or French, he brings away from his reading no sense of anything strange or foreign or exotic, but simply an impression of having been

in company with human beings swayed by essentially the same desires and hopes and fears as himself, and moving in an environment that was part and parcel of their character, their lives, their story. And the reason you feel no strangeness is because the author felt no strangeness as he wrote. You cannot conceive of the setting being different, because the author could not have conceived of a difference; he simply described the places he had known all his life with total absence of self-consciousness, and only to the extent needed for an understanding of the narrative. But when Hawthorne pictured Rome as the background to his *Marble Faun*; when Thackeray took the Newcomes across the Channel to Ostende; when Flaubert lavished all his verbal colour to picture ancient Carthage—one is almost tempted to add, when Verga strays so far afield as to lay his scene in Milan rather than in Aci Reale—then we have at once a foreign setting, because the author himself is conscious of a sense of strangeness, and must deliberately choose just what degree of that sense of strangeness he wishes to pass on to his readers.

In other words, in handling a foreign setting it becomes impossible to paint in the local colour quite naturally and as a matter of course, as a native would do it. You either are so conscious of it as to over-colour, or else you deliberately restrain yourself, with the inevitable result that your background becomes too colourless instead of too brilliant. In short, the various difficulties of the Foreign Setting constitute one of the most effective arguments in favour of the doctrine that a novelist writes best when he writes nearest to his own home—in his own State, his own village, his own particular street and block. Nevertheless, there are a few simple rules that ought to simplify materially the difficulties of the Foreign Setting. In the first place, let us assume for the sake of simplicity that the imaginary writer whom we are undertaking to

*In the Wake of the Green Banner. By Engene Paul Metour. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dragon's Blood. By Henry Milner Rideout. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Beyond the Skyline. By Robert Aitken. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Redcloud of the Lakes. By Frederick R. Burton. New York: G. W. Dillingham Company.

Heather. By John Trevenna. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Inner Shrine (Anonymous). New York: Harper and Brothers.

advise is an American, writing for American readers, but for valid reasons laying the scene of his story in Italy or India or the Philippines. His acquaintance with the country he chooses may be of any degree, ranging from that intimate knowledge that comes from years of residence, to the ignorance of one who has never been there but writes from second-hand information. This last case we may eliminate at once, since that sort of local colour is at best dishonest and unworthy of critical analysis. Now our author, whatever his degree of knowledge may be, has the choice between telling a native story, from the native standpoint, or of telling a story in which both natives and Americans take part—and in the latter case, the simple and obvious thing to do is to see the story through the eyes of one of the American characters. In so far as the question of Foreign Setting is concerned, the practical difference between the two types of story is that in the former case the local colour should be used abstemiously, with careful avoidance of emphasis upon those features which are a commonplace to the natives, however odd they may seem to a foreigner; while in the latter case, since the impression the writer wishes to convey is that of the visiting American, it becomes not merely permissible but highly desirable to throw into high light all those simple every-day details which a native would not notice and which strike the foreigner with a persistent sense of surprise.

But this is none of it as simple as it sounds, for the very good reason that a story with a Foreign Setting is at best an attempt to find a common measure between two quantities that are incommensurable—an attempt at a statement of facts, by a person who only half understands what they signify, to an audience who has no prior knowledge at all of their significance. If it were practicable to emulate the literal exactness of the camera in describing foreign scenes the whole problem would at once be vastly simplified; but while in English scenes a mere catalogue of names will often evoke a definite picture, and “the murmuring pines and the hemlocks” convey as much as a whole paragraph of de-

scription, a similar list of African flora, culled from one of the novels of the present month, “They entered the belt of prickly oak, cork oak, lentisc, caper bush and arbutus,” conveys rather less than a florist’s price list.

Some writers make the serious mistake of thinking that a sense of local colour and of a foreign atmosphere may be conveyed by the use of a strange nomenclature, by a sprinkling of foreign phrases and a glib mention of unfamiliar utensils, garments and articles of food. Here again, it is largely a question of point of view. If you are writing the story of a young American girl, let us say, who has gone to make her home in Athens or Constantinople or Tangiers, and is struck every moment of the day with the strangeness of it all, and the hopeless difficulties of a language that she cannot master, then a liberal sprinkling of Turkish or Arabic or Modern Greek is part of the requisite colouring because it helps to reflect and to explain the frame of mind of the central character. But if you are writing some simple story of Greek or Turkish or Moorish life, and trying to write it from the inside point of view, then the more closely you adhere to plain Anglo-Saxon, the more appropriate will be your style to the mood of your story—because otherwise the straightforward simplicity for which you are striving is spoiled by the odd, polyglot form of narration, which serves constantly as a reminder that you are performing the task of an interpreter, and performing it rather badly.

There happen this month to be several novels which in their various ways serve admirably to illustrate the different ways in which the Foreign Setting may be used and misused. And conspicuous among them is Eugene Paul Metour’s rather noteworthy story of Northern Africa, *In the Wake of the Green Banner*. There could hardly be a book better adapted to serve as text for the present discussion; first, because it is just at present rather prominently before the general public; secondly, because it is undeniably a book of splendid raw material, big with possibilities; and lastly,

because in spite of much that may be frankly admired, it is in many respects a useful object-lesson in the way not to use the Foreign Setting. In the first place, let us see just what Mr. Metour has attempted to do in this vast and crowded canvas, with its endless perspective of burning deserts, warring hordes, fanaticism and lawlessness run riot. One brings away from it, even after a careful and deliberate reading, with frequent backward glances to straighten out certain involved points, a confused sense of having witnessed, without half understanding the meaning of the different moves, a titanic game of war, in which all Islam, from Egypt to Morocco, is in revolt, for the purpose of proclaiming Abd-er-Rhaman the true and only Commander of the Faithful. We are allowed to witness the abortive attempt of two Europeans and some native spies to crush the movement by taking Abd-er-Rhaman prisoner, when he comes disguised to Marakesh; their failure, and the consequent massacre of the whole foreign colony, men, women and children; the flight across the desert of a bare handful who make their escape, carrying documents and messages to the French Army in Algiers, and including a Corsican Captain of Zouaves, an American artist, a Moorish camel-driver, a giant Senegalese negro, and two women, one of them the daughter of the late commanding officer of the post, the other a Circassian slave girl. We witness the almost miraculous flight of this little band over the Atlas Mountains and across the breadth of the Sahara, insufficiently equipped, unacquainted with the territory, relentlessly pursued, and constantly in danger from tribes which even under most favourable conditions are hostile and now are in a ferment of war fever. And finally, when they reach a goal of safety, we see the mounting waves of war roll on, gathering force and volume, and break and spend themselves in mad, fanatical carnage. But over this succession of vivid pictures we are conscious of a mental haze. We do not bring away a clear sense of relative values. We are not sure at all times from what standpoint we are permitted to be spectators—whether we are looking through the eyes

of the camel-driver, or the Corsican, or the Senegalese, or the Anglo-Saxon, or from a standpoint that shifts with each shifting scene. And as we try to grasp the significance of it all, we involuntarily draw comparisons between this book, with its obvious shortcomings, and another one in which a similar attempt to sum up, in epic magnitude, the soul of an entire race was for once supremely well done—namely in Kipling's *Kim*—and measuring these two books together we realise the extent to which the author of *In the Wake of the Green Banner* missed his opportunities. It is only by making the personified figure of a race or nation his central figure—as Kipling did a personified India, as Mr. Metour might have done a personified Islam—that he can succeed in giving a unity to a host of isolated scenes, and make all his happenings, all his motives, all his consequences converge and intersect at a common centre. *Kim* leaves behind it an impression of a wonderful and vast and intricate network of secret and tribal ties stretching out to the utmost confines of Hindoo life. *In the Wake of the Green Banner* is at most only a chronicle of certain episodes that happened in the course of a great racial upheaval—and between and behind these episodes we are allowed to guess dimly at other, even more tragic and gruesome happenings—but when all is said and done, the Arab remains as much of an unknown quantity to us as he was before. It may seem ungracious to pick flaws where so much has been well done; and undoubtedly Mr. Metour's book is full of scenes that refuse to be forgotten. Nevertheless, it is distinctly exasperating to see how easily, with a little knowledge of technique he might have raised this uncommon volume from the second to the first rank.

Dragon's Blood, by Henry Milner Rideout, has one defect in common with

Mr. Metour's volume—it is not strictly a novel, but rather a string of more or less closely associated episodes. But, considered from the standpoint of Foreign Setting, it shows distinctly better workmanship. It is not a pretentious

"Dragon's
Blood"

piece of work—just a picture of a small colony of Europeans exiled, through various necessities, in an isolated Chinese river town—but one might search a long time before finding more poignantly portrayed the loneliness, the nostalgia, the abject loathing of their lot, that is the daily portion of these unfortunates whom pride or poverty or a sense of duty inexorably holds in bondage. It is not a pleasant book, and yet not one easily laid aside; for there is a sort of reluctant fascination in the very grimness of its descriptions, the impression one gets of foul sights and fouler odours—the reek and slime of Chinese streets, the blackness and the ooze of the river banks, the pervading sense of degradation and uncleanness. To praise a book that is written in this sustained note of revulsion is not equivalent to saying that this is necessarily a true presentment of China—but it is unquestionably a true presentment of the way in which a Chinese river town must appear to the prejudiced eyes of lonely and dispirited European exiles. What Mr. Rideout has attempted to do, by way of story, is to introduce into this melancholy little colony a timid and rather sentimental young German, to make him fall in love with the utterly selfish and unworthy wife of a big-hearted, brave souled Englishman—and then, after he has lost all sense of ethics and of morals, to let him acquire a liberal and painful education in human nature, civilised and barbaric, through the protracted horrors of a Boxer uprising and grim and decimating siege that follows. Unquestionably the book should be numbered among the stories of good fighting—and of equal right it should be numbered among those books that actually make us see, as clearly as though we ourselves had been there, the foreign setting, for it is full of graphic glimpses like the following:

The sunken flags in the road formed a narrow aqueduct that wavered down a lane of mire. A few grotesque wretches, thatched about with bamboo matting, like bottles, or like rosebushes in winter, trotted past, shouldering twin baskets. The smell of joss-sticks, fish and sour betel, the subtle sweetness of opium, grew constantly stronger, blended with

exhalations of ancient refuse, and assailed the throat like a bad and lasting taste. . . . Overhead a slit of cloudy sky showed rarely; all points of the compass vanished; all streets remained alike,—the same endless vista of mystic characters, red, black and gold, on narrow, suspended tablets, under which flowed the same current of pig-tailed men in blue and dirty white. From every shop the same yellow faces stared, the same shaven foreheads bent over microscopical tasks in the dark.

A volume of short stories from various distant lands, and gathered together under the appropriate title of *Beyond the Skyline*, makes any chance reader promptly register a vow to make a further acquaintance of the writings of their author, Mr. Robert Aitken. They range through various degrees of merit, as well as a great variety of stage setting—from the Cordilleras to the Firth of Lorne, and from Cape Town to the Upper Niger. The story called "The Brand of Cain" possesses a certain original strength, for it tells how a man saves the woman he loves from massacre by Indians by impressing his cattle-brand upon her white shoulders—because he has a pact with their tribe to spare all possessions bearing his brand. And again there is the story of "Meretrix," telling how a man loves and honours a woman, in spite of evil gossip, and would make her his wife, though all Cape Town believes her to be unworthy; but the day comes when she herself forces him to give her up, because for very shame's sake she finds herself obliged to tell him that she is all that gossip says, and worse—she has paid her father's debts by selling army secrets to England's enemies. But easily the best in a collection that averages well is "A Second-Class District." It is an intimate little drama, enacted somewhere in that portion of Africa which Joseph Conrad has christened the Heart of Darkness; and it might easily have been written by him and included in his characteristic and little known *Tales of Unrest*. There are only four actors in the story who really count: the new Commissioner, young, attractive and ruinously self-satisfied;

"Beyond the Skyline"

Hermann Brandt, the representative of an important German trading company, who unwisely entertains the Commissioner; Hilda Brandt, the mild, fair-haired wife of the trader, who allows herself to look upon the new Commissioner with—who shall say how much favour? and Boma, Brandt's native cook, who has an inborn distrust of women, and whom the new Commissioner makes the fatal mistake of kicking. Now just whose fault it all is, no one ever finds out—but the known facts are that Brandt lends Boma to the Commissioner as his body servant during his trip up the river to headquarters; that somehow there is an attack by hostile natives, and at the crucial moment those who should have protected the Commissioner's boat are not on hand; and later, the only part of the Commissioner that is ever recovered is his head, which Boma, the cook, thoughtfully returns to Hilda in the identical bag which she gave the Commissioner as a keepsake.

A book which ought to attract serious attention, because of its ambitious attempt to interpret the life of the American Indian in a big, comprehensive manner, is Frederick R. Burton's *Redcloud of the Lakes*. It will, of course, be remembered that Mr. Burton already has one Ojibway Indian novel to his credit, in the shape of the novelised version of the popular play *Strongheart*; and, in spite of the necessity of adhering to a flagrantly melodramatic plot, Mr. Burton's intimate understanding of Indian life and character is consistently and plainly revealed. Nevertheless, the scope and the strength of the present book comes as something of a surprise; and frankly it may be pronounced as admirable of its kind—so admirable, in fact, that, like *In the Wake of the Green Banner*, one wishes that it had been just a little bit better in a technical sense. It is essentially epic in scope, for it covers the history of a tribe through three generations, from the day when the grandfather of the tribal chief goes forth as a young man to fast, and sees a vision, until the vision is fulfilled in the lifetime of the grandson. The vision which old

Megissum, the grandfather, saw in his youth was of a buffalo, the symbol of the tribe, and of a strange monster, which came and plucked out the buffalo's heart and tore off his horns and left him helpless. And the fulfilment of the vision, in the lifetime of Redcloud, the grandson, is explained in the coming of the white men, who win the Indians from their wild life, bring them within the reservations, teach them white men's ways, and slowly but surely destroy the old tribal life. This is essentially an epic theme, and it deserved an epic treatment. Mr. Burton has chosen to tell his story in straightforward, chronological order, with the directness and simplicity that would characterise an actual Indian narration. There is much vivid drama in the separate episodes, and one need not be told in order to feel convinced that many of the chapters are drawn straight from the tribal annals of the Ojibway Indians. Nevertheless, one feels that the book suffers from looseness of construction; and that it would have greatly gained had the traditional form of epic narration been followed, beginning the action at a point farther along in the story—at the point, let us say, where the grandson first hears of the vision of the buffalo, from his grandfather's lips, thus keeping a certain unity of time and compactness of interest, which as the book now stands, is to some extent lacking. Nevertheless, *Redcloud of the Lakes* will take its place among the very few sincere attempts to put the Real Indian into fiction.

All readers of *Furze the Cruel*, which formed the first volume of Mr. John

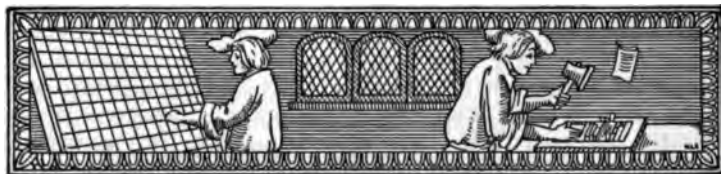
Trevenna's proposed trilogy of the moorland, should be interested in the second volume, just published under the title of *Heather*, which the author explains is intended to symbolise the spirit of Endurance. To the present writer, who has a very sincere admiration for Mr. Trevenna, and is inclined to rank him rather high among the younger generation of English novelists, *Heather* does not have the strong personal appeal of the earlier volume—notwithstanding the fact that the consensus of critical opinion gives it

an even higher place. The explanation, or at least one explanation—for there may be others—seems sufficiently simple. *Furze the Cruel* was a story of Dartmoor people told from the Dartmoor point of view—it was in no sense a story with a Foreign Setting, in no sense an attempt to explain or interpret the moorland folk either to themselves or to the world at large, excepting in so far as their own character and deeds would serve to interpret them. In *Heather*, however, we have, in addition to the Dartmoor folk, the inmates of a sanitarium—people of various grades of society and from various corners of England, but all having in common the quality of representing the outside point of view—so that through their agency *Heather* becomes in a technical sense a story with a foreign setting, and therefore, to the reader who likes to have his thinking done for him, it is a book more easily understood, and, therefore, a better book than *Furze the Cruel*. But to those who really understand and rightly value Mr. Trevenna, the relative importance of these two books will seem to be a question that deserves to be decided less hastily and on somewhat firmer grounds.

A book which, owing to the wholly irrelevant fact that it is published anonymously, has attracted rather more attention than it deserves, is *The Inner Shrine*. It is not strictly speaking a story with a Foreign Setting, and yet the foreign atmosphere of the opening chapters and the foreign training of the heroine are intended to be the key to whatever valid and serious psychology the book

possesses. We are to imagine a young woman, partly French by birth and wholly so by education, married to an expatriated American, and living a life of reckless gaiety in Paris—half in the American colony, half in the more exclusive French circles. She flirts with the skill of a Frenchwoman, and with the openness of an American—and she remains unscathed both in her affections and in reputation—until she plays the game once too often, and with a type of man that she does not understand. For the man, chagrined at his defeat, ingeniously lies about her; and when the stories he circulates come to the ears of her husband and a challenge to a duel follows as a matter of course, the husband apparently believes that they are true, because on the field of honour, instead of firing at his adversary he turns the pistol against himself. The story, to which the duel is merely a sort of prelude, really concerns the history of the young widow when, having secretly surrendered all her property to her husband's mother, she comes to America to earn her livelihood; and when, on the eve of marriage with a man who is in position to give her wealth, position and sincere devotion, she finds the wretched story of her earlier flirtations rising up, to bar the path to happiness. Of course, it is difficult for American society to accept French standards; yet one feels that a little plain speech, a little trouble to get at the facts from people qualified to give them would have saved a lot of heartache, and incidentally have materially abbreviated a story that is better written than the substance of it deserves, and for all its good writing is apt to seem needlessly long drawn out.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

THE INTERNATIONAL YEAR BOOK OF THE WORLD'S PROGRESS FOR A YEAR*

It is curious to contemplate that no oblivion is deeper than that of yesterday. When yesterday becomes the last decade it takes its place in a recorded procession, but almost every person has felt strangely baffled in trying to piece out the interval and pick up the events not yet permanently registered. From the daily newspaper and the monthly review it is a long cry to the orderly story of the year's accomplishment in any particular field—a story not to be resurrected except by laboriously unearthing and fitting together many separate fragments. This is what the Year Book has done in tabulating, selecting, comparing, and arranging the world's reports of itself for a twelvemonth; and one has only to read with ease and confidence the completed narrative. The Year Book is the apotheosis of the pigeon-hole.

The present volume is also unique in that it is not only much more succinct but wider in its scope than a newspaper almanac or any other annual published—the nearest approach to it, the *British Annual Register* and the *Statesman's Year Book*, being confined either to politics or statistics. Thus the book should prove invaluable to journalists and to writers on current topics. To the general reader, however, it is mainly directed. If the touch-and-go ubiquity who passes under that title—a personage who is now receiving more than amends for centuries of disregard—is ever likely to perceive how he has come to be the headstone of the corner and the centre to which the whole arch leans, he may do so by investing in the Year Book. It is for him that this account of the year's doings is no dry itemisation but a lively and embellished story; for him, too, that it is clarified with a half-dozen excellent

maps of new national boundaries, and humanised by well-selected and exceedingly good photographs ranging from the "Don de Dieu"—the ship of Champlain reproduced for the Historic Procession at the Quebec Tercentenary—to the Atlantic Battleship Fleet entering the harbour of Melbourne, from the start of the Marathon Race at Windsor Castle to a suffragette in her self-imposed manacles being removed by the police. Here the general reader may get the same sensation as when he sees the whole fire department dashing madly along the street to put out his defective flue or reads how many pins go to a paperful, which he buys for three cents. The machinery of the world is at work for him, the wares of the universe are spread before him, and he is the product of the ages.

Lest this be thought too lyric a strain to be struck from a Year Book, the reviewer hastens to confess just such a glow of importance on emerging from his tonic plunge into the 776 pages of this well-sorted and accessible presentation of recent fact that every one should have at his immediate disposal. He has also a glow of gratitude when he remembers how impossible it is for him (or for any reader, general or otherwise) to get a perspective on the year's doings in any field except of his particular interest, and that only when he has the mind and time to link separate items together into a continuous chain. Furthermore, almost everybody has the annual experience of a gap in his year—he goes to the wilds or to Europe, he takes to his bed or his hobby; for some reason or other he absents himself from the routine of his reading—and there is a hole in the record, one which never gets filled in unless he makes a business of doing so. In these days, too, when not even the irresponsible general reader is exempt from semi-professional activities, when we are all members of something or other and women prepare club papers while they market by telephone, such a record of fresh knowledge is indispensable. One never knows when he will be haled from his obscurity to enlighten his clamouring fel-

*The International Year Book. A Compendium of the World's Progress for a year. Edited by Frank Moore Colby and Allen Leon Churchill. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

lows on Sewage Purification and Street Cleaning or the state of the Balkan Question or the long-distance records for Swimming. Now, when Aeroplanes and Submarines have become table chit-chat, when Factory Inspection and Pragmatism and the Tuberculosis Congress are topics every hostess should have at her finger tips, and when they are crying to-morrow's papers as you go home from dinner, one is doubly thankful for finding some way to keep up. And besides a pleasant sense of his own importance and a lively recognition of a friend in need, the reviewer (since he has become so personal) might as well admit to something like fascination in the volume. Here is, as it were, a tabloid drama of the world's work—of the discoveries, inventions, researches, projects, and advances of its mighty corps of workers—a throng toiling to an end they know not, but with a known purpose to help humanity. Frankly he confesses that the very feel of the book is more intimate and human than any encyclopædia he has ever handled.

Much of this feeling, doubtless, arises from its persistent modernity. He perceives at once that it is the only encyclopædia not hopelessly behind before he caught up with it. Of the year alone is the Year Book designed to be a record, and of those subjects only in which change or progress has taken place. Whatever subjects are at a stand-still go unrecorded. Chimneys is inserted only because in 1908 the tallest chimney in the world was completed in Montana; Niagara Falls gets mentioned because the shut-down last year of its power plant proved that the tapping of the river above the falls was almost inconsiderable; under the head Saint Helena the editor even resists the temptation to inform you that Napoleon was imprisoned there; and there is nowhere an allusion to Shakespeare. Throughout is the evidence of this design. Most of the biographies of the Year Book differ from those of an encyclopædia by beginning with death rather than birth, since the recent death of the subject is as a rule the reason for his admission. It may be for this reason that Theodore Roosevelt, who was to enter into rest on March 4th, receives an

impartial summing up of his efforts under his own name, or it may be because he is incapable of being contained under any other head. Whichever reason appeals to your humour, you may doubtless find it significant that for Bryan and Hearst you must see Presidential Campaign—an interesting and well-composed essay comprehending the national conventions and platforms, the issues of the campaign, its progress and the results of the election. For the rest, the biographies concern those whose doings are of perennial importance or who came into unusual prominence the past year. Debussy and Ferrero, for instance, are included because of their American eminence in 1908. One recalls that everywhere the editors of the Year Book bestow Greek honours on the word "encyclopædia" when he perceives that although Esperanto and the internecine conflicts of the International Language Delegates are honoured by lengthy mention, our own particular Reformed Spelling and its recent warfare, offensive and defensive, is passed by without comment. Every State in the United States, the United States as a whole, and every nation and territory in the civilised world receives a comprehensive treatment of its year's record. The major articles are all written by specialists, and some of them are presented with brilliance. There are many tables of statistics prepared with the aid of government officials, and a complete Necrology and a list of Gifts and Bequests. An instance of the thoroughness of the work is a blanket article on universities and colleges and separate mention of each under its own head.

To the worthy general reader above-mentioned, of especial interest are the topics of Drama, Music, Painting, Sculpture, and of American, English, French, and German Literature. In 1908 comedy, largely of English origin, continued to be the most popular with the American play-goer, and there was the promising advent of Eugene Walter as a dramatist of high rank. The chief plays of the year in New York, London, Paris, and Berlin are briefly reviewed. The year in music the world over surpassed any previous year as to phenomenal ac-

tivity, the production of novelties, and the support of orchestral and chamber concerts. The Metropolitan Opera showed the same undue preponderance of Puccini as the year before; Gustav Mahler surpassed all other conductors ever heard at the house in subordinating the orchestra to the singers; Toscanini brought his Italian fire and melodic appreciation to Wagner. At the Manhattan the success of *Pelléas et Mélisande* made New York the heart of the Debussy cult, and Tetrassini and Mary Garden determined the repertory as surely as Caruso and Bonci at the rival house. In one way and another New York had grand opera the year around, while the enthusiasm awakened throughout the country led to the projects for permanent opera houses in Philadelphia and Boston. Abroad, the modern French school has been distinctly discriminated against. In Paris the new regime at the Grand Opéra failed to fulfil expectations, but *Götterdämmerung*—presented there for the first time—was an overwhelming success even without cuts. In painting, the dearth of new men in American exhibitions continued to disquiet native art lovers, and the London Academy offered but little of interest. In sculpture, the most interesting exhibition was the work of Saint-Gaudens, while the winter exhibition of the Academy of Design was notable for the first adequate display in New York of American sculptors as a body. In literature, the tables of THE BOOKMAN for the year are drawn upon. The number of successful women novelists still goes on increasing, as does the preference shown in the United States for native novels. At home the tendency to disregard the conventional limitations of American fiction, and both here and in England the recrudescence of symbolism are noteworthy. Of literary biographies there were none of supreme distinction, but there were notable contributions to ethics and philosophy. The reading of plays—so indispensable to good drama—is slowly gaining ground in America. In France, the year carried on the reaction of 1907 against radical theories and a resurrection of art for the sake of art. There was an unusual number of good

novels, but, as elsewhere, little striking work in poetry. The French Academy came before the public more than usual in protests against its conservative attitude and its constant antagonism of the Government which supports it. In Germany, literature teemed with intellectual suggestion, but lacked the emotion and the imagination to create a lasting impression. The plays of the year lacked enduring vitality and suggested a return to older standards. The output in fiction was more satisfactory; recent problem novels showed a more artistic handling of their material, and the ruling tendency was to have the evolution of a human soul from childhood to maturity. The only American authors mentioned as translated are Robert Hunter and Helen Keller.

Enough has been said to indicate that this stupendous compilation has been made unexpectedly handy and attractive. It would seem that only one thing is lacking to comparative perfection—namely, that the year's bibliography, which has been appended to most of the major subjects, be added to all. This, while taking up little extra space, would greatly increase their serviceability. Both editors and publishers should be proud of a work of such magnitude and importance, thoroughly co-ordinated and well discharged. It is to be hoped the Year Book will prove a hardy annual.

Algernon Tassin.

II

PROFESSOR PECK'S "STUDIES IN SEVERAL LITERATURES"*

It was Gladstone, if I remember aright, who declared that Leibnitz was the last man of universal knowledge. Since his time the realms of science and literature have become too extended for one man to traverse. Probably Dr. Peck has never set himself deliberately, like Bacon, to make all knowledge his province; yet his studies have covered an extraordinary range. The volume under

*Studies in Several Literatures. By Harry Thurston Peck. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

review, for example, begins with Homer, and ends with Conan Doyle. Even in these modern days, when criticism, according to Matthew Arnold, to be of any account must regard all the literatures of Europe as one, the names of Homer and Doyle mark the limits of a fairly inclusive purview. Nor is it to a single kind of subject that Dr. Peck's attention has been directed. His lateral is as extensive as his linear range. Thus, if he praises Longfellow, so he does Daudet's *Sapho* (which he spells with a double *p*); if he approves the *Odyssey* as a masterpiece of romance, he equally approves *Anna Karénina* as a masterpiece of life; zestfully he admires those two antithetical pillars of our own ancient literature, Emerson and Poe. He is evidently an insatiable reader, and his retentive memory has guarded a large store from which to draw for allusion and illustration. On the testimony of this single volume, without recalling his writings on the classics, his biographies and histories of our own time, Dr. Peck might justly be branded as an "encyclopædic" writer.

This is, I am aware, a serious charge to bring against a man who is also a university professor of a dead language. It is the ideal combination for the forming of that juiceless by-product of literature, the "scholarly" critic—in other words, the pure and essential pedant. Luckily vital combinations do not always work out with the inevitability of a chemical reaction; the paradox, like the poor, we have always with us. It is a case in point that the man of wide knowledge who is also a professor of Latin happens to be precisely the least academic of critics. Accuse him of a thousand other faults: call him dogmatic, opinionated, prejudiced, self-assertive, inconsistent, frivolous, lacking in due respect for the conventions; but academic—never! And if there is a single amiable human weakness discernible in his entertaining pages, it is a touch of pride in his freedom from the trammelling orthodoxy of the walks of scholarship.

Not that scholarship, when it is in requisition, is ever at fault. Nothing is plainer than that Dr. Peck's acquaintance with the classical literatures is not only wide, but essentially human. If an argu-

ment in favour of the study of the classics is required, it would not be easy to find a better than the essays in this book on Tolstoi and on the modern detective story. Dr. Peck is not more frankly enthusiastic in discussing his favourite Trollope than in translating and annotating the delightful letters of Alciphron. In his translations there is no account taken of the time that separates the Greek novelist—"a Hellenic Hugues Le Roux"—from Zola. Perhaps the strongest characteristic felt in his essays is the humanistic spirit in which he approaches all literature, seeking always to draw out its relation to life itself.

But with his abjuration of the pedant's mantle, Dr. Peck relinquishes the opportunity to become the guide of those who would be led in the safe paths of literature. Read him by all means for stimulation, but not for the purpose of getting your opinions ready-made. If there is in your mental composition anything stiffer than the backbone of an earthworm, you will find yourself rebelling as often as not. When you agree with him, he is delightfully informing, intelligent, perspicuous; when he runs counter to your own likes and dislikes he is unaccountably perverse, even irritating. Then he becomes dogmatic and opinionated. It would be a pleasure, had I the space, to point out the numerous critical judgments, the estimates of men and books, in which he is absolutely mistaken. One of his favourite pastimes is what Mr. Chesterton would call "baiting the Realists"—and it must be said that, if any one nowadays still holds the theory of realism which Dr. Peck attacks, he will be hard put to it to defend his beliefs. But Dr. Peck himself seems to regard the difference between life and art as quantitative rather than qualitative—as a matter almost wholly of selection. Concerning the novelist's practice of eliminating superfluities, his exclusion of the irrelevant, he says: "This method of writing fiction is essentially artistic, but it is not true to life." Of course, no fiction can in this sense possibly be true to life—and no history as well. Again, he seems repeatedly to test an author's greatness by his "universality of appeal"

—that is, popularity in the long run. Yet in the admirable and sympathetic essay on Trollope—perhaps the very best thing in the book—he places the author of *Barchester Towers* “first upon the roll of England’s realistic novelists”—apparently ignoring the fact that Trollope has probably never reached a quarter of the readers Thackeray has. More than that, the test of universality becomes suddenly a subjective test; and now the measure is perilously near to the merely geographical. Trollope is greater than Thackeray—because Thackeray gives us only London, while Trollope gives us London, and then throws in all England and even Ireland for good measure. Thus does Dr. Peck strive to justify by reference to an objective standard a statement which he had done better to base on his own opinion. After all, the best reason in the world for a critic is, “I think so.”

Curiously enough, considering his emancipation from many of the restrictions of orthodoxy, Dr. Peck’s chief admirations seem to be for what are commonly considered the saner manifestations of genius. Homer, Vergil, Shakespeare, Milton, Tennyson, Longfellow, Trollope, Balzac—these be his gods. The whole brood of modern exemplifiers of morbidity, Swinburne, Whitman, Huysmans, Bourget, James—to name a few—are hateful to him. To this solidly conservative attitude his praise of Daudet and Zola and Tolstoi is only an apparent exception. Evidently he came under the sway of these men in his youth, when every man must have his touch of radicalism. It is interesting to note that he cares nothing for the later works of Zola and Tolstoi and—most significant of all—George Moore. If one may guess his psychology from his writings, he was never a genuine radical, and whatever surface sympathy he may once have had for the rebels of art has long since cooled. Like every other critic, he is worth reading only where his sympathies are warmly engaged. Fortunately he has written in this book almost wholly of his admirations; it is in his *obiter scripta* on the subject of his aversions that his perversity chiefly shows itself. And even these I, for one, should be unwilling to

spare; they add the touch of obliquity to an otherwise sound and keen intellect, and give it an unhealthy, human interest for the unregenerate who abhor perfection.

Ward Clark.

III

HAROLD BAYLEY’S “A NEW LIGHT ON THE RENAISSANCE”*

That the paper makers and printers of the Renaissance were originally in close touch with each other and were associated in identical aims; and that the most



THE HOLY GRAIL

The bunch of grapes at the top is said to represent the celestial food which Caleb and Joshua brought from the land of Canaan as a sign of the milk and honey reported to be overflowing there.

innocent of watermarks very often carried a secret message that was practically international in scope is the curious theory that Mr. Harold Bayley advances and bolsters up with specious cleverness in his *A New Light on the Renaissance*.

His propositions are based on the symbolic meaning of watermarks in the papers and typographical decoration of the printed book of the period. Ingeniously and almost convincingly he reaches

**A New Light on the Renaissance*. Displayed in *Contemporary Emblems*. By Harold Bayley. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

astonishing conclusions, and in doing so he sweeps the whole field of symbolism—philosophical, religious and artistic.

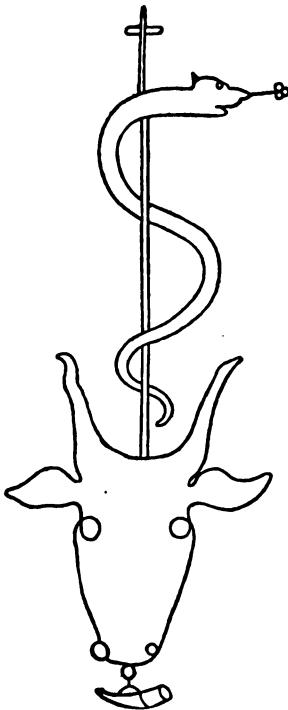
To Provence he attaches an unprecedented importance in an endeavour to show that that land enjoyed an advanced state of civilisation at the time, a civilisation far ahead of that of the rest of Europe. According to Mr. Bayley, it was the first paper makers of Provence, the Albigenses and the Waldenses, who became the particular objects of persecution by the Roman Church, and it was when this persecution finally drove them from their own country that they became real heralds of the liberal and spiritual thought as opposed to the materialism of the Church of Rome and which found its complete success in the great Reformation.

This Humanistic or anti-clerical movement has heretofore been accredited to Italy, and Mr. Bayley has totally dis-



JACOB'S LADDER

The Albigenses regarded this ladder as a symbol of virtues and good works, by the practice of which Earth is brought into close touch with Heaven. An angel stands at the top of the ladder.

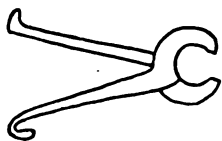


THE BULL'S HEAD

Emblematic of patience and strength—above the head is the Tau or Cross of Regeneration and the Serpent of Healing. Suspended from the mouth is the Horn of Roland, emblematic of the Preaching of the Albigenses.

arranged accepted ideas by transferring the first activities of the Humanists to a French country. However that may be, it was to be expected that these devout paper makers of Provence should adopt various religious emblems as watermarks, and numbers of most curious symbols are shown, such as the globe and cross, the Unicorn and stag (symbols of Purity), Jacob's Ladder and the Sacred "Tau." Here it is worth quoting the author's understanding of the Albigensian idea of God, certainly a conflicting combination of Christianity and Mysticism. "The father they regarded as All Wise and All Good, but not as All Powerful; otherwise he would not have permitted the existence of evil. Matter they regarded as the creation of some opposing Evil Principle, and the creation of the human race as a catastrophe by which the immortal were imprisoned in flesh cages." The emblems of the Deity and elements of the perfect man are shown in such forms as the bunch of grapes (the true vine), the crown, the anchor, the dove, and the fish. Then the emblems of persecution and preaching—the sword, the pincers, the axe, and particularly the bull's head as being emblematic of patience and strength. It was regarded as a type of all those who bore the yoke and laboured in silence for the good of others.

The chapter on Romaunt Emblems is lively with descriptions of the Trouba-



THE PINCERS—AN EMBLEM OF PERSECUTION

dours who were ardent auxiliaries of the Albigenes in their crusade against the Church, and these emblems indicate how close the association was. Such emblems are The Horn of Roland, "The Mystic Lady," The Grail, and the Castle belonging to the Grail. The author takes up the Legend of the Grail, presenting at the same time the observations of various early writers in connection with the Legend.

It will be surprising to most readers to see the importance Mr. Bayley ascribes to the Alchemists as an element that contributed largely to the success of the Reformation. He speaks impressively of the value of their accomplishments and real power. He would not have the reader accept the encyclopædic definition, which says, "they compiled mystical trash into books and fathered them on Hermes, Aristotle, Albertus, Magnus, Paracelsus and other really great men." Mr. Bayley prefers to take these old philosophers at their own estimation of each other, which is expressed in a dedication from *The Triumphal Chariot of Alchemy* as follows: "To the illustrious, venerable, saintly and blessed men, adepts of the true philosophy, lovers of virtue, lords of fortune, despisers of the world, whose life is holiness in holiness, knowledge in knowledge, and whose work consists in the relieving of the sick and poor." Fulsome praise, indeed, but the author does not doubt the virtue and effect of their allegories and transmutations.

The final chapters of the book deal with Printers' Devices. By examples Mr. Bayley undertakes to demonstrate the significance of the emblems incorporated into the decorative headbands, tailpieces, colophons, et cetera, and their resemblance and relation to the watermarks of the period. It must be said that the author's conclusions at this point are more ingenious than convinc-

ing, and this obtains in a greater or less degree throughout the book.

However difficult it may be to accept the author's conclusions as a whole, it must be admitted that he has really shed a new light on the Renaissance, and in so doing has evolved a theory that carries with it genuine interest, and moreover he has extracted from these ancient emblems facts and interpretations that must enter into any consideration of the subject in the future.

Laurence Burnham.

IV

W. E. GRIFFIS'S "THE STORY OF NEW NETHERLAND"*

The American Dutch are like Hannibal in having had their story written by their enemies. Written, at least, for readers of English. And worse than their enemies, for surely the good Washington Irving was nobody's enemy. That fact by no means appeases the manes of the Knickerbockers, but should agitate them the more. "Who can refute a sneer?" asked the pious Anglican concerning Gibbon. Who can refute a joke, might as pertinently be inquired. But it is certain that the English governors of New York, in the late seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries, did not find the Dutchmen comic, any more than the Englishmen at home in the former century, than the Spaniards in the century before, than the Englishmen of the late nineteenth century found their descendants in South Africa. The late Sir Redvers Buller assuredly, failed to see the joke.

In the multitude of centenaries, it is liable to be lost sight of that this is also the centennial year of the publication of *A History of New York by Diedrich Knickerbocker*. Yet the fact ought not to be forgotten "here and now." That historical work is not only mythical but myth-making. One

*The Story of New Netherland. The Dutch in America. By William Eliot Griffis. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company

mythicule to which it has given rise the present reviewer is in a position to explode. That is the story that *Knickerbocker* was originally conceived as a burlesque on a little guide book called a *Picture of New York*, by Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill. This tale is given in Mrs. Martha Lamb's *History of the City of New York*, and even in the article on Irving in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, written by no less an omniscient than the late Dr. Richard Garnett. But there is absolutely nothing in it. Dr. Mitchill was a person of importance in his day, in turn a Representative and Senator from New York, and socially a very leading citizen. His namesake, the late S. L. M. Barlow, inherited his bibliophilist and amphitryonic capacities, but Mr. Barlow's library has been dispersed. The *Picture of New York*, however, may be found in the collections of certain local antiquaries, and from the copy belonging to Mr. John D. Crimmins one finds the material to explode the mythicule. The little book is a most modest and straightforward account of Manhattan, with nothing at all in it that lends itself to satire, no "lying about the wealth of my uncle" whatever.

Having disposed of which fable, one recurs to the fact that Irving managed to transfer the origins of Manhattan from the realm of history to that of folk-lore. Most historians have insensibly acquired his view of the essential absurdity of the Knickerbockers, notably John Fiske. It is in vain for Mr. Janvier to attempt to cheer up the Dutch-descended inhabitants of New York by assuring them that their ancestors were in fact as energetic and unscrupulous a set of scoundrels as ever went unchanged. Knickerbocker still, after a hundred years, prevents most readers and writers from taking them seriously. Wherefore there is room and welcome for a straightforward story like that of Dr. Griffis, a writer among whose qualifications for his task is, as he tells us, that he is "not of Dutch blood or inheritance." His interest in the subject has been acquired in the ministry of what, until a few years ago, was still officially known as the

"Dutch Reformed Church." And he unites the qualifications of a long residence in Schenectady, which he plausibly considers as Dutch a settlement as there is left in the United States, with seven visits, some of them apparently to be called rather sojourns, in Old Netherland, where he could trace at his leisure correspondences and survivals which are apt to escape the hasty tourist and to avoid any literary record.

It is curious how many common notions this plain tale overthrows. That Manhattan was "conquered" by the English is an article of lazy belief especially congenial to the resident descendants of the cunning men of Pyquag. As a matter of fact, it was the victim of a raid made in time of peace which cost the country of the victors very dear at the hands of Ruyter and the second Tromp (Vide Pepys, *passim*). And if the treaty of Westminster in 1674 had been made, like the treaty of Breda in 1667, upon the basis of the "uti possidetis," Dutch New York would have rebecome. It was traded for Dutch Guiana simply because the Dutch thought the tropical the more valuable possession, a delusion which the English partook. At the date of neither treaty was Holland in a position to be bullied. But it is by no means these "old, unhappy, far-off things" that constitute the main interest of this volume. That interest one finds to lie in the first place in the straightforward historical story, and in the second place in the excursions upon manners and customs that go to show the persistency of the Dutch racial traits, and the influence these have had on our cosmopolitan blend. Dr. Griffis points out anew how cosmopolitan Manhattan Island was from the first and how much more Dutch were the "back districts," in New Jersey, up the Hudson, and in the Mohawk valley. The reviewer finds himself able to supplement the author on some of these points. Even in *Knickerbocker* it is set forth that across the North River there was a land more Dutch in 1809 than Manhattan Island. In fact, by climbing Bergen Heights

now, the wayfarer may find Dutch inscriptions on tombstones of as late a date as the second decade of the nineteenth century. An old gentleman born in that decade and dying at the end of the century spoke Dutch in his childhood in "the Genesee country." A coeval old lady who died only the other year related that, in her childhood, in the Hudson valley, her New England mother refused to give her children their food until they asked for it in English. Nay, I have myself witnessed the disgust of the New England wife of a Dutch-descended clergyman at hearing her husband addressed, by a layman brought up on the shores of the Hudson, as "Domine," imagining that vocative of Dominus to be familiar and disrespectful, instead of being, as Mr. Griffis has it, "respectful, affectionate, and honourable."

Mr. Griffis's "story" is worth telling, and he tells it very well. Especially interesting are the chapters which deal with the condition that followed the transfer of government from Dutch to English, and in which the difficulties of the situation varied inversely as the tact of the Governor. British colonial governors have not a particularly good name for tactfulness the world over, but taking the whole list through, from the Restoration to the American Revolution, New York fared very well at their hands. The untactful among them paid for their untactfulness. The disreputable Cornbury was, as one might expect, the greatest stickler of them all for the rights of the Crown and the Church, and in consequence spent the entire term of his governorship in hot water, while more reasonable viceroys or vice-dukes, Bellomont, Hunter, Dongan, had correspondingly easier times. Mr. Griffis's version of the Leisler "rebellion," so called, will be new to many readers, especially to those who have derived their notions from John Fiske. But it is a well-stated and well-supported version. The Stadtholder of Holland, become King of England, could by no means have approved of the persecution of a colonial official at the hands of a Jacobite junta for being the first to apply in

America the principles of the "Glorious Revolution" in England. The reversal of Leisler's attainder, acquiesced in as it was by those very New Yorkers who had been most active in procuring the attainder, was a vindication and an apology.

Montgomery Schuyler.

V

PROFESSOR SCHINZ'S "ANTI-PRAGMATISM"*

Professor Albert Schinz, of Bryn Mawr College, in this volume on Anti-Pragmatism has entered the lists as the champion of philosophy as opposed to the claims of Pragmatism. For such is the issue, Professor Schinz very stoutly insists. Pragmatism is not worthy the name of a philosophy; it is inimical to the very idea of philosophy itself. A philosophical view of things is an attempt to unify our experiences, and to discover in the midst of the fleeting and shifting scenes of nature and of life something which is stable, something which is capable of furnishing an underlying ground of coherency, necessity and universality. Call it law, or principle, or truth, or what you will, it is to be regarded as a constant and determining factor among the many variable factors of our experience. And it is just this element of unity and necessary connection among the phenomena of the world which Pragmatism most vehemently denies. It considers experience solely in the light of its variable factors. It discovers no constants. The world is fluid, mobile, loosely put together, ever changing and with nothing determinate or determining, so that "what is true to-day may be false to-morrow." Pragmatism insists, therefore, that the expedient is the sole test of truth and guide of action. From such a point of view, success is the supreme sanction of conduct, and every idea of worth is to be estimated by its "cash

*Anti-pragmatisme. Examen des droits respectifs de l'aristocratie intellectuelle et de la démocratie sociale. Albert Schinz, Professeur à l'Université de Bryn Mawr (Pennsylvanie). Bibliothèque de philosophie contemporaine. Paris: Felix Alcan, Editeur 1909.

value" in terms of utility. Professor Schinz contends very forcibly and conclusively that such a theory is not a philosophy; that it is at best a modern form of "opportunism," a recrudescence of certain scholastic systems which regarded philosophy merely in the light of an ally for the support of dogma. In much the same way in our day, the convenient doctrines of pragmatism are made to serve a like purpose, of giving a scholarly sanction to an easy-going code of morality and a comfortable philosophy of life. Pragmatism, however, fails to prove itself. It is absurd to invoke reason in order to demonstrate the untrustworthiness of the very foundations of reason itself. The Italian Pragmatist, Papini, virtually concedes this point in a statement of his which appeared in a recent number of the *Popular Science Monthly*: "Pragmatism is really less a philosophy than a method of doing without a philosophy." However, the followers of Pragmatism generally would not allow this concession, but would insist upon its claims to be a philosophy, and that of a new and higher order.

Not only has Professor Schinz most admirably exposed the unphilosophical character of Pragmatism, but he has also attempted to show that this present-day movement of thought is a natural response to certain needs of the age in which we live, and particularly that it has been greatly accelerated by the conditions which exist in America. These needs may be indicated briefly in the popular demand for a theory of life that is grounded upon ideas of utility. There is a tendency, perhaps unconscious, not only to regard practical success as a supreme test in all fields of activity, but to regard it also with a certain religious fervour, and to seek to surround it with the sentiments and sanctions of a philosophical *aura*. There is a demand for an apotheosis of the practical. These ideas are in the air; they are the expression of the spirit of the times, and the attempt to constitute a pragmatic philosophy is both a proof of their presence and a formulation of their demands. To these tendencies Professor Schinz has drawn attention in a comprehensive and striking manner. The alarm which he

sounds is timely and we refuse to heed it at our peril.

He himself indulges in rather a pessimistic prophecy concerning the future of Pragmatism, especially in this country. He regards the demand for an expression of such a view of life as irresistible. For in a democratic land, where the character of the population is ever changing, there can be no body of philosophical traditions sufficiently strong and sufficiently permanent to contend against it. Consequently, Professor Schinz predicts the success of Pragmatism, not because it is true, but because it is false. This is based upon the ground that the masses generally, and the unreflecting portion in particular, do not care to behold the truth face to face. The truth is not always convenient, and, therefore, a gospel of convenience such as Pragmatism heralds will always be welcomed with acclaim. The God of things as they are or the God of things as they ought to be is not a popular deity—rather the God of things as we would like to think them to be.

Professor Schinz, in the expression of this opinion, however, is not to be interpreted too literally. There is a satirical vein which one may detect throughout his pessimistic description of the future of philosophy in America. His essay is in itself a protest against the set of the tide. Pragmatism may appeal to certain needs of human nature; they are the needs, however, of the frailty of human nature and not of its strength—of its lower levels and not of the higher. It is a prostitution of the offices of philosophy to attempt merely to render people happy and comfortable in mind. Philosophy is not an anæsthetic. There are certain needs which it should combat and to which it should not stoop to minister. It should quicken apprehension and not dull it. It should discern the springs of knowledge and not obscure them. And in the long run the demand for the truth will assert itself. Even from the standpoint of Pragmatism itself the lead of expediency and of the convenient is a blind lead unless it follows the light of knowledge and obeys the necessities of law both physical and moral. An individual or a people may forge ahead to-

ward certain desired ends and attain them, but there is sure to come a great awakening to a sense of disaster and humiliation when it is discovered that in the keen zest of pursuit the fundamental principles of honesty and the laws both of God and man have been ignored.

Moreover, in the spheres of mere utility, where all moral questions can be eliminated, the worshippers of success may be slow to learn the lesson, but nevertheless will come to learn it in time, that the man who bases his reckonings upon the stable foundations of necessary and universal truth is the one man of all others who is best qualified to adapt means to ends, and so command efficiently and resourcefully the various practical situations of life. In this age of large enterprises there are certain undertakings where it is impossible to make the successful outcome a matter of experiment. A certain end is desired, and it is out of the question to hazard the certainty of its accomplishment. There must be an initial assurance that the plans and calculations will work and work in a rigorously exact manner.

In a great engineering problem, for instance, such as the construction of a tunnel under a river, where the work is to begin at either shore, meeting at the centre and with a margin of error of a fraction of an inch, what question can arise of the convenient, or the expedient, or the agreeable leading? It is solely a question of fundamental and necessary principles of mechanics which must be known, and consistently followed, and upon which alone the success of the undertaking depends. This is not a question of interesting speculation, but the most practical of problems. A very large area of the practical affairs of life rests upon a basis of knowledge which is not derived from results of successful experiments, but, on the contrary, arises from the mastery of certain fundamental principles of necessity and universality. Permanent success and permanent satisfactions in life come from a deep knowledge of the rules of the game, and a disposition to play fair. There is another kind of success and another kind of satisfaction where the end desired is attained by short cuts and the turning of sharp

corners, but the end fails to glorify the means when the truth has been ignored in the process. If there is to be a "philosophy for the masses," let it be the knowledge of the true, and not the art of the expedient. The weakness of Pragmatism may be its strength, as Professor Schinz evidently fears; but is it a strength which can withstand the reaction of a sober common sense, and sane judgment which in the long run are bound to assert themselves?

John Grier Hibben.

VI

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S "MARRIAGE À LA MODE"*

I chanced to overhear a bookseller the other day expressing plaintive wonder at the slowness with which his customers were relieving his counter of the fifty copies of Mrs. Ward's latest book which he had confidently ordered. Usually, he said, Mrs. Ward went off like hot cakes; he couldn't make out what was the matter with this marriage book. The fact is, it is an irritating book for the American reader. We love Mrs. Ward very much as long as she stays on her own side of the fence. We like to have her lean upon it in her serious, stately way, and tell us all about what is happening on her side, behind the shrubberies, among the Georgian pillars—what political history is making, what human hearts are breaking, among those aristocratic groups which for ourselves we can discern but dimly. In short, we like to have her expound the noble Briton to us—all the more because she takes him quite seriously. But it is a different matter when she suddenly mounts the fence and begins to lecture us on our faults. Everybody knows that the American divorce laws are not all that they should be; but I doubt whether it is worth the while of Mrs. Ward or any other literary artist (that is, interpreter) to harangue about them. The author of *Marriage à la Mode* (published in England under the far more self-respecting title of *Daphne*) is so intent

**Marriage à la Mode*. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Doubleday, Page and Company.

upon teaching her lesson, scoring her point, that she fails of her usual success in creating the illusion of character and life. Daphne is a disagreeable puppet, an awful example, an effigy of the American woman at, as it were, her damndest. She is unspeakably selfish, wilful, ill-bred, charming, jealous, rich. There is no detail in which she is not framed for the undoing of any young British "Apollo" (yes, Mrs. Ward actually so names him) who may be under family orders to pick up an American heiress. Roger Barnes is such an Apollo; he has been so enjoined; and he is in due season undone, according to our dearest expectations.

His father has reared him in luxury, but died insolvent. The young man, to relieve his mind, makes off to America, and presently finds himself joined by an uncle, General Hobson, who is afraid his nephew may be looking to him for aid, or at least for a legacy. The general, a crusted old Britisher who hates America because it remembers Bunker Hill with a certain satisfaction, insults him generously, but "contemplating his nephew, and mollified . . . by his splendid appearance, kept saying to himself: 'He hasn't a farthing but what poor Laura allows him; he has the tastes of forty thousand a year; a very indifferent education; and what the deuce is he going to do?'"

Poor Laura is the British matron of mature years, the dowager without fear and without self-reproach. She writes the absent Apollo that it is his business to marry money in America; the uncle cordially seconds the motion; and the son and nephew makes a go of it. Daphne, the prize, or victim, is a young American girl (with the somewhat unusual asset of a Spanish-American mother) who possesses much ante-marital charm, not a few accomplishments according to the local standard, and no end of the root of all evil. Roger has no difficulty in marrying her; she, too, is pleased with "his splendid appearance." In fact, she loves him in a quite innocent and disinterested way. Up to the end of Part I she presents a rather engaging figure—distinctly the more engaging figure of the two, though Roger is a decent enough young chap.

But there have been mutterings of thunder in the distance, and we cannot plausibly feign surprise when at the beginning of Part II (three years later) we find ourselves in the midst of matrimonial excursions and alarums. After the lapse of so much time, passed, if not in the inexorable honeymoon of romance, at least in a relative condition of peace and mutual understanding, Apollo and Daphne, with the little Beatrice whom they both adore, return to the ancestral home of the Trescos, and to that consummate Tresco, poor Laura, who, thanks to her son's successful venture in matrimonial stocks and bonds, is now freer than ever to lady it over the countryside. She has indeed, by virtue of her Trescosity, a Lady to her name. But Daphne here develops an unpardonable trait of barbarism. The House at "Heston Park" seems to her a sad middle-Victorian monster. "The outside, the shell of the house—delightful. But inside—heavens! what taste, what decorations—what ruin of a beautiful thing! Half the old mantelpieces gone, the ceilings spoiled, the decorations 'busy,' pretentious, overdone, and nothing left to console her but an ugly row of bad Lelys and worse Highmores—the most despicable collection of family portraits she had ever set eyes upon!" The dowager and her consort had been responsible for most of these enormities, but Daphne, being an ill-bred American, had not sense enough to feel that the dictates of kindness are at times of more importance than those of taste. She set herself forthwith to restore what poor Laura had improved. Hence anger and an added series of chins on the part of the dowager, and much simple-minded perturbation for Apollo. Enter a Mrs. Fairmile, who can discount and outdo the "*expertise*" (as Mrs. Ward calls it) of Daphne's art-chatter. Unfortunately Mrs. Fairmile is a former flame of the Apollo's whom he has neglected to name in the course of those marital confidences during which Daphne has religiously discharged her conscience of any possible cause of offence to the man whose name she bears. Apollo Roger is, in fact, a good-natured invertebrate, whose chief virtue, apart from his "splendid appear-

ance" and his race, lies in his devotion to his child (I am tempted to spell "cheeyild"). Of that object of affection Daphne (with the aid of a British spinster whom she has easily subsidised and after an absurdly melodramatic scene in a garret) presently deprives him. "Mrs. Barnes bought the show"—in America, of course, where, if people do not so often marry for a consideration as in most other parts of the globe, they can at least unmarried for that same. Mrs. Ward has no trouble in making a monster of Daphne. She obtains her freedom in some accursed United States court, but the Apollo is still bound by British law. No chance of an heir for Heston Court: how else can he vindicate his manhood than by taking to drink, going into consumption?

There is only one thing that can happen in Part III. Daphne must be made to repent, to eat dirt. The cheeyild has died in America, after the divorce, away from its father—has called his name in its last hours. The fact is brought home to Daphne that the father is on the road to the dogs. She posts off to England, under a blind impulse to help him, to bring him back to life in some way. But he will have none of her: Apollo is avenged.

The situation is not absurd, but pathetic, tragic even, if you like. It is the shrill note in Mrs. Ward's treatment of it—a note unworthy of her and not to have been predicted of her—which admirers on either side of the Atlantic must, one may think, deplore.

H. W. Boynton.

VII

JAMES LANE ALLEN'S "BRIDE OF THE MISTLETOE"*

There are books which should be read, as it were, on one long breath. They exist as the sweep of a bird through the clear ether exists—by one beautiful motion, one fine gesture. It is impossible to take such a book apart, to point to

*Bride of the Mistletoe. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Company.

such or such portions as being better or not so good, as meaning less or more. Whole, complete, nothing except in its completeness, such a book affects you as the sudden opening of a flower might—there is mystery behind the bloom, slow days of growing toward the moment; but of these you are for the time being unconscious. Effortless and inevitable, the petals stir, unfold, reveal the accomplished wonder—form, perfume, colour, a whole which you cannot convey to another save by plucking the flower and presenting it in its entirety.

To many people James Lane Allen has given a particular and exquisite pleasure yielded by no other writer. A certain indefinable spiritual quality lives in his books, an abiding quality that subsists long after the incidents of the story have grown dim in the memory. Deeply refreshing, it comes to the mind like a wind from wide fields and mighty forests, with a sense of space in it, yet remaining strongly individual—so individual that it does not appeal to every one. Some it passes by, some it antagonises. But those who love it love it strongly, for it is a quality virile as manhood itself.

Mr. Allen looks out upon the world with an eye at once sensitive and courageous. What he sees he does not hesitate to tell, but in the telling he transmutes the rough fragments, the mud and dust of life into a new thing, a beautiful thing complete in itself, as the plant transforms the soil and water in which it is set to the blossom that is its crown. Always one returns to nature, to the growth of trees, the quiet spaces of the fields, in speaking or thinking of Mr. Allen's work. This is from something inherent in itself, and not only because he has given Kentucky to the world in many a matchless description of its hempfields and farmsteads, its roads winding through forests, its undulating bluegrass meadows and fruit and flower gardens. A young strong land and in his books a passion strong and young, men and women who feel, whose actions are the spontaneous outcome of their personality.

There are pictures and moods induced by them which remain always with you. Who forgets the tender playfulness of

Georgiana in the *Kentucky Cardinal*, bending from her window and asking the young Adam, crouched over his strawberry plants, "Old man, are you the gardener?" Who forgets, in *Aftermath*, that moment when the eyes of husband and wife meet, dark with the sudden realisation of inexorable parting? Or, in the *Choir Invisible*, John Gray's ride through the forest, or his last interview with the woman he loved. They are like happenings in one's own life which remain fixed in the heart.

Behind the scenes and the characters he portrays lies Mr. Allen's philosophy of life. It is the philosophy of a scholar, of a man who has pondered upon the race, upon its strange birth, its stranger growth. It is the philosophy of one who recognises both the animal and the spirit that make us human, the gross elements that have come up through the ages from brute ancestors, the divinity which, through ages, has flowed down from God and Heaven. We, who are created from the union of these two elements, were not born for happiness, this somewhat stern philosophy says. But we have power to be noble; a sweet and piercing light shines through the tears of life and illumines them with a rainbow radiance. The hardly built castle of happiness in which Mr. Allen's characters abide for awhile crumbles away under the assaults of life; but in the open, under the stars and close to the forces of nature, something else comes to them, something it may be even finer than happiness.

In his latest book, *Bride of the Mistletoe*, Mr. Allen has achieved a work of art more complete in expression, more cohesive, than anything that has yet come from him. It is like a cry of the soul, so intense one scarcely realises whether it is put into words or not. The high note which is to dominate is struck in the first page, where the contour of the land and the ancient brotherhood of man is set before you. This stage of green and gold and white, this past that presses upon us, this future upon which we press, and which make for tragedy as surely and inexorably as the relentless Fate of the Greeks.

The story occupies some twenty-four hours on the edge of Christmas in the

life of a man and a woman. It takes, perhaps, a couple of hours to read. Nothing happens to change the outer life of these two. To those nearest them, to their children, their friends, no perception of any change has come. Nevertheless, within them summer has turned to winter, the flowers of their life are killed, a deadly wind has frozen the springs of their laughter and their joy. Not willingly, not consciously, did they bring this blight upon their Garden of Eden. Their inheritance—his inheritance—the facts of life, the passing of the seasons, brought it. How to meet it, what to be, beast or angel, that is what matters to them, to us, to all. The story is a story of one of the great experiences of the human soul.

A beautiful love has bound these two for years. A love which, in the wife, is deep as the sea and unchangeable as the hills. The man's love is still there, is a part of him, too. He breathes and lives in love's atmosphere and one feels that, should it fail him, he would stifle, would disintegrate, for all his strength of limb and mind. But a fiercer youth burns in him than in her, and an instinct, a desire as surely handed down to him from remote forbears as are his golden Saxon head and mighty thews and sinews, is passionately alive in him.

After the truth is spoken between them, told in a way of which only a great artist could have conceived, the wife, during the night that follows, climbs her Calvary. She searches, too, the depths of her own being and finds hell there; but like the white soaring of a dove she rises again and on the height where she at last alights the glory of the dawn will always be about her. She has attained to a new region in her own soul. Henceforth, perhaps, her husband will be closer to her than ever before; a sublimer element will live in her love. But she will also be forever solitary, having within her a height no earthly shadow can darken nor whose flashing snows any earthly heat can melt.

In the great bedroom on a spot of the carpet under the chandelier—which had no decoration whatsoever—stood an exquisite picture of youth, more insubstantial than

morning mist, yet most alive; her face parted—her skin like white hawthorn—shadowed by pink—in her eyes the ecstasy of withdrawal from love—in her heart the surrender to it. During those distracting hours never did she move, nor did her look once change: she waiting there—waiting for some one to come—waiting. Waiting.

Under that chandelier one Christmas Eve the wife had met the first kiss of her new-made husband. Thereafter, from this last Christmas Eve her spirit would wait, who knows how long, for the new coming of his. The Epithalamion of this world had sunk to silence. She whose ears it had gladdened stood, in a new virginity, awaiting the first spiritual notes of a diviner marriage hymn.

Hildegarde Hawthorne.

VIII

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS'S "THE WHITE MICE"*

Coming as a successor to *Vera the Medium*, and having substantially the same background as *Soldiers of Fortune* and *Captain Macklin*, *The White Mice* forces the reluctant conclusion that Mr. Davis is no longer the competent and conscientious workman that he was a few years ago. Not that *The White Mice* is quite so dreary as *Vera the Medium*; that story in which Mr. Davis first belied the saying that he had never published a dull line. It has plenty of action, its hero and heroine are nearly, if not quite, up to standard, and if the tale drags in places there are times too when it moves swiftly enough and furnishes genuine excitement. As the casual, ephemeral story of a casual, ephemeral author, it would deserve a few hundred words of pleasant commendation. Coming, as it does, from the pen of the man who wrote *The Exiles*, *The Princess Alinc*, *Captain Macklin*, and *The Bar Sinister*, it provokes, to say the least, a certain exasperation. Perhaps, however, the spectacle of Mr. Davis as an expo-

nent of mediocrity will have the effect of bringing a great many readers to a proper realisation of how well he once wrote.

The White Mice begins in a tea house in Yokohama where are gathered four young Americans of the conventional Davis type. They are Rodman Forrester, son of the Forrester Construction Company, Peter de Peyster, from the banks of the Hudson, the "Orchid Hunter," son of the man whose beer had "made his home town bilious," and Lieutenant Perry of the United States Navy. The naval officer casually mentions that the most important member of the ship's company on a submarine does not draw any pay at all, and has no rating; he is a mouse, a white mouse with pink eyes, who bunks in the engine room, and when he smells sulphuric gas escaping anywhere squeals; and the chief finds the leak, and the ship isn't blown up. Thereupon the others, having imbibed rather freely, and being at the proper state of enthusiasm, form the Order of the White Mice, the object of which is to save lives, and celebrate the occasion with a famous dinner.

And just to show how small this world is, and that "God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform," at three o'clock that morning, when the dinner-party in rickshaws were rolling down the Bund, singing "We're Little White Mice Who Have Gone Astray," their voices carried across the Pacific, across the Cordilleras and the Caribbean Sea; and an old man in his cell, tossing and shivering with fever, smiled and sank to sleep; for in his dreams he had heard the scampering feet of the White Mice, and he had seen the gates of his prison-cell roll open.

A few months later Forrester and De Peyster find themselves in Venezuela, whither the former has been sent by his father as an inspector for the Forrester Construction Company, which is buoying the harbour of Porto Cabello. They hear the story of General Rojas, the Lion of Valencia, imprisoned in an unhealthy cell in the fortress by the infamous Alvarez, President of Venezuela, and of the General's wife and daughters, who, driven into exile, have found a refuge in the Dutch island of Curacao, where from the

*The White Mice. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

cliff at sunset they can look out over the Caribbean toward Porto Cabello and pray for the speedy release of the unhappy prisoner. "I hear something," says De Peyster when the tale comes to an end, "I hear the call of the White Mice."

The call leads them to Curacao and a series of adventures. They find themselves in the midst of a conspiracy involving the Forrester Construction Company. Forrester saves Colonel Pino Vega, the hope of the party working for the overthrow of Alvarez, from assassination at the hands of one of the President's emissaries and is welcomed enthusiastically by the insurgent Venezuelans. Incidentally he falls in love with one of the daughters of General Rojas, meeting her surreptitiously and unfolding to her his plans for the rescue of her father. The girl has received from the prisoner a message which reads simply "Page 54, paragraph 4," and she and Forrester find the key to the cipher in a history written by Rojas which tells of a secret passage to the fortress. Forrester undertakes to inform the imprisoned general that his message has been received and interpreted. In company with De Peyster he visits the fortress. The two are shown about by the physician Vicenti, secretly a sympathiser with the prisoner. Finally the cell of General Rojas is reached.

The Americans saw a room some forty by twenty feet in size, with walls, arched ceiling and floor entirely of stone. There were no windows, but it was well lighted by candles, and the lanterns carried by Vicenti and the turnkey threw a full light into each corner. They saw a cot, a table, a chair, a number of shelves loaded to the bending point with books and, at one end of the cell, an immense archway. This archway had been blocked with stone, roughly hewn and held together by cement. At the first glance, it was obvious that this was the other entrance to the tunnel. As he beheld its solid front, the heart of each of the young men sank in dismay.

General Rojas had risen, and stood shading his eyes from the unaccustomed light of the lanterns.

"I have taken the liberty of intruding upon you," Vicenti was saying, "because these two

gentlemen are interested in the history of the fortress."

General Rojas bowed gravely, and with a deprecatory gesture, glanced at the turnkey, as though to explain why he did not address them.

"This part of the fortress," Vicenti began hurriedly, "is very old. It was built in the sixteenth century, and was, I think, originally the messroom. It is now used only for the most important political prisoners."

For an instant there was an awkward silence, and then Roddy broke it with a laugh, short and contemptuous.

"You mean traitors," he sneered.

General Rojas straightened as suddenly as though Roddy had struck at him. The young doctor was no less moved. He turned on the American with an exclamation of indignation.

"You forget yourself, sir!" he said.

Though Peter had been warned that Roddy might try by insulting Rojas to make capital for himself, his insolence to a helpless old man was unpardonable. He felt his cheeks burn with mortification. The turnkey alone showed his pleasure, and grinned appreciatively. Roddy himself was entirely unashamed.

"I have no sympathy for such men!" he continued defiantly. "A murderer takes only human life; a traitor would take the life of his country. In the States," he cried hotly, "we make short work with traitors. We hang them!"

He wheeled furiously on Peter, as though Peter had contradicted him.

"I say we do," he exclaimed. "It's in the Constitution. It's the law. You've read it yourself. It's page fifty-four, paragraph four, of the Constitution of the United States. 'Punishment for Traitors.' Page fifty-four, paragraph four."

Of the development of the tale from this point it is unnecessary to speak. For there is nothing that is in the least in the nature of a surprise. Apparently insurmountable difficulties are overcome, the White Mice extricate General Rojas from his dungeon, Alvarez is overthrown, and Rodman Forrester wins the heroine, but all by the old stock devices of this kind of romantic fiction. Everywhere is evident the hand of a workman of long experience. The book shows Mr. Davis dextrous in the handling of his

tools, but the old spirit of other years—the dash, the fire, and above all the buoyant enthusiasm that marked even the most preposterous pages of *Soldiers of Fortune*—seems irrevocably gone.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

IX

MISS MARTIN'S "THE REVOLT OF ANNE ROYLE"*

"If you can't accept the gospel of the Church, accept the gospel of science, which is simply this: Be wholesome. Let your force be health-giving, not blighting." That is the heart of Miss Martin's book, which in spite of its crudities and its quite startlingly modern views—on marriage, for instance—is wholesome and has the ring of sincerity.

As has been pointed out by more or less deep "thinkers," woman's position in the civilisation of to-day is wholly illogical. An increasingly large number of women are doing the same work as men, though almost never for the same compensation. They have become self-supporting through stress of circumstances or enlarged opportunities. Others—and the number is still great—are taken care of by some man in the "sphere" so lovingly dwelt upon by pulpit and commencement orators. There would seem to be no sound reason for withholding equal rights from the former class nor for giving them to the latter. This question of the province, in the larger affairs of the world, of the woman whose mind and soul have been awakened, is not easily answered. As yet it has been answered only in individual cases. But the process of adjustment is going on, and, in the course of a generation or two, a new *modus vivendi* may be established.

The changing status of women is beginning to be felt within as well as without the walls of the home, especially with regard to the theory and practice of marriage. A very modern note indeed is struck in the present volume when one of the characters remarks, "I always *have* thought that every unmarried woman

ought to be allowed to have one child and no questions asked." This same young woman, by the way, when she discovers that her fiancé has had a most discreditable affair with a girl during his college days, promptly breaks the engagement. In the end, however, she is induced by the arguments of her friends (including the curate) to forgive the slip—thereby showing herself, as usual, more feminine than consistent.

As one so often thinks in the case of Edith Wharton's dialogue, the author seems a little uncertain as to the ways of gentlefolk. People are constantly "measuring up" to this or that standard, they consider one another as "smart" or "real mean," are afraid of being "fired," get into their "best clothes" (including the "vest") and see their friends in the "parlour." College girls (of a sort) do indeed mention men by their last names; but for one of them to call a man a "mucker" seems rather a strong order. So, too, for a man to be spoken of as "hanging round Anne like a fly trying to get to the 'lasses," or for the gifted Anne herself to say to an amorous cousin, "Let me be!" gives one a decided pause.

The character of Anne Royle is beautifully and consistently drawn. Her unloved childhood is spent in the home of a domineering aunt and cousins, with a father who almost hates the sight of her. She is pathetically sensitive to tenderness and is driven by the lack of it not only to "think her own thinks," but to many baby subterfuges that would have been fatal to a nature less well balanced and sweet. After her return from college one of the girls says of her:

"At college," observed Sally, "she was always too shy and reserved to be popular—popularity's a cheap article, any way, isn't it—but every one thought her utterly lovable. You see, while she had brains enough to win our respect, and originality enough to be lots of fun, she never excited any one's envy by high rank in scholarship; she was too indolent and dreamy to be very studious. I used to have a little theory of my own at college that every girl stood for something. One girl stood for music, one for skill in mathematics, one for style, one for social grace—and so on. It seemed to

*The Revolt of Anne Royle. By Helen R. Martin. New York: The Century Company.

me that Anne Royle—a girl that never would let you spoon over her as girls do at college—stood for just one thing!"

"Well?"

"For love."

"The one thing," said Kitty, pensively, "that the poor child has never had in all her life and that she *needed* more than any one I ever knew!"

Nothing is more thoroughly in draw-

ing than Anne's acceptance of an unworthy suitor out of sheer loneliness, mistaking gratitude for love. She soon discovers her true feeling, however, and her "revolt" ends in a great and unselfish love. An individual solution, this, and in no way affecting the general problem; but, perhaps, in the present state of advancement, it is the only possible solution.

R. W. Kemp.

SOME NEW OUTDOOR BOOKS*



ANY good people profess an abhorrence for "bugs" of any kind, classifying them in this respect with snakes—which probably doesn't grieve sensible members of either of those families. But that there are bugs and bugs, and interesting things that may be told in an entertaining way about many of them, Mr. Smith demonstrates very happily in his straightforward and readable volume, *Our Insect Friends and Enemies*. He is not exactly a Maeterlinck in imagination, nor is his style quite so attractive as Dr. McCook's, but he writes clean-cut, idiomatic English, and his descriptions are gratifyingly free from the scientific terminology by which many of his scientific brethren appear to be obsessed—perhaps because they are too lazy to think up common words. For example, not until he has told you in very simple language just

**Our Insect Friends and Enemies*. By John B. Smith. Sc.D. New York: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Wild Life on the Rockies. By Enos A. Mills. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

Camping and Camp Cooking. By Frank A. Bates (Matasiso). Boston: The Ball Publishing Company.

The Home Garden. By Eben E. Rexford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Practical Guide to the Wild Flowers and Fruits. By George L. Walton, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

Sunset Playgrounds. By F. G. Aflalo. London: Witherby and Company. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons.

what an insect is, does he venture to say: "We are now ready to define an insect as an articulate, anthropod, tracheate hexapod"—thereby making the reader feel proud that he really is ready for that fine mouthful—"but," Mr. Smith very sensibly adds, "it will be equally correct and much easier to say that it is a ringed animal, with six jointed legs, breathing by means of air tubes or trachæ; this definition applying more particularly to the adult stage, and only to the adult stage of many of those having a complete metamorphosis."

The scheme of the book, too, is one which will appeal to lay readers. The various chapters treat of insects "in their Relation to the Animal Kingdom"; "in their Relation to Plants as Benefactors"; "in their Relation to Plants as Destroyers"; "in their Relation to Each Other"; "in their Relation to Animals that Feed on them"; "in their Relation to Weather and Diseases that Affect them"; "in their Relation to Other Animals"; "in their Relation to Man: as Benefactors," and "as Carriers of Diseases"; "in their Relation to the Household," and "in their Relation to the Farmer and Fruit-grower," and there is also a discussion of the "War on Insects." There are also numerous line cuts, most of them redrawn from the Bulletins and Reports of the Division of Entomology of the United States Department of Agriculture, and all of them in keeping with the clearness and simplicity of the text. One would

have to search far in the literature of entomology to find a volume at once more readable and informing than is this book by Mr. Smith.

There is something very genuine in the manner of Mr. Mills's writing about nature, in his handsome little volume *Wild Life on the Rockies*, with its two dozen very fine half-tones of speaking photographs. Perhaps he strains the point a bit at times, as, for example, when he talks about the distracting, if not demoralising, effects of even having a firearm with you when you go into the woods; nevertheless there is truth and real eloquence in this passage from his chapter on "The Wilds without Firearms":

The camp-fire was a glory-burst in the darkness, and the small many-spired evergreen temples before me shone an illuminated cathedral in the night. All that evening I believed in fairies, and by watching the changing camp-fire kept my fancies frolicking in realms of mystery, where all the world was young. I lay down without a gun, and while the fire changed and faded to black and grey the coyotes began to howl. But their voices did not seem as lonely or menacing as when I had had a rifle by my side. As I lay listening to them, I thought I detected merriment in their tones, and in a little while their shouts rang as merrily as though they were boys at play. Never before had I realized that coyotes too had enjoyments, and I listened to their shouts with pleasure. At last the illumination faded from the cathedral grove, and its templed top stood in charcoal against the clear heavens as I fell asleep beneath the peaceful stars.

In another chapter, Mr. Mills writes interestingly and understandingly about "The Beaver and His Works," of which evidently he knows much. The literal and amply verified truth about the intelligence this animal displays makes a sufficiently wonderful story, and it is reassuring to note that Mr. Mills does not repeat the venerable fiction that beavers *always* build their dams with the curve, or angle, up-stream; also that he is at least in doubt as to whether the animal uses his tail for a trowel, though careful naturalists long ago relegated that performance to the kind of natural history which, at this writing, might cause an ex-

plosion that would astonish the natives—in Africa. But we can imagine a cloud at least as large as a man's hand appearing in the neighbourhood of "Slab-sides" should this observation be read there: "When the tree was almost cut off, the cutter usually thumped with his tail, at which signal all other cutters near by scampered away. But this warning signal was not always given, and in one instance an unwarned cutter had a narrow escape from a tree falling perilously near him." These, however, are practically the only instances of Mr. Mills's getting near the danger zone. The story about "Bob and Some Other Birds," descriptive of the friendship between a quail and a huge St. Bernard dog, makes a very pretty animal picture, and the yarn the two prospectors spin about being besieged in their cabin by three bears who were determined to dine on the fresh hams the men had just got, is a capital one, and not hard to believe, either.

Mr. Bates's pocket-size volume, *Camping and Camp Cooking*, is an excellent little treatise, presented in a spirit which will appeal to any man who really appreciates what camping means. That Mr. Bates does will be made apparent from the following excerpts from his text:

Nowhere will human nature be developed as in a camp, where quarters are limited and where there is no opportunity to get out of the way, and stamp down "that ugly feeling" that the best of us have at times. If there is a single bristle on a man's back it will rise on an uncomfortable rainy day in camp. If a man is a gentleman he keeps his coat on, and it bothers no one but his own conscience; but a surly grumbler, . . . or a selfish, lazy man will disturb the feelings of all the rest.

And again: "If [upon arriving at the place to pitch the tent] Joe or Tom grabs his rod the moment it is taken from the conveyance, unless he is so ordered by the captain, just insert your fingers under his coat collar and politely kick a little sense into him." Besides comment and advice of this character, Mr. Bates gives tabulated lists of camp outfits for a ten days' tramp, and for a ten days' camp, which show sensible selection, though doubtless the experienced camper could dispense with some of the articles with-

out great discomfort. And he has also a good chapter on camp shelters, and fifty-odd pages of receipts for camp cooking.

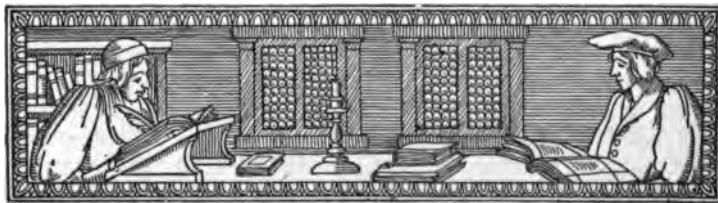
In *The Home Garden*, Mr. Rexford makes out a very plausible case for the practicability of growing vegetables and small fruits on tracts which need be no larger than many a commuter has at his disposal, and which too often are sown to tin cans, fractured crockery and crippled culinary appliances. He argues: "The old theory—which was *not* a theory, after all, but a fact—that 'a little piece of land well tilled' is a source of revenue that the wise man cannot afford to overlook, holds true in this case as much as it does when the farm is considered." As to the amount of land needed, Mr. Rexford gives a hint when he says that "an acre-garden is too large, at least by half, for the ordinary family, for it will grow a great many more vegetables than can be used." He then proceeds to describe the ideal land for a garden, and land or conditions that are not ideal, and how to make the best of what is available. All this is explained clearly, and in non-technical language. There is an enlightening chapter on the art of planning a garden, and another one which goes into the fine points about planting, while garden implements, weeding and transplanting, insecticides and fungicides are treated with sufficient detail for the purposes of small gardens. The chapters "What to Grow" describe the cultivation of twenty-odd of the common vegetables, and four chapters are devoted to berries, and one to the grape.

Dr. Walton has produced a very useful book in his *Guide to the Wild Flowers and Fruits*, thanks particularly to his

scheme of employing distinctive colours, and easily recognised structural characteristics as means of identification. In this way yellow or yellowish flowers, white or whitish flowers, green or greenish flowers, pink and rose-coloured flowers, and so on are treated, with an ingeniously arranged chart for each class, referring the reader to non-technical descriptions of the flowers in the text. This idea has been made use of before, but never, so far as we are aware, with such elaborateness as is employed in the present volume—a capital one to be taken into the country.

Mr. Aflalo gives us, in his *Sunset Playgrounds*, an exceedingly well-written account of his fishing excursion to California and Canadian waters. Like many Englishmen, he must needs pause now and then to criticise American ways and things, and sometimes his criticisms seem none too intelligent, perhaps even a bit childish. We must suspect Mr. Aflalo's sagacity, for example, when he says such things as this concerning the negro in the South: "The more you see of the emancipated negro, the nearer you are to the saddening conviction that the 'execrable sum of all villainies' could not have been so very much worse than the state of affairs that has resulted from its abolition." Nor is this a very intelligent study in contrast: "In the City of the North each good citizen demonstrates his equality, liberty and fraternity by shoving his neighbour's wife off the pavement. In the City of the South he shows it by his perfect courtesy to all and sundry." But he has little but good to say of the fishing he got, both off the Pacific coast and inland; and his description of Lake Tahoe is glowing indeed.

George Gladden.



TALES OF THE CITY ROOM



O the general public the place where the word-spinners of a great newspaper weave their close-meshed, ephemeral web of the day's news holds much of mystery. Stories about the big and little people there, those who rule or who write the tales the world reads every morning or afternoon, are many, but they are seldom told outside. Nevertheless, some of them are interesting and illuminative. Take, for example, the anecdote of the city editor who could not be scared.

This city editor, who is still one of the big men in his line in New York, has the reputation of being one of the harshest-mannered persons that ever slaughtered "copy." He still drives those under him relentlessly, and will accept no excuse if a reporter comes back empty-handed—or empty-headed—from an assignment.

Some years ago, the story goes, he sent a man uptown to ask a prominent and choleric plutocrat a lot of distressing questions about some of his troubled domestic affairs. The reporter reached the house, was admitted to the wrathful gentleman's presence, and began his disagreeable task, framing his interrogations as inoffensively as possible. The prominent person "went up in the air" at once. He heaped mountains of verbal abuse on the reporter, whose physical agility alone kept him from being kicked down the steps. Scared to death by what he had already gone through, and by the prospect of the wrath to come when he got back to the office, the reporter returned and told the city editor that the man who was having the domestic troubles had not only refused to answer his questions, but had also grievously assaulted him. He painted the dangers he had passed in words that he tried to make expressible only in red-inked letters a foot high. The city editor jumped from his chair in a towering rage.

"Go back to that man's house immediately," he roared, "and tell Mr. Blank that he cannot intimidate *me* in that way."

Here is a story that aspirants in any line of work should take to heart. About twenty years ago a man who is now a great publisher was a clerk with a commercial house. He decided that he was not cut out for a mercantile career, and that newspaper work was the field which he was particularly fitted to adorn. He called on the biggest editor he could think of, and was kindly received, listened to attentively and answered encouragingly. But "there was nothing at present." If any place opened where he could be used, he would be informed. The young man went back several times during the ensuing month, but still there was "nothing doing." One day, however, after the great editor had politely informed him of the futility of his making further calls, the boy had an inspiration, and did not rise and fade away as he had been accustomed to do after the editor had swung around in his chair and resumed his work. Two or three minutes later the editor's subconsciousness told him that the boy was still there, which he confirmed by a glance out of the corner of his eye. No man before had continued to sit in that chair after having been turned down. Possibly this one would depart soon—no matter; and he was immersed in his work again. Five minutes passed and the boy still sat there. Finally the editor swung around again, looked at him, but said nothing, and turned to his desk once more. At last the youth's presence began to get on the editor's nerves. He could stand it no longer. With what passed with him for severity he turned and inquired:

"Didn't I tell you there was no opening here?"

The young man responded huskily—he was so nervous: "Mr. Blank, a good many years ago you were in just the same position that I am in now—asking for a job. If it hadn't been given to you then, you wouldn't be where you are now. All I want is the same chance that the other fellow gave you, long ago."

The editor looked at him in silence, pivoted around to his desk and back again. Then he rose to his feet and

shook himself in a way that was characteristic.

"Come with me," he said, and they walked across the big room to a desk where a man was hard at work—the city editor.

"This young man joins us to-day," said the chief to him. "His salary will be \$15 a week. My boy, if you do as well for us as you have done for yourself, you will make a very good reporter. Good afternoon."

Speaking of good reporters brings up the story of something that once happened in Philadelphia. There was a man on one of the papers who was a most charming writer, but very much inclined to "fake" when it came to details. The managing editor warned him that the first time he caught him romancing he would have to go. The man promised a strict adherence to truth, and all went well for many weeks. One day he appeared in the office, somewhat excited.

"I know it's poor policy to kick, and that it's my business to do what your city editor tells me to," he said. "I had an assignment this morning—a man had been leading a double life; had a family in one street and another around the corner. He killed his number two wife and then himself."

"That's a very ordinary story," interrupted the managing editor; "I don't see any feature in that."

"Yes, but on the mantel of the furnished room where they lived was a little shrine affair with a candle burning before it. Instead of some sacred image in the shrine, however, there was a little red devil. The man was a devil worshipper! And the city editor told me to hold it down to half a column!"

"That's one of the best stories I've heard in years," exclaimed the managing editor. "Write at least three columns. Have the photographer play up the devil shrine, of course."

The next morning the story took up three columns on the first page and one on the second, making a big sensation. No other paper had noticed the "devil-worshipping" feature, but it was taken up in the afternoon editions, and appeared as authentic beyond the shadow of a doubt. About three months later this

same man came into the managing editor's office again, this time to say good-bye. He had resigned and was about to open his office as a lawyer.

"Do you remember that devil-worshipping story I wrote a while back?" he asked as he turned to go. "Well, I feel that I ought to tell you now one of the details that I omitted then. My luck with stories had been bad and I wasn't making much of a reputation. I was getting discouraged. Going to the scene of the murder I was passing a toy shop and saw in the window a bunch of small red chenille monkeys. I bought one, intending to give it to a little girl I know. On my arrival I saw the shrine and noticed that the niche for the image was vacant. While the police were not looking I slipped this little red chenille image into the empty space. It looked as much like a devil as it did like anything else. I simply couldn't resist the temptation to make a good story. But that was my only slip while I was with you. Good-bye."

It is getting the news and getting it accurately that counts. There is one newspaper, at least, in New York that backs up its well-trying men to the utmost. A reporter on this paper was once sent to interview a very rich and prominent man on a matter of considerable public importance. The interview was printed, and it was hardly noon of the same day before the man who had seen the reporter called on the managing editor.

"That interview with me is absolutely false," he declared. "I never said anything like it."

"Very well," replied the managing editor, "let us see what the reporter who wrote it has to say."

In due time the reporter appeared.

"Mr. Jones, did you interview this gentleman yesterday?"

"Yes, sir."

"Was the story that you wrote accurate in every respect? Did you quote this gentleman's words exactly?"

"Yes, sir."

The managing editor turned to the caller and remarked calmly: "You hear what Mr. Jones says. That is all there is to say. Good-morning."

The reporter—Jones was not his name

—is now a managing editor himself—of one of the greatest newspapers in America.

It is commonly supposed by the public that the one essential of a first-class newspaper man is to be a brilliant writer. Most people lose sight of the fact that getting the news and having an original point of view are of far greater importance. A man entirely ignorant of newspaper work was in an editorial office in New York one day in midsummer, and in the course of his conversation remarked that he supposed the editor had considerable difficulty in getting good writers. The editor made no answer, but wadded up a handful of paper from his desk and pitched it out of the open window into the crowded street below. Without looking to see where it struck he remarked to his friend:

"I hit a 'good writer' then. There are so many 'good writers' out there looking for jobs that I could get fifty in no time by simply shouting out of the window."

A decade ago, when three or four of the New York papers were feverishly vieing with each other as to which could get out the most striking Sunday supplement—the one that should contain the greatest number of "features"—there sprang up a group of space writers who made a specialty of catering to the wants

of these sensational Sunday editors. These writers frequently chanced to meet in the editorial anterooms, and would exchange compliments and badinage regarding the hits that they were making. One of them was a little, dark-eyed, Roman-nosed youth that none of them had ever met before the craze for "features," prehistoric and modern, arose. This young fellow had been particularly successful in having his stories advertised in advance, as was then and still is the custom. One Sunday there had appeared a tale of Mamelukes and massacre, illustrated in all the colours that the presses could handle, and particularly noticeable for the quantities of gore that the vanquished were shedding. It was a yarn that the paper that printed it seemed to pride itself on especially, judging from the prominence that was given, and the fact that it was mentioned in the Monday morning edition as a distinct "beat" over all contemporaries. The group gathered about the day's hero and congratulated him.

"Where did you ever dig up all that stuff?" asked one.

The little man cocked his eye and grinned at the group.

"I've been reading a lot in the libraries lately," he whispered, "and that was a beat from Josephus."

Thaddeus S. Dayton.

THE NEW TARTARIN



EVER since the time when Daudet libelled the Tarasconais Tartarin has been the cynical patronymic by which the men of the Midi of France have been known. With truth, it is a good name for them, though indeed it need not be interpreted as libel; that is taking it too seriously.

The Tarasconais resented the familiarity—few indeed among men can stand a cynical estimate of their foibles and virtues without a protest—and blustered

and fumed and drank absinthe on the tree-lined Cours of the little Provençal town, and sought by word of mouth and many vociferous gestures to deny that they were different from other Frenchmen, except that they didn't talk through the nose as did the Parisians, nor drink blood-thinning cider as a beverage as did Jacques the Norman. No, they were not barbarians at all, but men of real soul and sentiment, who spoke the patois of their *pays*, the real descendant of the romance tongue of old.

All this was of no avail, however.

Tarascon had at last been drawn from obscurity into the spot-light and Tartarin was recognised by all the world as typical of his environment, as was Angot of the *pays du Maupassant*.

The word Tartarin has got into the dictionaries, and, with the addition of e-s-q-u-e, has become an adjective which may be applied to the character of an individual when no other can be found to suit as well; and how well it does apply to thousands, perhaps millions, among the inhabitants of the midi of France only one who has lived among them can really know.

Daudet is out of date; he has been forgotten even by Tarascon. The author of these lines knows, for he himself, within the year, attempted to seek out "Daudet's Mill"; but not a mother's son of a Provençaux—*coquin de bon sort*—could tell him anything about any *moulin* belonging to a Daudet in the neighbourhood.

"There was a Daudet," one said, "living out on the Bellegarde, but he was too poor to even have proprietorship in a *moulin à café*." Daudet's *Lettres de Mon Moulin* meant nothing to this *bon Provençal*.

A new delineator of the brave Tarasconais—the *vrai type du Midi*—has arrived in the person of M. Jean Aicard (indeed, he has arrived since quite a while, for he has been long knocking for admittance at the portal of the French Academy), who has evolved, or limned, rather, from nature, a new humorous hero of the southland, a little more serious than Tartarin, a little less a fool than Don Quixote.

To many Frenchmen who have never been in England the national type is represented by the male creature who wears large plaids, possesses inordinately long, prominent, yellow front teeth, a mere slit of a mouth, pointed, always-in-the-way elbows and a long, red neck.

The same exaggerated point of view holds with regard to the habitant of the midi of France when viewed through the baffling cross-lights of a vista of a Paris boulevard. The provençal is to the Parisian simply Marius of Marseilles, armed to the teeth when he goes out to hunt rabbits, as wise as a sage and as

garrulous as a monkey when he speculates and attempts to figure out the destiny of the rest of the world and his own. He is a sceptical, good-natured rover; not a villain, but able to accomplish unwitting harm to any who trust their fate or affairs in his hands. His conversation is plentifully interlarded with strange oaths and exclamations: "Pardie," "Coquin de Dieu," "Troun de l'air," "Bagasse" and many more, all in his beloved polyglot patois, which cannot even be translated, and resembles nothing so much as dog-Latin, though it professes to have a literature of its own.

Not only for the Parisian are there no other Marseillais than Marius, but there are no other meridionaux. For the Parisian there is but one Midi—Provence in general, and the Bouches du Rhône in particular. A finer distinction can be made by the travelled person; but not all Parisians are travelled persons; many of them have never got beyond Poissy on one side and Charenton on the other; the Frenchman in general has never travelled his own country to the extent that have Anglo-Saxons.

The Basque differs from his fellows of the south of France in that he is more hardy, and the Gascon is more agile, the Rhodanien (of Avignon, Ailes and Tarascon) is more self-conscious and pompous, the Marseillais more cosmopolitan and tolerant, whilst the men of the Var and the Alpes—Maritimes—the old Comté de Nice—are more avaricious than an Arab. Admit these differences, if you can, but remember that the Parisian of the boulevards knows only one Midi and one type of habitant—*tapageur, vantard, grotesque! Té Marius! Ohé Marius!*

The Marseillais has been caricatured, of course, but chiefly in kindly fashion—as the peasant sitting in a *Cannebière* café on his day in town, as the workman and as the bourgeoisie of the city. But even caricature has refined him. It presents nothing *malin* and shows him up in nowise a different phase than that in which he really exists. M. de Mirabeau, the "grand Mirabeau of Aix-en-Provence," if you please, was a very real personage, possessed of very real, if extraordinary, emotions; so, too, was the

Roumestan of Daudet; and the two resemble one another as do two drops of muddy Rhone water, as much as a native of Picardie resembles a Belgian.

"In France nearly every one is just the least bit of a Tartarin," said Daudet in extenuation of his having brought his hero into being in the haunt of the mythical tarasque of Sainte Martha's time. This one is apt to forget, if, indeed, he ever realised it, for not everybody sees the ludicrous side of things.

The Parisian *ouvrier* who with rod and line fishes all Sunday from the quais of Charenton might as well be in the madhouse on the opposite bank for all the "sport" he gets out of it. But to him there is nothing ludicrous in his actions, nor even futile. He is always hopeful.

A dark-barbed young man of thirty, with a companion of a similar age, only his beard is blond, will play "diabolo" all a long summer morning in the Luxembourg Gardens. A long-haired youth in velveteens and sabots sits in a café on the Boul' Mich' and drinks the subtle green with a drowsy, nonchalant air. All these are Tartarins in their own special way, and many others there are besides; you see them in all walks in life and on every street corner.

Sometimes, by a concerted, spontaneous action, the Men of the Midi accomplish great things. They can only do this *en masse*, however, as in the protest against the wine frauds of the past year; as in the march on Paris of the Marseilles Battalion in Revolutionary days. With these instances before one he wonders if the meridionaux have not been libelled, but on second thoughts realises that these were only waves of impulse which, like lightning, seldom strike twice in the same place.

The inconsistency of the Provençal is notorious. He will cry famine with gavety and joy in his voice; he will organise a *Mise à Mort*—the Provençal apology for a Spanish bull-fight—and

will weep bitter tears over the final death of an asthmatic old taureau, but if some "amateur" bull-fighter, a fellow-townsmen, enters the arena to have a go at the bull, and incidentally manages to get bowled over, trampled upon and gored by the infuriated bovine, Marius immediately shouts in glee and *blagues* his brother Provençal in most unseemly fashion, even though he may be near death. He has a great contempt for progress of all kinds: the telephone is to him but a toy, the telegraph more vague still, and he continues to write his *billet-doux* on post-cards, which sell at two sous, notwithstanding the fact that French inland postage has for two years past been reduced to the same popular figure.

But he has his noble side, the Provençal, and it is as apparent as the reverse of the medal. He will martyrise himself through all his misfortunes and forgets never to be jovial and gay through the most terrible sufferings. A *pirouette* and a *bon mot* from an Avignonnais with a load of bird shot in his jaw, returning from a flaming hunt in the Camargne, would be no anomaly.

The *gens du midi* are a rare species and it ill becomes those of the north to revile them and think them only faineants like the Arabs or bluffers like the Spaniards. Their ancient spirit of Attica and Gaul is after all to-day united in the enveloping *esprit français*.

All the same, Marius of Marseilles, the rightful successor of Tartarin of Tarascon, is like the men of no other race on earth. Jean Aicard in *Maurin des Maures* and *L'Illustre Maurin* has taken the French novel-reading world by storm. When these admirable satires have been translated as often as *Tartarin* and *La Belle Nivernais*, Maurius, the *gaillard*, will become as well known as the chicken-hearted, rattle-brained *loin* hunter of Tarascon.

Francis Miltoun.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

VERSE

Mitchell Kennerley:

The Joy o' Life and Other Poems. By Theodosia Garrison.

The first collected volume of Mrs. Garrison's poems that has been issued. It contains about one hundred short miscellaneous poems reprinted from various magazines.

The Neale Publishing Company:

When Skies Are Gray. With a Rift or Two. By Clarence Watt Heazlitt.

A collection of short miscellaneous verse.

The Whitaker and Ray Company (San Francisco, Cal.):

Joaquin Miller's Poems. Volume One. An Introduction, etc.

A new and revised edition of the poems of Joaquin Miller in six volumes.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Dodd, Mead and Company:

A Handbook of Modern French Painting. By D. Cady Eaton, B.A., M.A.

This handbook is for those travellers who desire more information about modern French painting than is given in ordinary guide books, and who have not at hand the volumes of art history and criticism necessary to fully satisfy their desires. Here, in compact and convenient form, one can find brief biographies of all French artists of any note whatever, from the time of Watteau to the present day. Besides the biographies, the volume contains interesting and illuminating criticisms of the masterpieces of modern French painters, written in a non-technical manner.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

Plays, Acting, and Music. A Book of Theory. By Arthur Symons.

A new and revised edition. This work is a part of a series on which the author has been at work for many years. The first volume of the series was his *Symbolist Movement*. Other volumes are now in preparation, the next to appear being *Studies in Seven Arts*.

Harper and Brothers:

The Mother and the Father. Dramatic Passages. By W. D. Howells.

Mr. Howells tells the story of a wife and husband in three momentous hours

—the hour of the birth of their child, the hour of her marriage, and the hour of her death.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The World's Triumph. A Play. Prologue—Five Acts—Epilogue. By Louis James Block.

Following the modern prologue is a five-act drama, with the scenes laid in Modena during the fourteenth century. The epilogue brings the play down to modern conditions.

The Macmillan Company:

The Playhouse and the Play. And Other Addresses Concerning the Theatre and Democracy in America. By Percy MacKaye.

The theme of Mr. MacKaye's new book is the pressing need of an endowed theatre.

A Pocket Lexicon and Concordance to the Temple Shakespeare.

A very useful addition to the popular Temple Edition of Shakespeare.

Sturgis and Walton Company:

The Tragical History of Doctor Faustus. By Christopher Marlowe. With an Introduction and Notes.

The text given here is that of the 1604 edition, with some readings adopted from the edition of 1616, in general agreement with the texts of Dyce and Bullen. The introduction gives a brief sketch of the life and work of the author of this poetic drama.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Broadway Publishing Company:

Memoirs of a Senate Page (1855-1859). By Christian F. Eckloff. Edited by Percival G. Melbourne.

By way of throwing light upon the political affairs of a memorable period in the life of our nation, a period which was the prelude to a great civil war, the author discusses many of the important and brilliant speeches delivered in the U. S. Senate by some of the most illustrious Americans of the day.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Charles W. Eliot. President of Harvard University (May 19, 1869—May 19, 1909). By Dr. Eugen Kuehnemann, Professor of Philosophy at the University of Breslau.

In the first chapter Prof. Kuehnemann describes in brief the college at the time of Dr. Eliot's inauguration and then gives an account of the expansion of the elective system in college development, and of the growth of the professional

schools into branches of the first real university in America. He then takes up Dr. Eliot's educational and social philosophy, his life, public activities, and personality.

The Valley of Shadows. Recollections of the Lincoln Country 1858-1863. By Francis Grierson.

• Being the author's recollections of scenes and episodes of his early life in Illinois and Missouri. Mr. Grierson has pictured a most interesting epoch in American history.

The Macmillan Company: •

A Life of William Shakespeare. By Sidney Lee.

This new and revised edition embodies all that has been added to our knowledge by the labours of Shakespeare scholars in the years which have intervened since the appearance of the first edition in 1898.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

The Ball Publishing Company:

How I Know That the Dead Return. By William T. Stead.

An account of the remarkable personal experiences of the author which dispelled all doubt in his mind as to the reality of a future life.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

Socialism Versus Christianity. By Edward R. Hartman.

Contrasting Christianity and Socialism. Not, the author writes, "with any view of antagonising the Socialist movement or of throwing so much as a straw in the way of its progress; but only with the purpose of letting in the light upon this great issue, that individuals may the more clearly discern the principles involved, and thus be the better prepared to make an intelligent decision."

Dodge Publishing Company:

Do the Dead Depart? And Other Questions. By E. Katharine Bates.

By the author of *Seen and Unseen*. In the new volume the author discusses such subjects as "Some Objections to Spirit Return;" "Some Instances of Spirit Return;" "A Mother's Guardianship in America;" "A Curious Illustration of Spirit Methods;" "Biblical Incidents;" "Clairvoyance;" "Reincarnation;" "Automatic Writing;" "Materialisation;" "How the Dead Depart;" and "Guardian Children."

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The New Schaff-Herzog Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge. Edited by Samuel Macauley Jackson, D.D., LL.D. (Editor-in-Chief). With the Assistance of Charles Colebrook Sherman and George William

Gilmore, M.A. (Associate Editors). Volume III.

This third volume includes 755 topics ranging from "Chamier" to "Draendorf." It contains a number of articles of special interest to churchmen, among which are those on "Christology;" "Comparative Religion;" "Congregationalists;" "Church and State." It contains many biographical and historical departments and treats of many subjects purely theological in character, such as "The Christian Church;" "Church Discipline;" "Confession;" "Confirmation;" "Constantinopolitan Creed;" "Councils and Synods;" "Creation;" "The Cross and Its Use;" "Crucifixion." It is expected that the remaining nine volumes in this work will be issued at intervals of about three months.

Henry Holt and Company:

Fifty Years of Darwinism. Modern Aspects of Evolution.

Centennial addresses in honour of Charles Darwin, before the American Association for the Advancement of Science, Baltimore, Friday, January 1, 1909.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Human Nature in Politics. By Graham Wallas.

Mr. Wallas, a politician and psychologist, analyses existing forces and tendencies and presents a new statement of the problem of democracy. In Part I, "The Conditions of the Problem," he takes up such topics as Impulse and Instinct in Politics; Political Entities; Non-Rational Inference in Politics; The Material of Political Reasoning and The Method of Political Reasoning. Part II, "Possibilities of Progress," treats of Political Morality; Representative Government; Official Thought; and Nationality and Humanity.

Is Immortality Desirable? By G. Lowes Dickinson.

Being the Ingersoll Lecture of 1909, delivered at Harvard University.

The Eternal Values. By Hugo Münsterberg.

Written in the service of the search for a new philosophy, for a new expression of the meaning of life and reality. The work first appeared last year in Germany, written in the author's mother tongue, and its success there led the author to publish the work in English, not as a mere translation, but with certain side issues omitted, and many parts added which link it more closely with practical life.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Our Insect Friends and Enemies. The Relation of Insects to Man, to Other Animals, to One Another, and to Plants. With

a Chapter on the War Against Insects. By John B. Smith, Sc.D.

In treating of the relations of insects toward their surroundings, the author not only takes up the insects disastrous to animal and plant life but also those whose relations are beneficial to humanity.

Practical Guide to the Wild Flowers and Fruits. By George Lincoln Walton, M.D.

The arrangement is such as to enable those without a previous knowledge of botanical analysis to identify many wild flowers and fruits common to this country. After chapters on definitions and general directions, Dr. Walton gives charts for each colour, so arranged that one may trace a given specimen through successive divisions to the group of which it is a member.

The Macmillan Company:

The Psychology of Thinking. By Irving Elgar Miller, Ph.D.

Dr. Miller shows in clear language, as free from technical terms as it can be made, how the mind wrestles with everyday problems and then "the growth in control over the forces of the world and of life that comes through the development and perfection of the higher psychical processes which we designate under the head of thinking."

(For the Columbia University Press)

Principles of Politics. From the Viewpoint of the American Citizen. By Jeremiah W. Jenks, Ph.D., LL.D.

Dr. Jenks explains as simply as possible the principles by which political action is in the main guided in the United States and in other countries similarly situated. The text in this volume was originally prepared for a course of lectures to be given on the George Blumenthal Foundation at Columbia University in the fall and winter of 1907.

The Faith and Works of Christian Science. By the Writer of *Confessio Medici*.

Composed of the following brief articles on Faith and Christian Science: "Philosophy and Christian Science;" "The Christian Faith and Christian Science;" "Life and Christian Science;" "The Reality of Diseases;" "The Reality of Pain;" "Testimonies of Healing;" "Opposing Testimonies;" "Common Sense and Christian Science."

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Mental Hygiene in Everyday Living.

A Talk on Relaxation.

The Point of View.

By Alice Katharine Fallows.

In the Making the Best of Things Series. Three practical and non-technical articles on the subject of self-help through mind cure. The author is the

daughter of Bishop Samuel Fallows, of Chicago, and is herself a co-worker in the Emmanuel Movement.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Psychotherapy. By Hugo Münsterberg.

A consistent dealing with the whole subject of Psychotherapy, from the standpoint of modern psychology, for the benefit of the unscientific as well as the professional reader. The book is divided into three parts: "The Psychological Basis of Psychotherapy;" "The Methods and Results of Psychotherapy;" and "The Place of Psychotherapy."

The Open Court Publishing Company:

Spinoza's Short Treatise on God, Man and Human Welfare. Translated from the Dutch by Lydia Gillingham Robinson.

The Short Treatise is the key to Spinoza's masterpiece, *The Ethics*, and provides an introduction to the study of his philosophy. The present translation is the first English version of *The Short Treatise*, although one French and two German translations have been made from the published Dutch version.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Epochs in the Life of Paul. A Study of Development in Paul's Career. By A. T. Robertson, A.M., D.D.

A companion volume to *Epochs in the Life of Jesus*. It is a narrative of the life of St. Paul from the time of Stephen's martyrdom to his own.

The Whitaker and Ray Company (San Francisco, Cal.):

The How and Why of the Emmanuel Movement. A Hand-Book on Psycho-Therapies. By Rev. Thomas Parker Boyd.

Consisting of a series of lectures on the principles and practices of mental and spiritual healing as given by the author to his class for the study of the Emmanuel Movement one evening a week during the past year, in the Ascension Church, Vallejo, California.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Duffield and Company:

One Irish Summer. By William Eleroy Curtis.

This volume is the result of the author's visit to Ireland last summer, when he spent three months travelling from one end of the country to the other. He gives many entertaining sketches of the land and its people. The text is illustrated with over sixty full-page photographs of the many places of interest which the author describes.

Dana Estes and Company:

Our Plymouth Forefathers. The Real Founders of Our Republic. By Charles Stedman Hanks.

Beginning with the departure of the Pilgrim Fathers from England and their settlement in Holland, Mr. Hanks traces the religious movements of the times that led to the expedition to America, and tells the story of the Plymouth Colony and its relation to those stirring events in the early history of our country.

Harper and Brothers:

History of the United Netherlands. By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., LL.D.

A new edition in two volumes. It covers the period from the death of William the Silent to the twelve years' truce—1609.

Henry Holt and Company:

French Cathedrals and Chateaux. Two Volumes. By Clara Crawford Perkins.

In the introduction we learn that the text of this work "represents substantially a series of lectures prepared to give, in a simple and condensed form, the development of architectural styles in France, and a history of her great monuments." It covers the cathedrals, palaces, and chateaux around which so much of history and romance has gathered.

Builders of Spain. In Two Volumes. By Clara Crawford Perkins.

The author purposes in this work to make clear "the strongly contrasting influences which, in the best cauldron of Spanish life, have been fused into the vivid product of peninsular civilisation." She treats her subject as follows: Vol. I. The Spaniards; Pre-Roman Civilisation; The Romance; The Visigoths; The Arabs and Moors; The Moslems of Spain; The Christian Kings; Toledo; Cordova. Vol. II. Seville; Granada; Madrid; The Northern Frontier; Santiago; Leon; Old Castile; Burgos; Salamanca; Valladolid; Saragossa and Aragon; The East Coast; Barcelona; Valencia.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Third French Republic. By Frederick Lawton, M.A.

An anecdotal narration of the Third Republic's progress from the end of May, 1871, up to the year 1908. The author has lived for the last twenty years in France, where he has made the acquaintance of her citizens eminent in politics, literature, and art, and has learned to appreciate the various admirable qualities of the French race.

The Macmillan Company:

Walks in Paris. By Georges Cain. Translated by Alfred Allison, M.A.

M. Cain does not describe the Paris of the Boulevard, of the Champs Elysées and the Anglo-American hotels, but the Paris of the Frenchman. The book is full of the spirit of that Paris which escapes entirely the observation of the ordinary traveller. In order to bring more vividly before the reader the Paris which the author describes there are over a hundred pictures together with maps and plans.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

A Summer in Touraine. By Frederic Lees.

A volume designed especially for the many thousands of Americans who visit Touraine each year. The banks of the Loire, Vienne, and Cher, those parts of central France richest in natural beauty as well as in historic memories, are described as they appear to a leisurely and cultured traveller. Among the one hundred or more photographs which supplement the text the reader will find represented all the notable chateaux of Touraine.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Characters and Events of Roman History. From Cæsar to Nero. The Lowell Lectures of 1908. By Guglielmo Ferrero, Litt.D. Translated by Frances Lance Ferrero.

Being a series of studies of great men and great ladies of ancient Rome, and of critical moments and events in Roman history. These studies consist of the Lowell Lectures which the author delivered in Boston in the winter of 1908 and are as follows: "Corruption" in Ancient Rome and Its Counterpart in Modern History; "The History and Legend of Antony and Cleopatra;" "The Development of Gaul;" "Nero;" "Julia and Tiberius;" "Wine in Roman History;" "Social Development of the Roman Empire;" "Roman History in Modern Education."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Handbook of Alaska. Its Resources, Products, and Attractions. By Major-General A. W. Greely, U. S. A.

A picture of Alaska to-day in its geographical, commercial, social, and industrial and political conditions. General Greely has in this volume, he states, "presented such phases of Alaskan affairs as may concern those interested in the development of the country, for those who plan Alaskan journeys for business, pleasure, or research, as well as for those who have in view commercial ventures or contemplate permanent residence."

EDUCATIONAL

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Plays and Games for Indoors and Out. Rhythmic Activities Correlated with the Studies of the School Progress. By Belle Ragnar Parsons.

The aim of the programmes given in this volume is "to infuse a thought-content and a spirit of play into the regular gymnastic drill." They show how, in exercising, the child may be taught to imitate various activities of life. Under the heading "Nature" are given lessons in Summer Activities, Fall Activities, Winter Activities, the Elements, Plant Life, Animal Life. Many other lessons are given in collections headed "The Industrial Life of Man;" "The Social Life of Man;" "The Heroic Life of Man," and "The Historic Life of Man."

The Folk Dance Book. For Elementary Schools, Class Room, Playgrounds and Gymnasium. Compiled by C. Ward Crampton, M.D., Director of Physical Training, New York Public Schools.

Designed for the use of teachers in the public schools and playgrounds in New York City. It gives a description and the appropriate music of the folk dances of the course of study and those which have been approved from time to time as good physical training procedure.

Henry Holt and Company:

History of Common School Education. An Outline Sketch. By Lewis F. Anderson, Ph.D.

This book is designed to give "such information regarding the history of the common or non-professional school as will most aid teachers and others to an intelligent understanding of the common school of to-day, its nature and functions, its relations to other institutions, educational and otherwise."

Published by the Author (Philadelphia, Pa.):

The Technic of English. By Oscar Schleif.

An original and up-to-date method of improving English composition. The book is designed for the beginner as well as the advanced student. It is especially recommended to those who have found books of rhetoric unsatisfactory.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

The Progressive Road to Reading. Books One and Two. By Georgine Burchill, Teacher, New York City; William L. Ettinger, Principal, New York City; Edgar Dubs Shimer, District Superintendent, New York City.

The method adhered to in this series

is one which is being successfully employed in Public School 147, Manhattan, New York City. The purpose of the series is to inspire the child with a desire to read, by opening up to him the story-world, and through his love of reading to give him the power to read.

World Book Company (Yonkers, N. Y.):

Human Physiology. By John W. Ritchie.

In the New World Science Series. An elementary text-book of anatomy, physiology and hygiene. Germ diseases and sanitation are given special emphasis.

FICTION

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

Elusive Isabel. By Jacques Futrelle.

Political intrigue is the theme of Jacques Futrelle's new novel. The object of this is to secure the pledge of all the Latin nations to take up arms against England and America. The heroine is an Italian countess who is sent by her government to procure important signatures at Washington, where she is known as Isabel Thorne. She is clever and daring, as well as being a very attractive woman, and her intricate plots might have succeeded had her accomplice, an Italian count, been as bright as she and if the wonderful sagacity of the U. S. Secret Service man had not to be reckoned with.

The Other Side of the Door. By Lucia Chamberlain.

The story is set in San Francisco in the sixties. Eleanor Fenwick, a young girl of a wealthy family, is returning from an early morning shopping trip and passes down a deserted street in which there is a notorious gambling house. Just as she approaches the house she sees a man fall through the door onto the stoop and drop dead. Following him there is a young man with a revolver in his hand. As the only witness of the affair she is called upon the stand, and her testimony as to what she saw convicts John Montgomery of murder. Through the manoeuvres of a Mexican woman who loves him he escapes on his way to prison. Later he meets Eleanor Fenwick, with whom he has fallen in love and finds that his love is returned. As Eleanor wishes it he again gives himself up to the authorities. When the Mexican woman finds that she is deserted she takes her own life, but leaves her written word that she is the one who has committed the crime and not John Montgomery. Thus vindicated he presses his suit, but the girl's father insists that two years shall elapse before a marriage shall take place, during

which time the young suitor is to go off somewhere in order to make a man of himself after the reckless life he has led.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Retrospection. By Mary Wilson Little.

Being a series of brief sketches touching on life both here and abroad.

Tales of Aztlan. The Romance of a Hero of Our Late Spanish-American War. Incidents of Interest from the Life of A Western Pioneer and Other Tales. By George Hartmann.

Containing ten short sketches.

That Affair in Philadelphia. By Mrs. Darby.

Containing four short stories, the first of which gives title to the book.

The Circle Publishing Company:

Love Among the Chickens. By P. C. Wodehouse.

A story of the haps and mishaps on an English chicken farm.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Battle. By Cleveland Moffett.

Novelised from the author's play by that name which appeared in the winter of 1908 at the Savoy Theatre, New York.

The Merry Widow.

A novel founded on Franz Lehar's Viennese opera, *Die Lustige Witwe*, as produced by Henry W. Savage.

By Right of Conquest. By Arthur Hornblow.

The scene of the story is laid on a desert island, where a man and woman find themselves the only inhabitants, they having been the sole survivors of those on board a ship that was wrecked nearby. The woman was a cabin passenger and the man a sailor.

The Solitary Farm. By Fergus Hume.

The hatred of an old sea captain for his daughter's lover leads up to a murder which is surrounded with mystery until the very end of the story.

Ridgway of Montana. A story of to-day, in which the hero is also the villain. By William MacLeod Raine.

The copper mining district of Butte, Montana, is the scene of the story, and Waring Ridgway, one of the principal characters, is a man who comes into the town, acquires a small independent smelter and with the fifty thousand dollars he has inherited gets possession of some mines. He is then determined to win out against the Consolidated, and though they make the fight a hard one,

even their chief, Simon Hartley, coming out to Montana "to wipe Ridgway off the map," he is able to withstand their attacks upon him. Ridgway saves the life of Hartley's young wife and then falls in love with her. As the result of a fight in the mines, which is of Hartley's own making, the great financier loses his life, being shot by the widow of one of the men that had been killed in the fight. Ridgway finally marries Hartley's young widow.

A Quarter to Four; or The Secret of Fortune Island. By William Wallace Cook.

Dealing with the exciting search for a treasure hidden on one of the small islands of the Pacific. Four persons are entitled to receive the treasure and instructions as to its hiding place are written on a card which is cut into four pieces, one being sent to each of the four people in various parts of the country. They are instructed to meet in San Francisco and to know each other, before starting in to make the search, by the countersign "A quarter to four," which they are to give in answer to a question to be asked by each person, namely, "What time is it?"

R.F. Fenno and Company:

The Light of Stars. By Hattie Donovan Bohannon.

A tale of Eastern Texas, the chief character of which is Robert March, who, though downtrodden in youth, and of a peculiar and discontented disposition, develops, with the aid of his good friend, the old doctor, into a man of strength and ability.

A Drama in Sunshine. By Horace Annesley Vachell.

A new edition.

Harper and Brothers:

The Hand-Made Gentleman. A Tale of the Battles of Peace. By Irving Bacheller.

A story of fifty years ago with its scenes laid in the northern part of New York State. The chief character, the "Hand-Made Gentleman," Mr. Bacheller has sketched from the memory of an old schoolmate. He rises, through his own persistent efforts, from the occupation of travelling about selling silver polish to an aggressive man of affairs. He is represented as submitting plans to Commodore Vanderbilt for the combining of great railroad interests, and also has an interview with Andrew Carnegie.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

A Lincoln Conscript. By Homer Greene.

A tale of special interest to the patriotic boy. The hero is Roy Bannister,

a lad of seventeen, who, when war is declared, is eager to go to the front, though his father feels very differently about it all and even refuses to respond when drafted. How the boy saves his father from the consequences of his act is an interesting part of the story.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

The Watchers of the Plains. By Ridgwell Cullum.

A tale of the Western prairies. On their journey over the prairies a man, his wife and their little daughter are attacked by Indians, and in the fight which followed both the man and his wife lost their lives and the child was taken by the Indians to the Rosebud Reservation. Here she grows up as a great favourite among the Indians and is given the name of "Rosebud."

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Lanier of the Cavalry, or A Week's Arrest. By General Charles King.

An army story with its scenes laid on the Western coast. Robert Lanier, the hero, is a gallant young officer who gets into no end of trouble by being accused of a misdemeanor of which he is eventually found innocent.

Little, Brown and Company:

In a Mysterious Way. By Anne Warner.

The title is taken from the first line of the old hymn, "God moves in a mysterious way His wonders to perform," which Mrs. Ray, the principal character, takes for her motto and is constantly quoting. This busy woman—post-mistress, storekeeper, dress-maker, etc.—is a very entertaining character. She is never idle and is, in fact, a source of wonder to her neighbours, who cannot understand how she accomplishes all that she does. She even finds time to take part in the village gossip and has a voice in the affairs of the town.

The Strain of White. By Ada Woodruff Anderson.

Miss Anderson has chosen for the scene of her new story the Puget Sound country and the plains of the Upper Columbia. Though not an historical novel the tale hinges on conditions in the Pacific Northwest in the fifties, after the territory of Washington was parcelled from old Oregon, and at the close of the Joint Occupancy Treaty, before the withdrawal of the Hudson Bay Company from Fort Nisqually. Francesca, the child of an Indian mother and a white father, is the heroine of the story.

A Royal Ward. By Percy Brebner.

The opening scene is on the coast of England, where the hero is arrested as a French spy, but escapes from the soldiers and reaches "Abbot's Chase," the home of Lady Betty Walmisley, the King's ward. He gives his name as Victor Dubuissou. He wins the sympathy of Lady Betty and she keeps him in hiding until the soldiers have given up the search. After many plots and counter-plots, instigated by smugglers, abductors, government intriguers, etc., Lady Betty and the Frenchman, together with another couple, make their way to France and are married. The supposed spy turns out to be Marquis de Chattellon, who had gone to England on a mission which concerned no one but himself. His object was to find the other half of a cross in his possession and which cross bound an oath made by his father never to take up arms against the British Government. The owner of the missing piece he finds to have been Lady Betty's father.

Frank F. Lovell Company:

The Recovery. By Joseph A. Altscheler.

The hero is a man who has served a term in the penitentiary and yet after his release rises rapidly from one position to another until he is made Governor of the State. The secret of his penitentiary life and the fear of its disclosure constantly hang over him.

The Lady of the Heavens. By H. Rider Haggard.

Another South African story by Rider Haggard. Rachel Dove, the daughter of a missionary to the Zulus, is the heroine. When her parents are killed Rachel is left to fight out her life as best she can among these people of the dark continent. Owing to the power to read the past and look into the future, which the natives believe she possesses, she becomes known as "The Lady of the Heavens."

The John McBride Company:

The Hawk. By Ronald Legge.

For the basis of this aerial story the author imagines an attack against England by the combined forces of Germany and France. By means of bombs hurled from an airship, invented by a Frenchman and which England adopted as a new method of carrying on war, she succeeds in annihilating her enemies.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Plotting of Frances Ware. By James Locke.

A story of political intrigue against the Russian Government. Frances Ware, an English woman, marries Count Zembec. He immediately makes her a tool in many of his plots and thus she unconsciously becomes implicated in her husband's underhand work. In one of his daring exploits the count is killed, and when his wife realises the extent to which she has become involved, she seeks the aid of the British authorities in clearing herself of all blame in the matter.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Ralph Ranscomb, Banker. By Theodore W. Nevin.

Ralph Ranscomb, the banker, after accumulating his millions, without thought for others, has a dream in which he sees all his fellow-men that he has injured in the carrying out of his own financial schemes. It is all so vivid that he determines to follow the dictates of the voice in his dream and make reparation. Late in life he startles the community with his philanthropic work, and at his death leaves a request that his son continue the work and that he also publish the account of his father's life which the latter had written himself and which explains the object of this sudden desire to become a philanthropist.

J. S. Ogilvie Publishing Company:

A Gentleman from Mississippi.

A novel founded on the popular play of the same title, produced under the management of William A. Brady and Jos. R. Grismer.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Mystery of Miss Motte. By Caroline Atwater Mason.

A story of mystery and romance by the author of *The Binding of the Strong*. The unravelling of the truth concerning the heroine's birth solves the mystery and brings the romance to a happy conclusion.

Published Anonymously:

Bill Possum: His Book. By Mary Brent Whiteside.

A Georgia story of a wily grandfather Possum and his would-be captors. The book is dedicated to President Taft as a modest memento of his visit to Atlanta.

The Saalfeld Publishing Company:

Mary of Magdala. By Harriette Gunn Robertson.

A tale of the first century.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Lodger Overhead and Others. By Charles Belmont Davis.

Ten short stories, mostly of New York life, which have already appeared in magazine form.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Rule of Three. By Alma Martin Estabrook.

Gavin Longstaff, for a number of years engaged to Bella Kaye, promises his maiden aunt that he will marry before she returns from Japan. Some months prior to the date set for her return Aunt Marianna appears unexpectedly at her nephew's camp on Pike's Peak. Shortly after her arrival she is taken ill and requests the attendance of Gavin's wife. Gavin being still a bachelor and yet feeling the necessity of keeping his aunt from excitement is forced to find a way out of the difficulty, and the complications that follow when the three different Bellas take their turn at ruling things in the camp at Pike's Peak form the plot of the story.

JUVENILE

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Kipling Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know. From Rudyard Kipling. Edited by Mary E. Burt and W. T. Chapin, Ph.D.

The first selection from the complete works of Rudyard Kipling ever made for children. The editor has been at work on the volume for a number of years.

Just So Stories for Little Children. By Rudyard Kipling.

In the pocket edition of Mr. Kipling's works.

Wild Flowers Every Child Should Know. Arranged According to Colour with Reliable Descriptions of the More Common Species of the United States and Canada. By Frederic William Stack.

Each flower is arranged, first, according to its colour, and again, according to its flowering season.

Duffield and Company:

Romeo and Juliet.
Macbeth.

The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young, based on the Lamb's Tales and with passages and scenes inserted from the plays and songs set to music. The series is under the general editorship of Professor I. Gollancz.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Ball Publishing Company:

Camping and Camp Cooking. By Frank A. Bates.

The author is one who, during the past twenty years, has spent many months camping in the woods and has fitted out many parties for their summer vacations. He gives directions for a camp outfit, instructions for the setting up of tents, and much general advice about camp life. One chapter is devoted to recipes for camp cooking.

The Bell Book and Stationery Company (Richmond, Va.)

The Jew in English Literature, as Author and as Subject. By Rabbi Edward N. Calisch, B.L., M.A., Ph.D.

Covering the entire realm of English literature from the tenth century to date, showing what English writers have written about the Jews, and what Jewish authors have contributed to the English world of letters. It sheds new light upon some of the most familiar and renowned characters in fiction, drama and history. It tells why there is no Mrs. Shylock; why Benjamin Disraeli was converted; how Walter Scott came to put Jewish characters in *Ivanhoe*; and why George Eliot wrote about the Jews.

Broadway Publishing Company:

My Lady Vaudeville and Her White Rats. By George Fuller Golden.

An account of the founding and development of the society of vaudeville actors known as "The White Rats of America." The author was the founder of the organization. The book is published under the auspices of the Board of Directors of "The White Rats of America."

The Century Company:

Box Furniture. How to Make a Hundred Useful Articles for the Home. By Louise Brigham.

Instructions for making serviceable and artistic pieces of furniture out of ordinary boxes with the aid of a few simple tools. Miss Brigham has herself made all of the articles she describes. The numerous illustrations show results accomplished and how to gain similar results.

Dodge Publishing Company:

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl. By Helen Rowland.

One hundred and twenty pages of

clever and cynical sayings in regard to men and women. Each page is decorated with pen and ink sketches by Henry S. Eddy.

Sonnets of a Chorus Girl. By S. E. Kiser.

A collection of seventeen sonnets, each illustrated with a sketch by Henry S. Eddy.

All Is Well. Edited by Jeanne Gillespie Pennington.

The fourth volume in a series entitled *Primers of Peace*. Containing cheerful, uplifting thoughts, many of which are taken from the Scriptures. The other volumes in the series are *Don't Fret*; *Have Courage*; and *Be Strong*.

Cheer Up. By Charles F. Raymond.

Brief optimistic sketches forming another volume in the *Cheerful Life Series*.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Fireless Cook Book. By Margaret J. Mitchell.

A manual of the construction and use of appliances for cooking by retained heat. With two hundred and fifty recipes. In the appendix are given suggestions for a series of experiments illustrating the scientific as well as the practical side of fireless cookery.

Dana Estes and Company:

The Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius. Edited by Dana Estes, M.A.

In the series of *Noble Thoughts of the World's Greatest Minds*, *Noble Thoughts of John Ruskin* has already appeared in this series and other volumes are in preparation.

Harper and Brothers:

Practical Golf. By Walter J. Travis.

A revised edition. The book sets down the actual practices of the game as a master has found them out and suggests the principles on which any man may benefit his own play. A new chapter on "Hazards" has been added to the edition and also new chapters concerning the development of the "Haskell" ball and the introduction of aluminum clubs.

Harvard University:

Reports of the President and the Treasurer of Harvard College. 1907-08.

Official Register of Harvard University. Volume VI. Number 10.

Hinds, Noble and Eldredge:

Writing the Short-Story. A Practical Handbook on the Rise, Structure, Writing and

Sale of the Modern Short-Story. By J. Berg Esenwein, A.M., Litt.D.

Tracing the short-story back to its origins and showing clearly just how it differs from other literary forms. It analyses the parts of the short-story, shows how they are related, and all through gives illuminating examples of how successful writers secure their results.

Henry Holt and Company:

Railroad Freight Rates in Relation to the Industry and Commerce of the United States. By Logan G. McPherson.

Described as the result of a first-hand survey covering the entire country. In gathering together material on this subject the author visited every part of the country, interviewed principal shippers, representatives of commercial organisations, and the officers in charge of the traffic departments of various railroads. Mr. McPherson holds the lectureship on transportation at the Johns Hopkins University, and in this volume he has made use of some of the lectures delivered there and also of others delivered at Columbia University; Yale University; University of Chicago; and the University of Wisconsin.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Letters and Memorials of Wendell Phillips Garrison. Literary Editor of the *Nation* 1865-1906.

The purpose of this memorial volume is to show "the tastes and interests of the late editor of the *Nation*, his principles and convictions, his editorial methods and ideals, and some of the influences which shaped his spirit and conduct." To this end have been reprinted many of his letters, a few poems, and some of his editorials and essays.

The People at Play. By Rollin Lynde Hartt.

Described as excursions in the humour and philosophy of popular amusements. The author has been for many years a curious student of the life of the people. He has spent many days and nights in the close and genial study of their amusements,—the melodrama, the skating rink, the amusement park, the baseball game, the ball, the moving picture show, etc., etc.—and writes here of the results of his observations. The book contains illustrations drawn by the author from prints and photographs.

Haremlik. Some Pages from the Life of Turkish Women. By Demetra Vaka (Mrs. Kenneth Brown).

The author, whose childhood was spent in Turkey, but who later lived in

America for a number of years, returned to Turkey to study the life of the women there. Her book discloses the fact that while Turkish women are surrounded by the ancient customs of the Far East, yet they are well educated, progressive, and essentially modern in thought.

B. W. Huebsch:

Product and Climax. By Simon Nelson Patten.

In the Art of Life Series under the general editorship of Edward Howard Griggs. The author of this volume has for his aim the establishing of the right relation between work and play, with the purpose of making a healthier and happier race.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

Skat Made Easy. By Agnes Henry.

A simple exposition of the fundamental rules governing the game.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

The Legends of the Jews. By Louis Ginzberg. Translated from the German Manuscript by Henrietta Szold. Vol. I. Bible Times and Characters from the Creation to Jacob.

This is the first of four volumes of *Legends of the Jews*, which will form an important contribution to the legend literature of the nation. The first three volumes are to reproduce all the legends in Jewish literature connected with Bible times and characters. Volume I covers the period from the Creation to Jacob; Volume II will treat of all incidents in the lives of Joseph and Moses; Volume III will cover the period from Joshua to Esther; Volume IV will be devoted to an exhaustive treatment of the subject of Jewish legends in the form of a general introduction and of excursions connected with the notes on each chapter.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Court Tennis. With Notes on Racquets and Squash-Racquets. By Frederick Charles Tompkins.

Mr. Tompkins, for many years identified with prominent Courts, has written this little book on Tennis with the idea of presenting something that will be readily understood by those who have never played tennis and that will also be instructive to the beginner. His intention, he writes, has been to describe as briefly as possible the court and the accessories used, the theory of the game, the form to be striven for, and the different services to be mastered, together with a few hints on the game in general.

The Home Garden. By Eben E. Rexford.

A book on vegetable and small-fruit growing, for the use of the amateur gardener. Among others there are chapters on Location and Soil; The Preparation of the Garden; Planning the Garden; Planting the Garden; Garden Implements; Weeding and Transplanting; The Hot-bed and Cold-frame; Insecticides and Fungicides; and What to Grow.

Lotirop, Lee and Shepard Company:

Steps Along the Path. By Katharine H. Newcomb.

The author has dedicated this volume to "those who are ready to exchange a life of seeming perplexity for a life of joyous reality." Her object in these pages is, she states, "to lead the reader into a larger idea of what life means after becoming acquainted with his soul; to teach him the peace and joy that are his whether his road wend up or down; to inspire in him a gladness which comes with the realization that he is one with this wonderful universe; that he is in harmony with it, and has all its power behind him, as well as within him every moment."

The Correspondent's Manual. For Stenographers, Typewriter Operators, and Clerks. By William Hickox.

A revised and enlarged edition, comprising some practical information on letter taking and letter writing; hints how to do it and how not to do it; departments of business terms, including law, insurance, railroad, and finance; right and wrong use of words; principal business streets and buildings of peculiar spelling; leading railroads; words often misspelled; words of different meaning pronounced alike; foreign words and phrases, abbreviations, etc.

The Macmillan Company:

The Laws of Friendship, Human and Divine. By Henry Churchill King.

"The problem of friendship," Dr. King writes, "is the problem of life itself." He then presents his doctrine of life. He discusses personality, its integrity, breadth, and depth, the community of interests, mutual self-manifestation and answering trust, mutual self-giving, Christian standards, friendship's moods, friendship's ways.

(For the Columbia University):

Verse Satire in England Before the Renaissance. By Samuel Marion Tucker, Ph.D.

Columbia University Studies in English, Series II. Volume III, No. 2. This

essay is concerned with the historical study of literature and the evolution of literary types.

The Earth's Bounty. By Kate V. Saint Maur.

In a volume published about two years ago, "A Self-supporting Home," Mrs. St. Maur told how, on a basis of little money and less experience, she made a country house possible. Her new book deals with the same subject, though now greater knowledge has brought greater rewards. After three years the twelve acres of land which they rented, with the homestead on it, for \$180 a year, became more than self-supporting. There was a surplus at the end of that time, and Mrs. St. Maur extended the scale of her husbandry. How to make this work fruitful is what one learns from Mrs. St. Maur.

Greek Architecture. By Allan Marquand, Ph.D., LL.D.

A new addition to the Handbooks of Archaeology and Antiquities. The whole subject is discussed under the following heads: Materials and Technique; Forms; Proportions; Decoration; Composition and Style; Monuments. Under one or another of these heads Professor Marquand takes up every aspect of this branch of Hellenic art. There are nearly four hundred illustrations in all.

Misery and Its Causes. By Edward T. Devine, Ph.D., LL.D.

The fundamental truths underlying Dr. Edward T. Devine's work are that misery is not a divinely appointed institution, that it is not ineradicable, but the result of a badly organized society, and that the causes which produce it can be ascertained and removed. His study of the records of five thousand cases supplied by the Charity Organization Society, is supplemented by a dozen years of varied experience in the battle with poverty.

The Struggle for Imperial Unity. By Colonel George T. Denison.

Colonel Denison, an ex-British Army officer, one of the founders of the Canada First party, a member of the Organising Committee of the Imperial Federation League in Canada, has written his recollections and experiences in connection with the struggle for Imperial Unity.

London's Lure. An Anthology in Prose and Verse. By Helen and Lewis Melville.

Being a collection of passages in prose and verse written about London and selected by the compilers as possessing descriptive power and literary merit.

The John McBride Company:

The Revelation of the Monk of Evesham Abbey. In the Year of our Lord Eleven Hundred and Ninety-six, Concerning the Places of Purgatory and Paradise. Rendered into Modern English by Valerian Paget.

This is the first time that this classic of English literature has been rendered into English which all may read with ease and pleasure. It is the revelation of an unknown monk in the Abbey of Evesham, who, being in a trance for two days and two nights, saw the sorrows of purgatory and the joys of paradise.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Letters from China. With Particular Reference to the Empress Dowager and the Women of China. By Sarah Pike Conger.

These letters were written by the wife of the American Minister in China from 1898 to 1904. They present pictures of Chinese life and politics and give accounts of the Boxer troubles. Mrs. Conger's relations with the Dowager Empress were most intimate, and these letters reveal her in a new and kindlier light. The volume contains a collection of about eighty illustrations, including portraits of the Dowager Empress and the ladies of her retinue.

The Summer Garden of Pleasure. By Mrs. Stephen Batson.

A book of general gardening, but dealing particularly with the maintenance of the garden's beauties without break or loss of interest from early to late summer. There are chapters devoted to the growing of primroses, irises, peonies, larkspurs, lilies and other flowers. The illustrations, which are in colour, show a variety of garden scenes.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Abraham Lincoln and the London Punch. Cartoons, Comments and Poems. Published in the London Charivari, During the American Civil War (1861-65). Edited by William S. Walsh.

The entire series of cartoons, fifty in all, are reproduced in this volume, with an historical and critical introduction by Mr. Walsh.

American Verse. 1625-1807. A History. By William Bradley Otis, Ph.D., Instructor in English, College of the City of New York.

Covering American verse between 1625 and 1807 (from the publication of the "Nova Anglia" to that of "The Columbiad") which is worthy of note because of its connection with American

history or because of the light which it throws upon the social and intellectual characteristics of the times. There are chapters on Historical Verse; Religious Verse; Political and Satirical Verse; Imaginative Verse; and Translations.

America and the Far Eastern Question. An Examination of Modern Phases of the Far Eastern Question, Including the New Activities and Policy of Japan, the Situation of China, and the Relation of the United States of America to the Problem Involved. By Thomas F. Millard.

Mr. Millard analyses the situation in its relation to us and indicates how this nation may be affected by its solution. The position of the United States in the Pacific Ocean is comprehensively examined, and the author reaches the conclusion that a perfectly stable balance of power there never can be assured without the active participation of America. He demonstrates that America's position entitles her to assume the present leadership in shaping the course of events in the Far East, and that self-interest eventually will compel this course.

Father Abraham. By Ida M. Tarbell.

Miss Tarbell has told her little story in the language of one of Lincoln's old cronies whom he called "Billy." It illustrates the kind-heartedness of the great man.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Some Reminiscences. By William L. Royall.

The first chapter gives an account of his experiences during the Civil War when he fought in the Confederate Army. Another chapter deals with duelling in Virginia after the close of the war. The remaining three chapters have to do chiefly with political and financial conditions in Virginia from the close of the war down to the present.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Beverages, Past and Present. An Historical Sketch of Their Production, Together with a Study of the Customs Connected with Their Use. Two Volumes. By Edward R. Emerson.

The history of the beverages, intoxicating and non-intoxicating, of all peoples and countries from the earliest times to the present. Besides the account of beverages and their nature, are the descriptions of drinking-customs as represented, for instance, in the symposia of the Greeks, the banquets of the Romans, the feasts of the Druids and Picts of Britain, and the potations of the savage tribes of Africa and America.

The Sloops of the Hudson. An historical sketch of the packet and market sloops of

the last century, and their names, together with personal reminiscences of certain of the notable river sailing masters. By William E. Verplanck and Moses W. Collyer.

The following extract from the author's preface will show his idea in writing on this subject: "The sloop was the forerunner in the establishment of the vast commerce of the Hudson which has now reached an extent that is exceeded by few, if any, rivers in the world, and as this vessel played so important a part in the development and growth of the State of New York, particularly in connection with the Erie Canal, causing the city of New York to rise to be the chief city of the United States, it seems quite fitting that something should be written to preserve the memory of these inland merchantmen."

A Manual of American Literature. Edited by Theodore Stanton, M.A. (Cornell). In Collaboration with Members of the Faculty of Cornell University.

Giving a concise and comprehensive account of our literature from its beginnings in Colonial times to the present.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

England and the English. From an American Point of View. By Price Collier.

An analysis, based on long experience and wide observation, of the traits of character which have made the Englishman what he is, and the English race the virtual rulers of a fifth of the world. The broad scope of this book is indicated by the chapter headings: First Impressions; Who are the English? The Land of Compromise; English Home Life; Are the English Dull? Sport; Ireland; An English Country Town; Society; Conclusions.

The History of Engraving. From its Inception to the Time of Thomas Bewick. By Stanley Austin.

Beginning with the very earliest times, the author traces the course of engraving to the beginning of the nineteenth century, and illustrates the text with examples of the work of the different periods and portraits of some of the great engravers.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Foster's Complete Hoyle. An Encyclopedia of Games. By R. F. Foster.

A revised and enlarged edition of this encyclopedia of games. It includes all the indoor games played at the present day. It gives suggestions for good play, all the official laws, and illustrative hands. It also gives a brief statement of the doctrine of chances as applied to

games. The volume is illustrated with numerous diagrams and engravings.

The Tandy-Thomas Company:

The Statesmanship of Andrew Jackson. As Told in his Writings and Speeches. Edited by Francis Newton Thorpe, Ph.D., LL.D.

Besides the letters and speeches of Andrew Jackson, many of which have never before been published in any form, there is a biographical outline, a list of the men of his Cabinet, and an introduction which explains Jackson's position in the history of his country. His writings and speeches are given under two headings: "Letters of Nullification" and "State Papers."

The John C. Winston Company:

Neglected Neighbours. Stories of Life in the Alleys, Tenements and Shanties of the National Capital. By Charles Frederick Weller. With One Chapter by Eugenia Winston Weller.

After two preliminary chapters, one being Ex-President Roosevelt's Letter of Introduction and the other an outline of the Purpose, Plan and Scope of the Study, the author goes on to discuss the subject in four parts: The Alley; The Tenements; The Shacks and Shanties; General Lessons, Remedies and Ideals. In all of these divisions the purpose has been to portray, by means of stories and interesting incidents, the moral and social standards which are promoted by bad housing conditions and neglected homes.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of May and the 1st of June:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. *The Inner Shrine.* Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. *The White Sister.* Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. *Katrine.* Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. *The Man in Lower Ten.* Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. *Blindness of Virtue.* Hamilton. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
6. *Tono-Bungay.* Wells. (Duffield.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. *The Blue Bird.* Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

2. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
3. Future of Man. Randall. (Ullrich.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
3. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) \$1.25.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Machinery Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) \$1.75.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

2. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
2. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Bird Life. Chapman. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
4. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnson. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Elusive Isabel. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. A B Z of Our Nutrition. Fletcher. (Stokes.) \$1.00.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. Lanier's Poem. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
4. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Two Little Confederates. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Diddie Dumps. Pyrnelle. (Harper.) 60 cents.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Opera Goer's Complete Guide. Melitz. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Nature's Garden. Blanchan. (Grosset & Dunlap.) \$1.25.
3. Home Again With Me. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.00.
4. Peeps at Many Lands Series. (Macmillan.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
3. Budge and Toddie. Habberton. (Grosset & Dunlap.) \$1.00.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. A Gentleman of Quality. Dey. (Page.) \$1.50.
4. Sebastian. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Dragon's Blood Rideout. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. My Cranford. Gilman. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
2. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
3. Earth's Bounty. St. Maur. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
4. Pluralistic Universe. James. (Longmans, Green.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Roly Poly Pudding. Potter. (Warne.) \$1.00.
2. Brave Little Peggy. Rhoades. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.00.

3. When Mother Lets Us Garden. Duncan. (Moffat, Yard.) 75 cents.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Double-day, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Delasfield Affair. Kelly. (McClurg.) \$1.50.
2. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Story of the Great Lakes. Channing. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. Orthodoxy. Chesterton. (Lane.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Machinery Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Tan and Teckle. Bryson. (Revell.) \$1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Billy Whisker's Grandchildren. Montgomery. (Brewer, Barse.) 75 cents.
2. Harry's Island. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Aunt Jane's Nieces at Millville. Van Dyne. (Reilly & Britton.) 50 cents.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Winning Chance. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Belles, Beaux and Brains of the 60's. De Leon. (Dillingham.) \$3.00.
2. Collected Verse. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.80.
3. The Statesmanship of Andrew Jackson. Thorpe. (Tandy-Thomas.) \$2.50.
4. Home Again With Me. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Little Miss Cricket's New Home. Jackson. (Appleton.) \$1.25.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Diamond Key. Kerr. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Chippendales. Grant. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Little Men. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
3. Heidi. Spyri. (Ginn.) 50 cents.

DALLAS, TEXAS

FICTION

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Music Master. Klein. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The Chrysalis. Kramer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Christ's Way of Winning Souls. Sligh. (Smith & Lamar.) 60 cents.
3. Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scripture. Haldeman. (Revell.) \$1.50.
4. Jesus and the Gospels. Denny. (Armstrong.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Wind in the Willows. Grahame. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
2. Ozmo of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. A Gentleman of Quality. Dey. (Page.) \$1.50.
4. Ridgway of Montana. Raine. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.
5. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. Wild Life in the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.75.
4. Reflections of a Bachelor Girl. Rowland. (Dodge.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
2. The Laws of Friendship. King. (Macmillan.) \$1.25.
3. The Great Lakes. Curwood. (Putnam.) \$3.50.
4. Valid Christianity of To-day. Williams. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Bishop and the Boogerman. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
3. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Elusive Isabel. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
5. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
2. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. Birds of Buzzard's Roost. Woollen. (Woollen.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Kipling Poems and Stories Every Child Should Know. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Story of Thyra. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The King of Arcadia. Lynde. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
2. Handbook of Alaska. Greely. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
3. How to Know Oriental Rugs. Langton. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
4. Scientific Nutrition Simplified. Brown. (Stokes.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Dorothy of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
3. Pinocchio. Collodi. (Ginn.) 50 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Winning Chance. Dejeane. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
6. Elizabeth Visits America. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Mexican Trails. Kirkham. (Putnam.) \$1.75.
2. Fish Stories. Holder and Jordan. (Holt.) \$1.75.
3. Greatness and Decline of Rome. Ferrero. (Putnam.) \$2.50.
4. Letters From China. Conger. (McClurg.) \$2.75.

JUVENILES

1. Harper's Book of Electricity for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) \$1.75.
2. Jack the Young Ranchman. Grinnell. (Stokes.) \$1.25.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. With the Night Mail. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.
2. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. My Commencement. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Kipling Poems and Stories Every Child Should Know. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Sunnyfield. Sill. (Harper.) \$1.25.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Peter—Peter. Warren. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Bird Neighbours. Blanchan. (Doubleday, Page.) \$2.00.
2. Pushing to the Front. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.50.
3. Bird Guide. Reed. (Reed.) 50 cents.
4. My Commencement. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dream Blocks. Higgins. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
2. Child's Garden of Verse. Stevenson. (Rand, McNally Co.) 75 cents.
3. Harry's Island. Barbour. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Story of Thyra. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Climber. Benson. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.40.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Hand-Made Gentleman. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Living Word. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

2. Every Man a King. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
3. Scientific Nutrition Simplified. Brown. (Stokes.) 75 cents.
4. In Tune with the Infinite. Trine. (Crowell.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinchart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
6. The Story of Thyra. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Memoirs of Ellen Terry. Terry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$3.50.
2. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Law of Mental Medicine. Hudson. (McClurg.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. Miss Betty of New York. Deland. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Five Little Peppers at Brown House. Sidney. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Elizabeth Visits America. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinchart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Case of Lady Broadstone. Marchmont. (Empire Book Co.) \$1.50.
6. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON FICTION

1. Impertinent Poems. Cooke. (Dodge.) \$1.50.
2. Here's to You. Alderson. (Dodge.) \$1.25.
3. A Cynic's Meditation. Pulitzer. (Dodge.) 75 cents.
4. Simple Jography. Herford. (Luce.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

2. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
3. House in the Water. Roberts. (Page.) \$1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

FICTION

1. The Right of Conquest. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.
2. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinchart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scripture. Haldeman. (Revell.) \$1.50.
2. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.
3. Heart Throbs. Collected. (National Mag.) \$1.50.
4. Wild Life in the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Betty Wales, B.A. Warde. (Penn.) \$1.50.
2. School Memories. (Caldwell.) 50 cents.
3. The Life of Abraham Lincoln. Moores. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. Elizabeth Visits America. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
5. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. Sebastian. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Man Eaters of Tsavo. Patterson. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
2. A Favourite of Napoleon. George (McBride.) \$2.50.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
4. The Blue Bird. Macterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

THE BOOK MART

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PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Self-Help for Nervous Women. Mitchell. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
2. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. Life's Day. Bainbridge. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
3. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Araminta. Snaith. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
5. Adventures of a Nice Young Man. Aix. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Life's Day. Bainbridge. (Stokes.) \$1.35.
2. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
3. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 50 cents.

JUENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.

4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The King of Arcadia. Lynde. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Old Lady Number 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Robert E. Lee. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
2. As Others See Us. Brooks. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
3. In American Fields and Forests. Thoreau. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. The Teacher. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

JUENILES

1. Eagle Badge. Day. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. All Among the Loggers. Burleigh. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
3. Sunnyfield. Sill. (Harper.) \$1.25.

PORTLAND, ORE.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill Calhoun. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
6. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Bridge Builders. Ray. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
5. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Kingsmead. Von Hutten. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.

3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Elusive Isabel. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Some Reminiscences. Royall. (Neale.) \$1.50.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
3. Self-Help for Nervous Women. Mitchell. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
4. Robert E. Lee. Page. (Scribner.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Old Lady No. 31. Forsslund. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Darwin and Modern Science. Seward. (Cambridge Univ. Press.) \$5.00.
2. Christ and the Eastern Soul. Hall. (Univ. of Chicago Press.) \$1.25.
3. The Function of Religion. Foster. (Univ. of Chicago Press.) \$1.00.
4. Bird Life. Chapman. (Appleton.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Tan and Teckle. Brysen. (Revell.) \$1.25.
3. When Mother Lets Us Garden. Duncan. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.00.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Women, Etc. Harvey. (Harper.) \$1.00.
2. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
3. The Living Word. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.

JUVENILES

1. Dorothy Dainty Books. Brooks. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.00.
2. Elsie Books. Finley. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
3. Barbour Books. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Elizabeth Visits America. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Comrades. Dixon. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
6. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
5. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.
2. Greatness and Decline of Rome. Ferrero. (Putnam.) \$12.50.
3. Minnesota. Folwell. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.
4. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Happy School Days. Sangster. (Forbes.) \$1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. The Story of Thyrsa. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.35.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Planter. Whitaker. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) \$1.75.
2. A Wine of Wizardry. Sterling. (Robertson.) \$1.25.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. The Eternal Boy. Johnson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
2. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Strain of White. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Sebastian. Danby. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.
2. Brain and Personality. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
3. The Government of England. Lowell. (Macmillan.) \$4.00.
4. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. On Track and Diamond. (Harper.) 60c.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Chrysalis. Kramer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.

3. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
4. The Hand-Made Gentleman. Bacheller. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. Mary of Magdala. Robertson. (Saalfeld.) \$1.50.
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.
2. Egoists. Hunecker. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Stern.) \$1.00.
4. Alaska. Higginson. (Macmillan.) \$2.25.

JUVENILES

1. The "Oz" Books. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.25.
2. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. Roads of Destiny. O. Henry. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Things Korean. Allen. (Revell.) \$1.25.
2. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
3. Egoists. Hunecker. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Good Health and How We Won It. Sinclair. (Stokes.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Bishop and the Boogerman. Harris. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.00.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. The Bronze Bell. Vance. (Briggs.) \$1.25.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.
4. The Fashionable Adventures of Joshua Craig. Phillips. (Briggs.) \$1.25.

5. The Message. Tracy. (McLeod & Allen.) \$1.25.
6. The Girl and the Bill. Merwin. (Briggs.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Heroines of Canadian History. Herrington. (Briggs.) 30 cents.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. Elizabeth Visits America. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
5. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Ghosts of My Friends. Henland. (Stokes.) 50 cents.
2. Pluralistic Universe. James. (Longmans, Green.) \$1.50.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. The Panama Canal. Cornish. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Books. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Little Colonel's House Party. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Wizard of Oz. Baum. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

3. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Bird Guide. Reed. (Reed.) \$1.00.
2. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.
4. My Cranford. Gilman. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d " "	8
" " 3d " "	7
" " 4th " "	6
" " 5th " "	5
" " 6th " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50	296
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50....	219
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.....	205
4. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00	162
5. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.....	99
6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.....	94



A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF NEW NOVELS

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

THE BOOK MART		
NORTH	EAST	SOUTH
WEST AND MIDDLE WEST BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO	NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BAL- TIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASH- INGTON, AND WORCESTER	ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASH- VILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND
NO. LISTS Katrine 8 The Inner Shrine..... 8 The Man in Lower Ten.... 7 Mr. Opp 6 54-40 or Fight..... 5 The White Sister..... 4 The White Mice..... 4 The Chippendales..... 3 The Trail of the Lonesome Pine..... 2 The Alternative 2 The Story of Thyrsa..... 2 The Bronze Bell 2 The Hand-Made Gentleman.. 2 The Girl and the Bill..... 2	NO. LISTS The Inner Shrine..... 12 The White Sister..... 7 The White Mice..... 7 Katrine 7 The Man in Lower Ten.... 6 The Chippendales..... 5 Set in Silver..... 4 Mr. Opp 4 54-40 or Fight..... 3 The Romance of a Plain Man 2 Marriage à la Mode..... 2 Sebastian 2 Elizabeth Visits America.... 2 The Woman in Question.... 2	NO. LISTS The Man in Lower Ten.... 10 Mr. Opp 8 Katrine 8 The Inner Shrine..... 7 54-40 or Fight..... 4 The Other Side of the Door 3 The White Mice..... 3 The Bronze Bell..... 2 The Trail of the Lonesome Pine..... 2 The Winning Chance..... 2 Set in Silver..... 2 The White Sister..... 2 Marriage à la Mode..... 2 The Story of Thyrsa..... 2 Elizabeth Visits America.... 2

"No. Lists" indicates the number of times the book appears on lists sent to us from various cities. Books mentioned only once not included.

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF JUVENILES

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH		EAST		SOUTH		WEST AND MIDDLE WEST	
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO		NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER		ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND		CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, AND SAN FRANCISCO	
Dave Porter and His Classmates Dream Blocks Eagle Badge The "Oz" Books Anne of Green Gables		The Hole Book Anne of Green Gables Machinery Books for Boys The Biography of a Silver Fox Peter Rabbit Books		Two Little Confederates The Wind and the Willows Dave Porter and His Classmates Anne of Green Gables Mary Ware		The Biography of a Silver Fox Little Women Anne of Green Gables Betty Wales The Eternal Boy	

A CHART INDICATING SECTIONAL POPULARITY OF BOOKS—NON-FICTION

As reported to us each month from bookstores in the various towns mentioned in the following columns

NORTH		EAST		SOUTH		WEST AND MIDDLE WEST	
BUFFALO, DETROIT, MILWAUKEE, MINNEAPOLIS, PORTLAND, ME., PORTLAND, ORE., ST. PAUL, SEATTLE, SPOKANE, AND TORONTO		NEW YORK CITY, ALBANY, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, NEW HAVEN, PHILADELPHIA, PROVIDENCE, PITTSBURG, ROCHESTER, WASHINGTON, AND WORCESTER		ATLANTA, BIRMINGHAM, DALLAS, LOUISVILLE, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, NEW ORLEANS, NORFOLK, AND RICHMOND		CHICAGO, CINCINNATI, CLEVELAND, DENVER, INDIANAPOLIS, KANSAS CITY, LOS ANGELES, OMAHA, ST. LOUIS, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, AND TOLEDO	
Alaska Brain and Personality The Girl Graduate Robert E. Lee The Living Word		The Blue Bird England and the English Is Shakespeare Dead? Self-Help for Nervous Women Life of Alice Freeman Palmer		Some Reminiscences Memories of Ellen Terry The Blue Bird A B Z of Our Nutrition Religion and Medicine		Is Shakespeare Dead? The Blue Bird Psychotherapy Religion and Medicine The Girl Graduate	

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

AUGUST, 1909

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Somewhat reluctantly we are calling attention to Mr. James Lane Allen's *The*

**Mr. Allen's
New Book**

Bride of the Mistletoe as a book to be avoided or at least to be recommended with great caution. From the purely

literary point of view it is a book of much beauty and a work written with great sincerity, dignity and high purpose. The mature man or woman may, of course, read it with enjoyment and profit. But it is not—and this is a point that cannot be too strongly emphasised—a book for the *jeune fille*.

✱

In many ways the late Edward Everett Hale was for years a very dignified and impressive figure in the public life of his country.

**Edward
Everett
Hale**

Judged exclusively as a man of letters, his permanent fame rests en-

tirely on one book, *The Man Without a Country*. The story of Philip Nolan, who, on trial for treason, expressed the wish that he might never hear the name of the United States again, and was solemnly sentenced by the Military Court to have his wish fulfilled, is thrilling and pathetic enough now. Judge what it must have been when it first appeared when the country was torn by the War of Secession. Whatever sting there may have been in *The Man Without a Country*, it has long since passed away. Even to realise it one would have to concentrate one's mind with great

bitterness on the feelings which moved the North at the most intense period of the Civil War, and to resurrect and to take to one's self all the surging hatred



G. K. CHESTERTON AS DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON

From the *London Sketch*

and blind passion. *The Man Without a Country* long ago ceased to be a sectional polemic; it is no longer even an appeal to patriotism. It remains a great story.



SELMA LAGERLÖF'S SWEDISH HOME

In Thomas Cooper De Leon's *Belles, Beaux, and Brains of the Sixties* there is a curious account of the Confederate "Mother Goose." This was a "Mother Goose" string of satires directed against some of the generals of the Northern armies. The first verse of "Mother Goose" was aimed at General Pope, who was in the habit of dating despatches from "Headquarters in the Saddle." It ran:

Little Be-Pope, he lost his hope,
Jackson, the Rebel, to find him;
But he found him at last, and he ran very fast,
With his bully invaders behind him!

The second took its theme from General McClellan, who of all the Northern commanders was the most respected tactician and a man by his Southern opponents:

Little McClellan sat eating a mellow,
The Chickahominy by.
He stuck in a spade; and a long time delayed,
Then cried: "What a great general am I!"

Next it was the turn of the richly hated General Butler:

Hey! diddle Sutler, the dastard Ben Butler,
Fought women, morn, evening, and noon;
And old Satan laughed, as hot brimstone he
 quaffed
When the Beast ran away with the Spoon!

The next recalled the murder of Barton Key by General Sickles in Washington some years before:

Yankee Sickles came to fight, and Dan was
 just a Dandy;
Quite quick to shoot when 'tother man had
 nary pistol handy!

This was directed against the "Cæsar of the Peninsular," as McClellan was called:

Henceforth, when a fellow is kicked out of
 doors,
He need never resent the disgrace,
But exclaim: "My dear sir, I'm eternally
 yours,
For assisting in changing my base!"

"Fighting Joe" Hooker was respected in the South, but he too was hit:

Joe Hooker had a nice tin sword;
Jack bent it up one day.
When Halleck heard, at Washington,
He wrote: "Come home and stay!"

Others on Pope and Butler ran thus:

Trickery, dickery, slickery Ben—
Eluding and dodging the fighting men—
Was never afraid of a matron or maid,
But cent for no cotton, or silver, he paid!

And, finally :

John Pope came down to Dixie town, and
thought it very wise
To sit down in a 'skeeter swamp and start at
telling lies.
But when he found his lies were out, with all
his might and main,
He changed his base to another place, and be-
gan to—lie again!

✱

Poor agitated England is having more
troubles. It was bad enough with old age
pensions, and Suffra-
gettes, and mysterious
A New German airships, and the
Scare horrors of threatened in-
vasion as depicted in *An*

Englishman's Home. It is no less a per-
son than Mr. Hall Caine who is responsi-
ble for the latest scare. Mr. Caine's
latest novel deals with the British occupa-
tion of Egypt. A dramatic version of the
story had been prepared and was to have
been presented by Mr. Beerbohm Tree.



THOMAS COOPER DE LEON

But the authorities scented danger—the
play might lead to sedition in the Soudan
—and the Dramatic Censor stepped in
and barred the performance. It is said
that the upset of his plans so affected Mr.
Caine that he has been obliged to go to
St. Moritz to recuperate.

✱

At last we are able to present a por-
trait of O. Henry that does something like
justice to the subject. On
three or four occasions
Real in the past there have
O. Henry appeared in the Book-
MAN portraits purporting

to be of him, and for which he un-
doubtedly faced the photographer's fire.
But there was a certain formal,
endimanché atmosphere about them, and
O. Henry *endimanché* is not O. Henry
at all. Here, however, is a portrait that
nearly satisfies the imagination. One can
study it and fancy him eating of the
lotus in company with Johnny Atwood
and "Beelzebub" Blythe; or listening to
the strange yarns of Mr. Jefferson Peters,



LAURENCE HOPE

Of Laurence Hope, Mr. Hooker said in his review of
The Garden of Kama, in the June BOOKMAN:
"She holds the gorgeous East in fee"



MR. SCHEHERAZADÉ OF BAGDAD-UPON-THE-HUDSON

the "Gentle Grafter;" or gleefully rolling under his own tongue some new and gorgeous malapropism. In other words we present a portrait, not of Mr. Sidney Porter, but of O. Henry, the modern Scheherazadé of Bagdad-upon-the-Hudson.

✱

Ex-President Eliot has given to the press a good part of the book-list which is to constitute his "five-foot shelf" library. We are glad to see that practically every one who has commented on it has recognised how utterly grotesque it is. No one apparently has fallen down in admiration and amazement at the acumen of Eliot. Indeed, we should say that such a list as this goes far to justify the retirement of Dr. Eliot from the presidency of Harvard University. If he really thinks that the perusal of these books would give any man "the essentials of a liberal education," then his judgment and discretion must have become altogether too *bizarre* to be trusted in anything. Of course, an intensely individualistic New Englander would naturally make a somewhat peculiar se-

lection of volumes; but no one would expect him to put forth such an absolutely freakish and unrelated hodge-podge as this. Fancy inserting the *Journal of John Woolman* and a tractate by William Penn, neither one of which contains any of the humanistic qualities of a liberal education! Fancy inserting nine dramas by various persons, and omitting Shakespeare altogether! Fancy culling out Tennyson's little read and hardly readable *Becket*, and failing to include any of the same writer's splendid lyrics! Not a single one of the world's great historians is included, and in the matter of biography we have only Plutarch's *Lives*. St. Augustine, Donne, Herbert and Franklin. The sole work of fiction is the *Arabian Nights*; but the complete poems of Milton are included. We should really like to ask whether Dr. Eliot has himself ever read the complete poems of Milton. Unless he makes a declaration to that effect over his own signature, we shall be very much inclined to doubt it. The *Times* of this city has made some admirable comments on the list. We think it worth while to quote from it this paragraph as a bit of good sense and excellent criticism.

With all our charity, we cannot deny that the list, as presented, seems to us most mysteriously made up. That merely means, probably, that it does not contain the books we expected to find in it and does contain many in which we can find no competency to serve the desired end—or any other end, for that matter, except that of amusing the idle hours of a man inter-

ested in the curiosities of literature and the monuments of literary progress. Certainly the majority of these books are dead and have no relation, not historic, with modern conditions, necessities, or purposes. Any liberally educated man will have read some, perhaps most, of them, but his intellectual debt to none of them is large enough to be measured.



THE LATEST PORTRAIT OF MRS. HUMPHRY WARD



S. ADOLPHUS KNOPF, M.D.

Author of *Tuberculosis a Preventable and Curable Disease*

This whole business of choosing a special set of books to embody the essentials of liberal culture is of necessity not likely to result in any one list that will be largely and widely accepted, unless it should be a list of as many as a thousand books. But it is worth remembering that of all the book-lists ever made, Dr. Eliot's is positively the worst, the most absurd and the most devoid of critical insight. Perhaps we ought to recall the fact that Dr. Eliot never was a man of letters. Just before he became president of Harvard, he was a fairly good professor of chemistry; and perhaps his chemical bent has led him on to see how extraordinary a combination of unrelated ingredients he could force into his literary melting-pot. But it is certain that the man who should rely on this "five-foot shelf of books" and should read them faithfully to the exclusion of others, would end by becoming, not a person of liberal culture, but only a very narrow-minded sort of intellectual zebra.

We passed a not unprofitable evening recently rereading after many years Oliver Goldsmith's *The Vicar of Wakefield*. We laid the book aside with the conviction that Mr. Henry James never reached to higher points in criticism than when he characterised *The Vicar of Wakefield* as "the spoiled child of our literature."

✻

We came across the other day a picture of what is said to have been the home of Eugénie Grandet, the finest of all the heroines of Balzac's wonderful *Comédie Humaine*. It is the Château de Velors, at Avoine Beaumont, near Tours. The château at one time belonged to Charles the Seventh, who used it as a



HUTCHINS HAPGOOD

Mr. Hapgood's *An Anarchist Woman* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

hunting lodge. By fraud it eventually came into the possession of Père Nivelau, so that it became the home of his daughter Eugénie. At that time Balzac lived in Tours, and there was a story to the effect that he was in love with the daughter, but was refused by old Nivelau on account of his poverty. According to a later owner of the chateau, the Mar-

that are being carried out in that part of Paris which lies to the south of the Pantheon will materially change the aspect of the streets described by Balzac in the beginning of *Le Père Goriot*. As to the actual situation of the Pension Vauquer, which Mr. Henry James has

The
Pension
Vauquer



THE CHÂTEAU DE VELORS. THE HOME OF BALZAC'S EUGÉNIE GRANDET

quise de Podestad, the novel follows the facts very closely except that Eugénie's marriage was actually more unhappy than Balzac painted it, and lasted years instead of a few months. There were several children, but Eugénie outlived them all and died only about twenty-seven years ago.

Meanwhile certain architectural changes

described as "one of the most portentous settings of the scene in all the literature of fiction," there has always been some dispute. Benjamin Ellis Martin, in his *Stones of Paris*, identified it with Number 24 Rue Tournefort. Another Balzacian, who passed many days wandering about in the trail of Eugene de Rastignac and "Trompe-le-mort," maintains that the actual Pension Vauquer is shown in



THE SUPPOSED MAISON VAUQUER FROM THE STREET

the accompanying illustration. Balzac speaks of the house as standing at the lower end of the road just where it slopes sharply down to the Rue de l'Arbalète. For years nothing was radically changed except that the road became known as the Rue Lhomond. Balzac dwells at length on the strange characteristics of this quarter south of the Pantheon. In the Rue Mouffetard, one of the dirtiest of Paris streets, and within a stone's throw of the Pension Vauquer, Victor Hugo lived as a young man, as did also Ernest and Alphonse Daudet at the time of their early struggles and privations.

We have been looking over a recent issue of *Poesia*, a new international review published in Milan and edited by M. Marinetti, a Franco-Italian poet. That it seems to be printing some exceedingly good poetry is a matter of second importance. Its chief claim to attention lies in the fact that it aims to found a new school of philosophy and literature which it calls "Futurism." We cannot sum up "Futurism" in any better way than by saying that it would be just the thing for Mr. Roosevelt. It would suit him "down to the ground." There is no subtle nonsense about "Futurism." M. Marinetti knows what he wants and is not diffident about speaking of it. Here is his declaration of "Futurism" in his English translation, which we quote just as it appears on pages one and two of *Poesia*:

**A
New
Philosophy**

1. We intend to glorify the love of danger, the custom of energy, the strenght of daring.

2. The essential elements of our poetry will be courage, audacity and revolt.

3. Literature having up to now glorified thoughtful immobility, extasy and slumber, we wish to exalt the aggressive movement, the feverish insomnia, running, the perilous leap, the cuff and the blow.

4. We declare that the splendour of the world has been enriched with a new form of beauty, the beauty of speed. A race-automobile adorned whith great pipes like serpents with explosive breath . . . a race-automobile which seems to rush over exploding powder is more beautiful than the *Victory of Samothrace*.

5. We will sing the praises of man holding the fly-wheel of which the ideal steering-post traverses the earth impelled itself around the circuit of its own orbit.

6. The poet must spend himself with warmth brilliancy and prodigality to augment the fervour of the primordial elements.

7. There is no more beauty except in struggle. No master-piece without the stamp of aggressiveness. Poetry should be a violent assault against unknown forces to summon them to lie down at the feet of man.

8. We are on the extreme promontory of ages! Why look back since we must break down the mysterious doors of Impossibility? Time and Space died yesterday. We already live in the Absolute for we have already created the omnipresent eternal speed.

9. We will glorify war—the only true hy-



THE COURTYARD OF THE SUPPOSED MAISON VAUQUER

giene of the world—militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of anarchist, the beautiful Ideas which kill, and the scorn of woman.

10. We will destroy museums, libraries and fight against moralism, feminism and all utilitarian cowardice.

11. We will sing the great masses agitated by work pleasure or revolt; we will sing the multicoloured and polyphonic surf of revolutions in modern capitals; the nocturnal vibration of arsenals and docks beneath their glaring electric moons; greedy stations de-

from her numberless museums which cover her with countless cemeteries.

Museums, cemeteries! . . . Identical truly, in the sinister promiscuousness of so many objects unknown to each other. Public dormitories, where one is for ever slumbering beside hated or unknown beings. Reciprocal ferocity of painters and sculptors murdering each other with blows of form and colour in the same museum.

That a yearly visit be paid there as one visits the grave of dead relatives, once a year! . . .



NO. 24 RUE TOURNEFORT, WHICH DR. BENJAMIN ELLIS MARTIN IDENTIFIES AS THE REAL MAISON VAUQUER OF BALZAC'S "PÈRE GORIOT"

vouring smoking serpents; factories hanging from the clouds by the threads of their smoke; bridges like giants gymnasts stepping over sunny rivers sparkling like diabolical cutlery; adventurous steamers scenting the horizon; large breasted locomotives bridled with long tubes, and the slippery flight of aeroplanes whose propeller has flag-like flutterings and applauses of enthusiastic crowds.

It is in Italy that we hurl this overthrowing and inflammatory declaration, with which today we found Futurism, for we will free Italy

We are ready to grant it! . . . That an annual offering of flowers be laid at the feet of the *Gioconda*, we conceive it! . . . But to take for a daily walk through the museums our spleen, lack of courage and morbid restlessness, we will not grant it! . . . Why will you poison yourselves? Why will you decay?

What can one see in an old picture except the artist's laborious contortions, struggling to overcome the insuperable barriers ever resisting his desire to express his entire dream?

Aprile-Maggio-Giugno-Luglio 1909

N. 3-4-5-6



IL FUTURISMO

To admire an old picture is to pour our sentiment into a funeral urn instead of hurling it forth in violent gushes of action and productiveness. Will you thus consume your best strength in this useless admiration of the past from which you will forcibly come out exhausted, lessened and trampled?

In truth, this daily frequenting of museums, libraries and academies (those grave-yards of vain efforts, those mount calvaries of crucified dreams, those registers of broken-down springs! . . .) is to the artist as the too prolonged government of parents for intelligent young people, inebriated with their talent and ambitious will.

For the dying, invalids and prisoners, let it pass. Perhaps the admirable past acts as a salve on their wounds, as the future is debarred them for ever. . . . But we will have

none of it, we the young, the strong, the living futurists! . . .

Therefore welcome the kindly incendiaries with the carbon fingers! . . . Here they are! . . . Here! . . . Away and set fire to the book-shelves! . . . Turn the canals and flood the vaults of museums! . . . Oh! Let the glorious old pictures float adrift! Seize pick-axe and hammer! Sap the foundations of the venerable towns!

The oldest amongst us are thirty; we have thus at least ten years in which to accomplish our task. When we are forty, let others younger and more daring men throw us into the waste-paper basket like useless manuscripts! . . . They will come against us from far away, from every where, leaping on the cadence of their first poems, clawing the air with crooked fingers and scenting at the



THE CROSSWAYS FARM. ABINGER HAMMER, SURREY. THE FARM OF MEREDITH'S "DIANA OF THE CROSSWAYS"

academy gates the good smell of our decaying minds already promised to the catacombs of libraries.

But we shall not be there. They will find us at last, on a winter's night, in the open country, in a sad iron shed pitter-pattered by the monotonous rain, huddled round our trepidating aeroplanes, warming our hands at the miserable fire made with our present-day books flickering merrily in the sparkling flight of their images.

They will mutiny around us, panting with anguish and spite, exasperated one and all by our proud, dauntless courage, they will rush to kill us, their hatred so much the stronger as their hearts whill be overwhelmed with love and admiration for us! And powerful and healthsome Injustice will then burst radiantly in their eyes. For art can only be violence, cruelty and injustice.

The oldest amongst us are thirty, yet we have already squandered treasures, treasures of strenght, love, daring and eager will, hastily, raving, without reckoning, never stopping, breathlessly. Look at us! We are not exhausted . . . Our heart is not in the least weary! For it has been nourished on fire,

hatred and speed! . . . You are astonished? It is because you do not even remember living! . . .

Erect on the pinnacle of the world, we once more hurl forth our defiance to the stars.

Your objections? Enough! Enough! I know them! I quite understand what our splendid and mendacious intelligence asserts. We are, it says, but the result and continuation of our ancestors.—Perhaps! Be it so! . . . What of that? But we will not listen! Beware of repeting such infamous words! Rather hold your head up!

Erect on the pinnacle of the world we hurl forth once more our defiance to the stars! . . .



There has naturally been a vast amount written about George Meredith in the last two or three months, and most of it has been exceedingly commonplace. One of the few interesting papers on the subject is that by Mr. Edward Clodd, which appeared in the July number of the *Fortnightly Review*. For twenty-five years

Meredith's Opinions

Mr. Clodd had been in close touch with Meredith. Meredith, he tells us, was very outspoken upon men and things; he was a "great tease, full of fun and badinage;" he considered Dickens the "incarnation of cockneydom," that Gladstone had not a great mind, "though he was a great debater and a crafty controversialist;" that Matthew Arnold was "a poor judge, a dandy Isaiah, a poet without passion;" that Byron's high flights were theatrical, he was a sham sentimentalist; and that his "favourites" were Keats and the earlier verse of Tennyson. These "recollections" afford a truer insight into Meredith's personality and idiosyncrasies than anything previously published.



There are so many things that do not get into the newspapers! Sometimes this is because they are suppressed by special influences, and sometimes a nodding journalist overlooks them and lets them get quite past him. A good instance of the latter is found in the newspaper reports of the Peace Conference held at Mohunk last May. It is a little late to bring it up just now; but it has sufficient interest in itself to be recorded here. The Peace Conference was attended by all sorts of dignitaries—diplomats, college presidents, long-haired cranks at large, and persons who flock to gatherings such as this, so that their names may be chronicled in the newspapers. The representative of the Associated Press faithfully listened to the early proceedings. It was worth his while to note what was said by Mr. Bryce and even by Mr. Mosely; though neither the tongue of men nor angels could say anything interesting on the subject of universal peace and international disarmament and Hague conferences, and all that sort of piffle. Still the press correspondent did his duty and faithfully telegraphed columns of concrete dreariness. It was all right. Everybody present was for peace. Nobody said a word on behalf of wicked war. Such unanimity naturally grew dull and unexciting; and, at last, the press correspondent stopped making personal reports of what was

going on, but went off to some comfortable nook where he could smoke and tell stories to his friends, trusting to the peace people to give him abstracts at the end of the day. But alas! Eternal vigilance is the price of journalistic glory. At the very close of the proceedings something really interesting happened. A little, stocky, pugnacious, red-blooded English clergyman happened along and asked the managers to give him a chance to speak. They were rather disinclined to do so, but finally agreed to let him have five minutes at the very close. Never did any one accomplish quite so much in five short minutes. His tongue was tipped with fire, and stinging words rolled out in volleys as from a Maxim gun. He was for war. In two minutes he had bowled over all the peace advocates, and especially the bland and oleaginous Wu Ting-Fang. In the remaining three minutes he had roused the fighting spirit of the entire audience.

"In a day or two," said he, "I have been asked to preach before the cadets at West Point. Would you have me tell them that they are following a profession which is degraded, barbaric and unworthy of patriots and gentlemen? Not I! I shall tell them that they are preparing themselves for the very noblest and most sacred of all duties—the duty of facing danger and of fighting to the death for the welfare and the glory of their country!"

Thus the little clergyman went on, sweeping everything before him; and when he had finished, the whole great multitude which had come to listen to the advocates of peace had risen to its feet and was roaring out good Anglo-Saxon cheers for war and for plenty of it. But the leaders of the Peace Conference omitted this incident from the abstract which they handed to the representative of the Associated Press that night, and so he never knew anything about it; and the public which depends upon the newspapers for its knowledge have never heard of it down to the present time. This is why we chronicle it, smiling blandly. It was the only exciting episode in the whole affair, and the newspapers failed to get it. We are sorry for that correspondent. He could have made

at least a column of good reading; and if he had reported the clergyman's remarks in full, he would also have disseminated some good sound sense as well.

■

Last month Bishop Williams, of Michigan, preached a rather unusual Fourth of July sermon in this city.

The It was full of plain
Third speech directed against
Degree the faults of his countrymen, and it would be

rather difficult to deny the truth of what he said. It is a new indictment, however, when Americans are told that they are inhumane. Of course, we know that we are given over to materialism, that we think money the best thing in the world, that our colleges and universities have forgotten the fine ideals of the past, and that we are a grasping, hustling race; but the notion that we are inhumane and actually cruel, comes to most of us with somewhat of a shock. In some respects, said the Bishop, we are on the level of mere barbarians. He gave a number of instances; but, if the printed report of his sermon be correct, he did not mention one of the most striking and startling of all. This is the toleration in a country which is traditionally law-abiding, of the infamous practice known to the police and others as "the Third Degree." The aftermath of a recent crime which took place in Chinatown in this city shed a baleful light upon American indifference to justice and humanity. A Chinese who was suspected of knowing something about the murder was bullied, maltreated, deprived of sleep for thirty hours and half starved, in order that he might be forced to tell what the police were anxious to find out. Now the man in question may have known all about the murder. He may have been himself a criminal of the deepest dye. Yet he was just as much entitled to decent treatment and to the protection of the law as is the President of the United States—no more so, and not a bit less so. A person suspected of crime should have the benefit of counsel. A person supposed to know important facts relating to the commission of a crime by others may be questioned properly by the prosecuting attorney or

before the Grand Jury. But there is not the slightest warrant in law for subjecting him to physical suffering and degradation at the hands of a brutal gang of ignorant policemen. The sinister annals of the Third Degree have never yet been fully brought to light. Should they be so, they would tell of chokings, kicks and blows, the deprivation of life's necessities, with every other sort of mental and moral horror which minds as depraved as any criminal's can invent. These stories are not fully known to the public; for, naturally enough, the detectives and police protect each other by an ominous silence. The sufferers are poor creatures, the dregs of the city's slums, friendless, suspected and afraid to tell of what they have experienced. But just because of this, protection should be given them and they should be saved from suffering worse things than those of which they have been accused. Here is a field for genuine reform. In all our cities there should be organisations to see to it that these hapless wretches no longer suffer from a perfectly illegal form of cruelty. The very Constitution of the United States itself forbids all "cruel and unusual punishment." In tolerating the Third Degree our people put themselves below the level of other civilised nations. They have revived the mediæval torture-chamber; and, therefore, in this respect, their civilisation has gone backward and is centuries behind that of France or Germany or England. And see the folly of it. The object is supposed to be the truth; but this is the very worst way possible in which to get the truth. Torture a man sufficiently and he will tell you something. If what he tells you does not fit your theory, torture him some more, and he will tell you something else, something which he hopes will please and pacify. But of what value is testimony procured in such a way? In the case to which we have just referred, the Chinaman in question told three entirely different stories. Who can say which one of them is true? Who can say that any one of them is true, or that the tortured witness had a knowledge of the crime at all? What he said represents only the maundering of an abject terror-stricken creature, wrung from him by thirty-six

hours of threatenings and starvation and lack of sleep, if not still more drastic and still more dreadful means. As an aid to justice, the Third Degree is sheer imbecility. As an institution to be tolerated for a single day it is a blackening infamy, a foul disgrace to the American people.



In most cases the value of anonymity is very much exaggerated. Publishers are inclined to make a great deal of it, but as a matter of fact the reader's interest in the matter is at best lukewarm.

**Concerning
"The Inner
Shrine"**

However, *The Inner Shrine* is, we think, an exception, for there are unmistakable signs of a genuine curiosity as to the authorship. The publishers of the book have issued an alphabetical list of the authors to whom the story has been at various times ascribed. The list follows: Gertrude Atherton, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Alice Brown, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, Marion Crawford, Richard Harding Davis, Margaret Deland, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Mrs. Burton Harrison, Anthony Hope, Mildred Howells, Henry James, Elizabeth Jordan, Basil King, W. J. Locke, Brander Matthews, Leonard Merrick, Gwendolyn Overton, Gilbert Parker, Amélie Rives, Elizabeth Robins, Theodore Roosevelt, Van Tassel Sutphen, J. C. Snaith, Booth Tarkington, Katherine Cecil Thurston, Mark Twain, Henry van Dyke, Marie van Vorst, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Edith Wharton, Professor Wendell. Our opinion is that the name of the author is in this list and that it will be found somewhere between the name of Elizabeth Jordan and that of W. J. Locke.



Fifty Years of Darwinism consists of the addresses of specialists before the American Association for the Advancement of Learning on the occasion of the Darwin centenary. It belongs to the desirable class of books, increasing of late, in which university teachers or experts in

good standing have given an account of their subjects for the benefit of men of their own class but in other callings. It is not "popular science," but it puts things within the reach of laymen who are

willing to take thought. Greater kindness toward laymen is, we believe, one of the chief moral needs of the specialist, —kindness, not condescension. Books like this are therefore of good omen. It is no more than fair that the layman should be treated rather handsomely by biologists. In the time of stress he did them a good turn, as Professor Poulton acknowledges in his survey of Darwinism during the last fifty years:

Mivart's attack, contained in his book *The Genesis of Species*, was effectively dealt with by Chauncey Wright in the *North American Review* for July, 1871. Darwin was so pleased with this defence that he obtained the author's permission for an English reprint, and with further additions it was published as a pamphlet by John Murray in 1871. . . . Chauncey Wright speaks of presenting, in his review of Mivart, considerations "in defence and illustration of the theory of Natural Selection. My special purpose," he continues, "has been to contribute to the theory by placing it in its proper relations to philosophical inquiries in general."

This able critic in America and Henry Fawcett in England represent a class of thinkers who have taken and still take a very important part in upholding the theory of Natural Selection. It is not necessary to be a biologist in order to comprehend the details and the bearings of this theory. They were at the very first understood by able thinkers who were not scientific men or who followed some non-biological science, when naturalists themselves were hopelessly puzzled. And at the present time such support is of the highest importance when within the limits of the sciences most nearly concerned. The intense and natural desire to try all things is not always accompanied by the steadfast purpose to hold fast that which is good.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX



that remain to us.

FTER the present opening of the Letter Box we are going away for a vacation; and, therefore, at this time, we desire to finish up the most important matters

I

There is a small problem—or rather there are two small problems, which have been puzzling us for several months. They are delightful with a delicate mystery which takes them out of the category of common things. They diffuse a certain aroma about them as we go over them in mind. Our powers of deduction quite fail us here, and yet we hesitate to appeal to the Junior Editor. Somehow or other, his methods are almost too Sherlockian. He is intensely practical and matter of fact; and the treatment of these two questions requires a distinctively poetic touch. Perhaps we ought not to say anything about them whatsoever; yet we cannot resist the temptation of reaching out into the luminous mist beyond, and asking vaguely for a little help, as though we were appealing for the aid of seraphs or of fairies. Given, for example, a birthday, a scrap of handwriting which makes us think of Cañon City, a mass of violets which came straight from a New York florist, and a bit of stationery which bears the mark of a maker in Salem, Massachusetts—and what would you have us think of such a combination? It is geographically too complex for us to solve with any certainty. In fact, we are not sure that we wish to solve it; so much more delightful is the pleasure of dwelling on the mystery as a mystery alone, and of subtly savouring the different elements which compose it.

Then there is a second mystery which we may call "The Mystery of the Loving-Cup." Given Christmas Day and the receipt of a tall and graceful loving-cup, bearing no card and not a word of explanation—here again is something very

curious. The cup was made in Switzerland in 1902. It reaches us in a box bearing the name of a New York jeweler. Yet the box is not a fresh one. It has been used before. Nevertheless, here is the loving-cup standing straight before us. The winged effigy of Fame which surmounts it is blowing vigorously upon a trumpet. She seems to say, "Guess where I came from, and how I got to you!" These are the two mysteries over which we have pondered long and deeply. Perhaps the loving-cup was not meant for us at all. Perhaps the violets—but we cannot bring ourselves to think anything so disillusioning about the violets!

II

A correspondent in Litchfield, Connecticut, writes to ask us what we think of Mark Twain's recent query: "Is Shakespeare dead?" Well, we can only say that, to the best of our belief, Shakespeare is still very much alive. It is Mark Twain who has been defunct for several years, though he himself has not yet discovered it.

III

We have received a letter from a gentleman who writes from 1750 Sutter Street, San Francisco. We cannot decipher his signature, but he uses the stationery of what is doubtless the most estimable oriental firm of Bummei-Do and Company. Our readers would be sorry to lose a single word of this charming letter, and, therefore, we publish it in full, precisely as it was written:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LETTER BOX:

DEAR SIR: I read with a great interest: "How to inform the plural of nouns ending in *o*" in your Letter Box. According to Pres. H. Saito's *Practical English Grammar*, which we have in our stock, I understood that there is a rule to inform it as such:

"Most nouns ending in *o* proceeded by a consonant takes *is*."

As you know, Pres. H. Saito is one of the well-known English grammarians and is the

founder of the Seisoku-Yeigo-Gakko (the correct English school) at Tokyo, Japan.

We regret that we do not know "Pres." H. Saito to be "one of the well-known English grammarians," and our esteemed correspondent's quotation does not inspire confidence. If we are to believe the "Pres.," the plural of "mango" is "mangis," and the plural of "hobo" is "hobis." We would say, perhaps flippantly, to the "Pres."—"Guess again!" But we would not be flippant to the Clear White Soul who writes to us on Bummei-Do's official stationery. Unworthy though we be, we reverence that pious, learned spirit. May the Sunshine of Success illuminate all his paths, and may he drink forever at the Fountains of Felicity.

IV

A letter of inquiry from Lebanon, Pennsylvania:

Kindly give me in your Letter Box the words to "L. Miserere" from *Il Trovatore* and the story connected with it. H. S. K.

The gentleman's name in *Il Trovatore* is not precisely "L. Miserere." We advise our correspondent to get the libretto of the opera in question from some New York music-dealer, for instance, from the house of Schirmer or from that of Messrs. C. H. Ditson and Company.

V

We have received from a gentleman whose name indicates a Semitic origin a number of printed forms. In the principal one he kindly advises us that "it is recommendable to forward all payments by means of postal notes in a well closed envelope, *which is not to be registered.*" This matter refers to the "official money-lottery of the Kingdom of Bulgaria," and our unknown correspondent writes us from the pleasant city of Sofia in that interesting country. He tells us a great many things about the "stakes," and how we may become rich and happy by sending him a postal note. We mention the matter here purely out of a feeling of courtesy which will not allow us to leave any letters unanswered; but we must distinctly and firmly decline to share in any "stakes" in "the official money-lottery of

the Kingdom of Bulgaria." Bulgaria is a long way off; and, as we said, we have not the pleasure of this gentleman's acquaintance. There are also other reasons for our coyness.

VI.

Last month we printed part of a poem which was very Kipling-like, but which was only a fragment. It was sent us by a reader who was anxious to secure the rest of it and to know something of its origin. A lady in San Francisco is good enough to send us the entire poem. We preface it by some sentences from the letter which accompanied the copy:

THE LETTER BOX:

Your query concerning the unidentified poem in the July Letter Box interests me, for I clipped it from a local weekly, all of five or six years ago, where it was printed under the title "Seafarers," with no credit to either author or source. . . . I have not seen it anywhere else, and every one to whom I have shown it pronounces it a stranger.

With renewed thanks to the lady for the complete copy, we publish it here. It only remains for some other reader to tell us who the author is. The poem is too good to go on forever with the pitiful tag "Anon."

SEAFARERS

Shanghaied in San Francisco.

And we fetched up in Bombay.

They set us afloat on an old Leith boat,

That steered like a stack o' hay.

We panted in the tropics,

When the pitch boiled up on deck,

And we saved our hides, and little besides,

From an ice-cold North Sea wreck.

We have drunk our rum in Portland,

We have threshed up Behring Strait,

We have toed the mark on a Yankee barque,

With a hard-case Down-East mate.

We know the streets of Santos,

And the loom of the lone Azores,

And we found our grub in a salt-horse tub

Condemned from Navy stores.

We know the track to Auckland,

And the light on Sydney Head;

We have crept close-hauled while the leadsman called

The depths of the Channel's bed.

We know the quays of Glasgow,
And the river at Saigon,
And have drunk our glass with a Chinese lass
In a houseboat at Canton.

They pay us off in London
(It's oh for a spell ashore!),
And again we ship for the Southern trip,
In a week, or hardly more.
It's "Good-bye, Sally and Sue,"
For it's time to get afloat,
With an aching head and a straw-stuffed bed,
A knife and an oilskin coat.

Sing, "Time to leave her, Johnnie,"
Sing, "Bound for the Rio Grande,"
When the tug turns back we follow her track,
For a long, last look at land.
Then the purple disappears,
And only the blue is seen,
That will send our bones down to Davy Jones,
And our souls to Fiddler's Green.

VII

Now comes a polite question from a reader in Buffalo, New York:

DEAR BOOKMAN:

I am glad to find in your *Inferno* in the June BOOKMAN, the word *au-to-mo'-bile*, with the accent on the penult. This accent had always offended my ears, but it seems to be increasing, and when its advocates triumphantly refer me to the *Century Dictionary*, which gives no other pronunciation, I can't give any better reason than that I "just know" it isn't so. Will you please tell me why the most cultivated people accent the last syllable, which is the same as asking why you put it into the *Inferno* with the penultimate accent?

This letter is merely a sort of diversion of light cavalry to precede the attack in force, of which we spoke last month. We shall not fire off any ammunition until the main onset has swept up to the breastworks. Here it comes—horse, foot, dragoons, and the whole panoply of horrid war. It approaches from the direction of Denver, Colorado, and perhaps the estimable Polka Dots may be in the van of the assault.

EDITOR OF THE LETTER BOX:

In the March number of the BOOKMAN, in answer to your correspondent from St. Louis, regarding the pronunciation of "automobile," you use the following words:

"Our correspondent misunderstands us. The proper pronunciation of the word 'automobile' has a strong accent on the first syllable, and no accent on any other syllable. This pronunciation is practically universal among cultivated people. The individual who figured the pronunciation in the *Century Dictionary* is probably the sort of person who always smells of fried things. The tendency of the English language is toward a recessive accent irrespective of the original quantity of the Greek or Latin word which is incorporated in our language. As to the genesis of 'automobile,' we should like to ask our correspondent how she pronounces the word 'anemone.' If she regards its genesis, she ought to accent the penult, and not the antepenult."

Not so fast, my brother, not so fast! Your strictures are too severe. Ease up a little—just a little! As a matter of fact, is there any real analogy between "anemone" and "automobile"? The former is a simple word, and the latter is made up of the *two* words "auto" and "mobile," each being accented on its first syllable. When these two words are combined into one, the accent of the less important gives way to that of the other, and we have "auto-mō'bile," the BOOKMAN to the contrary, notwithstanding. Furthermore, if you will look at the note under the word *anemone* in Webster's *International Dictionary*, edition of 1900, you will read the following words: "This word is sometimes pronounced *anemō'ne*, especially by classical scholars."

Under the general rule, "It is better to be dead than out of the fashion," we shall hereafter expect the BOOKMAN to say not only "auto-mō'bile," but "anemō'ne," as well. Your revised edition of the *Inferno* should contain "anem'one" in the place of "auto-mō'bile"—provided you are dying to be classical, don't you know! Had you not better ease up on your strictures a little bit more—just a little bit more? In the following quotation, for instance? "This pronunciation is practically universal among cultivated people. The individual who figured the pronunciation in the *Century Dictionary* is probably the sort of person who always smells of fried things!" Do you know that Webster's *International Dictionary* also pronounces this word "auto-mō'bile, first, last, and all the time? Does the individual who "figured out" this pronunciation for Webster also smell of "fried things"? Does not your business office advertise, and sell, Webster's *International Dictionary* as an

authority on spelling, pronunciation, definition, etc., etc.?

Going still further, do you know that the *New International Encyclopædia* says "auto-mō'bile," or "automobēl"? And do you know that *your* pronunciation is, or at least seems to be, without any authority whatever? And do you mean to confess that the editors and publishers of the *New International Encyclopædia* are not within the pale of cultivated people? And do they, also, smell of fried things? Do you not get a whiff, now and then, associating as you do with people who always have the smell about them? For, I notice that Dodd, Mead and Co. publish the *Encyclopædia*, as well as the BOOKMAN. They even advertise Dr. F. Sturgis Allen, Chief of their Department of Pronunciation, as being "Chief Editor (under Dr. William T. Harris) of Webster's *International Dictionary*."

Do you not know that the business office of your firm advertises the *Dictionary* and the *Encyclopædia* as "The Two Internationals," and guarantees them to be authority in *words*, as well as in *subjects*? And on the heels of that question comes another—an important one to many people—"If the BOOKMAN is the ultimate authority on spelling, pronunciation, meaning, *general*, and *special* use of words, what will become of all those men, women, and children who have nothing but "The Two Internationals"? Of course you will say, "Oh, that is *easy*—subscribe for the BOOKMAN!" But what will they do with the "gold bricks" that they have acquired? Will you refund on "The Two Internationals"? You must do *something* to relieve these unfortunates. You cannot look on from afar and merely exclaim, "Let me go hence. It is the uncultivated rabble. They smell of fried things!" No! Yes, you *are* right, they do smell of fried things—"The Man Who Knows" has been their way—abroad in the land, and walking up and down in it! He had *touched* the people, and what you smell is the smoke of their sizzling. Come out of your make-believe Inferno, and get a taste of the real thing!

Yours fraternally,

E. PLURIBUS UNUM.

Now all this will probably seem to many at first sight like a convincing and confounding crash—a dialectic *débâcle* under which we must be writhing in a state of prostration, mental, moral, and æsthetic. But no. Not at all. See how

a few plain words shall clear this matter up. Let us divide the whole thing into sections.

(1) Please remember that some months ago we declared to all our readers that in the Letter Box we were intrenched like a feudal baron in his castle. We do not hold ourselves responsible for anything else which may be said, done, written, advertised or spoken by the publishers of the BOOKMAN. That is none of our business. We have no business agent, no press agent, no connection with anything. We are not even answerable for what appears in other parts of THE BOOKMAN. We are the Letter Box, in splendid isolation, conveying the *fine fleur*, the *quinta essentia*, the pure milk of the Word in English usage, as it is found not among the "educated," who are often cruder than peasants, but among the Cultivated, the Enlightened, the Remnant, the Very Few. If we stopped at this point we should have sufficiently answered the "arguments" of E. Pluribus Unum, since they would not apply to us at all. But we are quite willing to come out of our castle and give him battle on the field that he has chosen.

(2) The word "automobile" came into our language from the French. Therefore, at first it was sounded *very much* as in French—*automobēl'*, with a slight accent on the ultima. This pronunciation is still largely used. We do not place it in the Inferno, for there is an historic reason for its existence. Yet the tendency to recessive accent, so characteristic of our language, soon began to work unconsciously. A few pedants hit upon "auto-mō'bile," thinking, as E. Pluribus Unum ignorantly thinks, that the fact of its being a compound word made any difference. But does the multitude know or care anything about compound words? Note "diagram," "telegram," "Marconigram," "imbecile," "syllogism," "adjudicate," "indicative"—in fact, all the hundreds of compounds on which the accent recedes back of the second word. Thus it came about that gradually the accent in "automobile" shifted from the ultima, where it originally belonged, to the initial syllable.

(3) The edition of Webster's *Dic-*

tionary, which our correspondent quotes, is nearly ten years old. The *New International Encyclopædia*, though since greatly revised, has not been so revised in its orthoepy for six years. Very rarely is it necessary to make such a revision. But in the case of new words for new things—as “automobile”—changes do occur quite rapidly. Ten years will often establish a cultivated pronunciation, side by side with a crude one. This has been so with “automobile.” Those who really know say “au’tomobile,” or possibly “automobile” (automo-beel’). The editors of dictionaries ten years ago could not tell just which pronunciation would finally be the accepted one, and so they cautiously

gave both. To-day, unless they smell of fried things, they would know what is the precise, and so to speak, canonical pronunciation.

(4) E. Pluribus Unum thinks that the number of people who say “automo’bile” is increasing. Perhaps so; but they are not the sort of people whose example one would care to follow in the niceties and finer things of life.

Having made these few remarks, we retire once more into our moated grange. We trust that all our readers may enjoy the summer, and not cease from writing to us merely because of our temporary æstivation. We shall bring back some choice new specimens for the Inferno.

THE VANISHED BOHEMIA*



PERHAPS the only kind of a Bohemia that brings with it the genuine suggestion of charm and romance and ardent hopes and brave enthusiasms is the vanished Bohemia; the Bohemia of reminiscence that has been mellowed by the lapse of years. It is the Bohemia of which the sordidness and the pretence and the pose have been kindly forgotten. That was the Bohemia which George du Maurier, come to sixty year, described glowingly in his story of Trilby O’Ferrall, and the “Three Musketeers of the Brush,” and the studio in the Place Sainte-Anatole des Arts on the *rive gauche* of the Paris of the last days of the Second Empire. That was the Bohemia that Thackeray, already something of a grave old gentleman at forty-five, liked to allude to in his memories of a remote youth, in his talk about Cider Cellars and Caves of Harmony, and the “brave days when we were twenty-one.” It is the Bohemia that in *Old Friends* seems to bring a thrill to Mr. William Winter, as he writes about the days in 1859 and 1860 when he came

from American Puritan Boston, where he had been writing what he thought was poetry, to New York, to drink beer in Pfaff’s restaurant on Broadway near Bleeker Street, and to foregather with the strange group of wits, real or alleged, that dominated the literary, journalistic and artistic life of the city of that period. And in the chapter in which he tells of this vanished Bohemia, Mr. Winter seems to recall much of the spirit of his vanished youth.

There were some pathetic lives and singular figures. For example, the Prince of that Bohemian Circle, Henry Clapp, who edited the *Saturday Press*, and who in appearance somewhat resembled the portraits of Voltaire. Clapp’s delight was to shock the commonplace mind and to sting the hide of the Pharisee with the barb of satire. At a time when Tupper was more popular than Tennyson and General George P. Morris was actually accepted as the American Tom Moore, a spirit like this was not without use. Clapp it was who described Horace Greeley as “a self-made man that worships his creator”; and who said of a notoriously vain clergyman, when asked if he knew what the Reverend — was doing: “He is waiting

*Old Friends. By William Winter. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

for a vacancy in the Trinity." With all his brilliancy, Clapp's life was one of crosses and disappointment. He drifted into penury and died in abject destitution, and lies buried in a little cemetery of his native Nantucket.

Then there was Fitz-James O'Brien, the most striking figure of the group. "As I think of him," writes Mr. Winter, "I recall Byron's expressive figure, 'a wild bird and a wanderer.'" Some of his stories, now quite forgotten, such as "The Diamond Lens" and "The Wonder-smith," were once regarded as the most ingenious tales that had appeared since Poe. When the war broke out O'Brien sought service in the field, at first with the Seventh Regiment of New York, and later as a Volunteer Aid on the staff of General Lander. O'Brien and Thomas Bailey Aldrich had applied, almost simultaneously, for the place of Aid, and the appointment had been given to Aldrich. Through an accident the letter carrying the appointment failed to reach Aldrich, and so the position went to O'Brien. On February 6, 1862, in a fight with the Confederate Cavalry, O'Brien was dangerously wounded. Two months later he died of the wound. Henry Clapp, who disliked intensely both of the men, summed up the subject in a frightful witticism. "Aldrich, I see," he said, "has been shot in O'Brien's shoulder."

Others of the Pfaff group were Edward G. P. Wilkins, George Arnold, N. G. Shepherd, Frank Wood, T. B. Aldrich, Charles D. Gardette, Edward Mullen, Walt Whitman, Charles Dawson Shanly, W. L. Symonds, George Boughton, and Sol Eytinge. At times, of nights, the long table beneath the Broadway sidewalk became surrounded. Once Artemus Ward made his first appearance there accompanied by an acquaintance. "Don't be afraid," said Ward reassuringly to his companion, "they won't hurt you. These are Bohemians. A Bohemian is an educated boss-thief." Thither came Mr. W. D. Howells, whom Mr. Winter describes as "at that time, a respectable youth, in black raiment, who had only just entered on the path to glory." In later years Mr. Howells wrote of the night as "an orgy," and of the Bohemians with "locks still damp

from the towels used to restore them from a fearful debauch." All of which Mr. Winter ascribes to the "fine fancy and fertile invention which have made Mr. Howells everywhere illustrious." In defence of his companions Mr. Winter says:

The men of whom I am writing had faults, no doubt, and many of them: all the angels, of course, lived in Boston at that time, and were marshalled, by Frank Underwood, around *The Atlantic Monthly*; but those old comrades of mine were not sots, nor were they given to "debauchery." Most of them were poor, and they were poorly paid. As an example, I will mention that for my poem of "After All," which has since found its way into almost every compilation of verse made within the last fifty years, I received three dollars—and was glad to receive so much. Revelry requires money: and at the time Mr. Howells met those Bohemians,—with the "damp locks" and the "frenzied eyes,"—it is probable that the group did not possess enough money among them all to buy a quart bottle of champagne. Furthermore, they were writers of remarkable ability, and they were under the stringent necessity of working continually and very hard: and it seems pertinent to suggest that such a poem, for instance, as George Arnold's "Old Pedagogue," or Fitz-James O'Brien's Ode in commemoration of Kane, or Charles Dawson Shanly's "Walker of the Snow," is not to be produced from the stimulation of alcohol. Literature is a matter of brains, not drugs. It would be equally just and sensible for American criticism to cherish American literature, and to cease from carping about the infirmities, whether actual or putative, of persons dead and gone, who can no longer defend themselves.

Perhaps the best chapter of a book that contains many good chapters is that in which Mr. Winter writes of his friend Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The two men were born in the same year, 1836, they entered the literary life at the same time, and from the day they met until they exchanged their last greetings there was never a cloud between them. Mr. Winter recalls a remark of the early days which he has held to be a comfort to remember. They were young strugglers in Boston, and Aldrich said: "There are

many people in this town, Willy, who think that you and I are fools; but as long as we know that we are *not*, it makes no difference to us." Here is a little quatrain which Mr. Winter recalls as typical of Aldrich's playful humour:

If my best wines mislike thy taste,
And my best service win thy frown,
Then tarry not, I bid thee haste—
There's many another inn in town.

Once, in Paris, Aldrich invited Mark Twain to take a walk and led him by a circuitous route to a book shop near the hotel from which they had started. In a window was a copy of the "Poems" of Aldrich. "I have asked the shopkeeper if he has any more of the works of Aldrich, and he says No; so you see the sale has been very large—for this is the only copy left; but he says that he has several shelves full of the works of Mark Twain, and more of them in the basement. I'm afraid you are not appreciated in France."

Much has been written about Charles Dickens in America and Charles Dickens as a reader from his own books, yet Mr. Winter's chapter gives a singular impression of freshness. When before an audience, he tells us, Dickens assumed the pose of an actor. He wore evening dress, but he used the accessories of foot-lights and also a coloured screen as a background, and he "made up" his face as actors do. There was, in his reading, an extraordinary facility for impersonation, and he employed all essential means to heighten the desired effect of it. How hard he worked to this end is shown in an anecdote which Mr. Winter had from the younger Charles Dickens. One morning at Gadshill the son heard a great din, shouts and screams, as of a violent drunken quarrel.

At first I did not heed it, but after a while, as it steadily continued, I went out to our grove, across the road, where I found my father, alone. "Have you heard the row?" I asked. "Did you hear any noise?" he answered. "Yes," I replied, "I thought somebody was being killed. What can have happened? Did you shout?" "I made the row," he replied; "I have been rehearsing the murder scene in *Oliver Twist*. It was the wrangle

of Bill Sykes and Nancy that you heard; I have just been trying to kill Nancy." "Well," I said, "I should think you have succeeded, for a more damnable racket was never made."

It is the custom of the present day, if not to ignore Wilkie Collins entirely, to speak of him as a writer of very mediocre talent. Mr. Winter, however, regards him as a great writer, deserving a place with the great masters of English fiction, and as a story-teller, specifically, standing alone. His personality was even more interesting than his authorship. Hall Caine, in his recently published *My Story*, spoke of Collins's use of laudanum. Mr. Winter contributes the further information that he also took opium, and that he defended the practice. "Opium," he said, "sometimes hurts, but also, sometimes, it helps." His use of drugs grew out of his acute sufferings from rheumatic gout in the eyes. When he was writing *The Moonstone* his pain was so great that he could not control himself, and one amanuensis after another was forced to leave him. Writhing and groaning on a couch he dictated the greater part of that extraordinary story. Using George William Curtis as a text Mr. Winter makes the opportunity of preaching a sermon against the practice of glorifying hardship as an incentive and inspiration in literary work. Because of the sacrifice Curtis had to make when he went into business, and again when he went into politics, Mr. Winter holds that the literature of his country is poorer. Literature, maintains Mr. Winter, was never yet enriched through the pressure of want. The best literatures of the world, those of Greece and England, were created in the gentlest and most favourable climates of the world. "With little exception, the best individual work in those literatures was produced by writers whose circumstances were those of peace and comfort. Shakespeare, Herrick, Chaucer, Milton, Pope, Byron, Wordsworth, Addison, Shelley, Scott, Moore, Lamb, Thackeray, Tennyson—none of them lacked the means of reputable subsistence. Burns, fine as he was, would have been finer in a softer and sweeter environment of worldly circumstance."

How ephemeral is celebrity! How many of the readers of the present generation recall even the name of Arthur Sketchley, the first man of whom Mr. Winter writes in his chapter on "Old Familiar Faces." Sketchley, whose real name was George Rose, is described as one of the blithest of companions. He was a humourist and an impersonator, and in the character of Mrs. Martha Brown, a representative of the average, conventional middle-class English mind, he satirised the scenes and incidents of the passing hour. In England and Australia he had an extraordinary success; in America Mrs. Brown was not understood. Rose became an intimate friend of the American humourist Artemus Ward. The latter Mr. Winter describes as possessing, in an extraordinary degree, the faculty of maintaining a solemn composure of countenance while making comical or ridiculous statements. Some of the manifestations of this gift must have been, to say the least, exceedingly embarrassing. One night he and Winter had been merry-making, and about three o'clock in the morning repaired to Ward's hotel, at Broadway and Great Jones Street.

On reaching his room he hastily summoned a servant, and, after ordering that copious refreshment should be provided, he earnestly inquired, with an imposing aspect of solemnity, an aspect by which I was completely deceived, whether it would be possible to arouse the landlord. The servant hesitated.

"It is late, sir," he said.

"I know it is late," replied Artemus; "but I have a message for him, of the utmost importance. It is urgent, and I am sure he will be glad to receive it. Do you think you could wake him?"

"Yes, sir; I could wake him, if you"—

"Well—I will see that you are not blamed. Will you remember what I say, and be careful to deliver the message exactly as I tell you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then, give him my compliments; be sure you mention my name; he's an old friend of mine; he'll be delighted to hear from me. Wake him, and tell him,— and speak *distinctly*, will you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell him, with my very kindest regards, that—the price of liberty is eternal vigilance."

Of Edmund Clarence Stedman, Mr. Winter writes in the highest terms of eulogy and appreciation, but in his attitude toward Richard Henry Stoddard there is perhaps the suggestion of a certain hostility. He tells how one day he (Winter) and Henry Clapp locked the doors of the old *Saturday Press* office to prevent the intrusion of creditors. There came a loud, impatient knocking, followed by the sound of a grumbling voice. Finally the visitor gave up the attempt and went away. Clapp took his pipe from his mouth and softly murmured: "'Twas the voice of the Stoddard—I heard him complain."

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

YOU OF THE MORNING HOUR

With deep Amen are closed the funeral rites:
The wreathing incense lingers on the air,
A mist of sorrow and a floating prayer
That dims the altar's starry lights.

Slowly the coffin 'neath its crest of flowers,
Two white-robed nuns before,
Is borne to trembling music down the aisle;
And following, as loath to go,
Even to steps so slow,
The mourners in defile—
The white-haired woman whom her grief devours,
The children bowed and weeping sore
The friend, the father they will see no more.

And we the watchers, grey of head,
 Lifelong companions of the man here dead,
 Gaze-sorrowing through backward glance of years,
 And finding ever lonely founts of tears
 In silent reaches of the past.

Sudden I catch my breath aghast,
 And ask myself what place
 In such procession finds yon smiling face?
 Scarce more than boy, with sunlit hair
 And eyes of laughing blue,
 Of buoyant stride and gesture debonnair,
 A red rose in his coat so gay of hue.
 What does he there,
 With joy of raptured hours upon his brow,
 In startling light from suns long gone?
 Why shine they on his forehead here and now,
 The while the dead man's coffin passes slowly on?

Surely I know, I've seen—
 Oh, no: the like it never could have been—

What smile familiar on his lips—
 His parted lips, as if some song
 Of joyous lilting and of merry quips
 Were fain to issue clear and strong?
 Yea, glad strains ring of carols wild, profane,
 That match the laughter of his eyes,
 Strange discord making with the sobs and sighs
 From hearts here wrung in bitter pain.
 They mingle with the dead-chant in mine ear,
 Across the thrilling of the organ's roll:
 O stripling of the singing soul,
 Your place is far from here!

Ay, somewhere once, far off in time,
 When twin were love and joy,
 And living was a silver rhyme,
 I knew you, boy, care-free and debonnair;
 And he whose clay you follow knew
 Your laughing heart, your blue eyes rare,
 You of the morning hour,
 You of the blood-red flow'r.
 And all might read the darling hope
 That was your lode-star then,
 Ere passion fired you, and the rocky slope,
 Ambition, tempted you beyond your ken:
 When love first dawned on you in flame,
 And temple shrines of fame,
 Mid garden spaces hedged by living truth,
 Lay fair before you, eager to explore—

*Oh God, it is my golden, jocund youth
 Goes out there by the dead man at the door.*
Joseph I. C. Clarke.

THE HUMAN SIDE OF TENNYSON*



WHEN the memoir of Lord Tennyson, written by his son, appeared, the book was hailed with eagerness by two entirely different sets of readers; or rather, one may say with more exactness, it was read from two entirely different points of view. There were many persons who were especially concerned with the purely literary side of England's greatest laureate, with the sources whence he gathered his suggestions, with his theory of his own technique, and with the intimate details of his poetical composition. There were many more who sought for something really accurate and authentic of Tennyson the man—of the living personality that lay behind his splendid and stately creations, like a magician standing at the heart of some marvellous maze of shimmering enchantment.

To the analyst of style, to the expert in metrical experiment, and to the critical student of our nineteenth-century English, no poet in his work suggests so many interesting questions as does Tennyson. And in the scholar, also, who can look at literature in a broader way, as part of the culture-history of an epoch, the poetry of Tennyson inspires curious reflections. For it was his extraordinary good fortune not only in his method to develop to the utmost all the latent music of our mother tongue, and in his themes to sweep the entire gamut of feeling and emotion, but in doing so to bring to bear the finest, broadest, truest scholarship, fused indistinguishably with a subtly penetrating knowledge of mankind; so that almost alone among the greatest modern singers, he received the enthusiastic plaudits of the learned, and at the same time touched the heart of the unlettered and the lowly. And this is in reality the final test of the poetic art, which in its supreme development is not for any class or set or coterie of men, but for the enduring joy of all humanity.

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Among recent poets Tennyson is in this respect almost, if not entirely, unique. He is saturated with the classical literature; he knows it, not as a university don or as a pedant knows it, as something laboriously acquired, and therefore a thing of which its possessor is always ostentatiously self-conscious; but it is a part of himself as truly as are his modern sympathies, his consummate mastery of his native tongue, and his unerring instinct for cadences and harmonies. Take any one of such fine poems as "Titonus," or "Ænone" or "Lucretius," and the classical scholar will find a hundred subtle reminiscences of the Greek and Roman singers; yet these reminiscences are not dragged in as tags or lamely introduced just because of their suitability to a given purpose, but they are so completely blended with the poet's own splendid diction and vivid searching thought as to be truly his, and therefore they yield to the cultivated reader an added richness and charm, without even the faintest flavour of imitation or repetition. They are what Vergil's reminiscences of Ennius were to the later Romans—simply a tinting, an added magnificence, a reminder that here is not only a rich and noble imagination at play, but also a mind teeming with all that is beautiful and best in the whole great past of man's artistic creativeness.

Nor is it merely in his occasional themes and in his frequent turns of phrase that Tennyson recalls his classic masters. His wonderful harmonies, his suggested and unuttered music, would have been impossible except to one who had noted and understood the melodic capacity of human speech applied to perfect diction, as seen in those immortal singers who had at their command a complex metrical system based upon the nicest and most delicate quantitative distinctions, and who studied the melody of language until they could make their lines sing like a bird, or trill like a silver flute, or roar and thunder with the deep organ music of the tempestuous sea. Tennyson is everywhere classical in his profound comprehension of the require-



ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON, LADY TENNYSON, AND THEIR SON

ments of his art; while he is modern in the spirit that directs it and in the ends to which he so unerringly applies it. And this modernness is to be detected partly in his choice of themes, yet still more fully in his spiritual treatment of them. For, unlike the Greeks and the Romans, the simplest things of life can stir him deeply. The obvious and the usual are

so treated by him that they, too, sing or sob at the master's touch. The ripple of the brook that rushes over its pebbles, the dying note of the distant bugle horn, the hopes and fears of the village girl, and even the shrewd, homely wisdom of the peasant, are to him as instinct with true poetry as that sublimely useless rush of the Six Hundred on the Russian guns,

or the solemn passing of the soul that vanishes out into illimitable darkness amid the sound of the breaking surf and the chime of the evening bell.

The stateliness of Tennyson, his loftiness of mind, his true patrician scorn of what is low and mean are felt in every line he wrote. The spirit of the English gentleman who loves the truth and worships honour is most clearly seen in the selection of King Arthur as the hero of that cluster of superb delineations which together form an epic built round the central figure of one who is the type incarnate of true chivalry. Yet the marvel still remains that as, with all his subtle learning, Tennyson is the chosen poet of the unlettered, so with all his aristocratic pride and elevation he none the less can sweep the heart-strings of the lowly. He mingles in his art the varied powers of a score of other poets. Thus, Swinburne is quite as deeply versed in the classical tradition; he has the gift of melody in almost an equal measure; yet he is but little read by men who know no Latin and no Greek. Longfellow had the pathos, the apparent artlessness, and the simplicity; but he lacked the strength and force, while his scholarship was superficial; so that men who are supremely cultivated pass him by as being little more than an amiable and pleasing rhymers. Kipling, who should by right have succeeded to the laurel, is full of fire and splendid energy, but he lacks the spiritual element, while the rude vigour of much that he sets down too often repels by its sheer brutality. It was Tennyson alone, in our day, who could dominate all types of mind, and kindle the imagination and stir the blood alike of peasant and patrician. No wonder, then, that every thoughtful student of pure poetry is eager for some light upon the processes that went to make so marvellous an artist and so supreme a master of emotion.

But if Tennyson the poet is an object of especial interest there is much in Tennyson the man that still more piques the curiosity. Almost alone among English-speaking men of letters, he succeeded in maintaining that freedom from intrusion which is every day becoming more difficult: for the man or the woman of dis-

tingtion. To him there was something vulgar in the publicity that so many persons not only tolerate but even court. His work belonged to the world, but he meant his life to be all his own, open to his nearest friends, and barred against all others. And so he shut himself up in the Isle of Wight, as being a place not easily accessible to the casual tourist, and he afterward removed thence, to a still more sheltered spot. The reporter never got beyond his gateway; the gossiping American tourist never had a chance to publish any small-beer chronicles of his daily life and talk. And the chosen friends who knew him well and who were free to come and go at pleasure proved singularly reticent and discreet, so that throughout the lifetime of the poet, a bit of genuine Tennysonianism was the very rarest of all literary treasures. Of his life and of his person the world at large had only a vague impression comparable with that which the fisher-folk of his island home at times received of a tall and striking figure, wrapped in an ample cloak and crowned with an eccentric hat, walking up and down in the mists of early evening, lost in thought or muttering the verses that were presently to delight the world with their exquisite and perfect charm.

Therefore, as I have already said, the memoir written by his son was regarded and examined from two points of view—first as to the light which it might shed upon Lord Tennyson's artistic theories and methods, and in the second place as to the more intimate knowledge which it was expected to give of the living, breathing, human man who won for English poetry an added glory. From both these points of view the memoir itself proved to be wholly disappointing, and it is instructive to consider the reason why this judgment must be passed upon it: for the consideration will serve to show what limits must be set to the study and the understanding of the creative processes and the intimate personality of transcendent genius.

First of all, let us very briefly take up the question of how far the world has been enlightened as to the inner history and the psychical side of the poetry of Tennyson. If any one could so enlighten

us, surely it would be the poet's son. It was long ago that Hallam Tennyson set himself the task which he finally completed in this memoir. His father knew his purpose and approved of it. Hence, every possible aid was given him and every possible source of knowledge was freely open to him. He received and carefully preserved the original drafts of all the greater poems. He noted down his father's statements as to sources and suggestions. He had the precious privilege of long and searching conversations in which the poet spoke with the greatest frankness and freedom regarding every sort of theme suggested by the study of his verse; and he recorded carefully a thousand interesting details regarding the circumstances that attended the composition of the various poems. One had the right then to expect to find in the wealth of material so patiently collected and correlated and massed together, a treasure-house of priceless information. One might not unreasonably suppose that through this intimate knowledge one could go back of the poet's finished work to the workings of the mind that lay behind it, and by following up the stream of his poetry, stand for a moment beside its very source. Let us see, therefore, how much real insight can be actually gained from the immense collection of facts which Hallam Tennyson has recorded for us; and this may best be done by taking from his pages some of the notes and facts and comments that will be sufficiently illustrative of all the rest.

Thus, of *In Memoriam*, one of the most deeply thoughtful threnodies that the world has ever read, his biographer gives in Tennyson's own words the original design of the poem:

"It must be remembered," Lord Tennyson wrote, "that this is a poem and not a biography. . . . It was meant to be a kind of *Divina Commedia*, ending with happiness. The sections were written at many different places and as the pleasures of our intercourse came to my memory and suggested them. I did not write them with any view of weaving them into a whole, or for publication until I had written so many. The different moods of sorrow, as in a drama are dramatically given, and my

conviction that fear, doubts, and suffering will find answer only through Faith in a God of Love. 'I' is not always the author speaking of himself, but the voice of the human race speaking through him."

As to the gradual evolution of the *Idylls of the King* much interesting information is set down. The germ of this series of noble poems is traced to the short lyric, entitled "The Lady of Shalott," which appeared as early as 1832; though even before this (in 1830) the other lyric, "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere," had been partly written. Among Lord Tennyson's papers his son found a sketch of an epic on the same subject set down in prose about the year 1833. Some scattering notes of the same date have also been preserved. They are very short and very fragmentary, but they are especially significant as showing that from the very conception of the idea, the *Idylls* had presented themselves to their author as embodying an allegory, in which King Arthur prefigures religious faith, Modred scepticism, Merlin science, Excalibur war, and the Round Table liberal institutions. At this time, however, Tennyson had not decided definitely whether to develop the theme in epic form or as a musical masque, for his manuscript-books preserve the rough draft of a scenario into which the episode of Elaine was afterward introduced. The poet made a long study of the whole Arthurian legend—talking, thinking, and reading about the subject until his mind was saturated with his theme. He visited Wales because of his interest in what he called "the greatest of all poetical subjects;" it was not until the plan had been thoroughly worked out and had been in his mind for more than twenty years that he finally published (in 1855) the first instalment of the poem in "Enid," "Vivien," "Elaine," and "Guinevere;" and even then, with the applause of the whole English-speaking world to urge him on, he did not hurry the completion of the cycle; so that it was not until 1885 that "Balin and Balan" rounded out the twelve books and made perfect one of the noblest monuments of literature.

Of the stirring "Charge of the Light Brigade," we learn that Tennyson in

reading the account of the battle of Balaclava in the *London Times*, found there the phrase "some one had blundered," and that this was the origin of the metre of the poem, besides furnishing its author with one of the lines—a line much criticised, by the way, as being too colloquial in its phrasing. Of "Maud" it is said that in reading it aloud the poet always prefaced the reading with a long

He disliked hexameters in English, yet rather inconsistently experimented in other classical metres to which our language is still less adapted, notably the Alcaic, as in his "Ode to Milton." He believed Vêrgil's finest hexameters to be found in the Georgics, and he held with all the stubbornness of an Englishman the view that the absurd English pronunciation of Greek is grander than that



Dear yours

A. Tennyson

TENNYSON IN YOUTH

explanation of its dramatic qualities; and his son thinks that his delivery of this poem showed him to be possessed of the dramatic qualities of a great actor. In the metre of the short poem "Boadicea," Tennyson greatly gloried; but he feared that those who read it would not understand the rhythm.

We have much miscellaneous information about Tennyson's views of his own art and of metrical technique, though these views are not set forth in the memoir in any connected or systematised way.

which the Greeks must have employed, "with a difference as between the roar of the Northern Sea and the hissing of the Mediterranean." Some attention is given to his rather radical opinions about blank verse in English, and it is noted that his own blank verse is practically a new invention, differing from that of the Elizabethans and of Milton in being more flexible and varied, and also, one may add, more difficult to read with good effect. He made some rather comic lines by way of showing what would be

the effect of a metrical, as distinct from a natural, accent in English verse—among them this pentameter:

Áll men alike hate slóps, ||párticulárlý gruél.

It is noted also, that Tennyson thought himself the inventor of the metre of "In Memoriam," and only afterward discovered that it had been already used by Ben Jonson, Sir Philip Sidney, and Lord Herbert of Cherbury. Not without some value is the statement made in the memoir to the effect that, judging by the personal letters called forth by them and by the number of translations made of them, the most popular poems of Tennyson are "Enoch Arden," "Aylmer's Field," "The Grandmother," "Sea Dreams," "The Northern Farmer," "Tithonus," and "The Flower," together with "In Memoriam." Of "Enoch Arden," sixty thousand copies were sold in an incredibly short time.

It will be seen that the sort of information which has been here detailed, while it is very interesting, and while it has a real value in literary history, does not, after all, give one anything resembling an actual insight into the subjective processes of the poet's work. And this is inevitable. In the nature of things an inspiration cannot be analysed; the soul of art cannot be vivisected. A great genius cannot set down in bald detail the innumerable influences that guide him in evolving an immortal work. He does not know them himself; he is not conscious of them. His mind is richly stored with thoughts that are apparently unrelated. His soul is vibrating to a myriad delicate harmonies that are as yet completely unevoked. Then comes a time when some strong emotion, some powerful wave of sentiment or of feeling, sweeps over him, and of a sudden a set of ideas that before were nebulous and half chaotic leap out before the consciousness, arranging themselves at once into harmonious relation to each other. The imagination is kindled, the brain throbs with the passion of creativeness, the words come swiftly and in melodious fitness to clothe the thought in language that shall ennoble and enrich it—and a great poem is born. But who can say of such a work that one thing or another is alone responsible for its sugges-

tion? It may be the rapid impulse of a moment, or it may be the ripened fruit of years and years. Of each of these processes an illustration has been given above in the origin of the "Charge of the Light Brigade," and in the evolution of the *Idylls*—and of the two, the first perhaps is the more significant and truly typical.

It is, however, when we apply to the memoir the second test that we find it chiefly lacking. When we ask for information of Tennyson the poet, we learn whatever the closest observation and the most intimate knowledge can afford; and if all this be defective, it is defective only from the nature of the case. But when we ask to be enlightened as to Tennyson the man, then we know that our disappointment is due wholly to the accident of the biographer's relationship to his subject. We desire to know Tennyson as he really was, with all his weaknesses as well as all his strength, with his temperamental idiosyncrasies as well as his intellectual grandeur. Now the present Lord Tennyson did his work as a dutiful and loving son should do such work. One can but praise him for the great discretion, the delicate feeling, and the tact that he displayed. He gave an agreeable picture of a character that was really fine, and he set forth the history of a poet who was in very truth a most consummate genius. But he wrote first of all as a son, and not as a searching analyst; he also suppressed much that others could have written and that he could not. He chose perforce *pietas* and not simply *veritas* as the motto of this portion of his work.

Of what sort, in reality, was Tennyson the man? As revealed to us by his son he appears a noble and somewhat stately personage, grave, and full of proud patrician dignity. This side is lightened by touches here and there that show a gleam of humour, an interest in the common things of life, a quiet love of fun, a latent geniality. But this lighter side is but a glimpse, a flicker, a quite artistically introduced relief to a picture that as a whole is one of almost haughty seriousness. We lay down the book with an impression of a character that is somewhat ideal, one that explains

some of the phases of his genius, yet one that is defective as a clue to much that we can feel in reading his completed work. The Tennyson of the memoir is the Tennyson who wrote the *Idylls*, the Tennyson of "In Memoriam;" but it is not the Tennyson of "The Northern Farmer," and of "The May Queen," nor is it quite the Tennyson of those stirring lyrics that voice the soul of martial England.

Now, it was right for Hallam Tennyson to give the world a more or less idealised delineation of his father; and, if one seeks elsewhere for a truer and fuller knowledge of the man, it is not in the spirit of iconoclasm nor in that other spirit, so prevalent to-day, which worships ugliness in the morbid vein of Baudelaire. It is rather the desire to know so much of the whole truth as may be necessary to the perfect comprehension of a great man's art, and to explain what cannot otherwise be wholly comprehensible. And, indeed, when all is said that must be said, the magic of the poet and the greatness of the man will not one whit be lessened; they will only be explained.

Lord Tennyson came of a stock in which were traceable three quite distinct and different racial strains. His father's family was originally of Danish blood, descended from the Scandinavian invaders who occupied the territory to the north of the Humber in King Alfred's time. Upon his mother's side is found French ancestry; and these two elements had been blended in every century with a strong infusion of pure Saxon blood. It is no idle fancy that detects in the poet's work the vital qualities, the distinguishing characteristics, that are due to each of these three sources. To the French strain in Tennyson he owes his sense of style, his perfect clarity, his ease and flexibility of diction, and his exquisite appreciation of the unique and fitting word that always rose responsively to mirror in its sound and sense the subtlest shades of thought. From the Danish element his poetry received much of its eerie picturesqueness and the fine imaginative quality which, with a touch of wildness, forever glows and shimmers in the poetry of the Scandinavian North.

And to the Saxon blood are due that underlying strength and sturdiness, that homely quaintness, and that ripe humanity which give to all the other qualities their full perfection and enduring power. It was this last, indeed, that bound the whole together, and imparted to the whole an honest, manly, human touch.

The Saxon side, the yeoman side, was very marked in all the personal characteristics of the man. It showed itself in many ways—in ways that are intensely characteristic of the Englishman; and it is essential that these shall be least suggested in any conscientious effort, however slight, to link the poet with the man.

In the first place, the self-assertiveness which is so typically English was very strong in Tennyson. He had but little care for another's feelings. Visitors who came to him on his invitation or on the invitation of his wife were often appalled by his grimness, his sullen silence, his rude indifference to all the duties of a host. Nor was even his sociability at times less typical of a strangely self-centred nature; since it often took the form of egotism, and he would bear down all other conversation in his arrogant monologues upon his own achievements, ending usually with interminable recitations of his own productions; for he was inordinately fond of declamatory renderings of his latest verse; and while, no doubt, one might esteem it a high privilege to hear Tennyson interpreted by himself, the fact remains that the act was one of gross indifference to others.

In some still less commendable ways he showed the same aggressiveness. Professor Max Müller, in his lately published reminiscences, gives us a very curious case in point. While Professor Müller and his wife were still newcomers in the town of Oxford, they had the honour of entertaining Tennyson, until then a stranger to them, in their home. He spent the night there, and in the morning strode into the breakfast-room, and, without the usual salutation, stalked up to the table, which was already laid. Whipping the cover off the principal dish, he snorted with disgust.

"Mutton chops!" he roared. "The staple of every second-rate inn in England."

Again, this very fundamental and pervasive trait sometimes appeared as selfishness and perhaps ingratitude. His biographer records the long and intimate friendship between Tennyson and Edward Fitzgerald, the translator, or, perhaps, one might say the creator, of Omar Kháyyám. But naturally no mention is made of one fact which, in his lifetime, Tennyson's nearest intimates deplored and often made the subject of apologetic comment. When he was young and rather straitened in his circumstances, the future laureate, then quite unknown, first won Fitzgerald's friendship. Fitzgerald recognised his genius and was to him far more than any ordinary friend, opening his purse to him, helping him in all his numerous perplexities, and giving him the aid and comfort of which he often was most seriously in need. But when Tennyson had become famous and Fitzgerald was an old and feeble man, then the distinguished poet let the friendship die. He never went to see Fitzgerald; he never asked him to his house; and he seemed entirely forgetful of any debt of gratitude.

Another quality like this—an English, Saxon, peasant quality—is found in a strong vein of coarseness that belonged to the very nature of the man. He had a homely way of uttering coarse things in language that was direct and forcible, but that was strange enough in the mouth of a poet of such exquisite delicacy and grace. A very curious story that has never before, I think, been printed, may be set down here with an apology for telling it. It illustrates so perfectly one phase of Tennyson's mentality that the reader will perhaps forgive its crudeness. It seems that Carlyle once, while visiting the poet, brought up the subject of William the Conqueror, and with his usual tendency to hero-worship set forth in a long and glowing monologue the ability and native power of the Norman king. He lauded his martial qualities, he defended and justified his cruelties to the vanquished Saxons, and he ended with a passionate eulogy of the man. All this time Tennyson had uttered not a word, but sat in silence, puffing slowly at the stem of a short black pipe. At last, after an hour of declamation, Car-

lyle turned to his listener and cried out, triumphantly:

"Come, man, what think ye of him, now?"

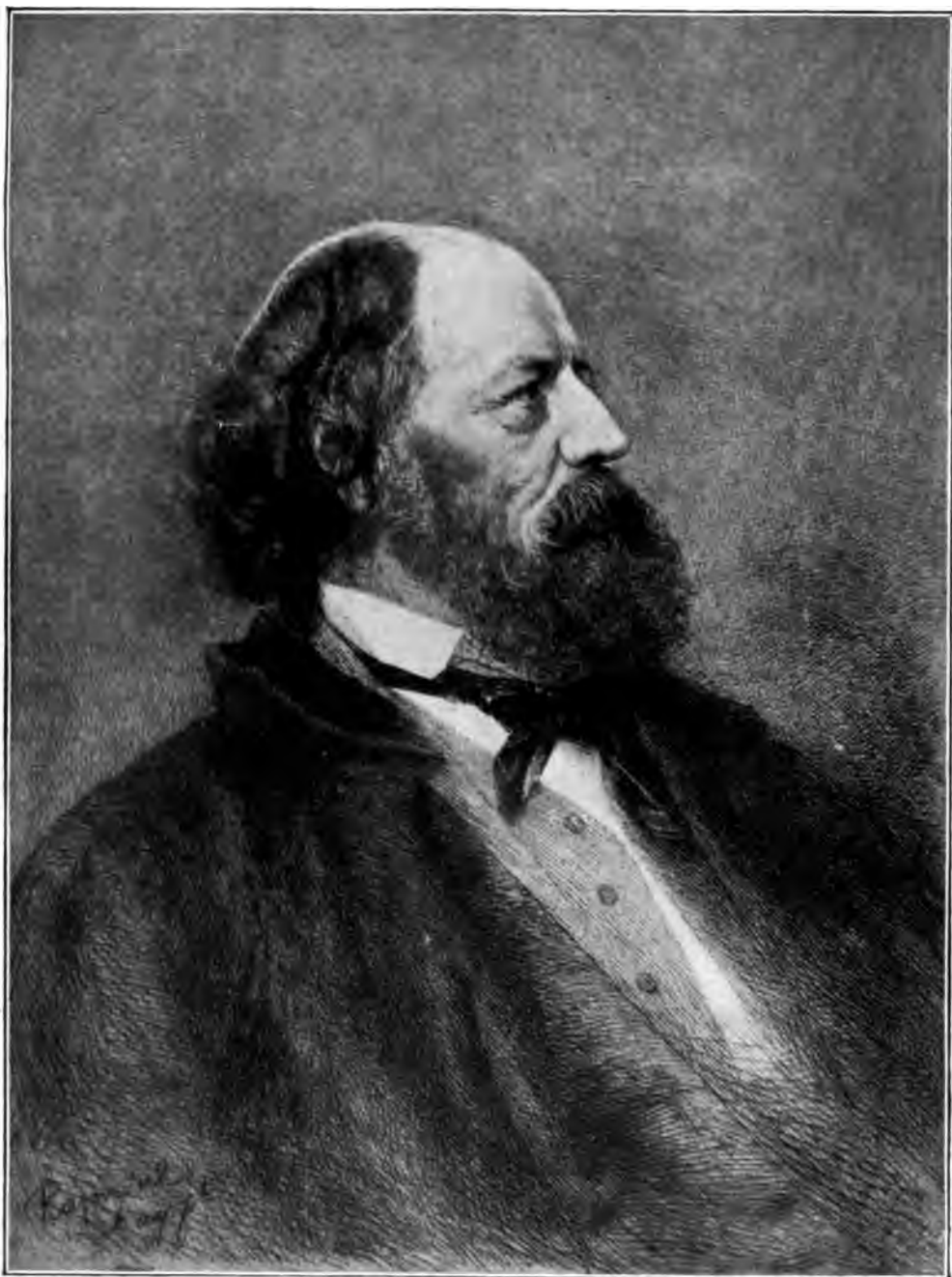
Tennyson took another puff or two and then drew the pipe from his mouth.

"If I had been there," he observed sentimentously, "he'd very soon have felt my knife in his guts!"

When Longfellow first visited Tennyson, the Englishman entertained him for an hour or more with the narration of obscene stories. Longfellow, a man of extreme and almost feminine refinement, listened silently, suppressing out of courtesy his ineffable disgust. Afterward a friend of both of them ventured as delicately as possible to intimate to Tennyson how he had shocked and disappointed his American guest. There still exists a letter which is half apology and half explanation, written to Longfellow by the other poet, and giving, as an excuse, the reaction that he always felt after devoting himself so intensely to the subtlest niceties of language—a reaction which drove him often into the utterance of things both gross and vile.

It is not necessary to illustrate further this side of Tennyson's personality, as to which, however, an abundance of authentic material exists. What has been said is quite sufficient to explain some characteristics of his work. And it has, indeed, a larger meaning of which one ought not to lose sight. It touches the far-reaching question of the true significance, and the limitations also, of the very highest culture—the culture that gets its inspiration from the past and that is linked inseparably with the classical traditions.

The assertion is often very freely made that there is something intellectually enervating in the academic training; that it kills originality, that it over-refines, and makes of its possessor a creature of mere rule and precedent, so finical and so self-critical as to lose all spontaneity and creative energy. There is an element of truth in this, but it is only part of a much broader truth—that there is no training whatsoever which can compensate for the lack of native gifts. A saphead will be a saphead still, even after the university has done its very best for



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ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

From the engraving by Rajon

him. A flabby, hesitating, timid spirit will acquire no real strength and force from any teaching. And more than this, it is quite true that there is such a thing as over-refinement. A person whose cast of mind is wholly æsthetic, whose life lies all in his emotions and his feelings, and in whom these things are not kept sanely balanced by a certain purely physical endowment, will surely suffer harm from any training which accentuates what is already abnormally developed in him. The seeds of higher culture are like the seeds of grain in the parable of the sower. If they fall on stony ground they can but die; if they fall on an impoverished soil they will germinate to sicken and wither away. It is only when they are dropped into the teeming, fructifying earth that they spring up into a growth that yields abundant harvest.

But when an intellect is richly endowed with all the highest qualities of imagination and insight and with an exquisite sensitiveness for what is rare and beautiful in nature and in human life

and thought, and when this intellect is buttressed by the good, sound animality of the fully developed man, then it is that the old-time training can accomplish such results as nothing else has ever yet evolved. For the whole splendour of the classic past, flaming upon the ardent mind in a stupendous revelation, inspires and stimulates to unsparing effort. It brings no dark discouragement, but it rouses emulation and whets the edge of intellectual ambition. It sharpens the mental vision and refines the taste; and if there exists a coarser strain, this is not destroyed nor yet intensified; it is but transmuted by a magic touch into a source of strength and power. And it was just this perfect combination of the intellectual and the physical, blended harmoniously by the classical tradition into an absolutely perfect unity that gave to the world in Tennyson a poet who could stir the heart of every kind of man, and who, therefore, may even now with confidence be added to the roll of those few golden-throated singers whose names the world will never willingly let die.

Harry Thurston Peck.

HENRY HARLAND IN LONDON



ONCE upon a time the writer of this impression found hidden in the leaves of *Temple Bar* a short story. The name of the author was new, but the story made a deep impression. Condensed into a few short pages, one felt the irresponsibility, the gaiety, the mockery of Paris; and suddenly—as a cloud obscures the sun—one realised, too, the tragedy, the squalour, and the bitter tears underlying the charm of that wonderful city.

Some years later a lucky chance threw into the writer's hands the first volume of *The Yellow Book*, containing "The Bohemian Girl." The two words "Henry Harland" spelt just a name at that time—how much more they have come to mean since then, only those who were

privileged to know the man for whom they stand as symbol can comprehend.

No man ever valued that subtle *essence* we call "style" more than Henry Harland, yet no man depended less upon it; because behind the chiselled sentences shines the beautiful soul of him; so that, while he worked with his medium—words—taking infinite care and infinite joy in the working, the vitality of what he has left behind him springs from sources deeper than words and touches the very essence of humanity. Again (perhaps he would not be pleased with the writer for saying this), but it is the truth: It was impossible for him, whether he talked, or wrote stories, books or letters, not to radiate comfort, consolation, and a fine comprehension of life—at once sad yet gay—peculiarly his own. Here is a bit from a letter of his

written in London, during a spell of foggy weather; he was a child of the sun, and he hated bad weather; besides, he wanted to join his wife in Paris; and at the moment he was concerned because the public did not appreciate Henry James:

To think that Henry James's *Maisie* has never gone into a second edition! I hope you read it with unutterable admiration? There! you see, when I do sit down to write a letter, I go gabbling on forever. And am I sufficiently depressed and depressing? I wish I was seven years old, building a castle of wooden bricks on the floor of a nice warm nursery. That's the nearest approach to joy we can get in this vale of tears, I think. Nursery castles, and nursery tea, and nursery fairy tales, and nursery bed and sleep. Why do we ever grow up?

This letter was, of course, written years ago. Times and tastes have changed since then, or at least have changed sufficiently to allow Henry James to come into his own so far as the discriminating public is concerned. That this is so, we owe much to Henry Harland; and we owe it no less to his personality, to the quality of his heart and of his soul, than to his work and to the excellence of his judgment. His influence on literature was and is great; he never in matters literary grudged praise or shrank from blame; the number of those whom he helped, whom he toiled for and encouraged is amazing. The writer never knew him to shirk a criticism about "work," or knew him to pass one upon any human being's character or actions. His generosity and sympathy were limitless. He writes, after four large pages of closely written criticism in that characteristic handwriting which crowded so much upon the page: "I fancy you reading this letter, pale and disheartened by it; and my conscience smites me that I should have written it; and I long to comfort and encourage you." And this to a stranger whom he had never met, and at a time when he was desperately busy editing *The Yellow Book*; when he was at work upon big stories and novels; when he was one of a brilliant literary and artistic circle. Again he writes:

I am sorry, sorry, sorry. Forgive me. I can't help it. I can lie about anything in the world except literature. And besides, you will have your revenge when you read my "Rosemary for Remembrance." I'm sure it's twaddle.

This letter was just like him! Barely a word about his own work. Sheets of careful criticism and help for somebody else of no importance whatever; the fear of giving pain, the desire to console; and then that jesting sentence, "I can lie about anything in the world except literature." That was funny! That made one laugh. Because Henry Harland never grew up, and if he ever told lies, surely they were, like the fibs of childhood, extremely obvious. He was the most perfectly joyous of men. As one who knew him very intimately says: "He loved every aspect of life; it was so charmingly full of delight to him. He saw it always truly, and he enjoyed like a child and a poet the pageant and the show of it."

Of course, where his art was concerned he could be severe. He was a merciless critic to those who do not put their utmost into their work; he had no patience whatever with sham, with vulgar success, with slovenly and indifferent accomplishment thrust upon the public as of paramount importance and merit. It is something, in an age when every one is carried away by cheap success, to find a man thus utterly determined to fight for the best. The best as he saw it then, as so many have come to see it since. When *The Cardinal's Snuffbox* appeared, what a chorus of praise broke forth! And yet even that novel cannot surpass some of the short stories in *Grey Roses*, or those which first appeared in *The Yellow Book* and afterward in book form, under the title *Comedies and Errors*.

The writer once asked him: "But why *Grey Roses*?" He answered with the quotation which faces the title page of the volume: "Yes—the conception was a rose! But the achievement was a rose grown grey." That sentence is part of his gospel: one must try, and try, and try again, yet never hope to touch the skirts of achievement—here.

There is so much to say about Henry Harland's work! But it is not for the present writer to say it. He belonged

to a brilliant band of artists and writers. Many of them are still alive; let *them* speak. It is enough for the writer to call attention to some of his short stories. For example, there are three in *Comedies and Errors*. They are "Tirala-Tirala"; "Rooms"; and "The House of Eulalie." Then that "Rosemary for Remembrance" which he is "sure is twaddle"! In *Grey Roses* there is a very marvellous story called "A Responsibility." It contains a sermon—how Henry Harland hated that word—and it expresses the author very clearly. That tale is one of the most pathetic ever written.

"The Light Sovereign" (*Mademoiselle Miss*) is a fine example of that particular vein (even before the days of *The Prisoner of Zenda*) which he had made peculiarly his own. Later, he wrote several longer stories on the same lines. As one of his critics wrote at the time of *Castles near Spain*, all are "lovely idylls, in which young passion and a quaint humour are blended into a rare harmony."

Henry Harland's letters are full of glowing appreciation of others, of generous offers of assistance:

Of course I shall be delighted to read the tales you already have in hand, and to give you all the advice and all the assistance in every way I can. You must never hesitate to "command me," as they used to say when earth was nigher heaven than now.

This from the office of *The Yellow Book*. He was very busy, and very far from well—he had barely recovered from an attack of influenza. How many men would thus put aside self to help a stumbling beginner?

He jokes about his age: "Compared to the wonderful premature infants who are my contemporaries and associates in the Y. B.—compared to the Aubrey Beardsleys and the Max Beerbohms—I am a very monument of antiquity. They treat 1880 as mediæval; and I (alack the day!) was born in 1861." Again: "Yes, 'Irremediable' was a stunning piece of work." He speaks of Max Beerbohm's "subtle humour" and "distinguished sense of style," and then bursts out, "*Don't* you care for 1880"? Quite vexed because one had not been sufficiently understanding or appreciative. At the end:

I hope when you have any question to ask you will write another letter. And you needn't mark it "not of importance." After all, what is of importance if not the opinions of a kindred mind?

I'm going for the second time to see Henry James's *Guy Domville*. It is the prettiest play I have ever seen in London. I hope you read and love Henry James? To me he seems the only master of considered prose we've got. Ah, but you're not mad about style, as I am. Besides, by the bye, he's one of the two or three "good" men I know. Oh! the weather, the weather! Why must one abide in the frigid zone? Why can't one step upon a magic carpet and at a wish be transported to Sicily or Algiers? And to think that there are people who quite honestly enjoy a frost! As if London wasn't hard enough to bear at the best of seasons! And then to have London and a fog together! Why doesn't every one live in Paris? But then perhaps you don't care for Paris either? For me, the effect of the cold is to freeze up all my powers to work. I can't get on with the tale I'm trying to write until it is nice and muggy again. And it is tragical to see an unfinished manuscript staring one reproachfully in the face. Oh! how you would hate that same attempted but unfinished tale. For it's one long hymn of praise to Effeminacy, one long anathema of manliness. You would think my *hero* a precious muff, I'm afraid. He neither shoots, nor hunts, nor fishes, for he can't bear to kill; and he doesn't care for golf or riding; and he never walks when he can take a cab or an omnibus.

This was meant to provoke an outburst on the "goodness" of Man, and the beauty of "Manliness." Mr. Harland loved good-tempered teasing and "poked fun" in return delightfully. Yet this is the man who wrote:

Yes, I'm afraid it is "it." That's what it is to know what's what. But it has spent its fury now and I am better. To-morrow I will begin life anew; and the first thing I shall do will be to send you back the MSS. you ask for, and to read your tale of three.

Not much "effeminacy" about this, after a severe bout of influenza! Or again, on another occasion:

Thank goodness, I finished my story yesterday afternoon and sent the "copy" to the printer. Heaven knows whether it is good for

anything. Then Le Gallienne, the Crackanthorpes, and a few others came to dinner. And then I went to bed and lay awake in high fever and delirium till nearly dawn—influenza, I suppose. So this morning, it's a very seedy person, the person who is seated in an untidy yellow room, writing to you. My wife and I enjoyed your letter to her immensely.

Then he goes on to condemn most justly a certain modern French writer as "tawdry" and adds:

I have six hundred thousand things to say to you, but they will have to wait till I am less "shaky."

Again he writes:

I am sorry to think of you as ill. I wish I could do something, say something to heal you. . . . I know what illness means. Three years ago I was condemned to speedy extinction by all the great "lung specialists" of Paris and London. But I got well, and shall probably live to be hanged.

He wrote once about a friend who had disappointed him. Only a few words, but he must have felt deeply hurt even to mention it. Immediately afterwards came another letter:

I am sorry I said anything about him in my letter—*please* forget it. He is a splendid, noble, altogether sterling fellow. I am perfectly ready to believe that the right is all on his side. The disillusion that I have suffered refers to myself, not to him. That he should disapprove of me because of the Y. B. shows how little he found in me worth caring for. Don't you understand?

It is strange when one looks back, to recall the dislike, the animosity with which *The Yellow Book* was regarded by many quite clever, reasonable, cultivated people. Even the humblest contributors came in for a share of execration and—"don't have anything to do with *The Yellow Book*." We hear it isn't quite—*nice*—was the mildest commentary. However, it is many a long year since *The Yellow Book* lived down its non-existent past. Mr. Harland's Quarterly needs no defence in these later times. He loved it, worked for it, believed in it with all his heart. Here is part of a letter, written from Paris, which shows how eagerly he wrought for

his magazine, how glad he was of even the humblest criticism. Besides, this letter is very typical. . . . It is impossible to write of Henry Harland without writing of his wife, because she was woven into the very fabric of his life and he of hers. Yet on this subject few words are best. There is a sentence in this letter which expresses, unconsciously and briefly, his inmost heart:

Will you let me write on the ordinary paper of commerce, and tell you how glad we were to get your letter last night? I have plenty of other paper, it is true, thin foreign paper and stout English paper, and even *papier à cigarettes*; but it is all in my wife's room, and my wife's asleep. So, as I don't want to disturb her, I must write on this or hold my peace. . . . I want your whole experience of the *Yellow Book* to be a happy one (indeed, indeed it was)! Tell me, do write and tell me what you think of the number as a whole. In many ways it strikes me as the best, the most symmetrical and serious we have produced: but by no means the most brilliant.

Then follows a delightful page.

I wish you would change your mind and come to Paris instead of going to the Esplanade Hotel. To be sure we haven't the sea here, but we have so much else. We have the most brilliant sunshine, the bluest skies, the softest breezes; we have the Bois de Boulogne, the Seine (with its bateaux-mouches); we have Versailles, Saint-Cloud, the wood of Meudon. We have the *salons*, the Champs-Élysées, the Champs-de-Mars. We have the Café d'Orléans to lunch at. In one word, we have Paris, beautiful, gay, colourful, suggestive, exhilarating Paris. I'm sure a fortnight here would do you more good than a cycle of Seaford, Sussex. It would gain your spirit a complete change and a great joy; and "of the spirit the body takes its health." Come. We will spend long hours sunning ourselves in the Luxembourg gardens; we will stroll along the "Quais" and pick up rare volumes from the "bouquinistes." We will stand in the middle of the Pont de la Concorde and enjoy the wonderful view up and down the river, the Trocadero, a violet blur against the sky, the pink and yellow Cité, the towers of Notre Dame. We will get such interesting glimpses of, and into, Life and Human Nature; we will be

witnesses of so many striking comedies and tragedies; we will find so many stories made to our hand. And, finally, we will talk! Oh! we will talk, talk, talk—of literature—of shop—which means of Everything—for *our* shop contains everything, contains all others. Don't you think you'd better come! . . .

It is extraordinary what an impression Henry Harland's personality made upon those who knew him. Here is an instance. Some three years ago the writer of these pages and her husband made a garden. One June day—a day of roses—in 1907—an acquaintance—a clever

man, a man of intuitions—wandered up and down the lawn, smoking. Presently he came back and said: "It's odd how this garden of yours always reminds me of Henry Harland and of his books. Somehow it possesses his atmosphere." It *was* odd—he had no idea we had ever known Mr. Harland. And yet, perhaps not odd at all, since such an influence as his—an influence for good, for beauty—is imperishable, is liable to reappear in many forms and in many ways. Personality is as subtle as it is deathless.

Mabel Kitcat.

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY TELLERS

ELLEN GLASGOW

I. HER TECHNIQUE



WHILE there is not the slightest doubt of Miss Glasgow's title to a place of honour in a series of papers on the leading story-tellers of America, it must at the same time be recognised that this particular aspect of her work, if too rigidly adhered to, is likely to do scant justice to her rather unusual powers. It is, of course, axiomatic that without some sort of a story we cannot make any sort of a novel; and we cannot make a strong, big novel without a rather big, strong story as a foundation. And yet the story alone cannot be used as a measure of bigness, because many other factors enter in to make up the sum total of any novel destined to live. Some novelists, however, choose deliberately to subordinate other interests to that of the narrative they have to tell. Their mastery of technique may be of the best; their philosophy of life sane and earnest and helpful—yet if they insist upon regarding themselves primarily as entertainers, and their books as little pocket theatres, then they remain of their own choice in the ranks of the story-tellers. Miss Glasgow is one of the small

number of American novelists who have chosen to take a higher and finer attitude toward their work. And that is why it is impracticable, even in a series bearing the present title, to discuss her place in modern fiction simply from the standpoint of story-telling.

In glancing back over the twelve or fifteen years during which Miss Glasgow has been practising her careful, deliberate, finely conceived art, and patiently working, not without an occasional blunder, toward her present mastery of technique, one feels that on the whole she has not yet had in full the generous, widespread and serious recognition to which she is entitled. Some of her volumes, to be sure, have enjoyed a wide circulation; and in many quarters she has had cordial critical appreciation. And yet, at best, it seems distinctly disproportioned to a talent which, in the opinion of the present writer, stands in the forefront of American women novelists, outranking on the one side Mrs. Atherton, as far as it outranks Mrs. Wharton on the other.

And, in the first place, in order to understand the sound critical grounds for assigning so high a place to the author of *The Deliverance*, it seems not merely worth while but even obligatory to ex-

amine briefly her understanding and use of technique. Her creed in fiction is obviously that of the realists—although her adherence to it is not so rigid as to preclude her from an occasional excursion into romanticism. And her novels are not only realistic, but they are in the best sense of the term Zolaesque—that is to say, they have an epic sweep and comprehension, an epic sense of the surge of life and the clash of multitudinous interests. This particular type of novel is so seldom successfully achieved in English that it seems well to call to mind just what are its characteristic features. The epic novel, like the epic poem, must have a twofold theme, a specific human story and a big general problem—the wrath of Achilles and the Trojan War; the expulsion from Eden and the Fall of Man; the fate of Uncle Tom, and the whole problem of slavery. And the very essence of this epic quality lies in the ability to tell the specific, central human story, and hold and stir you with the pathos and the tragedy of it, and yet all the while keep before you the realisation that this specific story is only an isolated case of a general and widespread condition; that Achilles brooding in his tent is only a symbol of the pervading wrath and sorrow and desolation begotten by war; that the empty cabin of Uncle Tom is only a symbol of the cruelty, the broken ties, the inhumanity attendant upon slavery. It is a curious fact that Mrs. Stowe, probably without any conscious understanding of technique, produced an almost perfect epic novel according to principles that were destined to be formulated fully half a century later. And it is equally curious that the first American woman since Mrs. Stowe to succeed in writing a genuine epic novel should also have chosen a similar setting and a similar theme.

To state the case more correctly, it is curious that the first woman among our modern writers to achieve this type of novel should have happened to be a Southern woman. Because, since Miss Glasgow happens by birth and education to have a knowledge of Virginian scenes and people beyond that of other parts of the world, she has simply been obeying the most elementary principle of good technique when she chooses for her set-

ting the region that she knows best; while such a volume as *The Wheel of Life*, in which the scene is laid in New York, is to be classed, in spite of much that is good, among the number of the author's blunders. One feels in this New York story as though Miss Glasgow were slightly out of her element, as though she lacked sympathy even for the best of the characters in it, and frankly disapproved of the others. It is even more difficult for a woman than for a man to attain the attitude of strict impersonality which is demanded by the highest rules of modern construction—and herein, one feels, lies one of Miss Glasgow's failings. She could not, if she would, help showing us how her heart goes out to certain favourite characters, young and old, white and black alike—nor would we have it otherwise, because in her affection for these people, whom she understands so profoundly, lies the secret of the abiding charm which they in turn possess for us.

Human stories, strong, tender, high-minded, her volumes undeniably are. But what one remembers about them, even after the specific story has faded from the mind, is their atmosphere of old-fashioned Southern courtesy and hospitality, of gentle breeding and steadfast adherence to traditional standards of honour. She has dealt with special skill with the anomalous and transitory conditions of society that followed the close of the war—the breaking down of old barriers; the fruitless resistance of conservatism to the new tendencies of social equality; the frequent pathetic struggles to keep up a brave show in spite of broken fortunes; the proud dignity that accepts poverty and hardship and manual labour with unbroken spirit. Such books as *The Battle-Ground*, *The Deliverance*, *The Voice of the People*, are in the best sense of the term novels of manners, which will be read by later generations with a curious interest because they will preserve a record of social conditions that are changing and passing away, more slowly yet quite as relentlessly as the dissolving vapours of a summer sunset.

II. HER THEMES

In order, however, to understand on the one hand just how she uses her

technique, and on the other how she succeeds in giving such poignant reality to her people and her scenes, it is necessary to examine in somewhat more detail at least a portion of her books. And *The Battle-Ground*, as one of her earlier works, and also one that reaches back historically to the time of the Civil War, forms a convenient starting point. It is besides one of the most obvious instances of Miss Glasgow's characteristic method of epic structure. In the first place, it deals with the wide, general theme suggested by the title—and in this wider sense the central figure is not a person but a State, the State of Virginia; and the story is the story of that State before, during and immediately after the four years of devastating struggle. But more specifically *The Battle-Ground* is the intimate history of one Southern family, the Lightfoots, or rather of one member of that family, Dan Montjoy, whose mother, old Major Lightfoot's only daughter, had made a runaway match with a hot-headed, mean-natured scamp, who had cost her a brief misery and an early death. Dan Montjoy comes naturally by his hot temper, but for the most part he is a true Lightfoot, and the idol of his grandfather's old age. But there comes a day when impetuous youth leads Dan into certain foolish escapades that his grandfather takes too seriously; angry, unforgettable words are exchanged, and the young man goes forth penniless, to fight his way in the world alone, leaving home, friends and the girl he loves. What he might have made of himself under other conditions is a question that Miss Glasgow does not even touch upon; but it happens that this quarrel occurs on the eve of the Civil War; Dan's secession from the family circle coincides with the South's withdrawal from the Union. And so, throughout the rest of this powerful war novel, we see a double struggle waged upon a double battle-ground—the struggle of a family of federal States at war with each other; and the struggle of a human being for independence of the ties of blood. And in the end, when the South as a whole is brought to accept defeat, Dan has learned still another and more personal lesson, and returns once more, wiser and happier

with the sober happiness of maturity, to those at home who have never ceased to hope for his coming.

Similarly, in *The Deliverance* there is a double significance of title and of plot. "After the battle come the vultures," says a Union soldier in *The Battle-Ground*—and in a broad, general way, *The Deliverance* may be said to symbolise the sufferings of the South in the years immediately following the war, when so many of those who had constituted the wealth and pride and aristocracy of the country saw their remaining possessions wrested from them by corruption and by fraud. Christopher Blake is only a single instance of this widespread injustice and robbery. He has seen his father die, broken in body and in mind; has seen the magnificent estate, that had been for two centuries the property of the Blakes, sold at auction and bought in for a beggarly sum by Bill Fletcher, his father's former overseer. Nothing can be done in a legal way; for Fletcher has been careful to see that all documents and account books that might serve as evidence against him were destroyed by fire. Christopher, a mere boy, with a crippled mother and two sisters on his hands, finds himself turned adrift, with no refuge save the overseer's former cabin and a few acres of tobacco fields, down in one corner of the estate which should have been his own. The mother, paralysed and blind, is transferred, all unaware of the change, one day when she is carried out for her accustomed airing. Knowing nothing of the fall of the Confederacy, of the death of Lincoln, of the freedom of the slaves, she lives on in a world of her own imaginings, nurtured on an elaborate tissue of lies, daily issuing orders to an army of slaves who no longer exist, and delicately partaking of broiled chicken and sipping rare old port, while son and daughters exist painfully on hoe-cake and fat bacon. Such is the tragic and impressive symbolism by which Miss Glasgow pictures to us the contrast between the hopes and the humiliations of the South. And in the story of the Blakes we see not merely a single family tragedy, but behind it an entire country given over to desolation,

with countless estates passing into unworthy hands, countless impoverished families taking up unaccustomed burdens and cherishing in their hearts a mortal bitterness because of the dead dream of the confederacy that refuses to be forgotten. But in the case of Christopher Blake there is another and more specific story. As a boy, his first mad impulse after being turned from his home, was to murder Fletcher; but the impulse once checked had turned to a smouldering hatred, a fixed and secret determination for revenge. Fletcher has two grandchildren, a girl and a boy. The girl, Maria, marries and goes abroad, before Christopher has had time to determine whether his feeling for her is hatred or love. Toward the boy, Will, he has but one feeling, and that is a steadfast longing to use him as an instrument of vengeance. The boy is the one living thing that old Fletcher loves; therefore, by making him a liar, a coward and a drunkard, Christopher feels that he is paying back with interest the wrongs the Blakes have suffered. He never once realises the unworthiness of his own conduct until Maria, after some years of marriage and widowhood, returns home, and they meet once more and know that they love each other, that in fact the feeling they had cherished as boy and girl had needed only a word to make it flame into love and not hatred. But Christopher has himself done a vulture's deed, in accomplishing the ruin of Maria's brother; and when the lad in a drunken frenzy kills his grandfather, Christopher, realising his own moral responsibility, aids the other to escape and gives himself up as the murderer. Deliverance finally comes, so the book seems to preach—deliverance of the land from vultures like old Fletcher, deliverance of men like Christopher from the curse of their own mad deeds—but neither the one nor the other may be hurried; they come only with patience, in the fulness of time.

III. HER MATURE POWER

There are two other volumes by Miss Glasgow, separated by an interval of nearly a decade, which nevertheless deserve to be analysed together, because of the interesting contrast they afford:

The Voice of the People and *The Romance of a Plain Man*. Throughout all of her books, one notices a theme to which Miss Glasgow reverts again and again, with never-flagging interest, and that is the theme of unequal marriages. Under the changed conditions of the reconstruction period it was inevitable that the old distinctions of race and breeding, the old prejudices against honest toil and industry should be to some extent modified; and that the daughters of impoverished families should not in all cases think that they were stooping if they wedded brave and honourable men whose fathers perhaps had been mere plain tillers of the soil. This problem, in its various aspects, Miss Glasgow has approached over and over again; but it is only in the two books now under discussion that she has frankly made it the central theme. Far apart as they are in other respects—since *The Voice of the People* is not without crudities of construction, while *The Romance of a Plain Man* is easily Miss Glasgow's finest achievement up to the present time—the two books offer a curious parallel of plot for very nearly the first half of their development. Nicholas Burr and Ben Starr are both small, barefoot, not over-clean boys when they first meet, in the one case, Eugenia Battle, in the other Sally Mickleborough, spick and span and freshly starched—and in each case the small girl makes the small boy exceedingly uncomfortable by declaring that she cannot play with him because he is "common." In each case the childish insult fires a latent ambition; Nicholas Burr confides to kindly old Judge Bassett his secret hope of some day becoming a judge; and Ben Starr similarly owns to General Bolingbroke, who happens to be president of the Great South Midland and Atlantic Railroad, his own determination to work his way up eventually to the presidency of that same road. In each case the boy's ambition both amuses and pleases the busy man, and in each case the boy's education is cared for, his way made smooth, and the first steps toward his ultimate goal are guided by a wise and protecting hand. And in the later book Sally Mickleborough is brought to acknowledge, precisely as Eugenia Battle ac-

knowledges in the earlier, that "common" was a mistaken and an unjust word, and that she is glad and proud to give her heart and hand to the man who has already achieved so much for her sake. But here the two books part company.

ever to be bridged over even by love; a stray scrap of scandal touching him, too hastily believed in by her, estranges them permanently; she marries the man in her own class, while he goes on doggedly climbing the rungs of the political ladder,



ELLEN GLASGOW

In each of them the pride of the girl's family forms an almost insurmountable barrier; in each of them there is another man who by birth, fortune and education seems expressly designed for the girl's husband. In the earlier book Miss Glasgow decides that between Nick Burr and Eugenia Battle there is too great a gulf

to his final goal as governor of the State. The voice of the people, through the ballot, has given him his political ambition; the voice of the people, through the tongue of scandal, robbed him of married happiness; the voice of the people, through the mad frenzy of a mob, bent upon lynching a negro whom he, as gov-

error, has sworn to give a fair trial, robs him of his life. And the woman lives on, in a marriage that has brought neither joy nor sorrow, finding her only real emotion in the cares of motherhood.

The Romance of a Plain Man is a book as much bigger and stronger as a decade of steady growth can well make it. To begin with, Miss Glasgow has realised that such a story, concerning itself mainly with the inward growth of a man's character, has everything to gain and nothing to lose by being seen through the man's eyes. Therefore, she tells it in the first person. Secondly, she realises that when two people care for each other with the fierce, unreasoning passion either of Nick and Eugenia or of Ben and Sally, they are not likely to let either small obstacles or great ones come between them; that they will brush aside entreaties, warnings and commands, and take their chances of being either supremely happy or utterly miserable. In the marriage of Ben Starr and Sally Mickleborough the author, if we rightly understand her, wishes to show how difficult it is for a man sprung from a humble and rather vulgar source to understand the finer feelings of those more gently born. For Sally's sake Ben Starr wants wealth and education and power; and for her sake he wins them, rapidly, surely and with apparent ease. He wants them first to prove to her that he is not "common"; and afterward, having won her in defiance of her family and her social world, he continues to strive for more money, more power, more positions of trust, always with a fixed idea that they will bring her greater happiness. And here is where he makes his one great mistake, that almost wrecks their married life in mid-course. He does not realise that his absorption in the big game of finance leaves him little time even to think of his wife, and none at all to place at her service. Because the obvious difference between himself and the men in Sally's own class is money and position and education, he makes the natural mistake of thinking that the attainment and possession of these things is in itself the key to social equality, the one thing essential to his happiness and hers. And the last and most important lesson in his

whole course of self-education he is slow in learning—that the essential thing does not lie in these achievements but behind them—it lies in a man's power to mould his own character until he is capable of attaining his goal. It is not a bank account, nor a directorship in a railway, nor social recognition, nor a knowledge of the Odes of Horace that in themselves win and hold the love of a woman like Sally Mickleborough; but without the energy and persistence to compass these things, Ben Starr would not have been the kind of man to win her. But having once won her, though he should lose his money, forget his Latin, find himself under a social cloud, she is the sort of woman who will cling all the more loyally—and with feminine illogic be the happier for serving him. This lesson Ben Starr might have learned early in their married life, during temporary reverses, when for some weeks Sally is slowly nursing him back to health after a desperate illness, and incidentally earning their daily bread with her own frail, unaccustomed hands. Had he been less of a "plain" man, and gifted with a little more subtlety, he would have seen that for these few weeks they were nearer to true happiness than at any time before. But as a matter of fact he does not see, but goes on toiling, amassing, reaching out for more power, more fame, and year by year approaching his boyhood's ambition, the presidency of the Great South Midland and Atlantic Midland Railroad. And at last it is only under the stress of a great sorrow and a greater fear: only when he sees his wife's life trembling in the balance, that this essentially plain man receives enlightenment, and realises that the path to happiness may lie through the deliberate sacrifice of a life-long ambition.

Such in brief is the substance of Miss Glasgow's latest volume, which at the same time is her most thoughtful, most mature, and altogether biggest novel. It is a peculiarly American novel, since it symbolises with a subtlety that is essentially feminine and a force that is almost virile the practical limitations of the doctrine that all men are born free and equal.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE PERSONAL ELLEN GLASGOW



WOMAN reporter was once interviewing Ellen Glasgow at a New York hotel. As she proceeded with her questions she suddenly asked:

"Where did you go to school, Miss Glasgow?"

The Virginia novelist hesitated a moment, blushed considerably, and then replied:

"I never went to school."

"How did you learn to read?" asked the reporter.

"Well, to tell the truth," answered the author, "I taught myself at home. I picked the letters out of Scott's novels under the direction of my mother, and then reading came easy."

Thus Miss Glasgow had no opportunity to shine as editor of a college paper or to glow as the "brightest literary light" in her class. From that day, not so long ago, when she played in the quaint old Southern garden of a real old Virginia homestead until now, when her books have a wide audience, she has been a "home" person pure and simple. There is about much of her life and her work something of the atmosphere that enveloped Jane Austen. Both women plunged into writing without advice, and the first that their friends knew of their literary ambitions was the finished and published book. Nor was the author of *Pride and Prejudice* more loyal to her art, more womanly in her ideals, more genuinely shrinking in her modesty than this American girl, who has been content to know the world through a lattice window sometimes overhung with Virginia creeper, or garlanded with Southern roses. Yet the strength of great oaks is in her work too.

There is less known about Miss Glasgow's personal side than most other successful and representative American women story tellers for the very reason that she was brought up in a strict Southern home, where women were remote from the hum of business and where the art of gentle living was genuinely cultivated. Perhaps this helps to

make her achievement all the more notable. Certainly it has contributed a very rare and refining influence to her work. The wonder grows that this shy, sensitive girl should have been able to write a book like *The Descendant* in her early teens, for it is a tale of large experiences and big emotions. Only a few members of her family knew that she was writing this book. She would shut herself up in her room every day, and later join the family at their pleasures and diversions. Finally she went to her father and said:

"Father, I have written a book."

He was not only surprised, but almost dumbfounded. Others were astonished, too, and it will be recalled that when this novel appeared anonymously there was wide speculation over the authorship. The general impression was that it had been written by a man, and by a man of training and experience, too. I merely cite this incident to show Miss Glasgow's early method. She had published two books before she was twenty. Then came her first great popular success, *The Voice of the People*, in which she was clothed in her right name.

It was in this book that she first really declared her creed, for it was a story of the new South, of the blending of the fine old blue aristocratic strain with the more virile redder blood of the present day. She preserved the flower of old romance and grafted to it a hardier root. The result was really a new Southern literature.

There is much about politics in this book. As it grew she found that it was necessary to describe a State convention. Women in Virginia seldom mixed in politics; that was always left to the men. The suffragette cloud had not yet appeared on the horizon of the Old Dominion. But being an artist, she wanted to have this convention reported correctly. She took her sister into her confidence, and they in turn consulted an ancient family friend. He was a delegate to an approaching convention, and through him they were smuggled on the stage, where they sat in a dark and obscure corner on one of the hottest of

June days listening to a flood of Southern oratory no less fiery than the rays of the sun that beat on the tin roof. But she got the facts. When the story came out people marvelled at the accuracy of her descriptions and her knowledge of political conditions. Her sense of comprehension is little short of amazing. Had she gone into journalism she would have been a star reporter. The same is true of *The Battleground*, her war story. A celebrated British general recommended it to his men for reading, declaring that it was a remarkable analysis of civil war conditions.

Nothing is more characteristic of Miss Glasgow's feeling about American fiction than her approach to *The Wheel of Life*. Up to this time she had written mostly Southern stories and she had become as much identified with Virginia as Miss Wilkins with New England. She was regarded as the historian of a certain locality. She came to be referred to constantly as "a Southern writer." Now she was proud of all her Southern traditions and she came to them honestly. One day she said to me:

"I am going to write a novel of New York life."

"But why New York life when you know Virginia and the South so well?" I replied.

Instantly she answered:

"For the simple reason that art has no locality. It is universal. I do not believe that any writer should be confined to any particular locality."

She proved her point by writing a notable story of life in New York, and the only link it had with the South was one character, a young man who had come up from Virginia to make his way in the big city.

Having proved her point, she went back to the old scenes. That her insight had been quickened and her vision broadened she amply proved, first with *The Ancient Law*, and now with her new book, *The Romance of a Plain Man*. I venture the statement that no woman writing in America to-day has so sure a grasp of the new Southern conditions as Miss Glasgow. Instead of dabbling with an overthrown and broken regime whose chief pride perhaps was in its

social prestige, she has dealt at first hand with big, vital, throbbing problems which the whole South has faced and is solving. Hers is the vision of big things.

It is really a strong man's work that she has cut out for herself, for it involves the mastery of the commercial and industrial awakening which means the restoration of the South's place in the whole undivided work of the nation.

Miss Glasgow comes to New York two or three times a year mainly to get a sense of contrast with the quiet conditions of her Virginia home. She has made many trips to Europe, but always manages to get back to Virginia to work. She lives in a square old white house on Main Street in Richmond. It is hemmed in by trees that cast shade over the soldiers of the Confederacy. Behind it is a garden where she walks and composes her story. Once more you get the touch of Jane Austen. She writes every morning and always behind a locked door. A door that is not locked has always given her a hint of possible intrusion. The only animate thing that has ever shared the comradeship of her work is her dog Joy. She writes rapidly and in a large masculine hand. In fact, her penmanship is no more effeminate than her work. Yet she has never lacked for sweetness of charm and lightness of touch where they were needed.

It is an old story, of course, that you can tell a man's or a woman's character by the few books they really love and keep beside them. On that little shelf where repose the volumes that Miss Glasgow loves and thumbs you will find Maeterlinck, Spinoza, Ruskin and the Bible. She has been tremendously interested for years in the literature of the Orient. There is a little brass Buddha on her desk and all she faithfully, if silently, supervised all her writing. If you will look carefully into what she has written you will find here and there the touch of Eastern mysticism, and the golden streak of East Indian philosophy.

There is something at once quickening and refreshing in a simple contemplation of Miss Glasgow's career. It seems a sort of thing apart in a time of blatant literary commercialism. Compared with "best selling" it is like contrasting a

violet with a Kansas sunflower; the human note of a violin with the blare of a brass band.

Dignity and distinction have marked her life and her work. Neither is replete with thrilling human interest, anec-

dotes or soul-stirring opinions on favourite foods or flowers. But with all the modesty of a high art she has made her way and at the same time, made some literature.

Isaac F. Marcossan.

WOMAN'S PROGRESS A COMPARISON OF CENTURIES



THE participation of Mrs. Taft and Mrs. Sherman in the Inauguration Procession at Washington on the 4th of March, and the fact of their doing so without provoking any adverse criticism, is a comment upon the position that women are now taking in public affairs. And yet this state of things has come about so gradually, it seems so natural that women should be keenly interested in public as well as domestic questions, that it is hard to realise that not so very long ago the interests of men and women and all that concerned their mental needs were considered to have nothing whatever in common.

It was in the eighteenth century that women first began to emerge from the seclusion of the home and to wield some influence in society as well as to take their place among the writers, philanthropists, and educators of their day. One of the first results of this state of things was the growth of a strong feeling among the more thoughtful women in favour of a better education for their sex. And no wonder, for it is perfectly amazing to read the views of even the most advanced instructors of that time. The text-books for girls were carefully edited, and their knowledge of "science" was to be limited to a few "popular and amusing facts," but in return for this intellectual emancipation they were strongly advised by the educational authorities of the time to avoid all disputes, to give up their opinions, even if they knew they were in the right, and finally (and in this all authorities, male and fe-

male, united as one man) never to allow it to be suspected that they knew anything or their matrimonial chances were gone forever.

It would be interesting to trace the steps by which the victim of such views as these developed into the college girl of to-day. Education may not have proved the universal panacea that all good Americans are inclined to think it, but surely the somewhat aggressive intelligence of the Smith or Vassar graduate is preferable to the insincere and conscious attitude recommended to women a hundred and fifty years ago. No higher tribute could be paid to the quality of the female mind than the fact that it has survived years of such stultifying training without being hopelessly deadened, and if a college education has not yet accomplished for women all that was expected of it, no one can deny its superiority to the methods of the eighteenth century.

It was against these methods that Mary Wollstonecraft Godwin protested energetically in her *Vindication of the Rights of Women*, a book which the modern suffragists would find entirely inadequate to their present demands. Mrs. Godwin was one of the first Englishwomen to resent the inferior position of her sex, and she pleaded earnestly, not for political equality—such a thing was undreamed of—but for an education for women which should develop their minds and elevate their understanding. The eternal advice to women to *seem* to be this, that, or the other, the limited nature and poor character of the education given them, their constant state of dependence upon some man—all this excited Mrs.

Godwin's indignation, and her book is a demand for something better.

Although quite a different woman from Mrs. Godwin, Hannah More, too, deplored the existing unenlightened ideas on female education, declaring that "practical Mohammedanism prevailed" and that women were brought up as if devoid of mind or soul. Her efforts toward better things were not confined to her own class; she started Sunday-schools in the neglected district near which she lived, and was soon the centre of a system of classes, clubs, and the benevolent activities that now characterise a well-ordered parish. She even dabbled a little in politics, and a partial biographer records that a distribution of her poem "The Riot" prevented an attack on the mills from some striking colliers. Labour agitators are made of sterner stuff in these days and it takes more than a perusal of Mr. Steffens's or Miss Tarbell's magazine articles to divert them from their evil designs.

Hannah More was one of those conscientious women to whom, as a civilising influence, England owes more than can ever be definitely ascertained. To us, the methods of her time seem simplicity itself. The submissive attitude of the poor toward the gentry made it an easier matter to instruct them than in our day and country, where no pressure can be brought to bear upon them, but that docility must have been more than counterbalanced by their dense stupidity, against which cleverer reformers than Hannah More have dashed themselves in vain. But when we consider the expensive and elaborate paraphernalia now considered necessary for the relief of poverty and the instruction of ignorance, Hannah More's schools and clubs seem worthy of high praise.

Improving works were not the only sign of female literary talent in the eighteenth century. The appearance of Miss Burney's novel *Evelina* caused a veritable sensation, and we read with some surprise of Edmund Burke's delight in it, of Sheridan's dreading to find a rival in the author, and of Sir Joshua Reynolds sitting up all night to finish it. The book was published anonymously, for in those days "female delicacy" was such

that it was supposed to shrink at the bare idea of publicity, though in reality Fanny Burney was as pleased as possible by her fame. Perhaps it was only failure that the women of that day feared, for they always enjoyed any praise that their work received. This timidity has continued among some of the later English writers, women, the excellence of whose work needed no shelter. No masculine pseudonym was necessary to ensure to the books of George Eliot and Lucas Malet the instant appreciation of people of discernment. Decorum reigned in those bygone days, sharing its supremacy with what was called "elegance," by which was meant a false and stilted style. Such a book as *Three Weeks* would have been impossible then, but so would *The House of Mirth* and *The Wages of Sin*. Perhaps we have gained as much as we have lost.

In those days the woman who read and who talked well succeeded in gathering about her a society of intelligent men and women—she was sought by the clever men of her day, not shunned. Mrs. Elizabeth Montagu of Blue Stocking fame was such a woman. The only thing of any importance that she ever wrote was her Essay on Shakespeare, a reply to Voltaire's attack on that poet. At this day it hardly seems as if Shakespeare needed defence from Mrs. Montagu, but the work was considered very fine and was highly commended by many authorities, although Dr. Johnson, always a severe critic of women's productions, declared that while it did Mrs. Montagu honour, it would have done nobody else honour. Many a literary woman of to-day would be at a loss as to her opinions on Shakespeare, and not one in twenty could write any kind of a defence of him, although she would be ready with a paper on "Dante and the Poetic Principle," "Keats's Inheritance from the Greek Dramatists," or "The Poems of William Blake in Relation to His Art."

Such women as Mrs. Thrale and Mrs. Montagu needed only the charm of their conversation to bring around them the men of talent and genius of their day. Now the woman desirous of a brilliant *entourage* resorts to more indiscriminate modes of procedure, which too often de-

feat themselves, the socialistic lion and the literary lamb finding themselves incapable of lying down peacefully together. Be that as it may, the literary women of that time really recognised and enjoyed good talk, and the celebrated Blue Stocking Club was their protest against the excessive card-playing of that day and the result of their effort after something better. That men like Dr. Johnson, Horace Walpole, Garrick, and Edmund Burke frequented Mrs. Montagu's drawing-rooms was a proof that they enjoyed what they found there, not that they were enticed thither as bait for smaller fry. Whatever may be the superiority in creative ability of the modern literary woman, it is a fact that as an assembler of talent she is unable to do what seems to have been an easy matter to her predecessor, and her attempts at anything like a *salon* are doomed to failure so long as she is unable to discriminate between fame and notoriety, or ability and pretence.

In those happy days literature was the pursuit of the few, none read save those who enjoyed it. Now the fountains of culture are unsealed and some very arid pastures watered thereby, the direction of the streams being often confided to strange hands. A list of the lectures to which most of us are asked to take tickets during the winter makes us wonder if there was ever a time when a little knowledge went so far. Lectures on Dante by women ignorant of Italian, talks on "The Poets of Ireland" by young persons who never heard of James Mangan, and "Hours with the French Dramatists" by cautious *litterateurs* who seldom venture beyond the safe harbour of Racine and Molière, give reasonable ground for the belief that never has there been a time when the utterances of ignorance obtained such a respectful hearing.

We may reassure ourselves. The overpraised mediocrities of the present day have their counterpart of the eighteenth century in Miss Anna Seward, fondly called by her friends "The Swan of Lichfield." Nothing could be worse than her poetry except her criticisms, and to them she joined that fatal facility that has been the destruction of many more gifted women. The literary fetish of

those days was "elegance," which meant the use of long words instead of short ones, and a maddening habit of never saying anything directly. A poetess was "Apollo's daughter," the moon, "mild luminary of the midnight sky," and a mysterious quality called "soft sensibility" was made the test of what was genteelly alluded to as "female elegance." Miss Seward's critical powers consisted of an unbounded capacity for seizing upon mediocrity and lauding it to the skies, and yet Dr. Johnson, who generally had little mercy upon women's achievements, paid her a high compliment upon her "Ode on the Death of Captain Cook," a compliment which was not returned, as Miss Seward elegantly proclaimed that "envy was the bosom serpent of this literary despot."

But this forced and unreal style of writing could not last, and with the dawn of a new century things began to mend. Miss Edgeworth freed herself from her father's influence, began to look about her and to describe what she saw, and, instead of writing foolish books on the education of children, produced *Castle Rackrent*, one of the classics of our language. In 1811 *Sense and Sensibility* appeared, the first of those six, all-too-short novels, which have given Jane Austen a supremacy which bids fair never to be disputed. The book dealt the death blow to the quality of sensibility, which has never raised its head since that day. Fanny Burney lived to see the appearance of these books as well as those of Miss Ferrier, and to witness the beginnings of a feminine authorship that was to include the rugged strength of Charlotte Brontë and the deep insight of George Eliot. We wonder if the contrast ever struck her.

Novels are mirrors, reflecting the manners, fashions, and opinions of their day. We glance regretfully at the drawing-rooms of Mrs. Montagu and her friend Mrs. Vesey, thronged with the best society of the time, conscious that in this respect we cannot compete with those days, but there can be no doubt that in general intelligence, education, and good judgment, the women of to-day have the advantage over those of two hundred years ago.

Mary K. Ford.

STORY TELLING—OLD AND NEW



THE OLD WAY

Specialisation—even in how to amuse children—has not yet reached Virginia, where Uncle William still tells wonderful tales to "ole marster's gran'-chillun." His stories are anything that may come into his mind from the glory of "our fam'ly befo' de wah" to the fine intelligence of "Mr. Rabbit" and the vast wit of "Brer Fox"



THE NEW WAY

In striking contrast is the "story-hour" of the New York Public Library, where a trained story-teller "reads" a carefully chosen story to a group of boys and girls. In selecting her story she considers the nationality of the children who are to hear it—their present environment and the probable influence of the story. In this picture Italian children of the lower West Side are shown

A REMINISCENCE OF DE MARTENS

The recent death of the Russian jurist, Dr. Frederick de Martens, who was called "the Chief Justice of Christendom," suggests a little passage of arms between De Martens and the showy Hungarian, Arminius Vambéry. It took place seventeen years ago during the tercentenary celebration of the University of Dublin. One of the most interesting functions was the delivery of addresses to the University by eminent scholars from other countries. Those who represented universities of a particular country selected a speaker to represent them, and he made a brief oration on behalf of his learned compatriots. It befell that Professor de Martens, then of the University of St. Petersburg, was chosen to speak for the Russian universities, while Vambéry, who was Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of Budapest, was selected by his colleagues of the Austro-Hungarian institutions of learning. Now Vambéry had for some years been issuing pamphlets and magazine articles intending to create and foster a hatred of Russia among Englishmen. He was, in fact, like most Hungarians, a Russophobe, and he wielded a vigorous pen. His knowledge of English was perfect, and in this he resembled his famous countryman Kosuth, whose eloquence was florid and oriental, in fact almost tropical in the fire of its delivery and the abundance of striking imagery which seemed to crowd upon his brain whenever he harangued an audience. The professors and students of the University of Dublin are more English than the English themselves, representing the fine old Tory type of Englishman which is full of prejudices and relegates reason to a secondary place.

Hence there was a sort of flutter of excitement when it was seen that Vambéry and De Martens were both to speak. While, of course, academic courtesy would prevent any direct allusion by one to the other, nevertheless, it

was felt that a sort of oratorical duel was imminent. When Vambéry took the platform, he was a very striking figure, wearing that peculiar costume which belongs to the Hungarian universities—half military and half academic, with jack-boots and a rainbow of gorgeous colours descending to his spurs. He began to speak at concert pitch. He poured out a flood of impassioned oratory, highly coloured and delivered with a resonant and aggressive voice. To hear him was like listening to the bursting of a dam, and he went on for some fifteen or twenty minutes. It was a strange sort of an oration to be delivered within the walls of a university, both in manner and in matter. While he said nothing about Russia, he did say a number of things which might be viewed as aimed at Russia—praises of liberty and self-government mingled with denunciations of autocracy. When he had finished he was hugely applauded. It was a hard task that was cut out for Professor de Martens when he took the platform. He was a quiet, unobtrusive figure. His knowledge of English was not a rhetorical knowledge; and he represented a nation which was detested by many of those present. Every one was sure that he would cut a pitiable figure after the florid and popular Vambéry. He stood a moment before speaking, and the silence was like that of death. Then he began in somewhat hesitating, conversational tones. He said:

When I left St. Petersburg, the Rector of the University said to me: "Do not talk too much. Do not try to make long speeches; for you are going to a nation where they make the best speeches, just as they do the best work."

Such was his simple exordium, and yet in these few words he had knocked Vambéry into a cocked hat. The quiet modesty of the Russian was in refreshing contrast to the noisy, boisterous declamation of the Hungarian. It appealed to the British love of the Sensible as against the Theatrical. Furthermore, by a subtle implication, he had intimated that Vambéry was nothing but a talker,

while at the same time he had conveyed a delicate compliment to his hosts. He spoke only a few sentences more, containing words of congratulation, and then he took his seat. The neatness of the whole thing won the hearts of his audience completely. The building fairly rocked with applause, and even the Jingo

students roared forth cheer after cheer until this grave academic function seemed likely to be broken up. It was an extraordinary personal triumph for De Martens, who was then but little known outside of Russia; but who became in time the greatest international lawyer in the world.

Harry Thurston Peck.

THE MERRIWOLD DRAMATISTS



HY is it that so many great American plays have been written at Merriwold?" asked some one of William C. De Mille, the author of *The Warrens of Virginia*.

"I don't know that the plays written there are so great," modestly replied Mr. De Mille, "but it's a great place to write plays."

Merriwold hides itself away in the forest at the foot of the Catskills, but it is fast becoming famous as the birthplace of popular American dramas; and that Mr. De Mille is right in his remark one feels when one remembers that it has been fairly well settled that the best plays are those in which smiles are mixed with tears. Now in cool, calm, quiet Merriwold, the blithe maples with their bright leaves fluttering in the sunshine suggest the smiles, and the dark background of pines gives the tragic touch; so that all the dramatist has to do is to sit and look and listen, and the scenario and the lines come to him out of the woods like pet squirrels.

This idea may seem a bit far-fetched, but when one considers the long list of successful dramas that have come out of Merriwold, it really looks as though there was something in it besides moonshine. For example, it was at Merriwold that Charles Klein's *Music Master* was first given form and shape. The preparation of this play was, indeed, a lesson in simplicity. Here, in his little one-story shack, Mr. Klein needed

nothing more than a chair, a table and a typewriter, plus the inspiration of Merriwold, to produce a play that set the world's heart beating as though it were dosed with digitalis; and here also were written his *Lion and the Mouse* and *Daughters of Men*. Some of the scenes of luxury and magnificence shown in the home of the trust master or of the tricky



WILLIAM C. DE MILLE

Author of Strongheart and The Genius



MARTHA MORTON

Author of *The Senator*, *The Bachelor's Romance*,
and *The Illusion of Beatrice*

man of wealth, who stole the poor fiddler's daughter, were evolved out of this simple sylvan atmosphere, where every prospect pleases and only the curious, lion-hunting summer visitor is vile. When Mr. Klein was asked how he managed to fill in all these luxurious scenes while he sat and wrote in the wild woodland, he said:

"Oh, that's easy! There's all kinds of

rich tapestries and soft carpets and fine furniture out there." He waved his hand toward the forest deeps. "The woods are full of them. And as for pictures, I can see about a million dollars' worth from that window."

Klein, as shown in his plays, is a curious mixture of the practical and the spiritual, as, indeed, was one Shakespeare, formerly admired as a dramatist. For one thing, Klein is a firm believer in Christian Science. That this is not known to everybody was evidenced one day when a woman visitor to Merriwold let fly a few sharp shafts at Mrs. Eddy and her disciples while other visitors and residents, among them Mr. Klein, sat and listened.

"It's a cult," the woman declared, "that hasn't drawn in many of the intellectual. For example, imagine a man like Mr. Klein there taking up Christian Science."

"That's easily imagined," said the author of *The Music Master* quietly.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the doubting woman. "Why in the world do you say so?"

"Because," said the literary leader of Merriwold, with a smile, "I am one of those same benighted beings whom you have just been decrying so eloquently."

"Oh, you don't mean it, Mr. Klein—you're joking," insisted the visitor.

"No, it's a solemn fact," declared the playwright. "Furthermore, I am free to confess that Christian Science has made me what I am, if I am anything."

The woman began to talk about wild flowers.

It was at Merriwold that William C. De Mille wrote *Strongheart*, *The Genius* and *Classmates*. De Mille did most of his writing in a tent, half-concealed among the trees. Like Klein, De Mille does not require elaborate furnishings to stimulate his fancy. In fact, those in his tent were crude and few. The well-known playwright delights in simple surroundings. The only "copy" he could possibly have gotten out of anything in that tent was the cheaply furnished studio scene in *The Genius*, for the pangs of hunger might well be suggested by the bare little interior if not by the fact that Mr. De Mille while living there always



CHARLES KLEIN

Author of *The Music Master*, *The Lion and the Mouse*, and *The Daughters of Men*

takes his meals at a neighbouring boarding-house.

Not far from the Klein workshop, or playshop, is the cottage of J. I. C. Clarke, and it was here, under the ministrations of the Klein physician and the Clarke midwife, that *Heartsease* was born and where the agonised cry of the plundered opera-writer, "My song, my song!"—so effectively flung over the footlights in the deep twang of Henry Miller—first echoed to the world. It was here, too, that Mr. Clarke wrote *Bonnie Prince Charlie* and *The Prince of India*.

Between Clarke, Klein and De Mille there exists a social confidence, coupled with a readiness of helpful suggestion, that makes play-writing a sort of pastime rather than the dull drudgery that many dramatists seem to find it. I hold that no man ever wrote a great poem, a great story or a great play all alone, and this theory has ample proof in the experience of the Merriwold playwrights. Here, in the brisk talk about the work in hand, flint flicks upon steel and the flashy tow is ignited. Nor has

there been lacking at Merriwold that feminine complement which makes for perfection in this world of ours. Not far from the Clarke cottage is "The Mansion," so named because of its ornate appointments, where, in a sunlit study, daintily decorated and furnished, Martha Morton set to work upon her *Bachelor's Romance*. Nothing about bachelors is suggested in this pretty den, so redolent and reflective of the mistress of the place, but that the bright playwright knew bachelors and their ways and could make them live vividly upon the stage is not to be gainsaid. From this den came forth *The Senator*, William H. Crane's favourite play, and *The Illusions of Beatrice*, in which Maude Fealey starred so successfully.

In another cottage, among the trees, lived and laboured Margaret Turnbull, a clever dramatic writer, who assisted Mr. De Mille in the preparation of *Classmates*.

Among the Merriwold dramatists life is taken seriously for half the day only. In the morning they sit aloof in their



THE BIRTHPLACE OF "STRONGHEART" AND "THE GENIUS"

dens and dream and plot and plod, but in the afternoons they get into their bathing suits or take down the fishing-tackle and make for the lake, which is near by and very bathable and fishable. Or they gather at the tennis court, where De Mille, Klein and others bang the ball, and the summer visitors look on and laugh and shout gleefully—quite the appropriate thing to do at Merriwold. At tennis De Mille, who is an all-round athlete, generally beats Klein, who is a small man, with no great reach of racquet. Once in a tournament *Strongheart* was so wonderfully victorious that *The Music Master* threw down his racquet in evident disgust and chagrin.

"Here's where your Science should help you," suggested a looker-on to Mr. Klein.

"Oh, it does—it does!" declared Klein, with an effort at calming his ruffled feelings. "If I weren't a Scientist you might hear something from me just now that wouldn't sound very polite. But I don't care—I can play the 'cello, and De Mille can't."

Coming from a musical race, Mr. Klein *can* play the 'cello, and he plays it divinely, at least so the young women of Merriwold declare, and they all lionise

him for this, but more because of his literary leadership in the place.

But there are no jealousies at Merriwold—it is a true literary democracy, where the humblest may sit with the highest and where a lot of light banter is given and taken in the best of spirit. If this were not so, exception might have been taken to a clever local skit, written by Mr. De Mille, which made at Merriwold its first and only appearance upon any stage. This skit was based upon the contention among the property-owners there over a plot that had been dedicated as a common. A great deal of ridicule, occult to outsiders, was made of the dedication, and in the play everything and everybody were "dedicated," even to a child that appeared and spoke one line and went off again; and when one of the actors accidentally fell he was assisted to his feet by the leading funny man who, with his wits about him, solemnly dedicated the particular spot of the falling.

When *The Lion and the Mouse* went out upon the road Mr. Klein did not receive his reports of its success very promptly, and he became nervous, anticipating trouble.

"Oh, the play is going all right," De Mille tried to assure him. "No news is good news."

"Perhaps," replied Klein, "but I won't be satisfied until I hear that every seat in the house is taken but one."

"Which one?" asked De Mille curiously.

"The one behind the post. Nobody wants that."

"Well, if it was a glass post and it could be seen through it would be all right," said De Mille.

"Yes," mused Klein. "It would have to be glass or rubber."

This sample just shows how lightly serious matters are taken at Merriwold. But there have been tragic affairs there, too, as when Mrs. Henry George died and no clergyman could be found to conduct the funeral ceremony. At last Mr. Klein was appealed to and he officiated in a manner that reflected great credit upon him. Particularly effective were his readings from the Bible, the selections being very appropriate and impressively delivered in the playwright's clear, strong voice.

This reference to Mrs. George leads me to another chapter of Merriwold history which, perhaps, should have been presented before: Merriwold was originally a Single-Tax Colony, the site being chosen for the Manhattan Single-Tax Club in 1889 by Henry George and Louis F. Post. Mr. George built a cottage there, which is now occupied every summer by Henry George, Jr., whose sister is the wife of Mr. De Mille. The junior George's wife is the sister of Mrs. Jokichi Takamine, the mistress of the most pretentious house in the place, a beautiful summer residence of purely Japanese architecture. This house, originally the Kioto home of the Mikado, was presented to Dr. Takamine, who is a native of Japan, in recognition of his services to humanity as a scientist. Dr. and Mrs. Takamine entertain most charmingly at Sho-Fu-Den (Maple-Pine Villa), as the place is called, and there the dramatists and their friends may be found of a summer evening in gay social converse. It was at Sho-Fu-Den that the De Mille skit was performed to an audience that highly appreciated the local allusions. Here, in this rich Japanese interior, the Merriwold literary colony loves to sip its tea and refresh its artistic

soul with sights that take the writers far away from their work and themselves, which is very good for the writer man after the day's tiresome struggle of brain and nerves. Among those good friends of the Takamines who have been entertained at Sho-Fu-Den are Carl Venth, the composer, Harry P. Mawson, the theatrical manager, Captain and Mrs. Samuel Edgar Darby, while the list of casual summer visitors that have enjoyed the hospitality of the place is a long one.

Another house to which the literary



J. I. C. CLARKE

Author of *Bonnie Prince Charlie* and the dramatization of General Lew Wallace's *The Prince of India*

ones repair of an evening is that of Mr. and Mrs. E. Yancey Cohen. Mr. Cohen is well known as a disciple of Henry George and a teacher of his theories. He was among the first summer dwellers at Merriwold. He is a writer upon economic subjects and is a particular friend of Henry George, Jr., whom he made the hero of a Greek comedy, the reading of which made still merrier the merry folk of the village.

The Merriwold folk revel in the out-



MERRIWOLD, THE CALL OF THE FOREST

door life and are seen walking about bareheaded and getting the good of the piney air. At times the visitors are given rare literary treats, as when one of the dramatists reads an act from a play that has not yet seen the stage. When Mr. Clarke read the dramatisation of *The*

Prince of India to his Merriwold friends, it was in a natural theatre formed by the overhanging branches of the trees near his house. The strongly dramatic scenes were applauded by those occupying boxes and orchestra seats, otherwise logs and rocks, and the free-pass claquers



THE BIRTHPLACE OF "THE PRINCE OF INDIA" AND ITS AUTHOR

were so vigorous and insistent in their plaudits that Mr. Clarke had to pause many times in his reading. At last he said with a pleased smile:

"If the play goes like this when it is presented I'm afraid the police will interfere."

Myra Kelley has rested her wings in this village and so have many other well-known writers. But to the dramatists belong the honours of long residence, for Charles Klein has worked there for ten summers and J. I. C. Clarke, William De Mille and others have been labouring and loitering there for years. Truly, so far as the writing of plays is concerned, it has been a place of large performance, and if in contemplating such a Helicon one may be permitted to stoop to sordid considerations, it may be mentioned that

much wealth has come to the Merriwold dramatists, Mr. Klein alone being reputed to have pocketed, or perhaps it were more fitly proportionate to say sacked, over half a million dollars. So that Merriwold inspiration has meant money, and I would advise those playwrights who have found managers cold and actors chary to go to Merriwold, sit on a log and let the woodland fays bring big ideas and noble plots to them out of the forest. This sitting in dull urban dens and looking down upon brick perspectives is stale, flat and unprofitable. For while men, for inscrutable reasons of their own, love the city, the Muse loves it not. You dramatist of many pigeon holed plays, rouse yourself, pawn your watch if need be and buy a ticket to Merriwold.

Bailey Millard.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

"The folk who lived in Shakespeare's day
And saw that gentle figure pass
By London Bridge, his frequent way—
They little knew what man he was."



T was as long ago as 1848 that a United States consul at Santa Cruz suggested a doubt as to Shakespeare's authorship of the plays which bear his name.

But the notion that Lord Bacon wrote them came originally from Miss Delia Bacon eight years later; and although one William Henry Smith is sometimes credited with this doubtful honour, the lady, by reason both of her name and of the mental condition revealed by her insanity and death in 1859, may wear it the more appropriately. No profundity of learning is required to confute this crazy hypothesis; yet it is revived afresh at frequent intervals and much futile breath is wasted upon it. Judge Holmes, Mr. Edwin Reed and Mrs. Henry Pott have all been busily engaged in digging up evidence in its behalf—evidence which often

seems impressive to those unskilled in the principles of literary criticism. More convincing still to such are the cryptographic labours of Mr. Ignatius Donnelly. This is a process to which the Bible has often been subjected with marvellous results. Now comes Mr. William Stone Booth, fortunately described as "of Cambridge but not of Harvard," who has produced for our delectation a collection of "signatures" in the form of acrostics* which the amiably credulous will doubtless receive as proof absolute that William Shakespeare was none other than Francis Bacon. It was by the same kind of reasoning that the Scarlet Woman was identified with the Church of Rome by pious Protestants.

If Shakespeare is really to be deprived of his laurels it must be by a different way than this. Such a way is indicated by Mr. Greenwood, a member of Parliament and a London barrister of repute,

*Some Acrostic Signatures of Francis Bacon Baron Verulam of Verulam, Viscount St. Albans. Together with Some Others. By William Stone Booth. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

who argues, without accepting the Baconian hypothesis, that William Shakespeare the player and William Shakespeare the poet were two different men altogether.* To this Canon Beeching has replied with equal brevity and force,† compelling Mr. Greenwood in turn to defend his position.‡ Then comes Mr. Clemens, in a strange digression from his usual paths, insisting that Mr. Greenwood is right and with a ferocity quite out of keeping with his genial reputation berating the scholars who deny the sufficiency of Mr. Greenwood's evidence. They are "Stratfordolaters, Shakesperoids, bangalores, thugs, troglodytes, herumfrodites, blatherskites, buccaneers, bandoleers"—a nice derangement of epitaphs! Must the subject be discussed in the spirit of John Dennis? It would be easy to retort in kind and to ridicule the qualifications of "Mark Twain" for participating in the discussion.§ And he is not even funny when he loses his temper. Yet what an occasion for humour the whole foolish, futile controversy offers! Consider how many sweeping assumptions the theory that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare involves. Even the *advocatus diaboli* has been constrained to admit that such a tremendous literary hoax could not have been perpetrated without confederates. The fact that the great man who had been Solicitor General, Attorney General and Lord Chancellor, who had held a conspicuous place at Court, who had written the *Advancement of Learning* and the *Noxum Organum*, was also the author of the most successful plays of his time could not have been so thoroughly concealed that no one suspected the truth until more than two centuries after his death. Furthermore, the contemporary allusions to Shakespeare as the author are abundant and convinc-

ing. Actors and managers, critics like Meres, dramatists like Jonson and poets like Barnfield, all must have joined in keeping the great secret. And the chief conspirator of them all was Jonson.

Less audacious frauds than this have been disclosed by some revelation, conscious or unconscious, on the part of the plotters. If, then, Bacon or any one but Shakespeare was the author of the plays that go by Shakespeare's name, those who conspired to deceive the world must have left some loophole through which the truth may be discerned. There have been many attempts at literary anonymity in our own time. In some cases no one has been particularly concerned to penetrate the disguise. *The Letters of Junius* is perhaps the most conspicuous case in English literature in which any doubt as to the authorship exists, and here the doubt is hardly to be considered reasonable. Certainly it is inconceivable that a man of Bacon's eminence could have covered his tracks so completely. The evidence that he wrote the plays may be external, or internal, or both. The external evidence may be both pro and con. The internal evidence must be conclusive. In other words, unless the external evidence contradicts it beyond the shadow of a doubt, the internal evidence is sufficient. A writer may change his kind of work, his method, even his style, to a certain point; but there still remains some flavour of his personality; his speech bewrayeth him. If we are to say, from the internal evidence, that the author of the *Essays* wrote *Hamlet* we may say with equal credibility that Newman wrote *The History of England* attributed to Macaulay, or that Mr. Andrew Lang wrote the novels ascribed to Robert Louis Stevenson. Indeed, a very good case might be made out for the latter hypothesis; Mr. Lang's versatility is so remarkable that it has already been argued that his name stands for a syndicate. There is nothing in the character of Bacon or in his admitted writings to show that he was the creator of Juliet and Viola, Othello and Macbeth; on the contrary, there is everything in both to show the contrary. That is one reason why no competent student of literature—no "bangalore" or "troglodyte," in Mark

*The Shakespeare Problem Restated. By Granville G. Greenwood, M.P. New York: John Lane Company.

†William Shakespeare: Player, Playmaker and Poet. By H. C. Beeching, Litt.D. New York: John Lane Company.

‡In re Shakespeare: Beeching versus Greenwood. By C. C. Greenwood, M.P. New York: John Lane Company.

§Is Shakespeare Dead? From My Autobiography. By Mark Twain. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Twain's choice language—has ever taken seriously the Baconian theory. But to those Peter Bells to whom a book is a book and nothing more, who do not understand what style is, the internal evidence is meaningless.

If, however, we disregard this internal evidence, conclusive though it be, and turn to the external evidence in the case, we are confronted by a vast superstructure of assumption based upon a very insecure foundation of doubt. So much of it as may be derived from the labours of Mr. Booth needs no analysis. One is reminded of the familiar retort of Sydney Smith to the stranger who rushed up to him saying, "Mr. Robinson, I believe?" "Sir," replied Smith, "if you believe that you will believe anything." If one believes that Bacon, after concealing so carefully from all the world the fact that he wrote the noblest plays in the language, by a conspiracy of silence without a parallel in literature, deliberately revealed his authorship in a series of acrostics one will believe anything. Nor is this all. Jonson's lines *To the Reader* in the First Folio are cited as equally containing Bacon's name; and, of course, he wrote his longer tribute to his dead friend with his tongue in his cheek. Now one trouble with this kind of evidence is that it proves too much. A former reader of riddles of the sort has succeeded in showing that Bacon also wrote the plays of Marlowe. Using Mr. Booth's scheme of counting, you may easily broaden still further the scope of his activities; it has already been pointed out that by this token he wrote the poems of Dryden. In fact, almost any literary masquerade may be detected by these too simple means. I think that I could show, for example, that the same hand wrote *The Anatomy of Melancholy* and *The Broken Heart*. And surely, if the Baconian claims are pressed much further it will be necessary to show who wrote the works that go by Bacon's name. Or may we not borrow the scepticism of Mrs. Betsey Prig? and say, "I don't believe there's no such a person!" Let us not forget how conclusively Whately proved that Napoleon was a myth.

That there might have been two William Shakespeares, one a player and one

a poet, as Mr. Greenwood contends, is at least a proposition which may be argued with a straight face. Yet it, too, rests upon too slender a basis to be considered with any great seriousness. Much stress is laid upon the gaps in our knowledge of Shakespeare, as if this were a surprising or suspicious circumstance. Mark Twain modestly observes that Shakespeare was not as well known as he is. As a matter of fact the actual sum of undoubted information concerning Shakespeare—excluding all inference or assumption—is greater than in the case of almost any other man of letters of his time. Ben Jonson is an exception; but there are special reasons for this. Marlowe, Massinger, Webster, Ford, Chapman, Fletcher, Dekker—all are well-nigh shadows in comparison with the figure of the owner of New Place and substantial citizen of Stratford-on-Avon. But it is even sought to turn this argument against him. How could one who had sounded all the depths and shoals of passion, who was of imagination all compact, whose spirit had been finely touched to fine issues—how could such an one play the part of the successful manager, the prudent business man, the country landholder? The contradiction is more imaginary than real. It exists mainly in the minds of those who fancy that a man of genius must be incapable of ordinary common sense or self-control—that he must be a spendthrift or a dreamer, or perhaps drink himself to death. But in the very lucidity and luminousness of what Shakespeare wrote, in the very order and restraint which differentiate his plays from those of so many of his contemporaries, there is testimony to the balanced sanity of the man himself.

To deal with this subject point by point would be to write another life of Shakespeare. The facts are amply and convincingly narrated in such a volume as Mr. Sidney Lee's, which has just appeared in a revised edition.* Mr. Lee has found five new contemporary references to Shakespeare since the first edition was published, and these he sets forth in a new preface. The most inter-

*A Life of William Shakespeare. By Sidney Lee. New and Revised Edition. New York: The Macmillan Company.

esting of them is that which shows him as having joined with Burbage in designing an "impresa" or semi-heraldic pictorial badge, with motto attached, for the sixth Earl of Rutland. Another reveals fresh facts concerning his residence in London. None of them is of the first importance. Yet every link in a chain of evidence which it is sought to break is to be welcomed. It is not without significance that each new discovery tells against those who attack Shakespeare's name and fame. Of such testimony as his contemporaries offer one can only dispose by applying to them a short and ugly word. They, too, entered deliberately into a deception for which there was neither reason nor excuse. "I loved the man and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any." Jonson's familiar tribute was a rare piece of hypocrisy; this is the only conclusion the theory that Shakespeare was not Shakespeare permits us to draw.

Nor is it worth while to enter into such questions as the knowledge of law displayed in the Shakespearian dramas. This point has been dwelt upon as a strong argument for the Baconian hypothesis. As a matter of fact there are errors in the use of legal terms such as a layman might easily make, but not a lawyer. Besides, were there no errors it would prove nothing. Anthony Trollope might be regarded as a barrister or Mr. Kipling as an engineer with equal provocation. It is no unusual thing for an author to turn to good use a mere smattering of a subject. Other errors in the plays are such as Bacon, of all men, would never have made. They are, however, precisely the kind of errors which an eager, inquiring intelligence, a man of quick observation and considerable reading, but without an extended or systematic education, might be expected to make. Furthermore, whoever wrote the plays was a master of stagecraft, acquired by a varied practical experience.

This is so conclusive an argument against the Baconians that they are driven to the assumption that some actor "worked them over" after Bacon had written them. If this were so, who would the actor be but William Shakespeare, under whose name they were acted and published? The best we can do for the Lord Chancellor, therefore, is a Beaumont and Fletcher arrangement; and this is about as likely as the collaboration of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Pinero. Mr. Greenwood's notion that Shakespeare the actor and Shakespeare the dramatist were different men is made equally futile by the same considerations. We must not let the changes in methods of stage presentation blind us to the extraordinary technical skill which the writer of these plays everywhere shows. If he was not William Shakespeare, who was he? No one has yet furnished an answer to that inquiry which will endure investigation. It may well be dismissed now as a case of much ado about nothing.

Three of Mr. Swinburne's introductions to Shakespeare's plays have been published in the rather ambitiously named *Library of Living Thought*.* The poet's vice as a critic is, of course, his intemperate exaggeration and his superabundant use of the superlative. Yet there is a sound and noble enthusiasm in his appreciation of the great Elizabethans; and these essays will help the reader weary of controversy to forget all but the supreme genius of the greatest of them. And to the student the little *Pocket Lexicon*† which has been added to *The Temple Shakespeare* will be worth more than whole libraries of anagrams and acrostics.

Edward Fuller.

**Three Plays of Shakespeare.* By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Harper and Brothers.

†*A Pocket Lexicon and Concordance to the Temple Shakespeare.* New York: The Macmillan Company.

THREE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

HAPGOOD'S "AN ANARCHIST WOMAN"*

They seem very actual, the characters in this book, and if they never, precisely, existed outside the author's mind it is a mere oversight of nature which she will presently amend. There is no reason why a girl of the slums should not be just such a combination of Marie Bashkirtseff, Manon Lescaut, Hedda Gabler and Helene von Dönniges—to take at random a few of her literary forebears. Her mother was half-German, half-French, often hysterical; her father a German machinist generally drunk. Sensuality, neurasthenia, a potential talent too weak to work, insatiable egoism given to what may be called auto-poetry or self-crooning (private lyrics of one's peculiar soul not necessarily musical but imagining a very musical applause), and above all much hit-or-miss reading of writings reputed extreme—and you have Marie the heroine, or, rather, a considerable part of her, for she is too good a literary or natural product to equal any such bare list of qualities. One thing she certainly is not and that is a mere "anarchist woman," and Mr. Hapgood does the book some injustice in his preface when he says:

It represents an effort to throw light on what may be called the temperament of revolt; by portraying the mental life of an individual, and incidentally of more than one individual, I have hoped to make more clear the natural history of the anarchist; to show under what conditions, in connection with what personal qualities, the anarchistic habit of mind arises, and to point out, suggestively, rather than explicitly, the nature, the value, and the tragic limitation of the social rebel.

Marie's relations with the anarchist movement were incidental. Any excitable artistic male might have done as much for her soul as the anarchist dreamer Terry with whom she fell in

*An Anarchist Woman. By Hutchins Hapgood. New York: Duffield and Company, 308 pp.

love. "Social rebel" is too narrow a term for such an epicure of emotion. Humdrum was the enemy, not "society." When anarchism became humdrum, she took to the woods—went into a camp in California, where Mr. Hapgood finally leaves her, "making a last effort to live the straight free life of Nature's children, a suckling at the breasts of Mother Earth." A new birth, he calls it, and quotes her:

I have been here now a whole month and have not wearied of it for a moment. Each day brings a new, wonderful experience; and each day I feel a real part of the great wonderful scheme of things. Indeed, I am becoming a part of Nature.

A new appetiser, the reader says, and wonders how the feelings are to be scraped up for next month, though quite sure that she will get them somehow. Mr. Hapgood seems blind to the amount of yeast he has put in her. He seems not to know that she is blessed with enough power of self-dramatisation to last a lifetime. She will not stay long with Professor Henry Van Dyke and Nature—small blame to her, for far less restless souls than hers have fretted under that compulsion. Despite his air of finality and moral approval Mr. Hapgood leaves Marie in what is really the shortest of her moods. He tries to prove his point by her, but she becomes too real a person to stay inside his proposition. That is the danger to the thesis-writer of drawing a character too well; it walks off on its own feet, snapping its fingers at the author's educational intentions.

Terry seems more exclusively the product of books.

Terry is a perfect type of the idealist. We shall see how, in the midst of what the world calls immorality and sordidness, this quality in him was ever present; even when it led to harshness to persons or facts. Not fitting into the world, his attitude toward it, his actions in it, and his judgment of it are keen and impassioned, but, not fitting the actual facts, sometimes unjust and cruel. Tender and sensitive

as a child, his indignation is so uncompromising that it often involves injustice and wrong.

* * * * *

This was the man who met Marie at a critical time of her life. He was about thirty-five years old, had experienced much, had become formed, had rejected society, but not the ideal. Rather, as he dropped the one, he embraced more fervently the other. He had consorted with thieves, prostitutes, with all low human types; and for their failures and their weaknesses, their ideas and their instincts, he felt deep sympathy and even an æsthetic appreciation.

Terry is made most ingeniously to talk out of books:

Whenever and wherever I have touched the depths, and it has been frequent and prolonged, and have seen the proletarian face to face, naked spiritually and physically, the appeal in his eyes is irresistible and irrefutable. I must do something for him or else I am lost to myself. If I should ever let an occasion go by I am sure I never could recover from the feeling that something irreparable had happened to me. I should not mind failure, but to fail here and in my own eyes is to be forever lost and eternally damned. This looks like the religion of my youth under another guise, but I must find imperishable harmony somewhere. The apathy of the mass oppresses me into a hopeless helplessness which may account for my stagnation, my ineffectiveness, my impotence, my stupidity, my crudeness, my despair. I have always felt lop-sided, physically, especially in youth. My awkwardness became, too, a state of mind at the mercy of any spark of suggestion. My subjectively big head I tried to compress into a little hat, my objectively large hands concealed themselves in subjective pockets, my poor generous feet went the way of the author of *Pilgrim's Progress*. The result is a lop-sided mind, developed monstrously in certain sensitive directions, otherwise not at all. A born stumbler in this world, I naturally lurched up against society—but, as often happens, I have lost the thread of my thought: my thoughts, at the critical moment, frequently desert me as my family did; they seem to carry on an alluring flirtation, and when I think them near they suddenly wave me from the distance. But like a lover, I will follow on—follow on to platonic intercourse with my real mistress, the proletarian. And soul there is there. I have met as fathom-

less spirits among the workers as one will meet with anywhere. Art never has fathomed them, and may never be able to do so. Often have I stood dumbfounded before some simple day-labourer with whom I worked. Art does not affect me as this kind of grand simplicity in life does. I keep muttering to myself: there must be a meaning to our lives somewhere, or else we must sunder this social fabrication and create a meaning; and so my incantations go on endlessly.

Sometimes it is the voice of literary youth, or of any man in a radical mood, called "modern" by reviewers who pretend not to know that radicalism is a ratio, not a creed, and may have been a constant ratio, for aught we know, since the first hot-headed anti-cannibal turned against the table manners of the contemporary leading families.

"It takes recklessness," says Terry, "to be a social experimentalist or really to get into touch with humanity. Our careful humanitarians, our charitable ones, never do, for they stick to their conservatism. How we do fashion our own fetters, from chains to corsets, and from gods to governments. Oh, how I wish I were a fine lean satirist!—with a great black-snake whip of sarcasm to scourge the smug and genial ones, the self-righteous, charitable, and respectable ones! How I would lay the lash on corpulent content and fat faith with folds in its belly, chin and hands; those who try to beat their breast-bone through layers of fat! Oh, this rotund reverence of morality! 'Meagre minds,' mutters George Moore, and my gorge rises in stuttering rage to get action on them. Verily such morality as your ordinary conservative professes has an organic basis: it has its seat in those vestiges of muscles that would still wag our abortive tails and often do wag our abortive tongues. To arouse such fat ones to any onward flight it may take the tremendous impact of a revolution. It may take many upheavals of the seismic soul of man before the hobgoblins of authority are finally laid in the valley.

"How many free spirits have been caught and hampered in the quagmire of conservatism. Yet they have the homing instinct of all winged things: they return to the soul and seek to throw off the fat and heavy flesh of social stupidity. Many great, free spirits there have been who possess this orientation of the

race and have brought us tidings of the promised land. How many thundering spirits have commanded us to march by the tongued and livid lightning of their prophetic souls, but how few of us have done so! Why, to me, this world is a halting hell of hitching-posts and of truculent troughs for belching swine-herds. The universe has no goal that we know of, unless Eternity be the aim; let us then have the modesty of the Cosmos, and no other modesty, and be content to know our course, and be sure to run it."

Terry was the slave of the principle no work without inspiration, and tramped and hoboed and starved rather than turn his hand to any task that seemed for the moment disagreeable. The disagreeableness of the task was proof to Terry that it went against the freedom of his nature, was a form of social coercion to which he as anarchist must rise superior. To work for wages was to approve the system of exploitation. To work for applause was also base. One cannot be quite sure of one's motives. He must wait for a work impulse that should be self-evidently untrammelled and unalloyed, an autogenetic impulse, a sort of moral seizure; then the mind might work with anarchistic propriety, work because it really wished to, voluntarily up and dance, or be bowled along the line of no resistance. But there are often long intervals between these happy turns, for there is treason within us from the anarchistic point of view. The mind is already compromised; the thoughts are by no means free (some of them snub others); the reason is often browbeaten, and sneaking little conventionalities start up every moment and run the intellect in their own way; clearly the mind has been altogether overrun by "society," the enemy. Hence waiting around for pure ego-work to begin, soul cries, self-outbursts, is apt to run to very long pauses indeed, for the harder one looks inside his head the more entangled it seems with "society." And as the muscles need the pressure of objects that resist, a mind thus denied all exercise is apt to become at first flaccid and short of breath, and then, a mere pendulous, foolish thing awaiting justification by galvanism. So Terry ran his course. He was

very logical. He applied the principles of anarchism to his own mind, and with entire consistency in freedom's cause let it go to pieces.

The aloofness of the Overman, the individualistic teachings of Zarathustra, appealed to the anti-social Terry, to the man who more and more went back to his egotistic personality, to whom more and more the "communist" Christian anarchists made little appeal, who more and more became what is called an individual anarchist, with whom there is little possibility of relationship. . . .

In the latest word which Mr. Hapgood says he has from Terry occurs this confession:

I had to seek surcease in my old remedy of hasheesh and chloroform, which was a change from suffering to stupidity. But I shall not swell the cosmic chorus of woe by raising my cracked voice against impending fate. I am more and more alone, more and more conscious of a growing something that is keeping me apart from all whom I can possibly avoid.

This, says Mr. Hapgood, marks the near approach of Terry's logical end.

Under Terry's teaching, and it was all she had, Marie discovered other desires than the sexual, though still free to roam with other men as she would, for Terry believed in "free love." And here a warning to a certain class whom Mr. Hapgood, rather hopelessly, I think, attempts to reassure. If you agree with Mr. William Winter's criticism of Ibsen or approve the policy of Anthony Comstock toward Bernard Shaw, this is no fit book for you to read. Marie's relations with men are mentioned. They are not told in the amatory spirit of the Dido episode which your children read in school or with the carnal revelry of *Romeo and Juliet*; but they are mentioned. The terms "unpleasant," "malodorous," bound to occur in some reviews, are all implied in the title, for anarchism includes "free-love." There is no knowing the American caprice of expurgation, and the only safe course for a Wintry-Comstock mind is to stay on the pure side of the definition and try not to understand.

They were indeed all "free lovers," and quite naturally so; the rebellious temperament

instinctively takes as its object of attack the strongest convention in society. Anarchism in Europe is mainly political; in America it is mainly sexual; for the reason that there is less freedom of expression about sex in America than in Europe: so there is a stronger protest here against the conventions in this field—as the yoke is more severely felt. While I was in Italy and France I met a number of anarchists who, on the sex side, were not ostentatiously rebellious. They were like the free sort of conservative people everywhere. But in political ideas they were more logical, sophisticated, and deeply revolutionary than is the case with the American anarchists, who on the other hand both in their lives and their opinions, are extreme rebels against sex conventions. It is only another instance of how unreason in one extreme tends to bring about unreason in the other. Our prudishness, hypocrisy and stupid conventionality in all sex matters is responsible for the unbalanced license of many a protesting spirit.

In Terry's company Marie plunged into indiscriminate reading of the brilliant writers of the time, some with wings, some with dubious flying machines of their own devising, but all essaying an upward and forward motion, skippers of tradition, and if not pioneers, at least fugitives from commonplace. She brought to them a mind without previous acquisitions and an experience almost exclusively physiological. So she became, like certain insurgent magazine verses, extremely vague as to the identity of her oppressors, sure only of her revolt. She quivered as she read like an unballasted reviewer afloat in some teapot tempest of "strong" writing, in a Jack London gale, for example, with the words "primal" and "elemental" tearing through the shrouds. "Cosmos" and "cosmic," as Terry used them, would at times delightfully capsize her. She began her thinking in terms of enormous girth and unapprehended content. Her first ghost stories were of "society." She had a woman's very personal way with large abstractions, making enemies or pets of them, like the woman quoted by Professor James: "I do so love to cuddle up to God." She acquired that precocity of literary feeling which prompts to "confessions" in advance of think-

ing, and you will find her likeness in a great deal of the premature poetry of the present, written in a flutter of expectation over an idea that does not come. No plodding for her. "Small hath continual plodding ever won, save base authority from others' books." But occasional plodding is necessary even for the epicure of emotions, to get up an appetite for the next sudden revelation. She read for the pleasure of feeling the thought jump, but without the acquisition of a good deal of dense traditional stuff there is nothing for the thought to jump from or over. Where is the fun in seeing Bernard Shaw knock ideas down if one has not first met them standing up? Apart from any question of truth, or character, or the "meaning of life," and merely from the point of view of sportsmanship, the mind needs its level expanses, studious trifles, sleepy acquisitions, stupid details, traditional irrelevancies, statistics, tariff discussions, polite conversation, leading articles and mild ambling poetry, including many hymns—in short, must plod along rather diligently at intervals for a due sense of the length, breadth, thickness and perfect humanity of platitude, from which alone the rocketing may be enjoyed. Otherwise these hop-skip-and-jump fellows will seem pioneers from nowhere or insurgents against nothing in general. Even as mere pleasure-givers they will pall, if one does not retain some laborious habits, remain something of a scholar in commonplace things. Marie wanted the emotions without gathering any material for them to act upon.

She lacked, therefore, the staying power necessary even to successful hedonism, could not stand the training, the abstinence, the exercise. One sees signs of her in all classes, not merely in the slums, not necessarily versed in anarchism, mentionable or unmentionable. The most of her will perhaps be found in literary Arcadias, where, as they will tell you, they have "good talk." But she pricks the mind to seeking analogies in very respectable quarters, which must not be mentioned lest they seem far-fetched, or violate a confidence, or provoke a libel-suit. It is proof of some power, in a book if it sets one to spec-

ulating in this way, hunting analogies, exceeding the author's apparent design, and interviewing the characters on one's own account. The pleasant clever novels of the day leave no such illusion that the characters have got away, and give no such impulse to a wild-goose chase. It is a strange man that could remain awake five minutes beyond his usual time with the characters of Messrs. Harding Davis, Booth Tarkington, O. Henry, or even Anthony Hope, Maurice Hewlett, and stars of a greater magnitude. Gone like a glass of soda water; cheerful but done with; ancient after two ticks of the clock, hazy as Tiglath-Pileser; and the soul now ready to be completely absorbed in the deeds of the flies on the window pane. It must be that Mr. Hapgood has written an unusual book. It might be an altogether admirable one, but Mr. Hapgood is more credulous of his people than he has a right to be of any one, even of himself. They are subjects for sympathetic derision—not satire the sneering substance that we know, but satire that includes the satirist himself. That is the grave omission of the satirist, the omission of himself—nearly all the world to the literary person, yet left out of the world in almost every extremely sarcastic survey of it. There can, of course, be no sound derision of things *sub specie eternitatis* that does not include the derider himself.

F. M. Colby.

II

ROSE O'NEILL'S "THE LADY IN THE WHITE VEIL"*

The author of this novel is known as an illustrator of considerable merit, an artist of a certain originality and force. There are several specimens of her handiwork scattered throughout the pages, which are not unpleasing. Now, it is but a jealous carping criticism that would deny to the successful achiever in one line of artistic endeavour,—because of success—the right to achievement in some other line of work. Indeed it would have been,—for the present reviewer at least,

*The Lady in the White Veil. By Rose O'Neill. New York: Harper and Brothers.

—a pleasure to be able to announce that Mrs. Rose O'Neill is as clever a writer as she is an illustrator. But this cannot be said. In fact it must be regretfully stated that she has written a very poor book. It is quite impossible to discover why such a book should have been written at all. For the author's time and coffers could presumably have been filled to so much better advantage by the exercise of her real talent. The story of the novel hinges about a mystery which becomes so obvious about one-third through the book that the snarl of so-called mystifying happenings becomes annoying in the extreme. The style is overladen with a would-be facetiousness and attempted brilliancy which read like the efforts of a capable high-school girl who has not—perhaps never will,—learned the beauty of simplicity, nor the power to understand life from anything but the school-girl attitude.

One oasis in a desert of mannerisms and useless words is the figure of Uncle Dodson, the violin-playing amateur detective. Uncle Dodson is really delightful. He is the only justification for an otherwise unnecessary book. He is so good that we fancy the author must have forgotten her literary ambitions for the time, and simply painted a figure from life.

Uncle Dodson's sayings are most amusing, and give the only really funny moments among so much that is painfully trying to be funny.

Insects are not necessarily celibates.

Or:

To a man of a lofty nature a noble purpose cannot be forgotten. It inspires all the divine energies of his soul: all the strength of his spirit reaches out: he sits down on it, like a bull-pup on an old overshoe—if you know what I mean.

This is a sample of Uncle Dodson's conversation. If the delightful old gentleman was the reason for writing the book—there is no other apparent—it could have been done much easier. He is of himself so much worth while that we regret it has not been done in any other way.

Grace Isabel Colbron.

III

G. R. CHESTER'S "THE MAKING OF BOBBY BURNIT"*

A good many excellent novels are very poor serials. Also the reverse is true. By this the reviewer does not wish to imply that Mr. Chester's *The Making of Bobby Burnit*, which was an unusually entertaining serial, is a bad novel. It is not. Only it is impossible to regard the story in book form in any other way than in the light of a second incarnation. Even the reader who has never heard of it before, seeing it between these covers of blue and gold, will inevitably feel this.

Here is the tale in a nut-shell. John Burnit has died, leaving to his son a vast fortune and a series of philosophical letters. The fortune is curiously tied up, and the letters are to be given to the son not as a warning against an indiscretion, but after the indiscretion has been consummated. Robert Burnit, bouyant, enthusiastic, inexperienced, generous, and something of an ass, becomes more deeply involved with each new venture. He begins by losing control of his father's

*The Making of Bobby Burnit. By George Randolph Chester. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

department store. He plunges into a wild-cat real estate scheme. He enters the field of municipal affairs and finds the game an expensive one. He backs a stranded opera company and becomes entangled in a breach of promise suit. Finally, in journalism he finds his true career, and, taught wisdom by constant reverses, is able to pay off old scores and to emerge from the long struggle with flying colours.

The Making of Bobby Burnit may be summed up as modern, American, spirited, entertaining, and ephemeral. It is a book that will be thoroughly enjoyed to-day, and quite forgotten six months hence. To speak of it as belonging to the school of *The Letters of a Self-Made Merchant to His Son* is not to imply imitation. True, the John Burnit of this story is not unlike the old Gorgon Graham of Mr. Lorimer's remarkably successful narrative, and in certain callow moods Bobby bears a marked resemblance to Pierrepont Graham. But there the similarity ends. In place of the anecdotes of the shrewd old Chicago financier there is here a philosophy that is quite as sound, and in addition a narrative that should satisfy the most insistent admirer of incident and action.

Beverly Stark.



THE POPULAR VERDICT AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*



It is generally conceded that of all literary forms the novel stands nearest to the drama in its dependence upon popular favour. As with the drama, its legitimate purpose is neither to teach nor to preach, but to entertain. It may, of course, incidentally accomplish many other things besides. It may, on occasion, stir us to noble impulses and righteous indignation; it may propound some of the weightiest problems of human life and point a way to their solution; it may strip the veil from hideous social evils and kindle a sweeping fire of reform. But unless it possesses the initial gift of entertaining, it courts defeat at the outset; for whatever people may do with sermons and essays and text-books, it is quite certain that they will refuse to read a novel that bores them. Accordingly it is well-nigh axiomatic that a novelist, like a playwright, must catch and hold the interest of his audience. What the nature of his audience shall be is one of the questions he is privileged to answer for himself. He may write for the many or for the few; for the wise or the foolish; for the reverend senior or the matinee girl. But having chosen his public, he must give them entertainment, or else own himself ignorant of the first principles of his art.

Now, since the purpose of all fiction, of whatever degree of ambition and achievement, is to present a series of imagined

incidents in such a way as to produce the maximum impression of reality, it would seem to be a perfectly reasonable and legitimate question to ask why the popular verdict on a novel is not the decisive verdict—in other words, why the novel that reaches the widest audience is not artistically as well as commercially the best novel? For the art of fiction is different from the other arts, in that it does not afford a conscious enjoyment, for its own sake, excepting in rare, individual cases. None but the trained critic takes pleasure, as he reads a story, in the cleverness of its technique, the symmetry of its structure, the effective tricks of rhythm and assonance, because in the technique of fiction the best art lies in most subtly concealing it; it is not something to be enjoyed for its own sake, as in music or painting. And so, if the aim of all novelists is essentially the same—namely, to interpret life in the most graphic, effective and convincing way at their command—then it would seem that the test of a novelist's ability, like that of a great actor, should lie in the size of his audience, the number of people whom his genius has the power to hold spellbound.

In point of fact, there are a sufficient number of cases in which the popular verdict and the verdict of authoritative criticism have coincided, to give a sort of fallacious justification to this doctrine that a novelist's greatness is in direct ratio to his popularity. Scott and Dickens and Thackeray, Stevenson and Kipling, Dumas and Balzac and Zola, are familiar instances of great writers who could hold and sway a great audience. But they were able to do this because of the breadth of their sympathies with human life, the universality of their themes, the gift of touching certain common chords of human nature, that set all classes of readers vibrating in response. This power different writers have to a varying degree; Dickens, for instance, to a greater extent than Thackeray—and therefore, while Thackeray is the finer

*Antonio. By Ernest Oldmeadow. New York: The Century Company.

Idolatry. By Alice Perrin. New York: Duffield and Company.

Salvator. By Percival Gibbon. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

Peter-Peter. By Maude Radford Warren. New York: Harper and Brothers.

The Whips of Time. By Arabella Kenealy. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

The Black Flier. By Edith Macvane. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

The Half Moon. By Ford Madox Hueffer. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.

artist, Dickens gathers around him a more motley audience and wins by popular verdict. So long as a novelist confines himself to themes that possess this universal appeal; themes dealing with such primitive, basic emotions that they are as intelligible to the ploughman as to the man of letters; themes as single-minded as Othello's jealousy or Macbeth's ambition, just so long will his true worth be roughly measured by the size of his audience.

It is, of course, one form of genius to be able to choose themes that will thus reach the public at large and make the whole world feel the thrill of kinship. But it is not one of the indispensable factors of great fiction, because greatness lies in the way a story is told, rather than in the story itself. It depends upon the degree of an author's ability to tell the truth about life, rather than upon the particular truth that he has undertaken to tell, and if he succeeds greatly, the absolute value of his achievement remains the same, whether a million readers or only a score possess the intimate knowledge of life that is necessary to a complete understanding of what he has done.

It follows that while many of the greatest novels ever written belong, and rightly, too, to the general public, many other novels, equally great, must remain caviare to the general. The general public will continue to yawn over the novel that deals with problems too subtle for it to understand; and it will continue to read and admire writers whose ignorance of life it is itself too ignorant to detect. There are just a few peculiarly gifted writers who achieve that seemingly impossible task of simultaneously appealing to the child and the adult, by means of an *Alice in Wonderland* or a *Jungle Tale*. But the mere fact that books like these augment their possible audience by the sum total of the nation's childhood, does not make them greater in literary value than, let us say, *Vanity Fair* or *Pere Goriot*, which must remain content without a juvenile audience. A certain portion of the general public are at best only children of a larger growth; and while certain masters of fiction succeed in writing down to their level, it would be folly to claim for these a higher degree of

merit than for other writers who frankly choose to write for a limited public possessed of a special culture, an exceptional maturity. The fact that three generations have wept over the death of little Nell does not alter the fact that *The Old Curiosity Shop* lies considerably lower in the scale of art than, for example, *The Golden Bowl* of Henry James, whose very meaning would persistently elude ninety per cent. of the sum total of Dickens's readers.

For these reasons it should be remembered that there are few tests so fallacious as the popular verdict on books of fiction. As against the one time when the public may possibly be right, there will be ten times when it will be plainly, if not grotesquely wrong. It will look askance at the really promising work of an author's youth, and then end by absurdly overrating the mediocre productions of his middle age. And this is not surprising, because mediocrity is itself one of the notes that awaken a ready response from the world at large.

And yet the Popular Verdict is a factor which it has become impossible to overlook in the criticism of modern fiction because of the easily understood and somewhat deplorable reason that it is the factor which largely explains why so many mediocre books are published—and also why many a book containing the promise of better things is deliberately warped and cheapened and spoiled. A casual glance over a shelf full of so-called "summer novels" is in these days rather disheartening, not because a light little story skilfully told is in itself an unworthy achievement, but because in so much of our current fiction it is unpleasantly evident that the author has had his eye at least two-thirds of the time upon his audience, rather than on his work.

Accordingly, when we come across a book that evidently has been written for its own sake, without any thought of popular acclaim, there is a temptation to give it almost too much praise; to shut our eyes to its defects and exalt its worthy qualities beyond the bounds of strict impartiality. Such a book is *Antonio*, by Ernest Oldmeadow. Obviously,

"Antonio"

the story has numerous faults; it is somewhat too long drawn out for what the author has to tell; it is wearisome in spots, and the conversation is here and there distinctly crude. Yet these objections are more than counterbalanced by the welcome fact that here is a book not written in accord with any of the popular formulas; a book which appears to say to the general public, "Take me or leave me as you please. I am written for my own sake and not for yours. I have nothing in common with the average parody upon reality that is called a novel. I am the record of the struggle of a human soul." Obviously, then, *Antonio* is not a book destined to receive the popular vote. It is the story of a young Benedictine monk who finds himself, with the rest of his brethren, ejected from the monastery at the time when Portugal, after the close of the Napoleonic wars, confiscated the possessions of the Order and drove the monks out into the world. All the other monks of this particular monastery are old and near to death; but Antonio is young and strong and full of zeal; and in him, if anywhere, lies the one hope of some time restoring the brotherhood. How he accomplishes this task is the central theme of Mr. Oldmeadow's strong and unusual story. He shows us this young priest, inexperienced and untrained to face the world, starting forth penniless, laying aside his monastic garb, and beginning life as a simple citizen, obtaining employment, first of all, as an expert judge of wines. How he rises step by step in the confidence of the wine merchant who employs him, how he takes a cargo of rare old wines to England, and reaps an ample harvest for himself and his employer; how he returns and with his savings buys the vineyards adjoining the old monastery, so that he may be on hand to watch and protect it day by day; how night after night he creeps through an underground passage into the old abandoned chapel to kneel in the old stall and offer up prayers for his absent brethren—all this forms the very warp and woof of the vivid verbal tapestry into which is worked a romance of turbulent fashion, self-abnegation and protracted struggle, ending in a final and lasting peace. The spirit of

faith and devotion is admirably sustained, and the colouring throughout the book exhibits a softened and mellow richness suggestive of the glow of sunlight through old stained glass.

Religious fervour forms the keynote to another book of the month, *Idolatry*, by Alice Perrin. Like this author's previous volumes, it is a story of British India, and pictures with a good deal

"Idolatry"

of vividness the motley and teeming life of the East, the startling contrasts of manners and customs, the clash between Eastern and Western philosophies and faiths. The immediate atmosphere of the story is that of a colony of English missionaries, one of whom, in sharp contrast to the conservatism of his brethren, asks himself frankly whether the methods that the church is pursuing are not, after all, a waste of time and energy; whether in order to reach and hold the Hindoo the missionary must not make more obvious and radical sacrifices than in the past; whether, in short, it is not necessary for Christianity in India to adopt in a measure the poverty and self-abnegation of the Brahmin and the Buddhist. The character of this man, animated by the spirit of a great martyrdom, we get not directly for the most part, but through the eyes of a young Englishwoman, a vain, self-seeking, unscrupulous young woman who, having refused to marry a British officer who loves her, afterward learns that he has come into a fortune and promptly follows him to India with the deliberate intention of marrying him for his money; but in India she forms the acquaintance of this ardent, almost fanatical young missionary, learns to love him, learns to see life through his eyes, and by doing so learns how mean and contemptible have been all her past plans and motives. There can be nothing for the future between her and the missionary, because, although he loves her, his one dominating motive is sacrifice. But, having known him, she realises that it has become impossible to marry another man whom she does not love, and that the only honest thing left for her to do is to tell this other man the truth and give

up the fortune already in her grasp. There is a tendency in the book toward exaggeration, verging upon religious sentimentality, yet, taken as a whole, it is a careful piece of work that succeeds in holding the reader's interest.

A book which comes exasperatingly near to being a worthy piece of work is

Salvator, by Percival Gibbon. The author

"*Salvator*"

had all the material for a story at once dramatic, instructive and full of popular appeal, and he has just missed his goal through sheer lack of technical skill. He starts with the advantage of a picturesque and unhackneyed setting, the island of Mozambique—a setting which, for the moment, we do not remember to have come across in any novel other than Dolf Wyllarde's *Uriah, the Hittite*. He has made us see the life on the island, with its motley hordes of negroes, Portuguese, and the scum and riff-raff of all the nations of Europe as a sort of hotbed of treachery and crime, a filthy breeding place of corruption and treason. He has conceived the idea of flinging into the midst of this political anarchy a dreamer, a quixotic and visionary reformer, a man of mixed blood combining the obstinacy of the Anglo-Saxon with the sentimentality of the German. This man *Salvator* undertakes single-handed, and with the courage of a colossal ignorance, to clean up the government of the island, to effect a reform that does not hesitate at a revolution, to make himself, if need be, the dictator—not for personal gain, but in a spirit of self-sacrifice. This theme might be handled a dozen different ways. It is rich in possibilities of satire, of burlesque, of grim tragedy—and, of course, it can end only in one way, the defeat and annihilation of the would-be reformer. But no matter in what key the author chooses to write it, the essential thing is to keep *Salvator* in the centre of the picture; to make us see behind him, and surrounding him, and hedging him in, an intricate network of conspiracy, a secret, remorseless invincible treachery; to give us everywhere the impression of lurking dangers, hidden ambushes, smiling hypocrisy; to let us

see, in all its details, the drama of a gigantic fiasco. The reason why *Salvator* is a book full of interesting promise is that at times it almost achieves some of these results. The reason why it is nothing more than a book of promise is because it injects into the central plot a number of irrelevant and unimportant side issues, a quantity of characters who do not really count, a young Englishwoman who does not know her own mind for two consecutive chapters, and a young Englishman who is held up as a model of courtesy to men and chivalry to women when, as a matter of fact, he is neither the one thing nor the other—and even if he were, has no right, according to the accepted principles of technique, actually to elbow the hero more than once out of the centre of the story. And yet the chances are that, because of some clever writing and novel situations, the popular verdict will place *Salvator* distinctly higher than it deserves.

A story which, in sharp contrast to *Salvator*, contains no possibilities for

making anything better or cleverer than the author has made is *Peter-Peter*, by Maude Radford Warren. It is a book

carefully and successfully written, with the purpose of satisfying a quite legitimate popular demand for stories of the fluffy, harmless sort, depicting, with a certain tender lightness of touch, a highly idealised variety of love in a cottage, where nothing happens as it does in real life—where tempers are never ruffled, adversity never brings discouragement, and friends are always loyal, and babies are impossibly cherubic. In short, *Peter-Peter* is the history of a young married couple who, having been bred in luxury, suddenly find their entire fortune swept away, and retire to the only refuge left them, a tumble-down barn on the farm which was the husband's birthplace. Here, for a year, they struggle blithely with poverty. Here for a while he does the cooking and dish-washing, while she gives lessons in French and music. Here the twins are born, and inspire the father to write wonderful verses about them, and to draw marvellously varied pictures of

babyhood in all its phases, and here they are still living when the joyful news comes that the quaint and inimitable book made from these pictures and verses has caught the public taste and become the foundation stone of a new fortune. Such is *Peter-Peter*, a book destined to a popularity quite beyond its real merit, a book that with all its tenderness, its humour, its reverence of home and love and motherhood, remains, when all is said, essentially and preposterously unreal.

The Whips of Time, by Arabella Kenealy, belongs to the class of books

that make no pretensions to high literary value, and are accepted at their face value by the general public, whose

verdict is therefore just about commensurate with their real worth. In other words, it is a story written frankly not as a study of life or of character, but solely for the sake of an exciting and original development of plot—the sort of story which in its highest development is exemplified by James Payne and Wilkie Collins. *The Whips of Time* takes its start from a heartless experiment by an English physician for the purpose of deciding the vexed question of the part played by heredity in the development of character. The physician in question is a disbeliever in heredity, and he proposes to make a test by secretly exchanging two babies born at the same time in a private sanitarium—one of them the child of the leading family of a small English town, the other the child of a condemned murderess who has confessed to having poisoned a score of victims. The story opens twenty years later than the prelude, and is seen through the eyes of another physician who shared the confidence of the doctor responsible for the exchange, but has never known the details of it. Coming for a season to the small town in question, the doctor discovers that instead of one there are two leading families, and in each of them there is a son and heir born by curious coincidence in his friend's sanitarium, and at about the same time that the child of the murderess was born. One or the other of

these two young men, so the physician assumes, somewhat hastily, must be the child of the murderess. The only problem to his mind is which of the two has the probable inheritance of a criminal nature. And as the story progresses; as we watch from day to day the lives of these two young men; see their hearts awakening and their interests definitely centring upon certain young women, we see them constantly through the eyes of this doctor, we hear constantly the insistent question, Which of these two is destined to make a woman miserable. It does not occur to the good doctor, and therefore it does not occur to us, that the sex of the murderess's child is one of the details which his brother practitioner never mentioned to him, and that is why the outcome of the story, when we finally get it, comes with the startling suddenness of the cracking of a whip.

So long as the automobile fad endures, it is likely that almost any story in which

the characters are hurled madly through town and country at law-breaking speed, undergoing adventures that defy all

rules of probability, will receive a favourable verdict from the general public. *The Black Flier*, by Edith Macvane, adds one more to the already lengthy list. As for the likelihood of the incidents which in this particular case are supposed to have happened to the man and woman mainly concerned, the simplest method is to detail them briefly and without comment, leaving the reader to judge for himself. A young American, about to marry an English girl at her own home, discovers half an hour before the appointed time that there is a blunder of names in the marriage license. He hastens across the fields by a short cut to the register's office, has an ugly fall in attempting to jump a hedge, and lands in the road, his wedding garments in ruins and his leg crippled from an ugly twist. An approaching motor car seems to solve his difficulty. At a signal it stops, a young woman, addressing him in French, assists him to his feet and into the car, then puts on full speed, and in spite of all his expostulations, drives

"The Whips
of Time"

"The Black
Flier"

blindly onward until at nightfall they stop at a strange and isolated inn just over the Scottish border. This unaccountable young woman who has thus kidnapped him enters their names as husband and wife, and the man, not wishing to expose her to scandal, and unversed in Scottish law, refrains from contradicting her. Who and what she is he is not told; but he gathers that she is fleeing from some great danger; and her youth and beauty awake his chivalry and sympathy. The next morning he discovers that the lady has flown, her pursuers having overtaken her and spirited her away. He himself is left with her motor car on his hands, and is promptly arrested on the charge of having stolen it. Within twenty-four hours, Fate has willed it that he should desert a bride at the altar, elope with a strange woman, be charged with a felony and under Scottish law have presumably and quite against his will contracted a marriage. To contrive an explanation of these various happenings, and an escape from their consequences that will satisfy even the rudimentary demands of plausibility, is a task that might well dismay even a veteran concocter of mystery stories, and probably few could do much better than Edith Macvane has succeeded in doing. Nevertheless, the book does not carry conviction with it; we know all the time that things don't and couldn't have happened that way for the simple and all sufficient reason, to quote the immortal words of Assessor Brack, "People don't do such things!" Nevertheless, *The Black Flier* is destined to be widely read and popularly enjoyed, because it does give an exhilarating illusion of the rush and swirl of a mad flight, the breathless onward plunge through space, the fascination of limitless and lawless speed.

The Half Moon, by Ford Madox Hueffer, belongs to that better sort of historical novel that re-

"The Half Moon"

fuses to purchase popularity at the cost of honest narrative and careful style. The date of the story is in the early years of the reign of King James the first. The scene of action for the English portion of the story is the town of Rye, one of the Cinque ports which had, till then, their own laws, rights and nobility, quite apart from those of the rest of England; and for the rest of the book, the action takes place on board the *Half Moon*, the ship in which Hendrick Hudson first came to the Island of Manhattan. It is, however, in no sense a colonial novel, for the plot concerns a certain Edward Coleman who, contrary to English law, has been exporting wool to Holland. He is betrayed by Anne Jeal, daughter of the mayor of Rye, out of revenge because he has scorned her beauty, and has chosen to marry a Dutch woman. Coleman, with the death penalty hanging over him, flees to Holland, and thence ships with Hudson to the New World, where, as tradition tells us, he was the first white man to die in the new Dutch colony. In itself the plot sounds thin and unpromising, but it has been used by Mr. Hueffer as the framework for a careful and very vivid picture of seventeenth-century bigotry, ignorance, and superstition; of the final struggle between mediævalism and modernity; and of the desperate lengths to which a proud, powerful, and undisciplined woman will go in her attempt to avenge the wrongs of her slighted beauty. It is a pity that there are not more stories of the historical novel class written in this same careful and conscientious way.

Frederic Taber Cooper.



"DIAMOND CUT PASTE"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

BOOK II—A WEEK'S CHRONICLE

CHAPTER IX



THE door between the orangery—which gave its name to the house—and the inner drawing-room was open, a fact Coralie was not aware of until the sound of voices reached her in her retreat among the fragrant trees. She had discovered this haven with all the joy of the Southerner finding a bit of home in a far-off land. The breath of the blossoms, the warmth of the atmosphere, the feeling of the rocking-chair under her lissom body, of the tiles under her feet, brought her back to her childhood and its early surroundings with a rush of that joy tinged with pathos with which a happy woman can afford to look back upon her happy past. In lazy luxuriance she rocked herself and dreamed, a smile on her lips, and almost, but not quite, a tear in her eye.

"My! those were good days, too," she said to herself. "I'll have to make Ernest take me back to the old folk before long."

Then, instead of the past, she began to consider the future—how mother would look when she saw her child again, and how proud the child would be to show the mother to the husband . . . ! If ever there was a lovely woman—Into this agreeable day-dream certain voices penetrated, at first vaguely, then so insistently, almost disagreeably, that Coralie ceased rocking herself to listen. Those were Norah's tones, uplifted, shrill, furiously complaining.

Good heavens! the girl was crying! And the other voice—that sweet, false, insinuating note—well she ought to know it by this time; how many an hour it had exasperated her almost beyond endurance during the last year . . . ! What mischief was Emerald Fanny concocting now?

"I'm going to listen," said Coralie determinedly to herself, clenching her hand.

"I stole on the highway yesterday; I'm not going to be squeamish about a trifle of eavesdropping to-day. Every one sees his duty in his own way. I hope I know mine when I meet it."

So, virtuously, she listened.

"I won't stand it!" Norah was sobbing. "Mamma has no right to interfere with my life. I know she said something to Enn in order to put him off coming any more. He used to be always dead keen on having me with him."

"I am sure he was," insinuated the sweet voice.

"He did care for me," the passionate complaint proceeded. "Why, he would hardly let a day pass without coming up on some pretext or other, or writing, or 'phoning. He did care for me."

"Indeed he was watching you with his eyes the whole time. I saw him, little Norah, that first night."

"And mamma is going to spoil all; to break my heart and ruin my life! Mamma always wants to manage everybody. She said she wouldn't have me going out with him any more; that I was too old for that sort of thing . . . and in the same breath she tells me that I'm a school-girl. I feel sure she said something beastly to him and hurt his feelings. Enn has got those kinds of feelings."

"Oh, it would be such a pity," sighed the widow. "People do make such dreadful mischief without meaning it! If mothers would only understand that their daughters grow up!" Emerald's voice took an even more delicate silkiness. "You must try and make allowances for your dear mother, darling. It is hard on a young-looking and handsome woman to have a grown-up daughter."

"Oh, the cat, the cat!" cried Coralie to herself in burning indignation, and almost burst from her eavesdropping seclusion to fulminate the mischief-maker. But she restrained herself; she waited for Norah's outcry. Surely the girl, however deep under the spell of the

flatterer, would rebuke this slanderer as she deserved.

But Norah's answer was delayed. Coralie could hear her blowing her nose and sniffing—and when it came it was anything but satisfactory to the listener's conception of loyalty.

"I don't think it's that," the injured young lady was remarking sullenly. "I don't think mamma is that sort of woman."

"My dear"—Mrs. Lancelot's tone was arch—"she might very well not want to be a grandmother yet."

"No," cried Norah, "no, that's not mamma's way!" There was a pettish stamp of her foot. "That's not mamma's way a bit. I declare if that were her reason there would be some sense in it. I could understand it. But mamma has never hardly let me have a thought of my own since I was born. She's watched and watched and watched me. She thinks she'll manage my whole life. But I'll not stand it. She has never understood me, never. No one has ever understood me except Enn." An angry sob caught the word.

"And your Emerald!"

"Oh, yes. Yes, you do, Emerald."

"Alas," chanted the widow, "how very, very often mothers who love their children best least understand them. I often think"—the sound of tears trickled into the musical accents—"that if I had only had a little child how different my life would be; how I should pray to do right by it, to be guided! How I should subordinate my every thought and wish! A child's individuality is such a precious, precious thing! Oh, Norah, if a child of mine had wept tears like yours through my fault I should never forgive myself—I think my heart would be broken!"

Norah seemed to be less amenable than usual to her friend's pathos, for all the response this affecting speech produced was the peevish remark:

"Meanwhile it's my heart that's broken."

"Norah is becoming an odious young female," thought Coralie, "and the sooner Gertrude bundles out the widow the better it will be."

Yet she could not help feeling a sneaking pity for the girl. If it were true that

Gertrude had banished Enniscorthy because of her daughter's youth, while the boy and girl really cared for each other, it was a little hard on them; and, as the American shrewdly told herself, something of a mistake besides. The child ought to have her chance. As Mrs. Jamieson mused she was startled to hear Emerald Lancelot put the very idea into words.

"You shan't break your heart, my darling; you shall have your chance. You shall speak with your Enn this very day, this very moment."

"What do you mean?" The girl's voice rang out, eager, through a certain note of doubt.

"What's his 'phone number?"

"Three six, Windsor. But what are you going to do?"

"Oh, let me manage for you, my beloved child!"

"Emerald, you don't know him well enough to ring him up. And I—I couldn't. He never answered my letter."

"My darling, cannot you trust me?"

Coralie drew a few steps nearer the drawing-room door, that she might peep as well as listen. This was becoming extremely exciting.

She heard the click of the telephone, and then Emerald deliver herself with precision: "Is this the Cavalry Barracks?—Is Lord Enniscorthy in?—Will you kindly tell him to come and speak to me?—Oh, is that you, Lord Enniscorthy? No——" with a return of dulcet archness, "I need not give you my name. I'm speaking for Norah Esdale. You rang her up a little while ago, didn't you?—Hold on."

Emerald here apparently left the telephone, and Coralie rejoiced at the sound of Norah's furious protest: "Emerald, what have you done!—How could you?—How could you?"—Then came the other's voice again: "Oh, don't be a goose! Take your chance, quick, quick," responded the artful widow, giggling softly. And before the eavesdropper, outraged in every instinct of good taste, had time to interfere, Norah was already at the telephone, unable to resist the double pressure of her friend's urging and her own undisciplined desire.

"Are you there, Enn?—What?—"
The receiver dropped from her hand—
"He says he didn't ring me up. He's
horrid, cross! Oh, what have you
done?"

Here both caught sight of Coralie.
And while Emerald, paling, strove to
keep up an ingratiating smile, Norah
burst into loud and angry sobs.

"Oh, hush! My goodness!" cried the
American. "Norah, you're just about
fit for a nursery cot. And as for you,
Mrs. Lancelot," she had hardly ever
felt so furious, "I think Providence
knew what He was doing when He re-
frained from sending you that child.
Oh, here, don't speak to me! I must
put this straight—if you'll only stop
howling, Norah.—What's the crea-
ture's number?"

She snapped her fingers imperiously
in Mrs. Lancelot's direction. The
widow, too offended to reply, turned
away with an air of dignity that failed
lamentably in its effect, while Norah,
choking back her sobs, gasped out the
required direction, with the piteous sup-
plement:

"Oh, Coralie, don't let him think——"
a fresh sob shook her, and she caught
her lip with her teeth. Shaken with
gusty breaths, trembling and clutching
a chair to support herself, she strained
for composure during her cousin's ef-
forts to set straight the tangle. Ef-
fort indeed is no apt word to describe
Mrs. Jamieson's smooth guidance of
affairs. In a good cause, as Coralie had
already shown, she could dissemble
without the smallest pang of con-
science and with the most complete in-
ventive ease.

"Is that Lord Enniscorthy? I'm
Coralie Jamieson. Oh——," the pretty
laugh rippled out, "there's been such
a muddle! This is what comes of send-
ing messages. I asked Norah to ring
you up, to find out whether my Ernest
had been at the mess this morning.
And the poor stupid dears here took it
into their heads that you were ringing
up Norah."

The way she glided over the diffi-
culty, the charming ingenuousness with
which falsehood flowed from her,
would have convinced a more suspi-

cious soul than that of Lord Ennis-
corthy.

"So sorry to bother you," went on
the purring accents. "My old bear
isn't there, you say?—Oh, dear, dear,
drat the man!—Didn't you expect him?
He certainly said he was going to meet
you.—If he does turn up, will you tell
him I want him back, most particularly.
You won't forget, will you?—Aunt
Jane's coming to lunch."

Brilliantly the thought struck her of
how she could make use of this simple
fact in her tissue of taradiddles.

"He's been too perfectly disgraceful
to her. I simply won't have him run
away again. You promise to tell him?
Thanks. Thank you so much—Good-
bye. Why have you never been over to
see us?—What? It's really quite un-
kind to us? Won't you come before
we leave—come to-day?—What? On
duty? I don't believe it! You're as
bad as Ernest. You are just fighting
shy of Aunt Jane."

She gurgled musically into the re-
ceiver, and with a final "Good-bye"
hooked it up. Then she turned round
and faced her cousin. For a moment or
two they looked at each other. All the
gentle mirth that had irradiated Cor-
alie's countenance while manipulating
the telephone gave place to an air of
great severity, which, however (so ill
were Mrs. Jamieson's features adapted
to such sentiment), only succeeded in
producing in her an expression some-
what similar to that of an angry kitten.
The girl, with heaving breast, had
passed from stormy tears to outward
sullenness. Her heart was aching afresh:

"He won't come. He's on duty; al-
ways on duty. He never used to be!"

The humiliation, the sore defeat,
swallowed up all sense of gratitude for
her saved pride.

"Now," said Coralie at last, "I hope
this will be a lesson to you, and that
you will give up listening to that hate-
ful second-rate little woman—that dis-
gusting deceitful creature!"

Norah's head went up with a jerk.

"That second-rate little woman, as
you call her, is mamma's guest. And
as for deceit . . . I should like to
know how many lies you told just now,

with Cousin Ernest sitting this blessed moment in the smoking-room!"

"Well . . . you are an ungrateful little toad! Get yourself out of your own scrapes by yourself next time!" cried Coralie, with the indignation of one whose best actions are misrepresented. "Though, indeed, after the way you speak of your mother——"

"So you were listening!" interrupted Norah, with withering scorn.

"My dear, considering you were yelling at the top of your voice," began Coralie. Then she broke off. It struck her that, although very natural and a relief to the feelings, this display of temper was not wise. Norah was not a character that one could drive; and with the echoes of Mrs. Lancelot's flattery still ringing in her ears, it was scarcely straight-speaking that would prevail.

"Well, if you'll take my advice," she said more gently, "you'll not let your Emerald Fanny act intermediary for you any more with Enniscorthy."

"I don't want her to. I don't want to see him again ever; I don't want to hear his name!"

Thus Norah flared; but, unfortunately for her self-respect, one of those sobs she had forced back with such energy broke bounds uncontrollably once more. With a look at her cousin as if she could have slain the witness of her humiliation, she burst out of the room into the conservatory; and a moment later Coralie saw her tearing across the lawn, like a wild thing, towards the shelter of the woods.

Coralie sat down and, supporting her little pointed chin in the palm of her hand, gave herself up to deep reflection. Once or twice she shook her head, once or twice nibbled her small finger. The problem presented difficulties whichever way she looked at it. Indeed she seemed to be able to come to no satisfactory conclusion.

"If I only knew whether or not the boy cares for her . . .?" Presently she was struck by an idea. Norah was safe in the woods with her love sorrow, poor little girl—it was lesson time—the moment was a good one for pumping Fräulein.

As she knocked at the schoolroom door she was met by the governess in the very act of emerging, tying the brown silk strings of her flat mushroom hat under her chin as she went.

"Oh, Fräulein!" cried Coralie, with her arching smile and her harmless mendacity, "I thought I'd find Norah."

"Ach, no!" cried Trottsky, "the child is not here. Excuse me, Mrs. Jamieson, I have just seen her from the window. I must after her."

"Don't," said Coralie. "It's a lovely day. Can't you give her an hour off lessons?"

The little German hesitated and surveyed her visitor. The small, kind, tired eyes were full of concern; the knobby hands gave the bow under her chin a nervous tweak.

"Ach, Mrs. Jamieson," she began. Then discretion superseded her impulse of confidence, and she continued meekly: "Lady Gertrude does not approve of the child running alone in the woods. It is lesson hour, excuse me."

Coralie saw that to come to the point was here the best diplomacy.

"Do you know, Fräulein," she said, with that smile and undulation which so few could resist, "if I were you I would not go after Norah, just now—I saw her running into the wood too—"—Coralie's candour in disposing of her own inventions had a way of robbing them of any importance—"and I rather think she was crying."

"Ach, my poor little one!" cried Fräulein, clasping her hands.

"And so," pursued the little American, "I *reelly* came to have a little chat with you about her—I don't want to worry her mother, you know," blinked Coralie, "and next to her mother, Fräulein, I feel you are her best friend."

Fräulein Trottmann, who, except on the subject of her own health, was an optimist, had a favourite aphorism, which was: "*Edle Seelen verstehen sich*—noble souls understand each other." In a fairly long life, exposed to the least agreeable side of human nature, she had never found any reason for doubt in this article of faith. And now, after another look at her visitor, she was

convinced that here was one more proof of it.

"Indeed," she said, eagerly drawing a chair for Mrs. Jamieson and plunging instantly into the very heart of her troubles, "if Norah, poor child, knew her true friends . . ."

Coralie leaped to the inference:

"Head's just turned by flattery," she agreed.

"Mrs. Chamieson," said Trottmann, "that is a false woman—*ein falsches Weib!* That is no companion for the child."

"Well, she'll never come back here once she's gone, that's a comfort."

"Ah, but the child is changed—*schrecklich verändert!*"

Thus elliptically they had proceeded in thorough harmony. But Mrs. Jamieson had not sought the schoolroom to discuss Emerald Fanny. She had a more delicate matter to approach; this was her opening:

"Norah is certainly changed," she said, "but isn't there something besides Mrs. Lancelot's influence at the bottom of it, Fräulein? I told you Norah was crying. I don't think the child is happy."

Fräulein folded her wide mouth into a thin line and wagged her head from side to side:

"You have right, Mrs. Chamieson," she said. Then she compressed her lips again and looked cryptic; but it would have required a stiffer reserve than that of the little Teuton to resist the invitation of Coralie's blue eyes and blinking eyelashes. Out burst the tide of Fräulein's confidences:

"Ach, but it is good to speak, to open the heart to friendly ears. No, *liebe* Mrs. Chamieson, how you have right! My little Norah, I forgive all her badnesses these days, and she has been pad, Mrs. Chamieson," again the head wagged impressively, "for the child, as you say with so much understanding, is unhappy—heart's unhappy. Ever since that day of my dreadful influenza attack, have I not noticed it, my goodness, hour by hour more irritated, more restless, more unlike herself! And what happened on that day?" Fräulein lifted a knobby finger, "the

last time she see Lord Enniscorthy alone!"

Coralie leaned forward.

"Oh, do you think . . .?" she thrilled. "I have wondered . . ."

When two noble souls foregather, the value of mere words is inconsiderable; such sympathy is between them that everything lies in look, expression, accent. Fräulein felt she was indeed understood. More than this—rare sensation for a poor little governess—she felt that she was absorbingly interesting. She drew a sucking breath and proceeded with fresh gusto:

"Yes, so it is, Mrs. Chamieson. Ach, I notice; where I love there is nothing escapes my eyes! The young pair were alone together for the last time, and thereafter the happiness of my Norah withers. I was ill; what happened I know not, beyond that he and she ran away for a motor drive, all by themselves. Ach, it was very naughty! But, ach, one light forgives such naughtiness!" Trottsky's face wrinkled into its good smile. "But Lady Gertrude"—she grew grave again—"Lady Gertrude—misunderstand me not, Mrs. Chamieson, for my employer I have veneration—that is an *edle Frau*, Mrs. Chamieson, a noble woman, but she has stern ideas—stern ideas. She was not pleased with Norah—ach, how the little one cried that evening! I heard her close to me, and could not go to her, for I was infectious. Ach, I was very ill; prandy every hour.—Dangerously ill . . . The Doctor said—"

Coralie, perceiving in Fräulein's eyes the fixity of one who gazes upon an enthralling mental picture, skilfully brought her back to the subject under discussion.

"Indeed," she said, gently touching Fräulein's hand, "I heard how ill you were." Then, with her uncanny tact: "We must take great care of you still." (Coralie knew that some people cannot bear to be told they are well.) "So you think Lady Gertrude told Lord Enniscorthy not to come back?"

Fräulein flung out her palms.

"Judge for yourself. He has not been to the schoolroom since, not once, nor even telephoned."

"And before that—"

"*Ach*, before that, efery day he was here. Letters! Messages! Mrs. Chamieson"—the speaker dropped her voice to a guttural whisper—"I will confide something to you. *Ach*, you are so sympathetic, kind—I vink!"

"What do you do?" ejaculated Coralie, unable to seize the meaning of these mysterious words. "What do you do, dear *Fräulein*?"

"I vink—I vink at it. I let him come. It is forbidden; I keep it dark. *Ach!*" she clasped her hands again, "what a pair! So young, so handsome, so moeh in love! And now separated!"

"You do think, then, Lord Enniscorthy loves Norah?"

"Love her," said Trottsky shrilly, oblivious of caution, "love her? He would carry her on his hands—he would, as your Shakespeare so beautifully says, not have the winds of heaven blow upon her. Love her! And who would not have loved her as she was then—so frisch, so child-sweet. . . . But now," the little bony finger went up with its weighty gesture, "already she is changed. Every day she changes more. They are to be kept apart till she is older. When they meet—*ach*, where will he find her? The Norah he loves he can find no longer."

"*Fräulein*," said Coralie, "you're as wise as you're darling."

She took the little flat figure into her arms and hugged it.

CHAPTER X

"No one can do it but me," said Coralie to herself, scornful of grammar; "I'll have to do it."

And yet she was shy of the task she had set herself. Her aunt was not a person to approach with advice; above all, upon a matter where her deepest feelings were concerned. The little American was the only one in her surroundings who even guessed how absorbing a passion was maternal love in Gertrude Esdale's life.

The mistress of Orange Court, a basket on her arm, flower-scissors in her hand, shady hat on her head, was about to make the round of the rosary to collect blooms for the refreshing of her vases. She deputed to none this task of decoration, no more than she deputed the ordering of

dinner or the minute supervision of household comforts. Coralie caught up a white parasol, tucked her hand under her hostess's arm and announced her intention of accompanying her.

"When she gets to her fifth rose I'll speak," she decided. And valorously, as an exquisite white blossom was laid into the basket, she began:

"Aunt G., I've just been in the school-room—Norah wasn't there. *Fräulein* says she's dreadfully changed."

Lady Gertrude looked round, her face clouding.

"I know, I know," she said sadly; then, with more reserve, turning again to her rose-tree: "It is a mere girlish phase. It will pass, I trust, with the passing of Emerald Fanny."

"It's nothing to do with Emerald Fanny, *reelly*," answered Coralie in a low voice. "*Fräulein* thinks—I think, too—it's because of Enniscorthy."

The mother's face became set as in a fair mask of reserve. She folded her lips close, snipped two or three roses in silence, and proceeded to the next tree. There she spoke again:

"I'm glad it's fine, for poor Jane. She does so enjoy coming here."

Coralie felt tempted to accept the snub and hold her peace. But the fellow-feeling of youth for youth, the memory of Norah's sobs, of the girl's miserable, tear-stained face prevailed.

"*Fräulein* says," she blurted out, "that Enniscorthy is madly in love with her. Oh, Aunt G., she ought to have her chance!"

The listener turned pale under the shadow of her hat; but it was with the sudden, unexpected joy which these words brought to her mother's heart. Yet she was silent, and went on cutting and reaching for boughs, as if the filling of her basket were her only thought. But Coralie was now fairly started.

"Don't think me impertinent, darling Aunt G., but—you have tried to part them, haven't you? *Fräulein* says you must have given him the hint to stay away. He used to be here every day—Oh, my! here am I letting all the cats out of all the bags! But I know you won't betray me, because it's only for Norah, only for your own dear self I'm telling

you. Enniscorthy used to come every day to see Norah . . . until that motor escapade of theirs."

Snip, snip, went the scissors. The wielder of them, two paces in front of her companion, scarcely seemed to hear the eager words as they poured forth.

"Norah was breaking her heart this morning, and that little vulgar beast of an Emerald Fanny is her confidante. Aunt G., you ought to make them meet again. What does it matter if she's only a schoolgirl and he only twenty-one. One only meets the right man once in a lifetime."

Lady Gertrude stood with her scissors poised and Coralie fell silent, for the attitude was one of deep reflection. Then the elder woman suddenly wheeled round, took the younger into her arms and gave her one of her deep-hearted kisses. Still in silence she released the slender form and picked up her basket, setting her steps toward the house. They were half-way across the sward when she at last spoke, musingly:

"Some little informal gathering would be the best—an after-dinner dance—fifteen couples or so—impromptu, while you are still with us. To-morrow or Friday? I must find out which day Enniscorthy is off duty."

Coralie dropped her parasol to catch both the speaker's hands and to shake them, basket and all, till half the flowers danced out upon the lawn.

"You're a genius!" she cried, "and if you could only get rid of Emerald Fanny. . . . How long is that creature going to stick? I'll tell you one thing, Aunt G., if she doesn't go soon, Uncle Reginald will. He's about as dead sick of her as a man can be of a woman, and that," Coralie added philosophically, "is just the sickest thing in creation."

Lady Gertrude smiled.

"I think," she said placidly, "that I can make the little dance serve both ends. Oh, my poor flowers!"

Coralie flung herself on her knees to pick them up. It was not till she had amassed the roses and was replacing them in the basket that she realised how absently Lady Gertrude had been wielding her scissors—clusters of infantile buds and scarcely fledged blossoms,

whole branches of promise, had fallen to its blades.

"Poor darling," she thought, as she tactfully endeavoured to keep the full-blown blooms to the top, "how she does adore that child! And how odd and silent she is about her!"

There was a labyrinth in the heart unknown even to its owner. Gertrude could hardly have explained why she should have been so frank where her husband's Indian summer madness was concerned and so secretive over her daughter's April love. She treasured in her mother's mind the sacredness of that virginity. Something suffered within her to hear those intimate, delicate emotions discussed even by such kind lips; and yet Coralie's revelation had brought her intense joy. If it were true—and how fain she was to believe it—that Enniscorthy loved her child, it seemed to her that nothing else mattered. It was as if the outlook of misty gloom that lay before her had been suddenly pierced with sunshine, and through rifted clouds a fair prospect of plain and hill and blue sky had burst upon her vision.

Coralie volunteered to settle the flowers, both touched and amused to see her aunt's sublime unconsciousness of her harvest. And Gertrude accepted; she wanted to obtain her husband's concurrence in her plan, she said. The merest *façon de parler*, as both she and Coralie knew, for when Lady Gertrude had made a plan she had very little doubt of being able to carry it through.

Sir Reginald frowned as the rustle of a woman's dress caught his ear; but at sight of his wife he smiled. He was sitting at his writing-table, and there was a pathetic air of weariness about him, an unconscious appeal in the eyes he raised to her.

"Reggie, do you mind my having a tiny impromptu dance for the child to-morrow or Friday?"

"No, my dear, no. Of course not," he was eager to assure her.

She laid her hand on his shoulder. "Just a little festivity before the breaking up of our party. After that it would be nice to be to ourselves, would it not?"

He understood, and every fibre of his bruised sensitiveness responded to the aspiration.

"It would be heaven," he said in his emphatic way. She pressed his shoulder before withdrawing her touch. He caught her hand and kissed it. Upon a closer demonstration he did not yet venture; but when in return she let her lips rest for a second on his hair, an extraordinary feeling of comfort stole into his heart; a satisfaction so intimate and sweet that not the most tender moments with Emerald Fanny could compare to it.

"Ah, here is Jane!" cried Lady Gertrude, as a fluttering silhouette passed by the window. "Poor Jane, she must have taken the town omnibus—I did not expect her so early, and meant to send the car to meet her."

Sir Reginald cursed Jane silently. Another moment he would have had his wife in his arms.

CHAPTER XI

Norah and Mrs. Lancelot came in to lunch, as usual, linked together, "like the Siamese twins," as Coralie contemptuously told herself. They were, indeed, if anything, more affectionate than usual—the result of that falling out which all the more endears . . . for the moment. Norah had passionately reproached her friend for having persuaded her to the telephone wire. And in the heat of her argument the words, "a mean and vulgar trick," had escaped her. No sooner spoken, however, than repented of before the moan that fell from the widow's lips, the brimming eye that, like that of the doe at bay, mutely spoke the heart's anguish.

"Oh, Emerald, I didn't mean it," had stammered the girl, aghast at her own cruelty. Then Emerald's tears had fallen, slow gathering, slow dripping. And, in a broken voice, exquisitely gentle, in contrast to her friend's high tones, she had defended herself—defended herself in the ablest possible manner, by apology, by self-accusation. She had been at her wits' end how to help her darling. She had thought that all would be right between them—they signifying Norah and Enniscorthy—could he but once hear the sound of her voice again. . . . She saw now that she had been foolish, thoughtless! She was so sorry; oh, so sorry!

Indeed, she was not one to bring luck to others. She would never strive to help even one she loved so dearly again. Everything she touched failed. Broken, broken life . . . lonely, heart-weary! Oh! (Her face was hidden in her hands and she was sobbing now.) She would take her shadow quickly out of Norah's young life. Norah, born for happiness, brilliance, power. . . . She, for sorrow, solitude, failure and despair.

Needless to say that by this time Norah's arms were about the forlorn one, Norah's lips were imploring pardon, vowing eternal affection with every persuasive word and kiss.

Both therefore had the traces of tears on their countenances—in Mrs. Lancelot's case an interesting pallor heightened by *blanc de Ninon* and artfully shadowed eyelids; in Norah's, frankly swollen lids and frankly reddened nose.

Every one had the tact to avoid comment except poor Lady Challoner, whose kind heart was distressed by the evidence of trouble on her niece's usually spring-bright face.

Fortunately her attention was diverted by the thrilling interest of making Emerald Fanny's acquaintance. At first the name excited an alarming flood of reminiscence; fortunately, no one but Coralie was able to follow the rambling utterances.

"So Chiaro Scuro was wrong there!" she cried, hugging herself. "It wasn't Emily, after all. You're not Emily, really," she asked, turning her pale, innocent eyes earnestly upon Mrs. Lancelot. "Dear me, no, of course not!"

She quailed under the vindictive glance with which the widow met the inquiry. And, hugging herself more energetically than ever, lost the thread of her first idea.

"But wasn't it wonderful and delightful he should have been so right about Tuesdays and wheels? Of course I don't mean delightful; you had an accident, dear Coralie. But it is a satisfaction to know that the spirits cannot be wrong. Isn't it?—And he said that emeralds would have such an influence——" She stole a frightened look across the table at the widow, who, with her own eyes better under control, now regarded her sweetly back. "I wonder did he mean the name or the

stone? It's such a lovely stone! Oh, has anything happened about emeralds in this house?"

"Hock," said the General fiercely to the butler. "Jane, will you have hock?"

"Yes," interpolated Lady Gertrude in her pleasant matter-of-fact tone, "Reginald and I have given Mrs. Lancelot a collar with emeralds, which, we are glad to think, she likes. She will show it to you after lunch. And, strange to say, Jane, it was lost in the motor accident, and there was a tremendous excitement till it was found. So your prophet was right in two instances."

But Jane, with the uncanny sharpness which frequently accompanies a slight weakness of intellect, here turned her gaze in a perfect flutter of anxiety upon Sir Reginald. It wasn't Gertrude who had given emeralds to the little white-faced widow opposite her, with those eyes that could look angry and sweet all in a moment—it was Gertrude's husband. And it was very wrong. Jane had a husband herself; she would not like Caractacus, she meant Challoner, to do such a thing! (It required indeed an imagination as far-stretching as Jane's to conjure up such a contingency! But Jane did so and with quite agitating results.) She was a wife herself; she knew that Gertrude could not like it. And now, in her inchoate mind, the rags and tags of half-forgotten information began to rise and flutter like bits of straw in a wind. She remembered the discussion in her mother's bedroom; the horrible revelations concerning Sir Reginald and a widow. The prophesied danger; the evil results of Gertrude's folly in inviting her under her roof. Not least, the psychic one's cryptic warnings.

Gertrude saw the emotions that passed over her sister's countenance—the wild roll of Jane's eyes from Mrs. Lancelot's to the General; and, even as Lady Challoner opened her lips to speak, she intervened:

"I am thinking of being very festive the day after to-morrow.—Norah, you don't know what is in store for you. Your first dance! Yes, my dear, here, and quite impromptu and informal of course—to suit your years and the sud-

denness of the idea. Enniscorthy has promised," she looked down as she spoke, but she felt Norah's start, knew without seeing the flush and quick lightening of the young downcast face. "Enniscorthy has promised to bring all the dancing youth we want. And you, child, can ask all your girl friends."

She looked now, smiling, at her daughter. It was to find that, in her joy, the girl was clasping the widow's hand. The mother went on smoothly; yet it was perhaps this last discovery, insignificant as it appeared, that lent the cold note to her voice, seeming to point to the fact that, under all her courtesy, it was notice of dismissal she was delivering:

"We hope, Mrs. Lancelot, that you will see your way to stay on till Saturday, that we may have you at our little dance."

Emerald's hand contracted on Norah's. She flung a look at Sir Reginald. Only a few days ago, how sure an appeal that would have been. What met her now was an air of politeness, determinedly misunderstanding, and the words perfunctory and bland:

"No, indeed, we cannot let you go before the dance."

"No, indeed," echoed Norah, apparently heartlessly indifferent to the thought of her friend's departure. "It will be such fun!—Oh mammy, mammy darling!"

Her eyes were sparkling. She had quite unconsciously withdrawn her fingers from Emerald's touch.

"Little ungrateful cat!" thought Mrs. Lancelot, feeling upon every side the blighting bitterness of ingratitude.

Into Jane's faded orbs had come a pathetic reflection of Norah's joy.

"A dance," she murmured. "Oh, dear Gertrude, how delightful!" She shook herself and turned wistfully to Coralie, obliquely murmuring, "I have not been to a dance for many years. And my trousseau pink satin dress is quite good still, the one with the gold embroideries, you know."

Gertrude overheard, as indeed she was meant to do. And leaning forward, she fixed her sister with a look of kindness, almost of tenderness:

"Yes, Jane dear, you will have to come and stay the night for it. And I am sure the pink satin will look beautiful."

"Oh—" cried Jane, clasping her thin hands in rapture. "If Caractacus would only let me have the pearls!"

"Caractacus!" echoed Lady Gertrude with a laugh. Her heart was light within her, light as it had not been for days.

"She means Uncle Challoner," giggled Coralie.

"Oh, is Lord Challoner called Caractacus?—What an interesting name!" commented Mrs. Lancelot.

"No, no," said Jane, "that's not his real name. Dear me, did I say Caractacus? I meant Challoner, of course. It was Caractacus in a previous existence."

"Who?" asked Norah, who with up-bounding spirits found all the school-girl amusement in laughing at "poor Aunt Jane." "Was Uncle Challoner your husband in a previous existence, too?"

"No, dear, no. Not Challoner. . . . Caractacus was—" her eyes grew distraught. She pushed the wisp of hair from her forehead with feverish hands. —What dreadful thing might she be led to say before the child? Really psychic communications were extraordinarily thrilling, but one never quite knew where one was as to morality.

"Caractacus," said Coralie, coming gaily to the rescue, "is Aunt J.'s earth spirit.—You needn't grunt at me, Ernest, it's *puffectly* true. I've personally made the acquaintance of Caractacus; and he's a very remarkable person. He's very much interested in Aunt J."

(To be continued)

THE CASUAL READER

In a recent issue I referred to the assurance of many magazine contributors that the country's moral sense was still in motion, as the result of the "literature of exposure" and a certain seismic presidential term. I questioned the rapidity of this "new movement" and expressed a doubt that anything very unusual had happened to us even at the time of extreme magazine propulsion, anything, that is to say, of a convulsive nature at all comparable to the paroxysms of those same magazines. Yet if we were not morally shaken, we were at least interested in a good many of the topics of shame which a year or so ago were undergoing exposure, and there were tales of several cities running in the popular magazines at that time of which we should like now to read the sequels. The sudden cessation of magazine exposure was, I think, apart from moral grounds, rather a literary injustice. A picaresque romance of gangs and bosses would run through three numbers of a magazine, then stop as suddenly as a trust prosecution. I acquired at the time quite a taste for corrupt aldermen,

**Magazine
Early Birds.**

but the means of gratifying it were soon abruptly denied. Whatever became of those interesting rascals? And how fared it with St. George and the Dragon—and that affair between Ormuzd and Ahriman (pronounced in the magazines Harriman), how did it turn out? Often the best things happened after the serial had ceased. That much I could gather from newspaper despatches (tantalising bits, no real story), but search *Poole's Index* as I would I could find no magazine narrator resuming the thread of his plot. The latest graft trial in San Francisco has, for example, according to the newspapers, a court record of four million words, a mine of "vital human interest," moral throbs and devilry—better material than went to the making of the whole San Francisco corruption magazine series down to the day it stopped. Assassination, suicide, perjuries and plots, theft of documents, bribing and out-bribing, corruption never so thick, lying never more ample—what more could one wish? Yet not one good consecutive magazine story of it in a year—San Francisco's best year for literary purposes. Observe that this

criticism is merely literary, as befits the pages of this magazine. Let others take the civic measure of those magazine reformers, early moral minute-men, muckrakers, demi-socialists, whatever they were called. I dare say it may have been reform, for all it looks now so much like flirtation. I blame them here only as traitors to the common curiosity, who from having overdone many beginnings cheated us out of some very interesting consequences.



And what befell the reformers themselves? Apparently the republic has forgotten even the names of its famous muckrakers. No one seems to know what they have been doing since. Swallowed up somewhere in popular magazinedom, deeply absorbed doubtless, but in what diverse things? It is an idle speculation, but I have often tried to figure to myself what some typical muckraker has probably been up to since "graft" became obsolete for magazine uses, though lively enough elsewhere. I can guess him only from his magazine's contents. Perhaps he was caught first in that timely balloon ascension. Perhaps he took a turn next with the negro problem or with Abraham Lincoln when those two topics plunged again into the "public eye." Perhaps the Emmanuel Movement drew him. Call anything a Movement and he would be likely to try and run with it a little way. He must have made several dabs at Prohibition as it fell in and out of the "public eye." The accident to the "public eye" occurs, by the way, very systematically in popular magazine journalism and must not be confounded with the burning of questions. A "burning question" may not appear for two or three numbers and it seldom burns for more than four; whereas the "public eye" is continuously getting people and things in it, being an astonishingly open feature that never blinks for man or insect. Probably most muckrakers went straight into public eye work, taking things just as they came—aeroplanes, poets' birthdays, the direct primary, benzoate of soda, woman's suffrage, war on house flies—happy in a variety that conformed to a natural coquetry of intellect. A few

deeper natures preferred no doubt the slower round of the "burning question"—Is New York sufficiently religious?—How about a college education? Even this seems giddy enough. Fancy a life that hangs precariously on the first blushes of "burning questions," if I may mix a few figures of speech. Think of the danger of becoming interested, of carrying last year's enthusiasm over into this, of the hair-breadth escapes from last month's deepest convictions. There is always the risk that a man may retain some rational continuity of interest, utterly out of place in a popular magazine, likely, indeed, to wreck it. An ex-muckraker must have successfully dropped at least fifty subjects in the last two years just in the nick of time to save their becoming food for reflection. As I said before I do not know the life, but am merely guessing at it from the magazines. It seems a hazardous sort of intellectual wild life not without a curious interest. It is odd that no one should have thought of tracing the course of some muckraker since he disappeared.

But cock-crow journalism has at least a cheerful meaning to those who practise it, endowed, as they doubtless are, with temperaments of tough fibre and good spring, dominating routine, disguising perfunctoriness, looking forward to new subjects as to meals, sure of an appetite. Nor can it be denied that a buoyant enough mind may experience all the excitements of epoch-making, even when merely taking notes on the accouchement of the present moment. And if there is no great zest for the present subject there is always the joy of escaping the one before, and above all there is the sense of motion, of new births, new dawns, new movements, signs of the times, moral awakenings, sentimental earthquakes, and the general mountainous parturition of the mouse-like little particular. Not such a bad life after all—perhaps as good as journalism has to offer—and if one could by wishing transform himself into a successful writer he might do worse than change places with one of these same volatile reformers, punctual seers and quick forgetters, who can always have an early morning feeling

no matter what the time of day—glad hearts bursting with important moral announcements, like canary-birds whose song hails with equal rapture the breaking of day and the running of the sewing machine.

Most writers for the press have no such luck, being as a rule the victims of forced labour, unable to conceal its perfunctoriness even from themselves, thus sharing to some degree in the ennui they produce, which is never true of your bouncing reformer. Observe the manifest mental reluctance with which they approach required subjects, as when some famous person dies. There was for example the vast body of obligatory writing about Meredith. Never again shall we see so many incompatible minds busy with George Meredith as during the brief period just closed, when by the burial custom of the press he became a "timely topic." Thousands of "estimates and appreciations," looking for the most part like black rosettes. Whose were the tired hands that made them? There is sometimes shown in undertakers' windows the strange word "pinkings," of whose meaning I have never been quite sure. Perhaps "pinkings" includes the writing of estimates and appreciations. No doubt it is organised like other trades. It would account for much in the literary criticism of the day, identities of pattern, identities of filigree, if it could be traced to some organised trade group, a united order of pinkers, or something of the sort. Surely men would not write of one another as they do unless they were organised, regulated, socially fused, personally obliterated in one way or another, subdued as men that they might pull together as pinkers. There is certainly no such common accord in human nature as appeared in print on the subject of Meredith, especially in that sad matter of Meredith's "obscurity." There is a luminous passage in *Beauchamp's Career*, showing the true effects of this obscurity on incompatible minds. It refers to Carlyle's obscurity, but it applies as well to much of Meredith's own.

His favourite author was one writing of

Heroes in (so she esteemed it) a style resembling either early architecture or utter dilapidation, so loose and rough it seemed; a wind-in-the-orchard style, that tumbled down here and there an appreciable fruit with uncouth bluster; sentences without commencements running to abrupt endings and smoke, like waves against a sea-wall, learned dictionary words giving a hand to street slang, and accents falling on them haphazard, like slant rays from driving clouds; all the pages in a breeze, the whole book producing a kind of electrical agitation in the mind and the joints. This was the effect on the lady. To her the incomprehensible was the abominable, for she had her country's high critical feeling; but he, while he could not quite master it, liked it. He had dug the book out of a bookseller's shop in Malta, captivated by its title, and had, since the day of his purchase, gone at it again and again, getting nibbles of golden meaning by instalments, as with a solitary pick in a very dark mine, until the illumination of an idea struck him that there was a great deal more in the book than there was in himself. This was sufficient to secure the devoted attachment of the young Mr. Beauchamp. Rosamund sighed with apprehension to think of his unlikeness to boys and men among his countrymen in some things. Why should he hug a book he owned he could not quite comprehend? He said he liked a bone in his mouth; and it was natural wisdom, though unappreciated by women. A bone in a boy's mind for him to gnaw and worry, corrects the vagrancies and promotes the healthy activities, whether there be marrow in it or not. Supposing it furnishes only dramatic entertainment in that usually vacant tenement, or powder-shell, it will be of service.

A more variable quantity than Meredith's obscurity would be hard to name. One would suppose no two honest men could bring back the same report of it. So, too, of his messages, teachings, derivations. He was a centrifugal force, sending minds about their business.

We will make no mystery about it. I would I could. Those happy tales of mystery are as much my envy as the popular narratives of the deeds of bread and cheese people, for they both create a tideway in the attentive mind; the mysterious pricking our credulous flesh to creep, the familiar urging our obese imaginations to constitutional exercise. And oh, the

refreshment there is in dealing with characters either contemptibly beneath us or supernaturally above! My way is like a Rhone Island in the summer drought, stony, unattractive, difficult between the two forceful streams of the unreal and the over-real, which delight mankind—honour to the conjurors! My people conquer nothing, win none; they are actual, yet uncommon. It is the clockwork of the brain that they are directed to set in motion—and poor troops of actors to vacant benches!—the conscience residing in thoughtfulness which they would appeal to; and if you are there impervious to them, we are lost: back I go to my wilderness, where, as you perceive, I have contracted the habit of listening to my own voice more than is good.

And the wilderness is merely that hinterland of larger natures where at first a few build huts claiming squatter sovereignty, but where later almost any of us may comfortably settle down.

A great many other ill-qualified persons have had their say about Pragmatism, so why not I? To be sure, I cannot settle offhand the question, What is Truth?—at least not so completely but that a doubt may linger in some minds after I have spoken. But though I shall not insist on my authority as a metaphysician, I do set up as a connoisseur of word-battles, with rather a pretty taste, never having missed, so far as I recall, any chance to overhear a literary altercation. Speaking, therefore, as an amateur of these savage spectacles, as a student of bitterness and rancour, of the lie given and returned, of the evasion, the cross-purpose, the word-trap, the moral bomb-shell, and the harsh laugh of logical supremacy, I do not hesitate to class the pragmatist polemics, in all that pertains to the noble art of wrangling, among the very best of recent misunderstandings. It is not too technical. Of course, if the anti-pragmatist really set out to find what the pragmatist was about, it might be difficult for us to follow, but philosophers fight like other men, and combat is not interpretation. They had rather thump a pragmatist than explain him, and quite right, too, and most fortunate for us out-

siders, for a thump is easier than an explanation. That is why we simple folk may, without impropriety, attend these pragmatistic encounters, for controversies are never philosophic even when philosophy is the theme; and when once the philosopher loses his head there remains nothing about him that need abash a common person.

Anti-pragmatism has recently won some remarkable verbal triumphs. The following passage occurs in Professor James B. Pratt's newly published lectures on *What is Pragmatism?*

And now, to make matters perfectly clear, let us apply to this radical pragmatic meaning of truth the same illustration which was used in the preceding lecture to bring out the exact meaning of the correspondence theory. Poor Peter, you will remember, has a toothache, and John, who is thinking about his friend, has an idea that Peter has a toothache. As for the pragmatist the truth of an idea means its "efficient working," its "satisfactoriness," "the process of verification," the truth of John's idea will "consist in" its satisfactoriness to John, in its efficient working, in its verifying itself. If it works, if it harmonises with John's later experiences of Peter's actions, if it leads in a direction that is worth while, it is true (a statement to which, indeed, all might assent), and its truth consists in this working, this harmony, this verification process. John's thought, the pragmatist insists, *becomes* true only when it has worked out successfully, only when his later experience confirms it by being consistent with it—for remember truth is not verifiability, but the process of verification. "Truth happens to an idea. *It becomes* true, is *made* true by events." At the time when John had the thought about Peter the thought was *neither true nor false*, for the process of verification had not yet begun, nothing had as yet happened to the idea. *It becomes* true, is *made* true by events." as John thought, but, all the same, John's thought was not true. It did not become true until several hours afterward—in fact, we may suppose, not until Peter, having cured his toothache, told John about it. The thought, "Peter has a toothache," thus as it happens, turns out not to have been true while Peter actually had the toothache, and to have become true only after he had ceased to have a toothache.

In like manner, a writer in the last number of the *Edinburgh Review* makes short work of Dr. Schiller's essay on the Ambiguity of Truth—

The reader who will, throughout this essay on the ambiguity of truth, substitute "butter" for "truth" and "margarine" for "falsehood," will find that the point involved is one which has no special relevance to the nature of truth. There is "butter as claim," i.e., whatever the grocer calls butter; this, we will suppose, includes margarine. There is "butter validated," which is butter that, after the usual tests, has been found not to be margarine. But there is no ambiguity in the word "butter." When the grocer, pointing to the margarine, says, "This is butter," he means by "butter" precisely what the customer means when he says, "This is not butter." To argue from the grocer's language that "butter" has two meanings, one of which includes margarine, while the other does not, would be obviously absurd. Similarly when the rash man, without applying any tests, affirms "this belief is true," while the prudent man, after applying suitable tests, judges "this belief is not true," the two men mean the same thing by the word "true," only one of them applies it wrongly. Thus Dr. Schiller's reasons for regarding "the specific character of the truth-predication" as unimportant are not valid.

The spirit of these remarks is plain to the least technical of observers. It is not philosophy; it is war. No man in philosophic mood would ever have contrived that toothache pitfall; he would have doubted rather his own understanding. He would have consulted with pragmatists in advance—it was clearly a matter for consultation—and told them what a turn they had given him, how they seemed to say that if Peter had a toothache and John said so, John lied, but, of course, they could not mean it, and would they kindly explain what they did mean? And so of the *Edinburgh* man—he would have gone straight to Dr. Schiller with his butter question, more in curiosity than in hatred, and asked for a plain statement of the pragmatist view of the butter-margarine relation, which is, I believe, Butter is as butter does. By going to Dr. Schiller with his dilemma he could easily have had both horns of it removed, but he did not wish

to do so. He wished to retain them for purposes of impalement. There you have the spirit of the conflict. When the battle mood is on him, one does not wish to understand the foeman. Time spent in understanding is time lost in battle, and no good word-fighter will ever seek an enemy's meaning when there are verbal shifts by which that enemy can be proved insane.

It has been said that the peculiar sensitiveness of Americans to any form of foreign criticism, regardless of its source, is fast passing away, but observe the unmistakably vengeful tone of this paragraph in a recent issue of the *Springfield Republican*:

Mrs. Elinor Glyn's observations of America are now in matured and permanent form. The kindness and amiability of her remarks in general may be inferred from what she says about her own sex in this dreadful country: "The faces of the women seem pasty and . . . look as if they lived a good deal in the dark." Her most important discovery about the men was that "every man works just like our middle class." Clearly, Mr. Roosevelt did a good day's work when he snubbed Mrs. Elinor Glyn by refusing to invite her to a White House dinner.

As a matter of fact, many of our newspapers have not changed their attitude in the slightest degree. Almost any sort of foreigner can still prick these patriots to retort. They resent the criticism even of the feeble-minded, and they ransack books that are quite too dull to read, apparently for the sole purpose of finding an excuse for patriotic exasperation. To "observations" like this of Mrs. Elinor Glyn the natural response of the human mind is apathy. It may be that she met only pale women and busy men; or it may be that on meeting her all the women turned pale and all the men pleaded business; but it is something that it is unnatural ever to wish to know because it is profoundly uninteresting. Yet these things not only reach the journalistic mind; they rankle in it. Newspaper patriotism is like a canker on the tongue, hunting always for a ragged tooth to brush against. In the opinion of

the *Springfield Republican* it is not only possible for Mrs. Elinor Glyn to be kind or unkind to this country as a whole, but it even matters which she is. One might suppose that so long as there remained one potato-bug in Chicopee the *Republican* could spare no time to literary visitors of this class. But our way with our "observers" is still the wonder of the world.



Nevertheless there are signs that our press as a whole is a little less watchful of criticism than it used to be. It does not reply to quite every one. It no longer defends us against the *Saturday Review* or the *London Academy*, or even clips the cruel passages. Yet the wrath of both these papers is of the traditional quality, sound in wind and fury and of true British sweep and certitude, the very sort of writing that used invariably to provoke retort. The *Saturday Review* continues to call us a nation of swindlers, and Lord Alfred Douglas of the *Academy* is indefatigable, insulting "America" as no grand division of the earth's surface was ever insulted before. In the old days they would not have escaped detection. Apparently there is now a degree of personal insignificance that will shelter even a hostile Briton from rebuke, and I believe the time is slowly approaching when foreign mediocrity may attack this country with the utmost fury and escape unscathed. Another sign of our growing negligence was the publication last year of *American Sketches* by Mr. Charles Whibley. It was little noticed by our press and did not even appear in an American edition, although it was quite severe. Mr. Whibley was disappointed in Niagara Falls, disgusted with our use of the word "commutation," shocked by Chicago, bored in Boston, discomfited in short by almost everything to which he was not accustomed. Wherever he went he carried the pride of maladjustment, the solemn British joy of incomprehension. It is a book that would have inflamed many patriots and perhaps gone through several American editions in the brave days of old. To-day, I believe, I am its only reader, and I am too lukewarm a patriot to blame any man for being

shocked by Chicago or bored in Boston. There is merely a literary objection to writings of this class: they are the products of minds incapable of adventure. This probably accounts for the occasional lapse of newspaper patriotism. It does not pursue quite every volume of American "impressions." It will occasionally overlook an enemy that Nature has been at some pains to conceal.



• It is not often that I rise, in these columns, to appreciable heights of moral grandeur, but I intend to

A
Momentary
Elevation

do so now, having read those addresses to the senior class in the newspapers, and having but just now emerged from a fairly typical alumni dinner. I stand before you to-day, Mr. President, brother alumni and distinguished guests, brimming with the spirit of your recent addresses. I, too, have my generalities and my truisms, and it will do you no harm to listen in your turn to my somewhat nasal moral sing-song. Through a chain of flowery Junes, reaching far beyond the memory of men now living, may be traced both the form and the substance of your speeches. For no law of nature seems more sure than this great law of Commencement gravitation, whereby it is ruled that the heavy bodies of like distinguished sons shall fall in like manner upon their subjects. Such is the force of tradition, and this is the tradition of June, that for many days the minds of our youth shall be soused in the cant of their elders and a land already drugged with optimism shall again be overdosed. But a time-honoured tradition, gentlemen, is not necessarily a good tradition, as we know from that most ancient and best beloved of human institutions, the lie. Here let us pause to consider the peril concealed in what may be called American college platform English, that is to say, the large, loose, general and roseate language you have just employed. It is ambiguous; there is room in it, alas! for wicked things. Your alma mater has grown richer; so has the lie. She has a larger entering class than in any past year of her history; so has the lie. She has added several

new courses, each with an endowed professorship; so has that older but no less progressive institution—that incomparable alma mater by your own tests of alma-maternity, for are not her alumni the most numerous, the most glorious and the most loyal of them all? For the tests are still only success and numbers. Still that doxology of success and numbers. Still after fifty Junes the young man

“going forth into the world” may learn from his oratorical elders only the piety of success and the wisdom of numbers. The “plain people” still perceive that your Commencement exhortation will, after drawing off the water, yield only that. I rise for one moment on the backbone of this republic to inquire, Is this well?

F. M. Colby.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

William Briggs

Essays: Literary, Critical and Historical.
By Thomas O'Hagan, M.A., Ph.D.

The essays which make up this volume are as follows: “A Study of Tennyson's ‘Princess’;” “Poetry and History Teaching Falsehood;” “The Study and Interpretation of Literature;” “The Degradation of Scholarship;” “The Italian Renaissance and the Popes of Avignon.” With the exception of “Degradation of Scholarship” these essays have appeared during the past few years in the *American Catholic Review* and *Champlain Educator*.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Wild Pastures. By Winthrop Packard.

A series of nature essays which originally appeared in the *Boston Evening Transcript*. Mr. Packard tells of a summer's wanderings in wild New England pastures.

VERSE

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Revellers. The Choruses of the Bacchai of Euripides and The Third Book of Lucretius. Translated into English Verse by Rev. R. E. McBride, A.M.

Being translations of two interesting portions of ancient literature.

Henrietta E. Bromwell (Denver, Colo.):

The Song of the Wahbeek. A Poem. By Henry Pelham Holmes Bromwell.

Besides the long poem, “The Song of the Wahbeek,” which tells of the life of a people who occupied the country before the coming of the Indians, there are eight short miscellaneous poems.

J. H. Furst Company (Baltimore, Md.):

The Poésies Diverses of Antoine Furetière.

Edited with Introduction, Notes and Glossary by Isabelle Bronk.

Being a partial reprint from the edition of 1664. The introduction has been divided into four parts, as follows: “Sketch of Furetière's Life;” “The Poésies Diverses;” “Furetière's Other Poetical Works;” and “Furetière and Boileau.”

John P. Morton and Company (Louisville, Ky.):

A Miracle of St. Cuthbert and Sonnets. By R. E. Lee Gibson.

The poem is based on an old English legend which tells of the loss and subsequent recovery of a valuable copy of the Gospels, written in honour of St. Cuthbert. In addition to this title poem there are about seventy-five sonnets.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Ad Miriam. By Frederick Houk Law.

A collection of one hundred short poems.

Sherman, French and Company:

Saint Peter. By Richard Arnold Greene.

This poem treats of some of the trials and experiences of Saint Peter.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Orchestral Instruments and What They Do. A Primer for Concert-Goers. By Daniel Gregory Mason.

The author's aim here is to “assist the concert-goer in recognising the various orchestral instruments, both by sight and by hearing, and to stimulate his perception of the thousand and one beauties of orchestral colouring.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Spirit of the Woods. By Edward Gruse.

A comedy in five acts.

Henry Holt and Company:

The German Drama of the Nineteenth Century. By Dr. Georg Witkowski, Professor in the University of Leipzig. Authorised Translation from the Second German Edition. By L. E. Horning.

The book is divided into five headings, representing chronologically the distinct periods which marked German dramatic literature during the nineteenth century: "The German Drama at the End of the Eighteenth Century;" "The German Drama from 1800-1830;" "The German Drama from 1830-1885;" "The German Drama from 1885-1900;" and "The Product of the Century." Kleist, Grillparzer, Hebbel, Ludwig, Wildenbruch, Sudermann, Hauptmann, and minor dramatists receive attention.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Plays. The Silver Box. Joy. Strife. By John Galsworthy.

The last-mentioned play, *Strife*, has recently been produced in London and will shortly be seen on the American stage.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

The Autobiography of Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. With a Supplementary Memoir by his Wife.

An account of the interesting life of Professor Shaler, a man prominent in science and education. A Kentuckian by birth, he came to Harvard in the period just preceding the Civil War. Later he served in the Union Army and then as Professor of Geology in Harvard University and as Dean of the Lawrence Scientific School.

The Macmillan Company:

My Memoirs. By Alexandre Dumas. Translated by E. M. Waller. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang.

Volume VI completes the set and covers the period from 1832-1833.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

William Blake. By Basil De Selincourt.

Embracing the latest and most exhaustive researches and containing many new conclusions concerning Blake of great literary and artistic importance. The work includes chapters on Blake's "Life," "His Secret," "His Conception of Love," "His Madness," "His Theories of Art," "Blake the Artist," etc. There are forty full-page reproductions of Blake's most famous pictures.

The Young Churchman Company:

Grant, the Man of Mystery. By Colonel Nicholas Smith.

The volume is dedicated to "the memory of Ulysses S. Grant and to the

soldiers and sailors of the Grand Army of the Republic." It gives an account of the life of the man as a soldier and as a statesman.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS,
PHILOSOPHY*Samuel A. Bloch (Chicago, Ill.):*

The New Ethics. By J. Howard Moore, Instructor in Zoology, Crane Manual Training High School, Chicago.

A revised edition.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

What Is Physical Life? Its Origin and Nature. By William Hanna Thomson, M.D., LL.D.

Dr. Thomson treats his subject under the following chapter headings: "The Darwinian and Other Theories About Physical Life;" "Reproduction and Heredity;" "The Unicellular Micro-organisms the Oldest and Still the Largest Division of the Living Kingdom;" "The Metazoa, or the Multicellular Forms of Life;" "The Great Food Question;" "Adaptations;" and "As to Ourselves."

B. W. Dodge and Company:

Are the Dead Alive? The Problem of Psychical Research that the World's Leading Scientists are Trying to Solve, and the Progress They Have Made. By Fremont Rider.

A popular review of recent progress in psychical research in part founded on a series of articles which has appeared during the past winter in the *Delineator*. Mr. Rider says that he presents no theory and takes no side, but tries only to give a selection of typical observed facts and certain unbiased inferences which may logically be drawn from them. To this volume have been contributed statements of their personal belief by Sir Oliver Lodge, Count Leo Tolstoi, Dr. Cesare Lombroso, Dr. V. Maxwell, Professor William Barrett, William T. Stead, Andrew Lang, Sir William Crookes, Dr. Charles Richet, Dr. Filippo Bottazzi, Camille Flammarion, Professor William James, and Others.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

A B C of Philosophy. By Grace F. Landsberg.

The author states that she has not written her book for scholars, but for those who in some cases would be glad to, and in all cases should, have some notions on so important a subject as Philosophy. She pronounces it nothing more than a school book, a primer, or the A B C of Philosophy.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Home of the Soul. By Charles Wagner. Translated from the French by Laura

Sanford Hoffmann. With an Introduction by Lyman Abbott, D.D., LL.D.

This is the first volume issued by Mr. Wagner since he established in Paris an institution for religious culture which he has named "The Home of the Soul." Mr. Wagner has aimed to establish a dwelling warm and hospitable, for those who have, or seek to acquire a soul truly spiritual. This new book contains the bulk of the messages he has delivered to his congregation.

Harper and Brothers:

The Ether of Space. By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.

In the Library of Living Thought. In a brief preface the author writes, "Investigation of the nature and properties of the Ether of Space has long been for me the most fascinating branch of Physics, and I welcome the opportunity of attempting to make generally known the conclusions to which I have so far been led on this great and perhaps inexhaustible subject."

Little, Brown and Company:

The Harvest Within. Thoughts on the Life of the Christian. By A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., Captain, U. S. Navy.

The underlying theme of this work is the mystical relation of the individual life of the Christian man, and the corporate life of the Christian Church, to the life of God in Jesus Christ. The subject is treated under the following headings: "Power;" "Likeness;" "Intercourse;" "Fulfillment;" "Hope;" and "The Practical in Christianity."

Longmans, Green and Company:
(For Columbia University.)

An Introduction to the Sources Relating to the Germanic Invasions. By Carlton Huntley Hayes, Ph.D.

Transportation and Industrial Development in the Middle West. By William F. Gephart, Ph.D.

Social Reform and the Reformation. By Jacob Salwyn Schapiro, Ph.D.

Responsibility for Crime. An Investigation of the Nature and Causes of Crime and a Means of its Prevention. By Philip A. Parsons, Ph.D.

The Conflict Over Judicial Powers. In the United States to 1870. By Charles Grove Haines, Ph.D.

A Study of the Population of Manhattanville. By Howard Brown Woolston, Ph.D.

Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.

Charles E. Merrill Company:

The Mental Man. An Outline of the Funda-

mentals of Psychology. By Gustav Gottlieb Wenzlaff, M.A.

Written from the point of view, not of the schoolmaster or theorist, but of a student and close observer of the human mind in its various states and workings. While written primarily as a text-book for schools and colleges, *The Mental Man* affords profitable reading for summer schools, teachers' institutes, reading circles, etc.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Power of Self-Suggestion. By Rev. Samuel McComb, D.D.

Originally delivered by the author as a lecture. It is now issued in book form in the "hope that it may prove useful in helping some to know the power of a larger life."

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

No Refuge but in Truth. By Goldwin Smith.

Second edition, enlarged. In this volume, which pertains to religious faith, the author treats of such subjects as "Man and His Destiny;" "New Faith Linked with Old;" "The Limit of Evolution;" "The Immortality of the Soul;" "Is There to be a Revolution in Ethics?" and "The Religious Situation."

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Apostle of Alaska. The Story of William Duncan of Metlakahla. By John W. Arctander, LL.D.

Being an account of the work and experiences of the missionary, William Duncan, during the fifty years which he spent among the Indians of British Columbia and Alaska.

Sherman, French and Company:

Religion and Life. Chapel Addresses by Members of the Faculty of the Meadville Theological School.

Containing sixteen addresses: "Intellectual Virtue;" "A Definition of Religion;" "Universality of the Religious Sentiment;" "The Present God;" "The Joy of Religion;" "The Prophet's Function;" "Jesus' Doctrine of Salvation;" "The True Atonement;" "The Family of God;" "A Social Gospel;" "Jesus the Fulfilment;" "Promise and Fulfilment;" "The Invisible Humanity of God;" "The Servile Life and the Filial Life;" "The Choice of a Vocation;" and "Retribution Here and Hereafter."

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

The Grafton Press:

Spain of To-day. A Narrative Guide to the Country of the Dons. With Suggestions

for Travellers. By Joseph Thompson Shaw.

This description of the country, the author states, was compiled from memoranda written each evening after his party had returned from a day of exploration and sight-seeing. The account of the Spain of to-day is prefaced with a chapter containing suggestions for any who may contemplate making a trip through the country. In connection with this chapter is given a map of Spain.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Our Naval War With France. By Gardner W. Allen.

An account of the hostilities between the United States and France during the last years of the eighteenth century.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Andean Land (South America). By Chase S. Osborn.

An account of South America, showing its recent progress. Mr. Osborn gives routes of travel and such suggestions as he himself found valuable in Panama to Patagonia and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. The text is supplemented by sixty illustrations and three maps.

L. C. Page and Company:

Italian Highways and Byways from a Motor Car. By Francis Miltoun. Pictures by Blanche McManus.

In the opening chapter Mr. Miltoun writes that along the highways and byways runs the itinerary of the author and illustrator of this book and that they have thus been able to view many of the beauties and charms of the countryside which have been unknown to most travellers in Italy in these days of the modern railway. The volume contains about eighty illustrations, a number of which are in colour.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Columbia River. Its History, Its Myths, Its Scenery, Its Commerce. By William Denison Lyman.

Professor Lyman, who has spent the greater part of his life in the Columbia Valley, has gathered historical, descriptive, and illustrative matter of rare interest, and has woven his various materials into a connected narrative which will vividly hold before the reader the momentous details of the exploration, development, and present appearance of the great river of the Pacific Northwest.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

American History. By James Alton James, Professor of History in Northwestern University, and Albert Hart Sanford,

Professor of History in the Stevens Point, Wisconsin, State Normal School.

The following extract from the preface will show the aim of the authors in regard to this work: "It has been the aim of the authors of this book to give the main features in the development of our nation, to explain the America of to-day, its civilisation and its traditions. In order to do this it was necessary to select topics from the various fields of human activity, the political, industrial, social, educational, and religious. Emphasis has been placed upon the fact that the position the United States occupies among the great nations is due primarily to the achievements of men and women in these fields."

Sturgis and Walton:

Wanderings in South America, the North-West of the United States and the Antilles, in the Years 1812, 1816, 1820 and 1824. With original instructions for the Perfect Preservation of Birds, Etc. By Charles Waterton.

A new edition including a memoir of the author by Norman Moore, M.D. With illustrations and a brief introduction by Charles Livingston Bull.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

The Master Builders. By James Edmund Dunning.

On the eve of war with the United States a foreign power contrives to secure a very powerful warship in course of construction in a Maine shipyard. The foreman of the yard, who, owing to a lack of interest on the part of the late owner's son, is obliged to take matters into his own hands, determines that the ship when completed shall be landed at Portsmouth to join the American fleet there. When the vessel is ready for sailing, Hector Trentin, the son of the old shipbuilder, suddenly awakens to his responsibility in the matter, and without the knowledge of the foreman boards the ship. An officer of the foreign power and a force of men also conceal themselves on board the vessel. Trentin, after a quarrel with the foreman, who, though capable in the shipyard, is helpless at sea, assumes command, succeeds in conquering the foreign officer and his men, and finally brings the warship safely to Portsmouth. A battle takes place almost immediately, in which the new cruiser, in command of Trentin, wins the day for the American fleet.

The Lady Without Jewels. By Arthur Goodrich.

Having quarrelled with his father, Tom Duncan starts off to Europe to

seek his own fortune. On board the steamer he meets and falls in love with Jane Spencer, who, with her companion, Marie Annabelle Smith, intends to travel in "un-Baedekered ways" in Europe. Miss Spencer dislikes jewelry and is entirely unadorned by it, while her companion has a great fondness for it. The main experience the young women have on their trip is to find themselves the unwilling guests of an eccentric German nobleman, Count Harold of Ardenelles, who, upon seeing Miss Spencer and learning of her distaste for jewels, remembers an old prophecy that he will find his happiness in marrying a "lady without jewels." He thereupon decides to marry her, though Marie Annabelle is more to his liking. Miss Spencer calls Duncan to her rescue, and it is left for the young man to straighten out his own affairs, as, through some misunderstanding, he is considered the husband of a fascinating little Spanish woman, then to help the bankrupt Count of Ardenelles out of the clutches of the money-lender, and win for himself the love of Jane Spencer.

The Toll of the Sea. By Roy Norton.

According to a prediction made by a great scientist, Professor Martinez, the whole of the Pacific coast is swept into the sea as the result of a terrible earthquake. Prior to the date for which the Professor had predicted the earthquake, the government, in accordance with his instructions, sent troops to the coast to see that the people were all removed to the hills. After a number of vessels had gone forth to sea and failed to return, the *Seattle* is sent to South America to locate the trouble. They suddenly come upon a new land which had been thrown up by the earthquake. This land they find inhabited by a remnant of the Aztecs, who had transported themselves from the Andes Mountains by means of radioplanes. Here also are found a number of the missing scientists sent out by the United States Government to chart the Southern Pacific and now held by the Aztecs as prisoners. Through their discovery of the powerful properties of radium and their invention of the radioplane these Aztecs are in a position to make war with the rest of the world and to utterly destroy it. One faction, however, is in favour of insuring peace to the world, and after considerable conflict wins out.

Richard G. Badger:

Dyke's Corners. By E. Clarence Oakley.

A tale of life in a typical Western town. The hero, a happy-go-lucky mortal that nothing seems to trouble, comes into the town a stranger and opens the only real photographic studio

for miles around. He soon becomes the butt of all the town jokes on account of his instinctive inventive genius.

The Ball Publishing Company:

The Hand of God. By Cora Bennett Stephenson.

A tale of the Philistines, the theme of which is the story of Samson and Delilah.

The Bell Book and Stationery Company (Richmond, Va.):

The Dreamer. A Romantic Rendering of the Life-Story of Edgar Allan Poe. By Mary Newton Stanard.

This study of Edgar Allan Poe, poet and man, the author writes, is simply an attempt to make something like a finished picture of the shadowy sketch the biographers, hampered by the limitations of proved fact, must, at best, give us. "To this end," she says, "I have used the story-teller's license to present the facts in picturesque form. Yet I believe I have told a true story—true to the spirit if not to the letter—for I think I have made Poe and the other persons of the drama do nothing they may not have done, say nothing they may not have said, feel nothing they may not have felt."

Brentano's:

A False Position. By Mrs. Baillie Reynolds.

A story of social life in England. Left almost destitute the heroine resorts to the only way out of her difficulty which presents itself, and that is marriage with a man she does not love. The complications that ensue are due to the fact the heroine and her husband's nephew decide to keep to themselves the knowledge of their trifling love affair a few years before her marriage.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Rural School-Teacher; or, A Double West Virginia Love Story. By Buchanan White.

The author spent more than thirty years of his life in the cause of education, and his book covers a wide range of observation and personal experience. It contains numerous sentimental references to loyalty to the home and the schools, and presents comprehensive views of patriotic devotion. It presents the various love stages from its inception in youth to its happy culmination in the bonds of matrimony.

An Amateur Performance. By Elmer Evinson.

The chief plot of this love story centres about the strange death of a wealthy physician.

The C. M. Clark Publishing Company (Boston, Mass.):

The Bell Cow. By Bryant E. Sherman.

A tale of rural life. The author says that his story is to a great extent true and that most of the characters are real people. His purpose has been to picture the comedy and pathos of country life just as he himself lived it.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Whirl. A Romance of Washington Society. By Foxcroft Davis.

The hero, who is connected with the English embassy at Washington, falls in love with the ward of a congressman. She is a beautiful Kentucky girl. To disturb his peace of mind, an Englishwoman with whom, early in life, he had had a love affair, comes to Washington, and in her mad jealousy insists upon being presented to her rival. She marries a United States senator, but is the cause of ruining his career. After an absence of some years the Englishman, formerly secretary at the embassy, returns to Washington as ambassador. Again the Englishwoman comes into his life, and in order to retrieve her social position demands that she be received by his wife. Still averse to having his wife associate with the woman, he has about made up his mind to resign, when circumstances arise which render this step unnecessary.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Ezekiel. By Lucy Pratt.

Ezekiel is a little negro boy who attends the Whittier School at the Hampton Institute. He possesses the usual vivid imagination of his own people and amuses every one with the strange tales which he invents. His good nature prompts him to make all sorts of promises, many of which he fails to keep. Despite his innumerable faults he endears himself to all.

Michael Thwaites's Wife. By Miriam Michelson.

The story of twin sisters who have been from childhood bafflingly alike, yet utterly different in character, and one of their games is to exchange names and personalities for a day. Trix is uncontrolled and brilliant and selfish; Tess, "the good one," in most ways the exact opposite; and the philosophical old father, who has studied them from birth, declares that the latter has all the moral sense of the pair. By a most interesting and convincing chain of circumstances Tess finds herself thrust irresistibly into the place of her dearly loved sister, who has run away from her husband—and has to confess that she herself cares for this brother-in-law, who thinks her his own wife. The way

in which she meets this terrible situation, and the manner in which happiness comes to her and the man she loves, make an interesting tale.

Mike Flannery. On Duty and Off. By Ellis Parker Butler.

Three short stories which have already appeared in magazine form. The first, "Just Like a Cat," relates to Mike's trials and tribulations over a cat which was received dead at the express office in which he was employed as agent. In making his report on the consignment and its non-delivery he endeavours to find a "swell word fer dead" to use in his letter to the "swell clerks in New York." The receipt of his report that the cat is "deseased" causes no end of trouble and misunderstanding.

The Naulahka. A Story of West and East. By Rudyard Kipling.

Issued in the Pocket Edition of Mr. Kipling's works.

Duffield and Company:

Elizabeth Visits America. By Elinor Glyn.

After a quarrel with her husband, who goes off to Africa to shoot big game, Elizabeth visits America in company with some friends. She spends some time in New York, goes for a few days to a country place on Long Island, visits Philadelphia and Chicago, and then travels in a private car out to the coast and back. In a series of letters to her mother in England Elizabeth gives her impressions of American people and things.

E. P. Dutton and Company:

The Sword of the Lord. A Romance of the Time of Martin Luther. By Joseph Hocking.

The opening scene is set in England when the hero is chosen by King Henry VIII to undertake the responsibility of conveying a beautiful German princess from her own country to England. The plotting and scheming, the adventures and narrow escapes attending the commission, furnish the action for this historical romance.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Tempered Steel. A Romance. By Herbert S. Mallory.

A romance of mediæval England in which the heroine falls in love with her husband's friend, whom he had sent as his messenger to ask for her hand and who acted as his proxy at the marriage ceremony. Through a misunderstanding she believes the friend to be her husband. Beaupré, the proxy, and a gallant young knight, fights against his love for his friend's wife and she eventually falls in love with the Earl

of Nordene, her husband, and wins his forgiveness.

Forbes and Company:

The Full Glory of Diantha. By Mrs. Philip Verrill Mighels.

The scene shifts from New York to a mining camp in the West and then back to New York. Diantha March refuses to marry a New York man who had asked her to become his wife on the ground that he was not the ideal man of her dreams. They come to an agreement whereby she is to go out West, and if she fails while there to meet her ideal man she is to return and marry Stanley Everton. She meets the man of her dreams, or rather thinks he is such, while they are at Boulder Camp, but when later she sees him day after day in New York, with his surroundings entirely changed, she realises that he falls far short of the standard she has set and finally bestows her love upon the once rejected suitor.

H. C. Hensel (Chicago):

Knight of the Twentieth Century. Letters from My Friend, the Knight.

The "Knight" is portrayed as follows: "The Knight weighs two hundred and seventy pounds, stands six feet three, well built, and has had athletic training. He had been an unostentatious carpenter, dreaming of the need of a muscular Christianity that would go about the world punishing meanness and rewarding virtue. Falling heir to a small fortune, his dream was made real." Among other incidents he tells how he cured two automobilists of speeding and how he punished a Chicago railroad magnate.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Long Gallery. By Eva Lathbury.

This romance is dominated by the influence of dead ancestors, whose pictures hang in the long gallery of Southern Court in England. Three unusually attractive women are the leading figures. The oldest is one whose mystery is connected with *The Long Gallery*.

Less Than Kin. By Alice Duer Miller.

Owing to his close connection with a South American revolutionist, the hero deems it advisable to leave the country secretly. Having departed from his own home in the United States under such circumstances as to make it impossible for him to return except under an assumed name, he takes the name of a young man who has just died in South America and whom he resembles greatly. Upon his return to the United States he is received into the family of the man he impersonates, and his lack of

knowledge concerning the young man's habits and also the family connections makes his position an extremely difficult one. His affairs become greatly entangled before he is able to make known his identity and in other ways vindicate himself.

Homespun. A Story of Some New England Folk. By Lottie Blair Parker.

A humorous tale of New England village life by the author of the plays *Way Down East* and *Under Southern Skies*.

The Runaway Place. A May Idyl of Manhattan. By Walter Prichard Eaton and Elsie Morris Underhill.

Childhood fancies, whims and recollections form the chief charm of the book, though the characters degenerate into grown-ups now and then. The "Runaway Place" of the story is Central Park.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Gambolling with Galatea. A Bucolic Romance. By Curtis Dunham. Illustrated by Oliver Herford.

Galatea, her brother, who is a poet, and her lover, the artist, rent a cottage for the summer. The Professor, who owned the cottage, kept a number of animals about, such as a pig, a bull calf, a colt, a dog, and a goat. The Professor believed in equal rights for man and beast, and to the delight of the animals lived up to his belief. Upon the arrival of the new occupants of the cottage the intelligent animals continued to take advantage of the privileges given them by the Professor, and as a result some of the situations they bring about are very humorous.

Laird and Lee:

Uncle Bob and Aunt Becky's Exciting Trip and the Strange Romance of Tom and Ruth. By Herschel Williams.

Starting from their farm in Maine, in an ox-cart, the quaint couple and their adopted daughter visit the principal cities, finally going to the Seattle Exposition. Uncle Bob gets into all sorts of mix-ups and keeps Aunt Becky busy watching him.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Love's Privilege. By Stella M. During.

A mystery story which won one of the three one thousand dollar prizes offered by the *Chicago Record-Herald*, in which paper it recently appeared. The plot is concerned with a murder, and the solution of the mystery which surrounds it seems to baffle all who make any attempt to unravel it. The scene is laid in a suburb of London.

The Winning Chance. By Elizabeth Dejeans.

Mrs. Dejeans's first novel, which she states she wrote in two and one-half months' time in the simplest language she knew, has for its theme the big problem of the American girl who enters upon a business career.

The Woman in Question. By John Reed Scott.

The scene is in a country place near Charleston, South Carolina. The trouble and mystery arises through the marriage of a very wealthy girl to a worthless man, who simply wanted her money and whom she had known but a week when she married him. After a month they are separated and do not meet again for ten years. The tragedy which follows is the result of her refusal to meet his demands for seventy-five thousand dollars.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Kingdom of Earth. By Anthony Partridge.

Bergeland is the imaginary kingdom of the story, and the hero, who is the Crown Prince, plots to overthrow the throne to which he is heir. He has the reputation of leading the dissolute life common to the members of the royal family, but is in reality vastly different from them. He has his foster-brother impersonate him, and this young man keeps up for the Crown Prince the reputation he has courted, while the real Crown Prince, under the name of John Peters, leads a very different life. Without any of its members discerning his true position he directs the affairs of a revolutionary society which he has been the means of organising in order to demolish the kingdom and establish a republic. In this connection he meets an American girl, a graduate of Wellesley and a successful actress, who, in her sympathy for the downtrodden, has become interested in the revolutionary society and takes an active part in its work. In accomplishing its purpose the society aims at the life of the Crown Prince, and John Peters, the real Prince, finds it necessary to protect the life of his foster-brother, who has impersonated him. When the revolution comes the King is allowed to flee from the country, a republic takes the place of the Kingdom of Bergeland, and the former Crown Prince marries Grace Pellisier, the American girl.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of June and the 1st of July

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Anthony Cuthbert. Bagot. (Brentano.) \$1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Elizabeth Visits America. Glyn. (Duffield.) \$1.50.
5. Special Messenger. Chambers. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
6. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. As Others See Us. Brooks. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
2. Love Letters of Carlyle. (Lane.) \$8.00.
3. Fair Woman at Fontainebleau. Hamel. (Brentano.) \$3.75.
4. Love Letters of Napoleon. (McBride.) \$3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Whirl. Davis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
4. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. What is Physical Life. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.20.
2. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
3. History of Rome. Ferrero. (Putnam.) \$12.50.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Mary Ware. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
3. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
2. Are the Dead Alive. Rider. (Dodge.) \$1.75.

3. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) \$1.25.

4. Baedeker's U. S. (Scribner.) \$4.50.

JUVENILES

1. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.
2. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. The Eternal Boy. Johnson. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Three Keys. Ormond. (Watts.) \$1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Old Friends. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) \$3.00.
2. Friendship. Black. (Revell.) \$1.50.
3. Bird Guide. Chapman. (Appleton.) \$3.00.
4. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Forward Pass. Barbour. (Appleton.) \$1.50.
2. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. Stevenson Reader. (Scribner.) 40 cents.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Watchers of the Plains. Cullum. (Jacobs.) \$1.50.
4. The Glory of the Conquered. Glaspell. (Stokes.) \$1.50.
5. The Winning Chance. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Webster's Dictionary. (Am. Book Co.)
2. Twentieth Century Cook Book. Moritz & Kahn. (Dillingham.) \$1.50.
3. On Bridge. Elwell. (Scribner.) \$1.25.
4. Poems. Lanier. (Scribner.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Live Doll Series. Gates. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.
2. Uncle Remus. Harris. (Appleton.) \$2.00.
3. American Fairy Tales. Baum. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.25.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. A Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

4. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

5. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

6. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Song of Our Syrian Guest. Knight. (Pilgrim Press.) 35 cents.

2. As a Man Thinketh. Allen. (Fenno.) 15 cents.

3. Story of Gospel Hymns. Sankey. (Sunday School Times.) 75 cents.

4. What is Worth While. Brown. (Crowell.) 35 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.

2. Dave Porter and His Classmates. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) \$1.25.

3. Betty Wales, Freshman. Warde. (Penn Pub. Co.) \$1.25.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.

4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

6. 54-40 or Fight. Hough. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

2. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

3. The Chippendales. Grant. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

4. The White Sister. Crawford (Macmillan.) \$1.50.

5. Araminta. Snaith. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

6. The Governors. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Recollections of Seventy Years. Sanborn. (Badger.) \$5.00.

2. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.

3. Choosing a Vocation. Parson. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.

4. Love Letters of Carlyle. (Lane.) \$8.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

2. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

3. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.

4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
2. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
4. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

1. The Air Ship Boys. Sayles. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.00.
2. Billy Whiskers' Grandchildren. Montgomery. (Brewer & Barse.) 75 cents.
3. Three Girls from School. Meade. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
2. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
3. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
4. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
5. The Alternative. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.25.
6. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Handbook of Alaska. Greeley. (Scribner.) \$2.00.
2. Wild Life in the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.75.
3. The Function of Religion. Foster. (Univ. of Chicago.) \$1.00.
4. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
2. Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
3. Mary Ware, or the Little Colonel's Chum. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.

4. Elusive Isabel. Futrelle. (Bobbs, Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Three Keys. Ormond. (Watts.) \$1.50.
6. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) \$1.25.
2. Fifty Years of Darwinism. (Holt.) \$2.00.
3. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.50.
4. Self Help for Nervous Women. Mitchell. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
3. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
6. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The White Sister. Crawford. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. Set in Silver. Williamsons. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.50.
5. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.
6. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Wild Life in the Rockies. Mills. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.75.
2. Peace, Power and Plenty. Marden. (Crowell.) \$1.00.
3. Stickeen. Muir. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 60 cents.
4. Reflections of a Bachelor Girl. Rowland (Dodge Pub. Co.) 75 cents.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Chapman. (Cupples & Leon.) 60 cents.
2. Peter Pumpkin. Huntington. (Rand & McNally.) \$1.25.
3. Myths Every Child Should Know. Mabie. (Doubleday, Page.) 90 cents.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. Elusive Isabel. Futrelle. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
2. The Making of Bobby Burnit. Chester. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.

3. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinchart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. The Hand of God. Stephenson. (Ball Pub. Co.) \$1.50.
6. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
2. Eternal Values. Münsterberg. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$2.50.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) \$1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.
3. Told to Children Series. Marshall. (Dutton.) 50 cents.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Harper.) \$1.20.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Garnett and Gosse Eng. Literature. Garnett and Gosse. (Grosset & Dunlap.) \$12.00.
2. Bible Dictionary. Hastings. (Scribner.) \$5.00.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. (Moffat, Yard.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) \$1.50.
2. Peeps at Many Lands. (Macmillan.) 75 cents.
3. Boys of Liberty Series. (McKay.) 25 cents.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Winning Chance. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
2. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
3. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
4. The Man in Lower Ten. Rinchart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
5. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
6. Adventures of a Nice Young Man. Aix. (Duffield.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
2. Shelley. Thompson. (Scribner.) \$1.00.
3. The Blue Bird. Maeterlinck. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.40.

JUVENILES

1. Stories and Poems Every Child Should Know. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
2. Book of Electricity for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) \$1.75.
3. The Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. Mr. Opp. Rice. (Century Co.) \$1.00.
4. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
5. The Winning Chance. Dejeans. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
6. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. The Romance of a Plain Man. Glasgow. (Macmillan.) \$1.50.
5. Katrine. Lane. (Harper.) \$1.50.
6. Red Horse Hill. McCall. (Little, Brown.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. The Girl Graduate. Perrett and Smith. (Reilly & Britton.) \$1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) \$1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Inner Shrine. Anon. (Harper.) \$1.50.
2. The Whirl. Davis. (Dodd, Mead.) \$1.50.
3. The White Mice. Davis. (Scribner.) \$1.50.
4. Marriage à la Mode. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) \$1.20.
5. The Other Side of the Door. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) \$1.50.
6. The Woman in Question. Scott. (Lippincott.) \$1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Psychotherapy. Münsterberg. (Moffat, Yard.) \$2.00.
2. Is Shakespeare Dead? Twain. (Harper.) \$1.25.
3. The Earth's Bounty. St. Maur. (Macmillan.) \$1.75.
4. Haremlik. Vaka. (Houghton, Mifflin.) \$1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Motor Boys in Strange Waters. Young. (Cupples & Leon.) 50 cents.
2. Biography of a Silver Fox. Seton. (Century Co.) \$1.50.
3. Machinery Book for Boys. Adams. (Harper.) \$1.75.